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DRAWER 23, TOLEDO, OHIO.

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VOLUME 4.

TOLEDO, O., AND NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1873.

WHOLE No. 158.

The Index

Accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love. The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features, and offers an opportunity for discussions on this subject which find no fitting place in other papers.

ORGANIZE!

LIBERALS OF AMERICA!

The hour for action has arrived. The cause of freedom calls upon us to combine our strength, our zeal, our efforts. These are

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempted from just taxation.

2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.

4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.

6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.

7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Let us boldly and with high purpose meet the duty of the hour. I submit to you the following

FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

THEREFORE, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF ———.

ART. 2.—The objects of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in ———:

Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.

ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.

ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.

ART. 6.—The officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues, when called together.

ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

Liberals! I pledge to you my undivided sympathies and most vigorous co-operation, both in THE INDEX and out of it, in this work of local and national organization. Let us begin at once to lay the foundations of a great national party of freedom, which shall demand the entire secularization of our municipal, state, and national government. Send to me promptly the list of officers of every Liberal League that may be formed, and a standing list of all such Leagues shall be kept in THE INDEX. Rouse, then, to the great work of freeing America from the usurpations of the Church! Make this continent from ocean to ocean sacred to human liberty! Prove that you are worthy descendants of those whose wisdom and patriotism gave us a Constitution untainted with superstition! Shake off your slumbers, and break the chains to which you have too long tamely submitted!

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Jan. 1, 1873.

"Union is Strength."

READ TO THE FIRST INDEPENDENT SOCIETY OF TOLEDO, DEC. 22, 1872.

BY FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

To-day, as you all remember, is the two hundred and fifty-second anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. Recent investigations have convinced many of our best living historical authorities that the true date of this ever-memorable event was the twenty-first, and not the twenty-second day of December. But this is what has been long celebrated as "Forefathers' Day," and it makes little difference, except to an antiquarian, which date is the correct one. The event itself is one that will be gratefully remembered so long as America retains a heart of love and honor for those who laid the foundations of her as yet unmeasured greatness. I know the faults of the Pilgrim Fathers: they were stern, fanatical, intolerant; they persecuted the Quakers and the Baptists, they destroyed the witches, they burned with holy and deadly wrath against all who dared to dispute their dark religion, or their right to govern this country in its name. But none the less were they men and women of massive mould, of grand and rarest virtues, of a spirit so fearless and conscientious and devoted that to-day we owe to them the very best traits of our national character. The superstitions of the Pilgrims have partially (and only partially) perished; but the tough fibre of their moral constitution makes to-day the chief element of America's true glory. Let us not judge those genuine heroes by standards fitted only to modern life. The sublime quality of their character makes me proud, "Infidel" as I am if judged by their tests of "faith," to own myself as their descendant, and to fancy that I feel the stirring of the old Puritan blood in my veins.

A few years ago, I was called to preach one Sunday to the First Church of Plymouth, the earliest church planted by the Puritans on American soil. In the course of human progress it has become a Unitarian society. On that occasion I delivered my most radical discourse, a plain comparison of Christianity with Free Religion, and did not hesitate to utter the extremest views I held on that subject. Could I be otherwise than deeply impressed, to stand thus under the very shadow of Burial Hill, and in the venerable pulpit of the Puritans themselves to proclaim the new gospel which would have filled them with horror? Was I a traitor to the cause they loved and so faithfully, so grimly served? No, verily! Little as they comprehended the full scope and breadth of the word, they nevertheless dedicated America to religious freedom. Little as they perceived that Christianity, to which also they dedicated America in the same breath, was a natural foe to religious freedom, they yet bequeathed to their descendants a love of liberty, a fidelity to conviction, a principle of duty and loyalty to the truth, which need but to be educated to make America the freest and noblest land that the world is ever likely to see. And so, when I stood on Plymouth Rock, I am not ashamed to confess that the tears rushed to my eyes, as the ejaculation involuntarily surged up in my heart—"God keep me faithful to the Pilgrims' cause!"

Yes, America is dedicated to freedom still.

The decree of destiny has gone forth that Liberty shall rule the western world; and from this favored land her sway shall spread to the uttermost corners of the globe. "In thee shall all the nations of the world be blessed." So may it be! But between that happy time and this must intervene a stern and desperate struggle—a time that shall try men's souls—an epoch of long transition from the old to the new, which cannot elapse without the throes that mark the death of every ancient faith as it suddenly and despairingly retires before the better faith that must succeed. Let us not deceive ourselves. The love of power dies hard—dies only on compulsion—dies only when death is inevitable. The great Christian Church, which in the childhood of the race was a beneficent ruler, has become to-day its great and powerful oppressor; and whoever dreams that it shall peacefully and meekly place the crown on the head of its greater successor, Liberty, knows little of the laws of history and the nature of man. I do not love contention. I take no delight in the clash of conflict. I should rejoice to believe that the old could pass into the new as the darkness of night melts into the radiance of day. But what power have our wishes to mould the fact? To me it is clear as noonday that the opposing forces of progress and retrogression must meet face to face, and decide the world's destiny by the stern arbitrament of war. Not, perhaps, the war of swords; I most earnestly hope that frightful scourge may be avoided. But at least the war of political strife; that is too plainly inevitable to leave room even for hope that it can be shunned.

Believing, then, in freedom with a comprehension of its demands and its nature that was impossible in the day of the Pilgrims, I claim still to carry on the great cause of the Fathers to a grander issue than they ever conceived. To this complacent American people I must not flinch to declare,—"You are not free! You are a NATION OF SLAVES!" I must not falter in the high duty of summoning them to break their chains. Angry and bitter as may be the response, I must stand at my post, deliver my message, and meet the issue, whether it be ridicule or wrath, a sneer of indifference, a shout of derision, or a storm of fury. But I would most earnestly disclaim the conceit of "leadership." The sentinel is not the general. Slaves have leaders, but freemen never. Liberty disputes her leadership to no man, and suffers her followers to have servants only. In all simplicity and sincerity I would be content to declare what I see, and shun the miserable struggle for pre-eminence to seek the clearest opportunity for service. I repeat, therefore, as the word which is most unpalatable but most necessary to be said, that the American people are a nation of slaves. But the hour for liberty has arrived, and the supreme duty of the hour is to ORGANIZE.

"America not free! America a nation of slaves! It is false!"

No fetter is so terrible or so degrading as the fetter that is unfelt—the fetter that so benumbs the limbs as to make them insensible of its own pressure. The slavery against which the will rebels, yielding only to superior physical force, is bad enough; but what shall be said of the slavery that captures the will itself, cheats the soul into a belief in its own freedom, and so converts man into a machine to perform unconsciously ends he does not even conceive? Briefly defined, slavery is submission to some other authority than that of right reason. There is slavery to despots, slavery to masters, slavery to public opinion, slavery to falsehood, slavery to fear, slavery to passion, slavery to a million of tyrants all eagerly competing for control over mankind. But the only freedom is self-government by the individual in accordance with the natural laws of reason and right. This is freedom indeed; all else is slavery, open or disguised.

Judged by this, the only true standard, the American people are not free, but a nation of slaves. Freemen indeed there are among them, and not a few. But the great majority profess, at least, allegiance to an authority that is other than that of natural reason and right. Nor is the profession unreal on the part of a controlling number. It is true that outward slavery is abolished. It is true that few men are deprived, as all women are, of fundamental and precious rights. But over five millions of the American people above the age of sixteen years, of both sexes, are unable to read and write; are they not slaves to ignorance, one of the mightiest and worst of all tyrants? Many times five millions of Americans refuse stolidly to take any part in the great reformatory movements of the age, preferring to immerse themselves in their private interests; are they not slaves to selfishness, a tyrant cunning and insidious above all others? And the whole American people, with comparatively rare exceptions, submit to the control of the Christian Church, which makes them pay annually from fifty to one hundred millions of dollars in its own support—a sum sufficient, if expended rationally, to relieve all the miseries of pauperism and eradicate the seeds of crime; are not the whole people, then, slaves to a superstition which sucks up the wealth and defeats the best happiness of the nation? Free, forsooth!

America has as yet learned only the alphabet of freedom. Not until ignorance and selfishness and superstition, indifference to reason and right, and supine acquiescence in the control of unreason and wrong, shall have been overcome, will America enter upon the truly free and happy life.

"But what are you going to do about it?" some may exclaim. "What means are adequate to break the power of a slavery so subtle and deep-rooted? How is it possible to free America?"

Doubtless, time, or rather the slow action of natural causes, will do the work at last. Nature is sound at the core, and provides by her law of gradual evolution for the rectification of existing evils. But man is a free intelligence, and has the power indefinitely to hasten the arrival of relief. His active efforts, guided by his reason and conscience, suffice to ameliorate his own condition; and it devolves upon those who are free themselves to put forth their best efforts in helping to free their less favored brethren. There is no human duty so lofty and imperative as that of breaking the entanglements of purely private interests, pleasures, and ambitions, and taking up with brave and unselfish hearts the task of bettering the world we live in. Ease, indolence, pre-occupation, apathy, a thousand unworthy motives, combine to hinder the work, and to cheat the unhappy world out of the services which are its right. But, depend upon it, no noble nature ever yet rose into existence that did not feel, recognize, and obey the high summons to identify himself with his race, and labor for the common good. He, at least, will never shrink from the toll of effort, or skulk out of the great battle for a truer, holier, and more widely extended freedom.

"Yes," you may reply, "but what can one man's or one woman's efforts avail against so vast a slavery as you depict? What can we do but sit down in despair before a task that is plainly impossible?"

I admit, as I must, that one individual's effort is very feeble, if isolated and unseconded. It may accomplish something, but not very much. But I do not urge isolated effort. The very thing I seek is *combination of effort*. Without organization, little can be done; but the very thing I seek is organization. Let us organize, and the burden too heavy for one will become easy for many.

"It is of no use," perhaps you answer in your own minds; "of all people, liberals are the hardest to organize. You cannot get them to organize. They are solitary and independent, inapt to work together, and therefore weak. Unless you can do what nobody else has been able to do, you will talk to the winds, and have your labor for your pains."

I certainly do not flatter myself that I can do what others cannot; nor have I any ambition to attempt it. But I see *causes* why the liberals have been hitherto unorganized and weak, which are daily losing their power.

First of all is the *indefiniteness of conviction* concerning the nature of the work to be done. Men will not organize for a mere abstraction; they must see some definite, practical, and practicable thing to be done,—some important object to be achieved,—before they will unite. This is the reason why so many attempts at organization have failed. It is idle to organize about an abstract principle; there must be a precise end which needs to be accomplished, which can and ought to be accomplished. The reason why so many liberal societies fail is because, unlike the Church, they have nothing definite TO DO. The Church promises to save the souls of its members, and to save the souls of the unconverted; and all its machinery is directed to this one practical object. But hitherto liberal societies have had no practical object corresponding to this. They have met once or twice on Sunday, while their preacher has done all the work proposed by simply reading his sermon or essay.

The people meanwhile have nothing to do but listen and think. Presently they become tired of this; they grow familiar with the preacher's thought, and their interest dies out. Herein lies the secret of many a failure. Liberal local societies, lacking the object of saving souls in the next world, and meeting only to hear or discuss, must inevitably die. They have no root of continuance. They do no work, while the preacher is left to do it all. Therefore, I say, they *ought* to die; and when they do die, the loss to the world is small. But when liberal societies are formed for the express purpose of *working*, not by proxy, but in person; when they combine for the express purpose of benefiting the world that now is, and of expending time, money, and zeal in the effort to improve and help the community around them in any and every possible way, they will thrive, and multiply, and wax strong. The preacher or speaker will then be only an adviser or helper, not a poor packhorse to do the work of a hundred or five hundred, and thus to let the society flatter itself that they have done their duty to mankind by merely sustaining a weekly Sunday meeting. A liberal local society has no business to exist for any reason but to take hold of local work, to devise and put in operation plans for the improvement of the little world about them and the great world outside,

and thus to make themselves a centre and fountain-head of beneficent social reform. Fill a dozen earnest and resolute liberals with this purpose, and they will succeed without the help of any speaker. Leave a society of a thousand without it, and it will dwindle and die, though it has the services of the best liberal orator in the land. It has been the lack of a definite conception of some practical thing to be done, the lack of a fixed and unselfish and powerful purpose to do it, which has caused the collapse of so many liberal organizations, and will cause the collapse of so many more.

Now I believe that the liberals of this country, who have had nothing definite to organize for, are no worse, no more selfish, than the Christians whose societies flourish all about them. When they find a common work to do, they will do it with zeal, devotion, and success. When they attain a conviction and a purpose concerning the work to be done, they will organize quickly enough. I urge organization now because I believe that, within a few years, this conviction and purpose have been silently maturing in thousands of liberal minds; and that it is already struggling to express itself in organization. If I am mistaken, my appeal is premature and will meet with no response. I shall be content, and shall wait till the liberals grow keener-eyed than they will thereby prove themselves to be. My own conviction is matured, definite, and strong; and I believe it will ultimately be shared by every man and woman in the land who loves liberty, who believes that liberty is the prime condition of human happiness and virtue, and who is willing to take hold with a will and work for the highest welfare of the community. Whether the liberals organize or not in accordance with the plan now submitted, I am sure that sooner or later they will be forced to organize upon some plan similar to it. Therefore I do not hesitate to run all risks in proposing it now.

"But what is the conviction and purpose to which you refer? What common belief and aim can you find even in the germ, in the minds of all our liberals, so widely separated in opinion on so many important subjects?"

My answer may be a negative one to all who see nothing positive in the idea of liberty. The conviction I refer to is this: that, regarded as a theological system, CHRISTIANITY IS SUPERSTITION, and, regarded as an organized institution, CHRISTIANITY IS SLAVERY. The purpose I refer to is this: that, whether regarded as a theology or a church, CHRISTIANITY SHALL WHOLLY CEASE TO EXERCISE INFLUENCE IN POLITICAL MATTERS. Although the national Constitution is strictly secular and non-Christian, there are many things in the practical administration of the government which violate its spirit, and constitute a virtual recognition of Christianity as the national religion. These violations are very dangerous; they are on the increase; they more and more give Christianity a practical hold upon the government; they directly tend to strengthen the influence of Christianity over the people, and to fortify it both as a theology and a church; and they are therefore justly viewed with growing indignation by the liberals. Not unreasonably are they looked upon as paving the way to a formidable effort to carry the Christian Amendment to the Constitution; and the liberals are beginning to see that they must extinguish the conflagration in its commencement. I believe all this myself, with more intense conviction every day; and therefore I appeal frankly to the people to begin now to lay the foundations of a great National Party of Freedom. It is not a moment too soon. If the liberals are wise, they will see the facts as they are, and act accordingly. Not with hostility, bitterness, defiance, or anger, but rather with love to all men and high faith in the beneficence of consistently republican institutions, do I urge them most earnestly to begin the work at once.

In one of the cities of Central Illinois, a rather noted lawyer, Col. R. J. Ingersoll, lately delivered a lecture, the character of which may be inferred from its opening sentence: "An honest God is the noblest work of man." A number of weak-minded personages are now trying to devise some method of preventing Col. Ingersoll's practising law, on the ground that he is unfit to do so, because his theological views differ from theirs. It is not claimed that his lecture was at all immoral; its infidelity is the one charge. There is nothing to prevent the busybodies aforesaid from refusing to engage his services; and there is nothing, and will be nothing, to prevent other people from engaging his services, if they choose to do so. "It is setting a high value on our opinions," shrewdly says Montaigne, "to roast people on account of them." It is setting a high value on them to try to persecute people in any way on account of them.—*Erech*.

That was a good, though rather a severe pun, which was made by a student in one of our theological seminaries (and he was not one of the brightest of the class either), when he asked: "Why is Prof. — the greatest revivalist of the age?" and on all "giving it up" said: "Because at the close of every sermon there is a 'Great Awakening.'"

OUR PLATFORM.

[In order that our readers may appreciate the growing tendency of the Evangelical churches to combine their forces and concentrate their power, and in order that the liberal element may comprehend the necessity of tenfold vigilance in defence of a religious liberty which could not fail to be most seriously threatened by such a vast Evangelical combination, we copy the following long articles from the New York Union Advocate, a paper powerfully supported and ably edited by "Clergymen of various Evangelical Denominations" in the sole interest of this dangerous scheme. The basis of union, be it remembered, is the Evangelical creed. When will the liberals understand that they must yet contend as never before in defence of simple Freedom?—Ed.]

We have been requested by a gentleman well known in the commercial world, to give such a condensed statement of the principles and object of the *Union Advocate* that a business man could understand our drift at a glance.

In compliance with this we would say that we are working for the reconstruction of the Evangelical Church.

This Church, made up of all our orthodox believers, is now devoid of system, and cut up into several unconnected and rival denominations.

With the peculiar views of these denominations, or their various methods of operation, we have nothing to do. We believe that they are faithful in preaching the Gospel, and in managing the trusts committed to their charge, and are doing the best that can be done under the present arrangement.

The difficulty lies in the want of organization.

Each sect has a complete and independent array of institutions and officers, and is striving for the occupation of the whole country. Working without concert, they are crowding here, and neglectful there, rushing all together into desirable openings, and leaving other important sections entirely overlooked. At the recent opening of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Lay College, Mr. William E. Dodge stated that "he was engaged in building a railroad 500 miles long, through a new country, with a village every ten miles, every one of which would want a minister." When that railroad is completed, occasional points will be over-stocked with ministers, and vast reaches will have none at all. Were the railroad itself conducted on this principle, the superintendents and various division agents operating at random over the whole line each for himself, the corporation would go into bankruptcy in a month.

In the cities also, this want of organization results in a confusion equally disastrous. Here in New York, each sect, having the whole island in charge, is pushing its sanctuaries into the choicest positions to secure the wealthiest patronage. As a consequence, in the richer sections they have built churches so thickly that their organs jar each other, while in the poorer quarters, twenty times as populous, multitudes are left in a heathenish dark as the jungles of India.

A nobler class of men do not live than the Christian capitalists of New York; they have poured out their money like water for the cause of religion. What are the results? A forest of brown-stone spires in the upper part of the city, and over one hundred thousand persons in the year 1870 sent to our different prisons, almshouses, and reformatory institutions, from the lower parts of the city. The sectarian system, making these churches rivals of each other on the same ground, compels them to hasten up their edifices burdened with debt, and to compete with each other afterwards for attractive preachers and artistic music; thus their pews become so expensive that only the rich can afford to attend, or as one of our religious papers lately expressed it, "it has become a question whether any man with a less income than \$5,000 a year, can go to heaven from New York, pre-supposing that one must go there through our churches." And this is the state of things in a city, nineteen twentieths of whose people are poor, and who have around them seventy-four hundred drinking saloons alluring them on to ruin.

Further than this, the system interferes with the reception of the truth itself. However silent our clergymen may be as to their differences, and however cordially they may treat each other, the masses hold the existence of these various denominations as proof that the Gospel is still in debate, and that no clear interpretation of the Bible can be given. On this ground they neglect religion altogether.

This evil becomes aggravated as we approach the heathen world, especially the cultivated and astute nations of the East. The noted Hindu Reformer, Mr. Chunder Sen, after his late tour through Great Britain, drew a mortifying picture of the English sects, each holding out to him a pious hand, and assuring him that it alone had the right to the title of Christian. "If I wanted to become a Christian," said he, "I could not, for they say so many different things, that I do not know which of all these sects to take up

with!" In a word, we are beginning to understand from painful experience, the meaning of the Saviour's parting prayer for his people: "That they all may be one, that the world may believe."

The next question is as to the remedy. This is as plain as the disease. We advance no novel theory, discovered in our own day, but a simple return to the ecclesiastical plan laid down by the Apostles, and carried out in the New Testament churches. This plan is as follows:—

1. That, on the essential facts of the Way of Salvation, all Christians should be firmly, indivisibly, and uncompromisingly One. These facts are stated in Scripture with perfect clearness, and in regard to them we have no disagreement.

2. That on all points of minor importance, not so decisively settled in Holy Writ, each Christian must be free to judge according to his light, or, as St. Paul expresses it, "be fully persuaded in his own mind."

On these two principles the early churches organized as follows:—

In each locality, all believers being united upon fundamentals formed one body and were known as the Church of Jerusalem, the Church of Corinth, the Church of Ephesus, etc. Not a solitary instance is mentioned of there being more than one Church in any one city. But among these early Christians, there were just as many disputes upon secondary matters as among ourselves, and these disputes were of the same nature as those which have divided us. Accordingly, our primitive ancestors were allowed to form in any place as many different societies or congregations as they pleased, which congregations were left to arrange their worship and order and ministry, as suited themselves. The result was, entire liberty for the Society, subordinate to the united interests of the whole.

The arrangement was precisely that upon which the American Republic is formed. Separate States, Counties, and Cities, each attending to its own affairs, making its own laws and electing its own officers; and a general government attending to matters of inter-communication, the adjustment of mutual rights, and the guardianship of common property; an arrangement which has made the United States at once the freest and strongest commonwealth on the globe.

What would be the effect of such a system in the Church? Beginning at the foundation, we see that it would elevate each individual Christian society from a denominational outpost, to the dignity of an independent sodality. No conference at Babylon would then threaten the peace of a congregation in Williamsburgh, for practising open communion. No convention in Illinois would go into court to oust a people in Chicago from the edifice they had built, for omitting offensive words from a Baptismal service. No assembly in Pennsylvania would condemn a society in Philadelphia for singing "Rock of Ages." The scandal and disgrace of such prosecutions would cease, for each body of believers would be free.

On the other hand, the Society, having its responsibilities shifted from its denomination to its neighborhood, would realize its immediate call for the evangelization of its vicinity. It would then have no excuse to leave a centre of population for a sparse but fashionable suburb; nor would its contributions be drafted away from the poor around its own doors, to start rival churches in distant villages already supplied with the Gospel.

The Church of the city would meet, as occasion required, for purposes of united prayer, general communion or social reform; could institute proper judicatories for the trial and discipline of immoral members; and would district its territory into parishes, in each one of which the resident society should work as its permanent home, be accountable for every soul within its limits, and be free from intrusion and interference.

The General or National Assembly would exercise such powers as might be delegated to it by the popular will, and disburse the funds committed to it for frontier and mission work as should best advance the Redeemer's kingdom. A constitution could readily be framed which would preserve the rights of each society, and yet secure the advantages of mutual co-operation. Our apportionments being systematized in this way, one dollar would effect more than three dollars do now, and from the increased gain of public confidence, three dollars would be given where one is now received.

Under this general organization, the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, and the American Sunday School Union, having their officers periodically elected by the whole Church, and their operations and disbursements subject to the official scrutiny of the Church's representatives, would have their claim upon the public patronage, and their sphere of usefulness immeasurably extended, and there would be added to them another department, long and sorely needed—an American Church Missionary Society, which, doing away with a dozen sectarian institutions of a similar name, would accomplish the work of home and foreign evangelization three times as well at one-third the expense.

In a word, therefore, we advocate a system of organization which has the Holy Bible for its

authority, and the American Republic for its example.

Hundreds of our leading clergymen and thousands of our most intelligent laymen of all parties and names, are already praying for its consummation; and to the merchants and mechanics and the farmers of our land, to all who are interested in the welfare of the Christian Church, and in the effectual and economical expenditure of Christian funds, we would appeal for its thoughtful consideration.

UNITY IN ESSENTIALS.

[From the New York Union Advocate.]

The fact, that Christians ought to be united, is now almost universally admitted; the Church hardly needs further argument in this direction: what it really wants is guidance in accomplishing that union. There is a very celebrated maxim, which expresses the instruction of Scripture, and the principle of the Protestant world upon the point: "Unity in essentials, liberty in non-essentials, charity in everything." This maxim condenses the teachings of Divine Providence in ecclesiastical history.

The last clause was the first which Christians had to study. Bitterness and recrimination marked the discussions of the early disciples. The Apostle Paul expostulated with them for their harshness, for their unkind judgments of each other. He taught them to respect their neighbor's opinion, to make allowance even for his mistakes, to love him in spite of his eccentricities; in a word, the lesson of the primitive Church was that sublime thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians—that heavenly vindication of CHARITY. Charity for the sinner, charity for the heretic, charity for every son and daughter of Adam.

Then, in the long career of Popery, the second clause became gradually understood. In the Middle Ages the Church groaned under a religious despotism. A forced uniformity upon every article of belief, and every form of worship, fettered its vitality and checked its inward life. In their desire for union, Christians allowed all dissent to be stamped out; they allowed one bishop to be supreme upon earth, and to hold the keys of the kingdom of heaven. After a trial of a thousand years all that this arrangement could show as a result, was religion changed into priestcraft, and devotion built up into cathedrals. Standing at last over this desolation of piety and intellect, we learned that the inherent freedom of the Christian man must be preserved, that the disciple should be amenable to only one Spiritual Lord, his Master in heaven—that there must be liberty in non-essentials. This was the Reformation.

And now another leaf in our task has been turned, and we are studying the page upon which is written, *Unity in Essentials*. Three words only: but how much toil and prayer must be exercised ere we can master them?

Their point is, that entranced as we may be by the heavenliness of charity, determined as we may be to stand by the principle of liberty, there are, after all, revelations of truth which must be the corner-stone of our union. There are "essentials" which must be maintained at all hazards. We all know what they are. The doctrines of the Trinity, the universal depravity of man, the sacrificial offering of the Savior's blood as the sole atonement for our sins, and the necessity of faith ere the benefits of that atonement can be applied to the sinner. These are matters about which in the Church there cannot be liberty. They are just as true as God's Word. It is God's command that we believe them. Their authority is not human, it is Divine. They are not interpretations of Scripture—they are Scripture; and written so plainly that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. Any tampering with these truths, any coquetting with those who disavow them, is playing fast and loose with religion itself. These truths are linked together like the lobes of the heart, and a blow at any of them is a wound in the vitals. We may learn this now, or we may go through ages of bitter experience in doing it; but learn it we must before the blessed days of unity can come—first pure, then peaceable. God will not allow us to unite on any basis which would endanger the integrity of his revealed truth. The sinner must be convinced of his own rebellious and hell-deserving state by nature, and he must fly to the Savior as his only refuge—he must rely upon that Savior as an Almighty support, and he must look to the Holy Spirit for his comfort and guidance.

It is useless to soften down or take the edge from off these "musts." Here they are, on the guide-board to heaven, and it is cruelty to the inquiring soul to hint that he may trifle with them. The days of the Athanasian Creed are over. We have no right to put in our Confessions of Faith damatory clauses for others. The final judgment is in the hands of God alone; but that does not affect the essentiality of these great Christian doctrines: without these there would be no Christianity at all.

There is danger upon this point. Many are so set upon Christian union, that they would yield up all articles of belief to accomplish it. They

would make Scripture a nose of wax that could be turned any way that we might prefer. They would include Unitarians, who deny that there was any atonement, and Universalists, who say that it saves the faithful and the faithless alike; they would allow diversity as to the deity of Christ and the inspiration of the Bible. Such a union as that would be worse than our present system of division. It is better to go to heaven alienated and strangers to each other, than to get on a path that may not lead to heaven at all.

The *Union Advocate* will work and plead for the harmony of Christian believers; but it means to stand fast by the faith once delivered to the saints. While it will uphold liberty in its proper sphere, and bespeak for charity an universal application, it intends none the less to labor for a union founded alone upon the fundamental and indisputable facts of Holy Writ.

THE CONSTITUTION AND RELIGION.

[From the Boston Investigator.]

The first article of the Amendments to the Constitution reads as follows:—

"ART. I. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

The tenth article of the Amendments reads as follows:—

"ART. 10. The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

There it is in plain English.

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

The Constitution prohibits Congress from establishing a religion, but does not prohibit the States from doing so. Therefore under the reserved rights of the States, there is no provision in the Constitution prohibiting States from establishing a religion.

In Story's Commentaries on the Constitution is the following:—

"It was under a solemn consciousness of the dangers from ecclesiastical ambition, the bigotry of spiritual pride, and the intolerance of sects, thus exemplified in our domestic as well as foreign annals, that it was deemed advisable to exclude from the National Government all power to act upon the subject. The situation, too, of the different States equally proclaimed the policy as well as the necessity of such an exclusion. In some of the States, Episcopalians constituted the predominant sect; in others, Congregationalists; in others, Quakers; and in others, again, there was a close numerical rivalry among contending sects. It was impossible that there should not arise perpetual jealousy on the subject of ecclesiastical ascendancy, if the National Government was left free to create a religious establishment. But this alone would have been an imperfect security if it had been followed up by a declaration of the right of the free exercise of religion, and a prohibition of all religious tests. Thus the whole power over the subject of religion is left to the State Governments, to be acted upon according to their own sense of justice and the State Constitutions; and the Catholic and the Protestant, the Calvinist and the Arminian, the Jew and the Infidel, may sit down at the common table of the National Councils without any inquisition into their faith or mode of worship."—[See Story on the "Constitution," vol. 2, sec. 1789.]

"The only ground on which restrictions on Sunday amusements can be defended must be that they are religiously wrong; a notion of legislation which can never be too earnestly protested against. *Deorum injuria, Diis curæ.* It remains to be proved that society or any of its officers hold a commission from On High to avenge any supposed offence to Omnipotence which is not also a wrong to our fellow creatures. The notion that it is one man's duty that another should be religious, was the foundation of all the religious persecutions ever perpetrated, and, if admitted, would fully justify them. Though the feeling which breaks out in repeated attempts to stop railway travelling on Sunday, in the resistance to the opening of museums, and the like, has not the cruelty of the old persecutors, the state of mind indicated by it is fundamentally the same. It is a determination not to tolerate others in doing what is permitted by their religion, because it is not permitted by the persecutors' religion."—*John Stuart Mill.*

"There, now," cried little Bessie, the other day, rummaging a drawer in the bureau, "grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles."

CURRENT TOPICS.

BY REV. EDWARD C. TOWNE.

A VERY SENSIBLE young minister by the name of Parker read an essay at a recent meeting of Connecticut Orthodox ministers on the best method of dealing with the heterodox. Among other things he said (and I give his exact words): "To scold and anathematize scepticism is supremely silly." "Most of us are not up to the scientific and metaphysical arguments." But shortly after this wise man had sat down, there got up a sarcastic slangwanger and made immense fun for the elder brethren, chiefly by ringing the changes upon the question whether a bear swimming out to sea would become a whale. It was very evident that this joke was a great comfort to the ignorance and superstition assembled.

DR. CHAPIN prayed at Mr. Greeley's funeral thus: "We thank thee to-day for that blessed revelation of Christ which has made God known, and which has lighted up the uncertainty of Nature with the assurance of a Divine love. We thank thee, O God, that our Redeemer liveth." By "Redeemer" Dr. Chapin seems to mean the young Jew who mistakenly supposed that God Almighty wanted a hand to help him out with his care of the creation. But he must know better than this, pastor as he is of the "Church of the Divine Paternity." He must understand that all that we truly know of Divinity points to Infinite Paternity, such as needs no helping out in any way whatever. And he is a very sorry believer if he really sees uncertainty in the suggestions of Nature, the rising life of which in spring, and the glories of which in summer and autumn, have ever been among the most powerful occasions to the human mind to have hopeful and worshipful thoughts of Deity. In fact Nature has done infinitely more for man than the "Christ" of any of the sects has done. They may call it a revelation which has made God known, but in truth it has made known more devil than deity, and played an infernal part towards the heart and life of man far more than a heavenly. The anathemas has been the headlight of the Christian engine, and Christianity has been more ready to curse and damn than to bless and comfort man. Just a few days ago an Orthodox church member related to me how his sister, on losing a child, and being assured by her minister that the child was probably lost, made a vow never to give birth to another child, with more than a chance of its going to hell, and kept her vow, going a mourner through life for her dead and damned offspring. The globe has never seen more infernal superstition than that administered by this "gospel" minister. The "uncertainty of Nature"! It cannot be that Dr. Chapin does not know better, as far as belief at least is concerned. For of knowledge, in the strict sense, we can none of us pretend to that. But of faith and hope and glorious imagination,—these have been very little promoted by "Christ," and have been very much promoted by the light of Nature, especially if we add to the light of external Nature, as we may, that of natural revelation in the human soul.

DR. HORACE BUSHNELL stands midway between the old Orthodoxy and the new radicalism of Connecticut. In 1849, he was tried for heresy because of views expressed in a work on "God in Christ." The well known Dr. Hawes was the chief promoter of the persecution, but it came to nothing; and now Dr. Bushnell stands, as Dr. Hawes stood then, at the head of the pulpit of Congregationalism in Connecticut, and the most thorough radicalism has come in everywhere to take the place once held by persecuted Bushnellism. Not only this, but in his last volume of sermons, recently published, Dr. Bushnell gets upon thorough radical ground when he comes out upon the highest point to which his thought has carried him. Thus, by bringing together some clear radicalisms, out of one of these sermons, we make this confession of purely humanitarian faith: "The thing that we most want is a divine light in souls, in such power as to light up faces. The gospel is nothing now, unless it is incarnated and kept incarnate. The real sermons are the great pure feelings, the generousities of holy sacrifice. Genuine good living is the gospel." This plainly makes character, goodness shown by a good life, the real and genuine thing, the true gospel. It finds divine truth in the great pure feelings of man's heart, and not in any creed whatever. If beliefs are good at all, in this view, it is not in themselves, but in the support they lend to these feelings. To have the practical feelings is the essential thing. One man will have them, along with belief in God of some kind; another will have them without any such belief. I for my part regard a number of beliefs of this kind as helpful to these feelings; but I know men who have the feelings as truly and as fully as any one I have ever seen, without beliefs of this kind at all. Pure, brave, tender goodness of heart made them noble influ-

dels and athletes, because the god and the faith held up to them were meaner than dirt and more hateful than any devil. Right and Truth and Kindness are names of their highest, and they are as good names as any other. The thing is to have those great pure feelings—this Dr. Bushnell confesses. And he is particular to say that there is no good in any story of somebody in the past having had these feelings. That did for then, but the story of it is no gospel. The only genuine gospel is in somebody having them now. It is good news to souls now that these feelings are now in human breasts. It is good news that they come in our own minds, and work themselves out in our lives. It is good news that they come in other minds, and are worked out in other lives. The world was never so full of the good news of these feelings as now. Men of different nations, and of different religions, have them as never before, and seem likely to go on having them far beyond anything ever seen; especially if, as seems certain, the miserable diabolism and Jesuitism and holy bibleism and church-ism of Orthodox Christianity, prove too near dead to do any more harm.

A WRITER in *Scribner's Monthly* for December brought out Tyndall in a very distinct and interesting way, in respect of his interest in thought and his beliefs, or want of beliefs. Thus he said: "From climbing we drifted off to books and literature, especially in America. I found my companion singularly well informed in our literature, and especially enthusiastic about Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom he pronounced with some energy by far the greatest mind in our literary annals. Such an admiration, coming from a professor of physical science, sounded a little surprising. It has been amply explained, however, by later utterances of Tyndall, which have made plain to us that, along with his study of material forces, he has always maintained a lively and sympathetic interest in the subtler refinements of imaginative or metaphysical thought, and that side by side with his scientific formulae has always lain, half hidden, a spring of fresh poetic feeling and appreciation which has, in an unobtrusive way, permeated and adorned all his severer labors."

In the following passage we get a capital view of the relative positions in our day of believer and scientist. The writer says: "I was led to remark on the, to me, illogical and self-destructive blindness of the materialists who would end our existence here, and deny any life of the spirit beyond that of the body. 'But why so?' was the awkward objection from the lips of the inexorable philosopher beside me. Thus put to my trumps, and unfurnished for the moment with any axiomatic or other devices of dialectic warfare, I made what lame shift I could to extemporize some form of argument which might seem to 'touch hard-pan,' and fell back upon the old assertion of the inalienable beauty and worth of spiritual existence, the comparative or absolute inferiority of matter, etc., etc. But again, 'Why so?' said my sturdy opponent—why might not matter be in its essence just as divine, and in its duration just as eternal, as spirit? Here again my stock of axioms and first principles made a melancholy return of *non est inventus*. Of course there was no use in going back to the fundamental principles of the Christian or indeed any other accepted system, for I was dealing with an iconoclast from whose armor of positivism such arguments would have glanced ineffectual. Whatever ground might be gained must be won in sheer logical and philosophic tussle, without the intervention of any form of traditional faith or theory. And so from point to point I was beaten by my shrewd master of fence, till I was forced to sit still in discontented silence, not at all sure that I had any good grounds to give for the conviction, still pretty well rooted in my constitution, that I, such as I stand here, am in reality something more than the result of a certain composition of carbon, nitrogen and phosphates, and likely to subsist when these shall have been resolved into their primary state. After gloomily musing over my discomfiture for a half-hour, rather indignant at having had to bear the whole *onus probandi* of a problem heavy enough for stouter shoulders than mine, I turned on him with an appeal for fairness. 'After all,' I said, 'Professor, you have put the whole burden on me, and left it for me to prove that a man's soul has any value or existence beyond, or apart from, his molecules. Frankly now, what do you think about it yourself, or don't you think at all? Do you, or do you not, give any weight to the inevitable tendency in human nature to speculate or dream of, and long for, and therefore to infer and believe in, an existence of the soul independent of that of the body?' Ah! that, he said, was a very different way to put it, and so interrogated he must allow that he, in common with all thoughtful men, felt the impulse to the speculations, dreams, and even longings, in question—it was at the inference and belief that he felt inclined to call a halt.

"All the tendencies I spoke of he willingly admitted as normal and appropriate in Nature, but that they afford any proper basis for scientific argument and conclusion he must firmly deny."

The Index.

JANUARY 4, 1873.

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The columns of THE INDEX are open for the discussion of all questions included under its general purpose.

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Will friendly editors please copy the article on our first page entitled "Organize"?

We regret to say that, probably by delays in the ocean mail, our "London Letter" for this week has failed to arrive.

Read the new advertisement of "THE INDEX for 1873," "A Unique Premium," and many other new advertisements in this issue.

Many thousand extra copies of THE INDEX are printed this week. A large number will be mailed to the secular and religious press all over the country; and such editors as will send us marked copies of any notice they may be so kind as to make will confer a great favor.

Professor Tyndall has this noble passage in his just published *Forms of Water* [page 180]: "In science, opinion ought to content us only so long as positive proof is unattainable. The love of repose must not prevent us from seeking this proof. There is no sterner conscience than the scientific conscience, and it demands in every possible case the substitution for private conviction of demonstration which shall be conclusive to all." This is a solid and most weighty truth, which is too apt to be forgotten by the devotees of a narrow individualism.

We have been repeatedly urged to republish in THE INDEX the philosophical articles we wrote several years ago for the *North American Review*, as the editions of the *Review* containing them have been all exhausted. If we ever get time to do it, it is our intention to reprint these articles in permanent form, with corrections and additions; but, although they are too long and abstruse for republication in full in THE INDEX, we begin with this issue a series of eight extracts from them, embracing such portions as may possibly interest our more thoughtful readers.

The advertisement headed "THE INDEX for 1873" is as complete as it could be made at the time of writing. But we wish to state that plans of great interest to our readers are on foot which are nearly matured and will be announced as soon as possible. No one, we believe, will regret having subscribed to the paper, or having induced his friends to subscribe. Our efforts to provide a journal worthy of the cause it advocates have been untiring; and, thanks to the many friends who have given us their generous aid, we believe they will be found not to have failed.

We appeal to all those of our subscribers who believe in organization according to the plan sketched on our first page, to take hold of the work with energy in their respective localities. LET A LIBERAL LEAGUE BE FORMED IN EVERY TOWN WHERE THERE ARE A DOZEN RESOLUTE RADICALS. In order to facilitate the work, we will send twenty copies of the present issue of THE INDEX, postpaid, for one dollar, to any one who will order them. They will be found useful, we hope, in carrying out the plan. Let there be a powerful and simultaneous effort made now to accomplish the great task of freeing America from ecclesiastical usurpation.

BURN YOUR SHIPS.

When, in 1519, Cortes ordered Juan de Escalante to burn the fleet which had brought him and his little army to the shores of Mexico, and thereby put an end to indecision, backwardness, and the spirit of faction among his followers, he played the part of a great commander, and laid the foundation of that wonderful Conquest which must always remain one of the most romantic chapters of either ancient or modern history. At such a time, seeming rashness was the very soul of wisdom.

To-day the genius of religious freedom commands her little legion of resolute followers, meditating the conquest in her name of an empire vaster than that of the Montezumas—no less, in short, than this great American republic—to emulate the courage of the Spanish Conquistadores. She bids them take a step which cuts off all retreat, and commits them unreservedly to a career which, whatever lies between, must end in a victory never to be stained with pitying or regretful tears.

Religious radicalism, too long "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," must now prove that studious contemplation does not unstring the sinews or palsy the arm of action. The debate has been long enough confined to parlors; it must now emerge into the great world of human affairs. True, the subtle influence of speculation, dissolving the spell of theological creeds which had been woven by speculation itself, has been felt even in legislation and political events. The emancipation of thought has already resulted in amelioration of the Statutes, and the day of "Blue Laws" has gone by. The Unitarian reaction against Orthodoxy which shook New England fifty years ago, the Transcendentalist movement which later convicted Unitarianism of being itself diluted Orthodoxy, and the scientific philosophy of religion which now seeks to remove the dogmatic taint lingering even in Transcendentalism itself, have quickened thought to so great an extent that the public mind is reconciled to many practical changes in customs and institutions which could not endure the scrutinizing eye of intelligence. But while the cause of progress has seemed so prosperous and triumphant, observers who look beneath the surface have been steadily considering less evident signs of the times, knowing that every current must have its counter-current, often indeed of greater power. They have noticed the drawing together of the sects, the growing disregard of minor differences, the consolidation of ecclesiastical forces, the increased emphasis of common doctrines, the evident reaction against the spirit of change; they have remembered the tenacity with which ecclesiasticism always clings to its privileges, and have seen the lowering clouds of inevitable resistance to further innovation; they have heard the first drops of the shower in the demands, thus far little heeded, for the reconstruction of the United States Constitution on a Christian plan. All this, and much more of the same kind, speaks volumes to those who believe that human nature is to-day what it always was, and that the Christian gospel contains still the seeds of intolerance to any extent. These men and women are the seers of the age, discerning the future in the past and the present. They recognize the great practical task of religious radicalism, and would fain rouse it from dreams to deeds. They summon it to set the seal of action on its thought, and thereby to prove that this is indeed the truth that shall bless mankind.

But meditation is ease, and action is labor and conflict. Even more than conservatism itself, certain sorts of radicalism dread work and decrepitate agitation. Yet the only alternative of agitation is stagnation. Unless radicalism is but another name for active toil in the betterment of society, it is worse than its opposite; for Christian conservatism, even of the narrowest type, yearns with the "love of souls," and is not ashamed to agitate. There is no excuse for radicalism, if it shirks the necessary application of its own fundamental teaching.

Does not radicalism summon men to be free? Assuredly, yes! Is it, then, content with the

measure of freedom already attained by the world? Has it no rebuke for the great violations of freedom still tolerated and submitted to by the American people? Out upon it, if it so belies its nature! It is fit only to be spewed out of the mouth by men to whom radicalism is a great, serious conviction, and not a play upon words.

Look, you who declare that America is "free enough," at these glaring infringements of all liberty and justice.

1. The Christian Church of the United States, by the statistics of the last census, owns property to the value of \$354,429,581. Yet all this enormous wealth pays not one cent to the support of the government which protects it as it protects all other property. It is totally untaxed. Single churches, like Trinity Church in New York, may own millions in their own right; yet they are untaxed. The burden of taxation, thus lifted from the shoulders of wealthy corporations, is laid on the shoulders of the community at large; and the poor man who can with difficulty scrape together enough money to buy bread for his family must pay his share of it,—must pay not only his own taxes, but the taxes shirked by the Christian Church. He may not believe in Christianity, as often he does not; he may believe its doctrines are delusions and its practice an outrage. But none the less is he forced to pay its taxes, and submit to its control. And this is American liberty! And America is "free enough"!

2. The support of chaplains or Christian clergymen in Congress and in State Legislatures, in the army and navy and the militia, in asylums and prisons and houses of correction and homes for disabled soldiers, must be paid out of revenues collected from the whole people,—from Christians and "infidels," from deists, pantheists, atheists, sceptics, rationalists, and free thinkers of all degrees, as well as from devout believers in the gospel. This, too, is American freedom!

3. Appropriations of public money, raised from the whole people, are in most of the States habitually made in some form or other in the interest of Christianity. In New York State alone, millions have been appropriated to Christian institutions within a few years, mostly Catholic, but many also Protestant. By what right is your money thus cunningly taken from you by the Church? Politicians are bought, and the people are sold, by the Catholic and Protestant churches of America. And America is "free enough"!

4. Religious services are required and sustained by the government in many different ways. The courts are opened with prayers, paid for by the job. Every regiment, every vessel of war, is the parish of some clergyman salaried by the government; and wherever a national or State institution of any magnitude is established, there is the inevitable minister of Christ, preaching the Christian gospel. Nay, in almost every public school the teachers must every day discharge the clerical function, and read a portion of the Bible as an act of religious worship. And America is "free enough"!

5. The President of the United States, and the Governors of most of the States, publicly proclaim religious fasts and festivals in their official capacity. President Lincoln was the first to appoint a National Thanksgiving; and President Grant has continued the illegal practice. Nay, President Grant has deliberately made the "Christianization" of the Indians a part of the settled policy of the administration, and thus turned the Federal government into a Missionary Society.

6. Official oaths are necessary in order to qualify for office; and in many States the testimony of an atheist is rejected by the courts, although his character for veracity may be unimpeachable. In Pennsylvania this disability is carried so far that an "infidel" society has been within a few years declared by Judge Sharswood incapable of receiving a bequest. Yet America is "free enough"!

7. Laws everywhere are in force discriminating between Sunday and the rest of the week, sometimes avowedly and sometimes covertly on Christian grounds; and penalties are imposed

for violations of the "sanctity" of the Sabbath. Even in Massachusetts, within a very few months, a peaceable and well-behaved citizen was fined for training a vine in his own house on Sunday. Public libraries are kept shut by the law, against the wishes and wants of a large proportion of the inhabitants; and in a thousand ways the observance of the Sunday-Sabbath is forced upon the entire people. But America is "free enough"!

8. Many laws of various kinds, penal and otherwise, are based upon "Christian" conceptions of morals, as distinguished from "natural" morality. Usury laws, in especial, which sometimes work great detriment to the business interests of whole communities, are in fact based upon the Bible conception that it is a crime to take interest for money loaned; although the common sense of mankind rejects the notion in fact. Laws against profanity, against blasphemy, and so forth, still stand on the statute-books to disgrace the State that tolerates them.

In all these and many other ways, the Church has contrived to establish itself practically as a governmental institution; and in some of the States, as New York and Pennsylvania, Christianity has been judicially declared "part of the common law." To the radicalism which professes to believe that Church and State ought never to be united, yet professes to believe also that America is "free enough," what shall be said but that is a mockery and a sham?

Now we do not hesitate to affirm that radicalism has a *great public duty* to discharge in emancipating America from this political control of Christianity. We would scrupulously respect the private religious belief of every man, even while we think it superstitious, and, if he desired to listen, would endeavor to make its character clear to him. The right of Christian congregations to assemble, and to conduct their worship unmolested, we should be the first to defend. But the assumption of the Church to direct the administration of the government, and to control the public funds and the public schools in its own interest, we denounce as an intolerable outrage and usurpation, demanding immediate reform. It is an assumption full of the most real and imminent danger to our political and educational institutions; and the longer it is submitted to, the more dangerous it becomes. It is time to meet this assumption with an overwhelming rebuke at the hands of the American people; and radicalism lies under a solemn obligation to rouse the sluggish public to administer this rebuke. Nothing will ensure the perpetuity of the Union but the great principle of the absolute separation of Church and State; and now is the time to assert this principle with an emphasis and starting force never heard before.

Therefore to you, radicals of America, we make a most serious and earnest appeal to organize at once for the discharge of this high duty. You cannot organize too soon or too effectively. Next February the "National Association to secure a Religious Amendment to the United States Constitution" will hold its annual Convention in the city of New York. That movement is a vital one, because it grows out of the logical and practical necessities of the Christian Church. Feeble as it seems to-day, it is strong with all the strength of ideas shared in common by all sects and denominations. Under the stress of events, those ideas must spread, till in some shape or other they are adopted by a great party. How shall we meet them? Simply by opposing the mischievous change contemplated? No! Let us meet them by a bold and resolute determination to strike out of the government so much recognition of Christianity as it now contains. Carry the war into Africa! Organize yourselves for the peaceful work of educating this nation in the first principles of religious liberty, and their more consistent application. See to it that the States conform their respective Constitutions to the grand Constitution of the United States. Make it impossible for reviving medievalism to put out the light of the nineteenth century.

One word more. Let us go into this great work with a spirit worthy of it. Cherish no partisan hostility to the men and women who compose the Christian Church. Remember, it is not they,

but the system that enslaves them and would fain enslave us, that is the foe. Let the noblest spirit of devotion to freedom, to justice, to equal rights, to universal love and good will, not for ourselves alone, but for ALL, animate and dignify our action. If in this spirit we organize and work for liberty, the common cause of all humanity; our children and children's children shall thank us with grateful hearts, as those that have done well, and not ill, to their fellow-men.

Burn, then, your ships behind you, forget your mutual jealousies, and press forward to the great victory of universal emancipation! In the service of this cause let all liberals be of one mind, one heart, one will, and make it their high aim to deliver to posterity the priceless heritage of a land sacred to the grandest and fullest freedom yet known on earth!

MORE PETITIONS.

Since our last acknowledgment, the following additional lists of names to the remonstrance against the proposed Christian Amendment of the United States Constitution have been received:—

From Mr. T. K. Peck, Hanover, Connecticut, one hundred and twenty-seven names (collected in the towns of Canterbury, Scotland, and Sprague); from Mr. S. Newell Hamilton, Orange, Indiana, ten; from Mr. William Jensen, Cawker City, Kansas, sixty-five; from Mrs. Nancy H. J. Blaisdell, Wellesley, Massachusetts, two; from Mr. N. Little, Newbury, Massachusetts, twenty-nine; from Mr. John L. Whiting, Boston, Massachusetts, forty-four; single names from different places, three.

This raises the total number of names sent directly to THE INDEX Office to Thirty-Four Thousand, Six Hundred and Sixty-Nine (34,669). The entire list will now be soon forwarded to Washington, to be presented in Congress; and all those who are still collecting signatures should send in their lists at once.

A LETTER FROM MAX MUELLER.

Our readers will be much interested in the following letter from Professor Max Müller, of Oxford, England, which we publish by permission of the distinguished writer:—

PARK'S END, OXFORD, Oct. 12, 1872.

Dear Sir,—I have just returned from Germany, where I spent the whole of the summer, lecturing on Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in the newly founded University of Strassburg. I found your letter of Aug. 5 waiting for me here, and I hasten to answer it as well as I can, under great pressure of work which has accumulated during my long absence from Oxford.

That the want of a journal entirely devoted to Religion in the widest sense of the word should be felt in America,—that such a journal should have been started and powerfully supported by the best minds of your country,—is a good sign of the times. There is no such journal in England, France, or Germany, though the number of so-called religious or theological periodicals is, as you know, very large.

That religion is a function of the mind, and to be studied as such both in its subjective conditions and in its historical development, like language, like art, like philosophy, is a conception admitted as yet by very few even among those who are ready to examine a new truth, when it is placed before them. Even by those who have ceased to look upon religion as simply something contained in books, religion is generally looked upon as something strange, as a gift either granted or denied to man, according to the time in which he is born or the country in which he lives,—as something outside the pale of our humanity, and in the production of which man has no concern, no active share. And yet the highest interests of his soul are supposed to depend upon religion, and he is made responsible for it in this life and in the life to come.

These views held with regard to religion remind one of the views held, not very long ago, with regard to language. Language, too, was considered as a gift bestowed on man from without, as something far beyond the powers of human

workmanship, as more or less perfect in different countries and at different periods of the world's history, and to be used by each man born into this world, without a murmur and without reflection. The Science of Language has driven away such views forever. We know that man would not be man without language, that language is not an instrument placed into his hands, and more or less perfectly played by different races, but that it belongs to man as much as his five senses; that it is the natural and inevitable manifestation of the human mind, while creating a world of thought out of the world of sense; and that, in its different forms, it is the work of man, or, more truly, the work of mankind. We no longer call the Chinese language imperfect, much less do we laugh at it or condemn it: on the contrary, we learn to admire the wonderful art by which all the wants of the rational mind, in its striving for utterance, are satisfied there in the simplest, it may seem childish, yet most ingenious way.

Again, in a truly scientific study of the history of architecture, we have long ceased to admire Grecian temples or Italian palaces only. We study rude stone monuments; we try to find out the true purposes of cromlechs and dolmen; we explore caves, half natural, half artificial; and we begin to understand that the wandering nomad of the desert may have lived as happily in his tent as a king in his palace.

We must try to learn the same lessons from a truly scientific study of the history of religion. We must try to understand that the human soul in its religious aspirations may find comfort even if prostrate before a fetish, and build itself a Tabernacle even in the desert of Buddhist Nihilism. There is a divine wisdom in the history of mankind, which seems foolishness to man so long only as he reads its pages through the spectacles of his own conceits. Let us but read these pages again with our own eyes, and with a firm faith in that Wisdom and Love which encircles, pervades, and upholds the whole world, and the spirit of invidious comparison which, outside the pale of one's own religion, sees nothing but false religion, idolatry, and devilry, will be driven out by the new spirit which reigns in the Comparative study of all religions, and sees or tries to see good in everything.

To-day I send a short article of mine which appeared in 1870, and which is perhaps not known to your readers. It is called "A Chapter of Accidents in Comparative Theology," and was meant chiefly to inculcate caution in the treatment of ancient religions.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

MAX MUELLER.

CREEDLESSNESS AND BRAINLESSNESS.

The idea does not seem to be a wholly new one, that men may do some independent thinking, and yet not all think just alike. But this easy lesson in liberty is still too difficult for a great many worthy people, and they persist in treating it as if it were as hard to fathom as Mr. S. P. Andrews' "Science of Universology," or the "Secret of Hegel."

Take for instance our good friends of the New York *Independent*, who treat the Free Religious Association more generously, on the whole, than do the Unitarian or Universalist newspapers. Yet over this first elementary principle of its existence they puzzle and shake their heads, as if it were the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid. Nothing can convince them that men can be collectively creedless, and yet not be individually brainless.

Thus in criticising the late Free Religious Conventions in Philadelphia and Brooklyn, the editorial paragraphist of the *Independent* shakes his head over Mr. Froulingham's first and safest announcement. For the hundredth time, the President of the Free Religious Association explained that the organization as such had no creed and no views, being made up of men of all opinions, who were willing to unite in the pursuit of truth. This might seem, at least, an intelligible position; but to this editor it is "sheer non-

sense." "People who have no creed,—that is to say, no opinions on religious subjects and scarcely any views at all,—do not exist; and if they do, they are of no account." And another writer in another column, writing yet more carelessly or hastily (so hastily, at any rate, as to declare that there is no dictionary meaning of the word "religion" which does not imply "a bond," whereas Cicero merely derives the word from *relegere*, "to read over," and Andrews' Latin Dictionary accepts the derivation), echoes the strain: "Men whose only boast it is that they have no convictions, that they are certain of nothing, that there is no truth in earth or heaven to which they will promise to adhere over-night, do not seem to us to have the stuff in them out of which heroes are made."

No matter about the heroism. I trust the members of the Free Religious Association have not sunk so low as to claim or disclaim that quality—to boast or belittle their sacrifices. The balance of moral courage between those who adhere to the popular theology and those who renounce it, must be struck by somebody else. But who are these men who are thus described by the *Independent*? Is it Mr. Frothingham who has "no opinions on religious subjects," or Mr. Abbot who boasts that he has "no convictions"? It is as if some bewildered bystander came to these hard-worn soldiers in the midst of battle, with the smoke and the gunpowder on their foreheads, and said to them: "My dear fellows! you are mistaken. You are not fighting. Quite the contrary. Allow me to escort you to a recruiting office, and enlist you into the army!"

It is easy to understand why science is now making such inroads upon theology, when we thus perceive such a difference between the methods of the two departments. In a scientific body, it is well enough understood that creedlessness is one thing and brainlessness quite another. It is the being bound, as an organization, by a creed, that would seem the brainless symptom in science. That which appears to even the liberal *Independent* so incredible in religion is the very method that prevails in every scientific association and makes it strong. The American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, are as absolutely creedless as the Free Religious Association. Their president may be one year as Darwinian as Professor Gray, and the next year as anti-Darwinian as Professor Agassiz. In either case, the president may say for his association what Mr. Frothingham said for his, that it has no creed and no opinions. That is, the opinions belong to the individual members, not to the organization. These strong scientific thinkers need no other bond than the love of science; just as the members of the Free Religious Association unite only "to promote the interests of pure religion, to encourage the scientific study of theology, and to increase fellowship in the spirit!"—as the Society's constitution says. That this is creedlessness, we maintain; that it is brainlessness, we deny with all the brains which are allotted to our share.

If there is more resolute individual thinking anywhere on earth than can be found within the Association's limits it would be an interesting spectacle. We do not even agree in the definition or derivation of the word "religion," just as it was remarked at a scientific meeting in England, that no two members gave the same definition of the word "science." We assume that every one must have his or her individual opinion or *credo*. What we repudiate is the imperative mood of the verb,—which is *crede*, the original spelling of the word *creed*.

We stand with the men of science who are now setting the example of freedom to the men of religion. And as we have the support of their method, on the one side, so poetry sustains us on the other; for what says our own Whittier, in painting the ideal period of his "Pennsylvania Pilgrim"?

"For there was freedom in that wakening time
Of tender souls; to differ was no crime;
He varying bells made up the perfect chime."

T. W. H.

NOT TO DESTROY BUT TO CONSERVE.

The spirit in which we do a deed is sometimes even more important than the deed itself. Often a bad or an injudicious manner and tone of speaking or acting will destroy the good effects of a timely and necessary measure, and divert it from the end most desirable. Out of the full heart comes the earnest word; but if the heart be not suffused with the purest spirit and fired with the loftiest motive, the word will have a sharp and harsh sound and grate so disagreeably on the sensitive soul and ear, that the one will be repelled and the other closed to its appeal. Especially is it important, therefore, that those who have deeds to do and words to speak which are aimed at removing prejudices, dispelling superstition, and enlightening ignorance, should act and speak in the gentlest, wisest, most magnanimous spirit and tone, with as little hurt to innocent and unprepared minds as possible. We would not counsel the withholding of any truth, the staying of any timely vigorous word, the suppressing of any full-grown necessary measure, the quenching of any accumulated ardent purpose—not at all; but we hold it to be the religious duty of all who speak and act before the public, with a view to its instruction and education, its advancement and elevation into freer, grander, truer modes of thinking and being, to spare no pains and omit no opportunity to convince the world that their motives are unselfish, their intentions kind, and their aims the most beneficent and all-conserving. Only by so doing will they really further and not hinder, prosper and not spoil, that to which they put their hands and for which they poise their tongues.

It is a matter of no surprise to us that so many of the Christian public regard with indignation and horror the attitude and assertions of Free Religious writers and speakers; not that we do not think that for the most part these writers and speakers proceed to their work in a singularly excellent and commendable way, but because this same Christian public are so unprepared, by all their previous education, to understand how any one can renounce Christianity without renouncing all that is truly good and desirable. Christians habitually and invariably identify Christianity with religion. In their view, Christianity is not a religion but it is religion itself; and to attack or impeach or criticize Christianity, therefore, is to attack and impeach and criticize religion. When we remember how sacred this word, religion, is to the heart of man, and always has been; how associated it is with all that man has held most venerable and holy; how intertwined with his dearest memories, his fondest hopes, his noblest joys, his purest aspirations; how swathed and upborne his whole life has been with its precious consolations and divine assurances,—we cannot wonder that Christians, who for eighteen centuries have used Christianity and religion as equivalent and interchangeable terms, should be startled and shocked at hearing this faith denied the pre-eminence they have so long unhesitatingly yielded to it, and at being compelled to listen while the previous question is moved upon its claims, its merits, and its prerogatives. Indeed, we should be very much disappointed if they were not startled and shocked, and summoned, by all this modern advance of thought, to defend with their utmost energy that which they hold to be so true and precious. If men would give up their most sacred convictions without a struggle, if they would see that which they regard as religion assaulted and carried with storm of question and denial without vigorously trying to defend it, we should believe less than we do in their capacity to reverence what in the end will be proved to be really truest and best.

We do not shrink to confess, then, that it is the needful and inevitable task of Free Religionists to convince Christians, as well by manner and tone of utterance and action as by argument, that Free Religion aims not to destroy but to conserve religion; that the whole movement to supersede Christianity by Natural Religion has for its foremost aim to foster, advance, and assure all the highest and deepest religious inter-

ests of man; that the movement to secularize the government, and rid it of all ecclesiastical influences and control, means not the desecration nor the overthrow of any altar to which the heart of man brings sincere and faithful worship, but on the contrary to lead the whole people, in the spirit of the largest liberty and in the light of the purest intelligence, to discriminate between the formal and the essential, the instituted and the spontaneous, the special and the universal in faith and worship, and to found religion not on law and statute, but on the free, glad, natural homage of the human heart. We heartily believe that this is what Free Religion aims and is able to accomplish, and that it can be proved to have just this and no less worthy intention and capacity. It aims to make all men free—free not to impose upon one another religious beliefs and forms, but each to enjoy his own. It would have no national altar or church, no national creed of theism or atheism; but it labors for such a broad and wise education of every man, as will lead him to serve and reverence the highest ideal of which his individual nature is capable of conceiving. A. W. A.

THE RIGHT POINT.

At the installation of Rev. George Hepworth, last month, as pastor of an "unsectarian church," that is, a church that is sectarian only towards Romanists on the one side and Rationalists on the other, Mr. Hepworth, in response to an inquiry, gave an account of the mental process that led him out of Unitarianism, and stated the considerations that prevailed with him to take his last step. "Early failure to bring others to his opinions" (we quote the report of the *New York Tribune*) "led him to study and think and he came to the conclusion that it was better to teach men what to believe than what not to believe. He seemed to be working out of sympathy with everybody, and doing them no appreciable good."

This is precisely what every young minister feels before he is heartily committed to his work,—before he understands the conditions of it. He thinks he has made a mistake, has got into the wrong sect, has chosen the wrong profession, has misdirected his talents. He complains of being lonely, of being out of sympathy with people, of doing no appreciable good. We presume that every earnest man goes through the same experience. He is lonely; he is out of sympathy with people. What then? Is that a sign that he is on the wrong track or on the right one?

Assuming that the majority are right, it is a sign that he is on the wrong one. Assuming that the majority are wrong, it is a sign that he is on the right one.

In the first case there is but one course to take: he must go with the majority, wherever that is. In Protestant countries it will be with the "Evangelicals;" in Catholic countries it will be with the Romanists. On this principle no new departures would ever have taken place. There never would have been a Protestantism; there would never have been a Romanism; there would never have been a Christianity. In the latter case there is, but one course to take: he must stay where he is, accept his loneliness, take a certain absence of sympathy as an indication that he is doing his duty, and learn to look very far below the surface for evidence of the effect of his labors. The first position is the more comfortable; the second is the more heroic. Each has its dangers; on one side the danger is of fatal acquiescence, on the other of fatal presumption. The man who craves sympathy must beware lest he sink conscience and lose independence, lest he cease to study and think, lest he mistake sympathy for evidence of influence when it may be evidence of inefficiency. The man who stands alone must beware lest he mistake pre-emptiousness for prophecy and arrogance for inspiration.

"One with God is a majority," said Frederick Douglass; and a very splendid saying it was. But how shall the "one" know that he is with God or God with him? Is isolation from one's fellow creatures equivalent to commerce with

God? Suppose the isolation proceed from stubbornness, or eccentricity, or perverseness, or unreasonableness, or conceit? The man in a minority is sorely tempted to claim the invisible infinite as being on his side. He must have communion somewhere; he must be in sympathy with somebody. All alone none can endure to be; all alone none pretends to be, save the madman.

To be in sympathy with the men of one's own generation has never been a sign of greatness, for it betokens a mind that lives on a level with the average mind. The sincere have never large following. The great teacher has few disciples: not that every teacher who has few disciples is great. Littleness keeps people away as well as greatness. But greatness keeps people away. In London, Martineau and Maurice spoke to scores and hundreds, while Spurgeon and Newman address thousands. Emerson has but a handful of disciples. Parker, as a religious reformer, was less in sympathy with the multitude than some of his friends think. His great popularity was due to the earnest part he took in the antislavery movement, which lifted thousands to a great elevation of thought and feeling.

The popularity of a teacher is not in the best quarters considered a good sign. It is regarded as an indication that he is going down rather than rising. If THE INDEX were to be suddenly overwhelmed with new subscribers; if subscriptions to stock were to come pouring in, a thousand dollars at a time, so that capitalists were eager to put money into it,—we should say, "What is Mr. Abbot about? Is he lowering his standard? Is he abandoning his principles? Is he pandering to the popular taste?" The difficulty of making friends for the paper proves that the paper is doing a needed work. It is working out of sympathy with the majority; it is trying to change public opinion,—always a slow, laborious, and thankless task.

That it has any power to do it is owing entirely, not to its being alone, but to its being in sympathy with something impersonal but mightier than the groups of personalities called churches, sects, denominations. It is in sympathy with ideas, that are near enough to be visible, and tangible enough to be seized. It is at one with the latent mind of the generation, with the intelligence that has not yet found expression in creeds, and that to the multitude seems negative and destructive. It is in the air, but condensed, and is therefore regarded as vague, mystical, unreal. It is the truth of the future, the revelation unrevealed, the apocalypse unopened. To those who have vision of it, it is the most real of real things. To those who have no vision of it, it is nothing and less than nothing. To the mass of people he who has the vision seems to stand alone in a wilderness. They pity him. He is simply standing in an invisible company of disembodied persons, the undeveloped spirits of men, so to speak. He has caught the advancing forms of the coming generation; he hears their solid tread, marks their firm direction, reads the motto on their banner, understands the meaning of their murmuring speech; and he communicates what they communicate to him. This was the case with Luther, with Channing, with Parker. This is the case with Emerson. So far from being without sympathy, the so-called leaders of thought have the widest and purest of all sympathy,—sympathy with the interior feelings, purposes, tendencies of men,—sympathy with the strong drift of things. To leave this for the fellowship of any body of dogmatists is a retreat indeed. You may spare your pity for the solitary teachers, and save the whole of it for these comfortable Christians who have gone back to the flesh pots, having made the discovery that Egypt was after all the Promised Land. They will tell people what to believe; namely, what they believe already on the authority of tradition. They will leave to others the duty of telling them what not to believe; namely, those very things.

O. B. F.

In the last analysis, the "logic of events" is the logic of ideas.

THE RELATION OF FREE RELIGION TO SOCIAL REFORMS.

I.

The "new chemistry" teaches us that weight is the measure of all things, and that our only test of certainty in the analysis of unknown substances is the fact that none of the weight of the original material is lost, but all is reproduced in the new compound. But weight is only another word for the comparative relation of substances to each other and to the mass of the earth; and therefore in this, we have no absolute standard, but only a comparative one. The true measure of all things is harmony, or the accordance of one thing with another or with the great whole.

There is an analogy between this scientific method and the practical test which the common sense of mankind applies to every religion. There is no absolute standard by which we may determine whether this religion is true and that is false. Every sect has sought to establish one, but with as little success as England and France tried to use the measure of the royal hand or foot as a universal guide. The only test is the power of a religion to meet the wants of human nature and help forward the work of humanity.

Now that the great movement which we call by the name of Free Religion is passing from a critical and negative stage to a positive and creative one, it must prepare to abide this severe test by which all religions are eventually tried. Its weight must be tested; we must know its relation to the great mass of human life, and must measure its power in comparison with that of others spiritual and mental forces.

It must show that in its recombination of the original elements of human nature nothing has been lost, and that the freedom of movement given to every atom has only called out latent energies and developed new power of good.

In other words, Free Religion must be tested by its power to arouse, inspire, and develop the faculties of the human soul, and lead them in a direction which shall permanently benefit humanity.

If it be not so, however attractive may be its freedom, however refreshing its hopefulness and serenity, however dignified and commanding its independence and self-respect, however tender and loving its welcome of truth from every quarter, and its sympathy with every form of faith, it will not permanently satisfy us.

If in our recognition of law we have lost something of faith and trust which a blind acceptance of Providence would give us,—if in our cosmopolitan liberality we sacrifice that spirit of loyalty and devotion which makes the superstitious crusader or bigoted fanatic noble in our eyes,—if in honoring all days alike, we have ceased even to feel a Sabbath calm and a holy peace steal over our souls,—in short, if we have let go anything which really belongs to the integrity of human nature and the highest spiritual welfare, then our equation is imperfect and we must go back and find out what has escaped from our crucible, and why our synthesis does not correspond to our analysis.

Such is the problem which is offered to those who have given up the fixed formulas of Church doctrine and creed, and who are seeking new values in the results of the mental forces acting in perfect freedom. That we or any body of men have solved this problem, it would be folly to assert; but it is a question constantly forced upon us. Is there not something of joy or hope or use to be gained by quiet resting in the old forms which we are losing by setting our sails for the broad ocean, and following the pole-star of truth wherever it leads us?

Mr. Emerson long ago expressed this natural feeling very beautifully in his poem of "The Problem," and we all of us feel tempted to ask the same question:—

"Why should the rest on him allure
That I could not on me endure?"

But of this we are sure that, as no atom of matter is ever lost, but, though it may escape the chemist's balance, is safe somewhere in the universe, so—

"No account of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world has ever lost."

If we have by some mistake in our methods or carelessness in their application failed to preserve all that is of spiritual value, it is not lost, and the want will be revealed by the sharp tests which life is constantly applying, so that we shall be warned of our error, and able to renew and correct our processes.

With this view I shall try to consider some of the social problems of the day as solved by the methods and in the spirit of Free Religion.

E. D. C.

EVENING NOTES.

DEAR MR. ABBOT:—Accepting your proposal that I send you weekly a column or so of "correspondence," I beg you to let me do it in my own way. I offer you, then, these "Evening Notes" on random topics, which I shall jot down and send you without much after-thinking. Let this be borne in mind by any of your readers who may perchance be disposed to call me to account. They will be written to myself more than to the public, and I may be among the first, when I see them in type by daylight, to smile at their folly, or shake my head over more serious faults. Let them pass for the little good somebody may twist out of them, and believe me, yours truly,

S. H. MORSE.

GEORGE MACDONALD, as report goes, preaches better than he lectures. His lecture on Tom Hood, which I heard, certainly left plenty of room for improvement. But his prayers are described as superior to lecture or sermon. And this I can believe, for he impresses you by manner, voice, and cast of thought, as one whose whole life is a prayer that all the world may become *very good*, and that speedily. The heroic sentiment may also claim him as a champion. He does not pray for sugar-plums to eat on the way. He is willing to rough it, if need be, accepting any amount of hardship. To beseech the Almighty for sorrows, afflictions, adversities, of every kind, if thereby we may be lifted to nobler and truer living,—must not a petition like that strike the Divine ear oddly? Asking for gifts that come by the way of adversity is no common occurrence. The ordinary Thanksgiving is for sunshine or gentle rain, not for clouds and tempest; for peace and plenty, not war and famine. Well, it takes a great faith to see the good that is in everything, and one is not always sure about it then. Yet I have sometimes wondered why our governors do not sum up the entire year, the evil with the good, thanking the wise Providence for *all*, and not alone for the supposed best part. MacMahon could shoulder Sedan and relieve Napoleon of responsibility. But can we so stand between this world's ill-fortune and Delty? I am not sure that we dispose of the matter when we say there is no ill-fortune; the difference being simply, shorter or longer, easier or more difficult means. I incline to believe in the *reality* of some misfortunes; that although we survive and escape them, still they were evils which no Providence could foresee or hinder. The good of ill lies in our seeing that it is ill. And we turn it to account because we ourselves are the God of infinite resource. It would be ill indeed could we make no use of it. It is hard to believe that it was specially provided by a Superintending being for our benefit. I incline to doubt if there be a Delty who knows of these occurrences before they happen. Is there an all-seeing eye that discerned our fire before citizens of Boston did? An eye, forsooth, that saw the great Boston conflagration before even the globe itself was fashioned,—so that, when the alarm sounded, this Delty knew, as we did not, that the flames would spread to the wharves and down to the Post Office, laying in ruins a fifth part of the city? I can but think that the world's experience from the beginning negatives every such supposition. God is the intelligent *spirit*, immanent in us, on which we rely though all else fail; our abiding resource, our greater self offering us cheer and counselling us to greater knowledge, stricter integrity, and wiser methods.

THE LECTURE SEASON is less attractive each succeeding winter. Time was when the Parker Fraternity offered a rare and bountiful feast for the price of a ticket. They flourished; competition sprang up, and things began to cheapen. Now we have more "courses" than I can count, and not half-a-dozen good lectures among them all. Quantity supercedes quality. I must own, though, that I judge by the subjects mainly this winter. This test may not absolutely be a safe one, but still subjects are signs which a wise man will not disregard. Had any one else, not so favorably known as Col. Higginson, taken the cheap-sounding subject, "What I know about London," I should have laughed to myself, and said, "I guess it isn't much he knows," and let him "say his say" as the *Woman's Journal* would express it, without going to hear him. In which case I should of course have made a mistake.

"WENDELL PHILLIPS on Froude" was a taxing subject. But I despair of Irish history. They all appeal to "facts." Froude is "impartial," gives England her due of censure; but somehow the

story comes out as an Englishman on the whole might be expected to wish it would. Phillips says, Froude states one fact, omits another: that other changes the picture. Froude knew it would, &c. Well, I don't think the true history of Ireland's woes will get written yet a while. The appeal to history is no vindication of England. Let England heal the breach, by making a new history which no eloquent Irishman can have the heart to defame. Let by-gones be by-gones. Be just to-day. No earthly power can hinder the forgiveness and reconciliation that will to-morrow follow.

CHARMING WAS Brete Harle's "Argonauts of '49." I enjoyed the way the whole story was told. His description of California life in the mountains made one almost wish that times there were again and now as they used to be, that he too might go and be an "Argonaut." The following consideration, however, has a bearing one way or the other: "Some of the best had the worst pedigree, and some of the worst had been nurtured in the best families of the land." I wish many people might have the pleasure of hearing this lecture.

I HAVE RECEIVED a little pamphlet about Mr. Henry M. Stanley who arrived in Boston yesterday to lecture about his discovery of Livingston. What is all this noise about Stanley, I wonder? One would think that his discovery was of greater importance than Livingston's. Says this advertisement: "There can be no doubt that his reception in his own land, whose flag he carried in behalf of American generosity"—(it isn't patriotic, but I query, in spite of patriotism, whether, when young Bennett said to young Stanley, "can you find Livingston?" and he answered, "yes," and Bennett said, "go," there was not at least an equal looking forward to the fate of the *Herald* and that of the African discoverer)—"into the very heart of Southern Africa, will be no less enthusiastic, no less a triumphant ovation, than was extended to him abroad." Well, I don't know. There was merit in Bennett's saying "go," and in Stanley's going. But this parade, this going and doing a pure, "generous" act, and then coming home to exhibit yourself, and court a "triumphant ovation," turning disinterested heroism into a fortune,—I say I don't know. 'Tis the custom of the time, and one seldom honored in the breach, and my feelings may wholly be at fault. It is good to hear that Livingston is alive, has had succor extended to him, and is now likely to prosper. Stanley brings us the news. Let us forgive all that requires forgiveness; and say, "Sir, you have done nobly. Accept our thanks."

"THE WORLD moves," writes Mr. Beecher in an editorial I have just been reading. Indeed it does, for he reports a case of Free Religion (though he does not himself so name it) which has just broken out in New York City, around and about Mr. George H. Hepworth. Hepworth has been installed as an Orthodox minister. "To the council were invited churches and ministers of all the principal Evangelical denominations,—Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Dutch Reformed, Presbyterian, and Congregational." The whole article is right well worth your space, but I will quote only sufficient to cover my point, and send you the rest, which is a description of Mr. Beecher's own terrific installation-experience, for some unfilled corner, sometime.

Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College, N. J., and for soundness in Calvinistic faith, as delivered to the Scotch, not to be questioned; Dr. Ormiston, a fit representative of the solid and substantial merits of the Dutch Reformed; Rev. Dr. and Professor Martin, of the University of New York; Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., of the venerable Episcopal Church; Rev. Dr. Foss of the Methodist, and Rev. Dr. Armitage of the Baptist, faith; together with Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs and Rev. Dr. Budington, of Brooklyn; Dr. Cliff, Dr. Ray Palmer—these were some of the members of this remarkable council.

"Ministers of various sects have long been accustomed to meet together on the common ground of benevolence, but this was a council called to examine the fitness of a candidate to assume the pastoral charge of an Evangelical church. Mr. Hepworth certainly does not accept Calvinism as Dr. McCosh does; nor church-worship services as Mr. Tyng does; nor the ordinances as the Baptists do; nor church government and order as Dr. Ormiston and the Presbyterians do.

"Now, had Mr. Hepworth been as earnest for systematic theology as Turretin, it would have been a remarkable phenomenon to have such a various Council approve his views. But, Mr. Hepworth is not a systematic theologian. Neither by nature nor by grace does he run in that direction. This was his strength. To a few cardinal facts and doctrines—the sinfulness of man, the need and reality of a change of heart by Divine power, the Divinity of Christ, and the Atonement for sin by his death, the rewards and penalties of a future life—he gave his assent. A rigorous examination on any one of these doctrines, from the standpoint of any of the sects represented, would not only have overthrown the candidate, but have set the whole Council by the ears!"

What now shall be said? That this is not a case of very Free Religion? Only one thing seriously affects the conclusion: Mr. Beecher intimates that this drawing together of "many men of many minds" was in some measure inspired by a "sense of common danger," which, if true, makes of course a difference. So, after all, the outlook is not so promising, for it may prove that we have been rejoicing over only a case of Free Religious variety.

BOSTON, Tuesday Evening, Dec. 15, 1872.

Literary Department.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—All books designed for review in these columns must be addressed to THE INDEX, TOLEDO, OHIO.

RECEIVED.

PHYSICS AND POLITICS; or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. By WALTER BAEHRST, Esq., Author of "The English Constitution." New York: D. APPLETON & COMPANY. 1873. [International Scientific Series: No. 2.]

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. In Three Parts. With Essays. Boston: A. WILLIAMS & Co. 1873.

REVENGES OF A WOODMAWYER; or, "Rum" Killings of Cord-Wood, being Serio-Comic Views of Life as it is, as taken from the Top of a Saw-buck. By JONAS SIMPKINS. New York: Printed for the Author by LANGE, LITTLE, & HILLMAN, 108 to 114 Wooster street. 1872.

SPIES. A Novel. By MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB. With Illustrations. New York: D. APPLETON & Co.

CLARENCE. A Drama. By D. J. SCHIRER. St. Louis: E. F. HOBART & Co., 615 Chestnut St. 1872.

A SERMON, Preached in Ann Arbor, Michigan, on Sunday Morning, December 8, 1872: the Sunday next after the Funeral of Horace Greeley. By C. H. BURGHAM. Ann Arbor: ANN ARBOR PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. 1872.

THE GALAXY. January, 1873. New York: SHIELDON & Co., 67 Broadway.

THE PENN MONTHLY. December, 1872. Philadelphia: 308 Walnut Street.

THE OTTAWA MONTHLY. December, 1872. Chicago: LEADER, BREWSTER, & Co., 142 LaSalle St.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE. January, 1873. Newburgh, N. Y.: S. S. WOOD & Co.

DIE ENTSTEHUNG DER BIBEL. Von EMIL ZITTEL, v. Stadtpfarrer in Karlsruhe. Zweite unveränderte Auflage. (THE ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE. By EMIL ZITTEL, Prof. Minister in Karlsruhe. Second unaltered edition.) Karlsruhe, 1873. 12mo. pp. vii, 236.

There is, perhaps, no greater need in English literature at the present moment than that of popular and at the same time thoroughly scientific works in aid of a rational study of the Bible. Almost every other department of scientific research has already been made more or less accessible to the general reading public; but in this one direction, of the highest possible importance, absolutely nothing has been done. The consequence is that, while popular information concerning the present state of knowledge on other subjects is continually increasing, there is, even among otherwise well-read people, still the densest ignorance of everything that is necessary to a correct understanding of the origin, composition, contents, and character of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. The kind of enlightenment which has thus far been offered to the people on these topics has, as a general thing, not been more than sufficient to open their eyes to the fact that the Bible is not in reality what any of the churches assume and proclaim it to be. Further than this, the positive information given may be estimated at zero; and this for the simple reason that the men, both in this country and in England, whose special culture renders them competent to speak and write on Biblical literature, have been content to leave popular instruction in this branch to be supplied by men altogether innocent of any thorough and accurate acquaintance with it.

At the first glance this statement may seem unjust, and to need no further refutation than a simple reference to such books as De Wette's "Introduction to the Old Testament," edited by Theodore Parker, the same author's "Introduction to the New Testament," translated by Frederick Frothingham, the works of Dr. Davidson, Colenso, and others of like character. But, whatever else may be said of this class of books, it cannot be said that they are popular in their form. The learned apparatus, which takes up so large a space in De Wette's "Introductions," at once indicates that they are addressed to the scholar. The works of Davidson, besides being in a measure open to the same objection, are altogether too elaborate for the general reader; and if Colenso were to continue to treat all the writings of the Old Testament and the New with the discursiveness which characterizes his work on the Pentateuch, it would almost be doubtful whether "even the world itself could contain the books that should be written." What is most needed is not other literary aids for the professional student (although there is need enough of those), but direct instruction of the people. To this end, works of a character quite different from any that we now possess are necessary—not exhaustive treatises which are sure to exhaust the ordinary reader's patience before he has got half way through them; not

books that "pre-suppose any special training in order to get the full benefit of their contents; not mere compendiums of larger, more expensive, and more difficult works, nor mere compilations of the investigations of others, without critical sifting of the material or independent judgment as to the tenability of the results,—but brief original expositions, at once careful, compact, and thoroughly trustworthy in statement, furnishing the facts that have been ascertained and are no longer open to question, conscientiously noting what still belongs to the domain of hypothesis, and giving it only for what it is worth; works that shall be attractive in style without detriment to the gravity of the subject, and that shall combine a certain epic flow and fullness of narration with a wise economy in the handling of details.

The production of works such as the foregoing gives a hint of is, of course, attended with difficulties. There is no *leger-de-main* about it—they "cannot be shaken out of one's sleeve," as the Germans say. But German scholars are the men who have not only shown that the difficulties are not insuperable, but have also shown, by descending from their academical heights to instruct the general public, that they have the universal dissemination of sound Biblical knowledge at heart. Books like Hausath's *Geschichte der alttestamentlichen Literatur* (History of Old Testament Literature), Langhans's *Heilige Schrift* (The Holy Scripture), Nöldeke's *Alttestamentliche Literatur* (Old Testament Literature), and that indicated at the head of this notice, are all illustrations in point. They are all intended for popular information, and all of remarkable, though not equal, excellence. Professor Nöldeke's is decidedly the most original in its matter and the most brilliant in execution. The latest of them, however—that of Pfarrer Zittel—has great merits of its own. It really gives a bird's eye view of the whole subject of Biblical Literature, from the vantage-ground of modern criticism. As a work which appeals directly, in simple and beautiful language, to the common understanding of the (German) people, it will not be easily surpassed. Some idea of the scope of it may be formed from a general survey of its contents. It is divided into seven sections or chapters, which treat of the following subjects: 1. The Bible, or the Sacred Writings of the Old and New Testaments; 2. The Torah, or the Pentateuch; 3. The Prophets; 4. The Hagiographa; 5. The Apostle Paul and his Letters; 6. The Revelation, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the seven Catholic Epistles; 7. The Gospels.

The chief defect of the book is the inequality of its handling of the topics. If all the parts were as well done as those which treat of the Pentateuch, of Paul, of the Apocalypse, and of the Gospels, there would be but little more to be desired. In the dozen pages (213–214) devoted to the discussion of the general questions connected with the genesis of the Gospels, the author furnishes a brilliant illustration of the style in which all such books ought to be written. Few persons who have not made a special study of the apostolic and post-apostolic age could read these pages, few as they are, without gaining a clearer and more vivid idea than they already possess of the circumstances out of which the gospel narratives grew and by which they were moulded. The pages that are least satisfactory of all are those which relate to "The Messiah." The author utterly fails to give any adequate representation of the origin and development of the Messianic idea. This is a great defect, which ought, in future editions, to be remedied. The section on the Prophets would also bear revision and some enlargement. Then, in a few places, there is a little more or what borders upon specifically Orthodox unctious than is, perhaps, necessary or wholesome in a book which is so thoroughly radical. T. V.

SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Brown & Faunce, Toledo.

There are hardly any books yet made in America that show perfect art and perfect insight so truly as those of Hawthorne do. He is in telling the story of the human heart all that Emerson is in thinking the thoughts of the free human mind, with perhaps more clearness of vision and a yet finer gift of expression. I at least give Hawthorne the first place in American letters thus far, and say to all studious and thoughtful people, "With all your reading read Hawthorne." Such penetration of the secrets of human nature, such parables of man's experience, such communion of the feeling heart and thinking mind with outward scenes, and such imagination of the way that is before us, are rarely found in human scriptures. The "Scarlet Letter" and the "Marble Faun" are a great deal more suggestive of divine wisdom than that much vaunted theological document, of unknown authorship and dubious character, the Fourth Gospel, if only sensible and feeling people will once see the inspiration of Hawthorne, as they vainly try to see that of the fictitious "John." The man who was with us not long since was to Puritanism what the John of idealizing imagination is to the prosaic history of Jesus—a poet and thinker full of sweetness

and light. Even the least valuable of Hawthorne's writing, the "Note Books," are not only better history than the doubtful transcripts of oral traditions called Gospels, but if we could once surround them with an atmosphere of worship, like that in which people look at the New Testament, we could readily find more spiritual incident and thought in them than in all the meagre simplicity and superstition which are offered us as the sole history of God on earth—the four Gospels.

In truth, Hawthorne is full of profound divinity, clear and deep suggestion and imaging forth of spiritual things, which deserve zealous study. He is especially wonderful in his knowledge of the development of man from animal intelligence to spiritual, from mere instinct to pure and great conscience, from the low love of pleasure to lofty experience of beatitude. He does for our moral growth what Darwin does for our spiritual—shows how struggle and suffering lead us up from the earthy to the heavenly. And the very clear insight of Hawthorne has especially made him an apostle of truth about the nature and position of woman. The expostious, hints, and questions on this subject, which are scattered through the writings of this pure master, alone make him a Doctor of more sound divinity than all New England otherwise has yet become learned in. Next to this understanding of man's ascent from the material, and of woman's struggle with shrouded fate, the illumination of external Nature is marvellous in the writings of Hawthorne. The impression made by a new world on the Puritan mind comes ripe and perfect from the mind of Hawthorne, fruits of a long tradition of observation and reflection, such as we pluck only once in an historical period.

And to those who otherwise know Hawthorne, the last work of his pen, the unfinished story of Septimius Felton's search for the elixir of immortality, will show the master at his best, unfinished and imperfect as the work is. Septimius is the unsettled young mind, suffering the penalty of a bringing up in the dim religious no-light of tradition. His pastor says to him, in the usual fashion of pious fraud, without which Orthodoxy could not live a day: "Study for the ministry; bind your thoughts to it; pray; ask a belief, and you will soon find you have it. Doubts may occasionally press in; and it is so with every clergyman. But your prevailing mood will be faith."

This bread-and-butter godliness it is both too early and too late for Septimius to accept. He is not yet a minister, with many necessities and restraints, and he has already given a rein to free and bold thought. So he answers: "It has seemed to me that it is not the prevailing mood, the most common one, that is to be trusted. This is habit, formality, the shallow covering which we close over what is real, and seldom suffer to be blown aside. But it is the snake-like doubt that thrusts out its head, which gives us a glimpse of reality. Surely such moments are a hundred times as real as the dull, quiet moments of faith, or what you call such."

The minister's reply is true to fact, when he says: "To a youth of your frame of character, of your ability, I will say, and your requisition for something profound in the grounds of your belief, it is not unusual to meet this trouble."

And from this we go forward in the story of Septimius along the path of a mind taught to feel that new questions in the soul are snake-like. He takes the common road of intellectual revolt against the wearing of spiritual goggles, and refuses to look into spiritual things at all. He asks the question: "May it not be possible to have too profound a sense of the marvellous contrivance and adaptation of this material world to require or believe in anything spiritual?" Then one of the Orthodox fictions suggests to him that our chief trouble is that, since the fall of man, we do not live long enough. Reflection on this turned all his natural instinct of immortality into a hope of attaining a deathless life here. The sense of an undying principle, which justly interpreted causes us to look upward, was made significant by him of possible continued existence on earth. Then happening on an old tradition of this same twist of the mind, in a document so undecipherable and dark and difficult as to answer very well to supply the place of a Bible to his new credulity, he studied and believed and built his life on the expectation.

At first there is a chance that a healthy human love, with more divinity in it than in any speculation, orthodox or heterodox, will help the groping youth; and there is a fine touch in what Hawthorne says of the maiden's influence: "She reconciled him, in some secret way, to life as it was, to imperfection, to decay; without any help from her intellect, but through the influence of her character, she seemed, not to solve, but to smooth away, problems that troubled him; merely by being, by womanhood, by simplicity, she interpreted God's ways to him; she softened the stoniness that was gathering about his heart."

There is more of the real woman question in this single glimpse than in all that the female platform has yet given us, and more of the com-

ing of God to man, as if in very flesh, than in all which Christian theology has ever guessed or feigned of incarnation.

But Septimius was too much drawn away by his one-sided thinking, and converted from an interested actor into a cold and disconnected spectator of all mankind's warm and sympathetic life. He had killed, on the outskirts of Concord fight, a young British officer, and out of the fate thus woven came a visitation which we will let the reader look up in the book, as we wish to criticise without "spoiling the story." A woman dowered secretly with misfortune becomes a leading figure of the scene, as in nearly all Hawthorne's stories, and there comes in also a Doctor Jabez Portsoaken, who makes spiders his familiars, and who hints at the dusty and musty thing which seeking mere knowledge, apart from human sympathies, may become. The unhappy woman of the tale, with her youth and her hidden sorrows, reflects a great deal of Hawthorne's keen perception, as when she says: "I think man is more favored than the angels, and made capable of higher heroism, greater virtue, and of a more excellent spirit than they, because we have such a mystery of grief and terror around us; whereas they, being in a certainty of God's light, seeing his goodness and his purposes more perfectly than we, cannot be so brave as often poor weak man, and weaker woman, has the opportunity to be, and sometimes makes use of it. God gave the whole world to man, and if he is left alone with it, it will make a clod of him at last; but, to remedy that, God gave man a grave, and it redeems all, while it seems to destroy all, and makes an immortal spirit of him in the end."

Such philosophy of mortal destiny and immortal life makes the current conceit of life and immortality brought to light by a physical escape from the grave seem the cheap imitation of a universal savage notion which it really is. Not a tribe of man but has had a belief in escape of the ghost from the grave, to a realm of other-world life. It is in thought only, not in any crude tradition, that the real path of man on earth and through the God's Acre has been justly traced. The common faith degrades religion to the level of corpse life, of flesh containing God on earth, of flesh saved and restored,—wholly missing the true lesson of made perfect in spirit through the suffering of the flesh and delivered by the grave itself into a higher state of existence.

So Septimius, in his reaction against a most earthy faith, gets into a most earthy pursuit of knowledge, with vast imagination of a kingdom of heaven to be secured this side the grave by it, precisely as Jesus, in his unenlightened enthusiasm, imagined a realm of miracle about to descend on him on earth, and make him a world-deliverer competent to supernatural baffling of the grave, and re-conquest from the grave of the hapless dead. And as Jesus got nothing for his pains but to feel the hand of Providence breaking every bone of his mortal condition, and launching him ruthlessly off the shore of dust and ashes and tears and blood upon the sea of untried and unknown existence, so did Septimius see at last the product of all his toil fall, as a glass shattered against the stones, and learn that beyond the grave, not on this side of it, is the true goal of man's deepest interest and purest longing. He had gathered, he thought, a flower, and completed his elixir of life, only to find that what he had deemed a beautiful flower was a semblance only, and was in fact a baneful growth out of the soil of a grave, a deadly poison. But woman far more than man suffers in the catastrophe of the story, as in that of human life; and in conclusion we may quote what the chief sufferer says, when she is helping out the dream of Septimius about regenerating the world in living forever here on earth. She is laying out her imaginary messianic task, and says: "I will go among women, and observe and converse with them, from the princess to the peasant girl; and will find out what is the matter, that woman gets so large a share of human misery laid on her weak shoulders. I will see why it is that, whether she be a royal princess, she has to be sacrificed to matters of state, or a cottage girl, still somehow the thing not fit for her is done; and whether there is or no some deadly curse on woman, so that she has nothing to do, and nothing to enjoy, but only to be wronged by man, and still to love him, and despise herself for it,—to be shaky in her revenges. And then if, after all this investigation, it turns out—as I suspect—that woman is not capable of being helped, that there is something inherent in herself that makes it hopeless to struggle for her redemption, then what shall I do? Nay, I know not, unless to preach to the sisterhood that they all kill their female children as fast as they are born, and then let the generations of men manage as they can! Woman, so feeble and crazy in body, fair enough sometimes, but full of infirmities; not strong, with nerves prone to every pain; ailing, full of little weaknesses more contemptible than great ones!"

E. C. T.

If Adam is accountable for "consequential damages," he will have a rough time of it.—Investigator.

PHILOSOPHICAL PAPERS.

I.

BY F. E. ARDOTT.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ANALYSIS OF THE IDEA OF SPACE.

FROM AN ARTICLE ON THE "PHILOSOPHY OF SPACE AND TIME," IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY, 1874.

It was stated as the first distinction between Space and Extension that, while the latter is a simple notion, the former is the indissoluble synthesis of three distinct elements. Now all these constituent elements of the idea of Space are negative notions. It is erroneous to suppose that a negative notion is the negation of all thought, and conveys absolutely no knowledge; the contrary is easily demonstrable. If, however, as will be proved, we know Space only by negative characteristics, this simple consideration will sufficiently explain why we can never represent it, either as finite or infinite, by the sensuous imagination.

The first of the three notions is that of *receptivity*. Matter is contained in Space,—Space contains matter. Extended matter is the only object of perception and of the sensuous imagination; but the existence of Space is the necessary condition of the possibility of Extension. In other words, matter could not be continuous if Space did not exist; yet Space is not given as an object of positive cognition by any faculty. Every act of the pure intellect is the intuition of a relation between terms; and the proposition—"Matter is contained in Space"—being the formula of the receptivity of Space, the terms of this relation are *Matter* and *Space*, and the relation itself is that of *inclusion*. Now in all instances in which the relation of inclusion is positively cognized, the two terms are alike in kind, as when we say that the pitcher contains the water, or the apple contains its seeds; here both terms are extended matter. But in the above formula the two terms are unlike in kind, and the second is simply a negation of the first. It is true that the formula is not precisely interpretable into "Matter is contained in Not-matter,"—for time, mind, etc., equally come under the category Not-matter, which shows that the terms Space and Not-matter are not strictly convertible. As to its receptivity, Space may be defined—"that which is not matter, but which renders matter possible"; or, more briefly,—"the immaterial condition of matter"; or, again, "the absence of matter plus its possibility." But these definitions do more than simply define Space as one term in the formula, "Matter is contained in Space"; for they also state the relation between the terms. So far forth as a single term only, analysis can reach no result beyond this, that Space or absolute vacuity is the *negation of matter*; we cannot go further and say that this *not-matter*, as distinguished from other *not-matters*, is the necessary condition of Extension, without stating the relation between this term and the other term, matter. This very fact proves the absolute necessity which characterizes the psychological relation between Space and Matter; neither term can be thought independently of the other, and the correlation is therefore unconditioned and indissoluble. Moreover, the receptivity of Space is cognized, not by the sensuous imagination, but by the faculty of pure intellect, or the non-sensuous reason. Space cannot be imagined as containing, but only Extension as contained. When imagination pictures Extension, reason postulates an underlying and including Space; annihilate Extension, and imagination is paralyzed. Space does not exist at all to the sensuous imagination, which is conversant only with that which exists in Space. But reason asserts that, while Space contains and underlies Extension, it is not the Extension contained; beyond which she is silent. The receptivity of Space, therefore, as an idea of the reason, is simply the *negation of matter*; and this is the primary and intuitional element of the triple synthesis, on which the other two depend as logical necessities.

The second of the three notions is that of *unity*. All division of Space into parts is arbitrary and seeming only. Extension, so far as perceivable and conceivable, is indefinitely divisible and separable; Space must be indivisible. For suppose it divided into parts, the parts must either be separated or not separated. If they are not separated, Space is still continuous, and the division is illusory, like that of the earth's surface by parallels and meridians, which serve for convenience of reckoning, but indicate no actual partition. But if they are separated, they must either be separated by matter or by vacuity; whereas Space on the one hand is presupposed by matter, and on the other hand is itself, in the absence of matter, vacuity. Consequently Space must be divided from itself by Space, or, in other words, is not divided at all. Hence we see it involves a logical contradiction not to predicate unity of Space. Now human intelligences can form both an imaginative conception and a rational idea of unity, radically diverse in their characteristics because the products of radically diverse mental faculties. Positive unity is the attribute of a complete, bounded whole, limited in the very fact of its completeness, which can be conceived and grasped as one

by the imagination; it necessarily involves, on the one hand, complexity of parts, and, on the other, finitude or limitation; it is the unity of matter which we perceive by the senses, or conceive by the sensuous imagination. Negative unity is the negation of plurality and complexity of parts, and is strictly synonymous with simplicity or indivisibility; it involves necessarily neither finitude nor infinitude, limitation nor illimitation, and is perfectly compatible with either; it cannot be pictured or grasped by the sensuous imagination, and is a purely rational idea; it is the unity which is possessed by mind, and is in fact only the condensation of the proposition, "There are no parts." The imagination, from its nature, can represent only the positive unity of Extension, which is unavoidably conceived as a limited aggregate of parts; whereas the reason, cognizing the negative unity of Space as simply the attribute of indivisibility, discovers no contradiction between the unity and the infinity of Space.

In regard to the unity of Space but two propositions are possible, namely:—

1. Space is many.

2. Space is not-many, *i. e.* one.

The propositions are contradictory and mutually exclusive. Now the first, affirming the plurality or divisibility of Space, has just been shown to involve in its very statement a logical absurdity; and is therefore set aside. But the removal of one contradictory necessitates the positing of the other; the second proposition, therefore, which, although utterly inconceivable by the sensuous imagination, is not a contradiction in itself, is necessarily established. The negative unity of the reason, which is seen to be the negation of plurality, is the second notion of the triple synthesis.

The third notion is that of *infinity*. Extension, being only a quality of matter, however vastly extended, must still be extended in Space, and is consequently limited by the Space beyond itself. Extension, being included, is *ipso facto* limited by the including Space. All limitation of Space, however, is purely arbitrary, and non-inclusive of that which is to be included. For suppose it limited, it must be limited either by matter or by vacuity; but Space is pre-supposed by matter, and is itself, in the absence of matter, vacuity; consequently Space must be limited by Space, or, in other words, is not limited at all, but is uniformly continuous. Hence we see it involves a logical contradiction and absurdity to predicate finitude of Space. But here again it must be noticed that the infinity of Space is not the infinity of the sensuous imagination, which is merely the indefinite expansion of Extension. The putative infinity of the imagination is simply the *absence* of limitation, whereas the cognized infinity of the reason is the *impossibility* of limitation. The imagination wears itself in fruitless essays to represent an infinite extension, and gives over its attempt from sheer exhaustion; set a boundary in thought, and, goaded on by reason, which asserts Space still beyond, the faded phantasms of imagination flutter hopelessly onward, until, like Noah's dove, she flies back in awe to her abandoned home. The imagination cannot compass infinity; but the reason can.

In regard to the limitation of Space but two propositions are possible, namely:—

1. Space is limited.

2. Space is unlimited.

These propositions are contradictory and mutually exclusive. Now the first, affirming the limitation of Space, has just been shown to involve a manifest absurdity, and is therefore set aside. But this necessitates the positing of the second, which, although utterly inconceivable by the sensuous imagination, is not contradictory in itself. The infinity of the reason, therefore, which is seen to be simply the absolute negation of limitation, is the third notion of the triple synthesis.

We have thus completed the psychological analysis of the idea of Space as it exists in the human mind. The conclusiveness of the arguments which demonstrate the unity and infinity of Space can only be impugned by impugning the validity of the *reductio ad absurdum*. The general result may be summed up as follows. We know Space only by negative characteristics, and these are cognized, not by the sensuous imagination, but by the non-sensuous reason. Our idea of it is a triple synthesis, the constituent elements of which are three negative notions—receptivity, unity, and infinity; the first is the negation of matter, the second the negation of divisibility, and the third the negation of limitation. To some one of these three, every other possible predicate of Space may be reduced; hence the analysis is exhaustive. For instance, to the receptivity of Space may be referred its penetrability, incorporeity, incorruptibility, &c.; to its unity may be referred its simplicity, uniformity, &c.; and to its infinity may be referred its immutability, immobility, &c. We have not included necessity in the synthesis, inasmuch as it attaches to the idea of Space as the logical condition of the possibility of Extension, and to each of the three notions as the constituent elements of this necessary idea; but it is not a distinct element in the synthesis.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.

N. B.—Flagrantly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

THE PHOTOGRAPH PREMIUMS.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE INDEX:—

In order to enlist a wider co-operation throughout the country in the work of increasing the circulation of our paper, I have at last persuaded Messrs. Abbot, Stevens, Frothingham, Higginson, Potter, and Spencer, to furnish good negative plates to the Index Association from which their photographs can be printed as required. These negatives were taken by the best artists near their respective homes. Mr. Frothingham's negative was taken and the cards printed by Sarony, now the most famous artist in New York. Mr. Abbot's negative was taken, and his as well as all the others' cards were printed, by Mr. W. H. Sherman, of Milwaukee, than whom a better artist cannot be found in America. Mr. Sherman is the inventor of the "Vermilion Bath," which so fixes the lines of the picture that the sun will never cause them to fade, as ordinary photographs will. We have the word of Mr. Sherman that each of these pictures shall be a perfect piece of work, so far as his art can go. The cards are of the size suitable for the album.

The above gentlemen have also kindly consented to write their autograph signatures, either on the cards themselves or on a separate slip of paper, to accompany the photographs.

Those who would like to see THE INDEX circulated more widely can do themselves a pleasure and us a service by sending as many new subscribers as possible, in accordance with the terms of the advertisement of the Index Association.

ASA K. BUTTS.

[In addition to the above, Messrs. Newman and Voysey have kindly forwarded from England negative plates from which their photographs also can be printed. The Board of Directors of the Index Association have agreed to adopt the plan devised by Mr. Butts, and to offer all these photographs as premiums for subscription to THE INDEX, as explained on another page.—ED.]

A RADICAL "GOOD TIME."

The Second Radical Club held its first Anniversary last Monday evening.

The cheerful rooms of the New England Woman's Club were thrown open for the occasion; and, as I entered, such a flood of brilliant light, such a warm glow from open grates, such delicious odor of pure Java, such cheerful voices, and such happy faces and intellectual faces and pure faces, all combined, greeted my senses, that for a moment I thought Radicalism must have gone crazy to have stopped its hard digging after roots and hidden things, and thus turned itself into a gay holiday. But, before the evening closed, I felt convinced it had done just the wisest and most sensible thing a Radical Club could do.

The first business of the evening was the reading of a report from the business committee by Mr. Hineckley, president of the Club. This report stated that this second child is not in the least antagonistic to its older Boston brother, as has been rumored; it is different in character and scope, but the same in final purpose. The principal subjects treated by the Club the past year have been, "Ideal and Historical Christianity," "Immortality," "God as Artist," "Woman Suffrage," and the "Labor Reform." The Committee regret that the Club has not had sufficient funds to employ able students upon scientific questions to present essays, and advise the Club another year to enter upon the realm of science as thoroughly as it has this year upon theology and reform.

The whole number of members belonging was reported to be eighty-three, and the amount of subscriptions received, two hundred dollars.

"They think the Club made a mistake in prohibiting reports of its doings for the press last year, and recommend that reporting be allowed in the future." This brought up a discussion of the reporting system, which was heartily entered into by Mrs. Dall, John Wetherbee, and others. The final business of the meeting was the electing of a board of officers for the ensuing year; after which the members broke up all formality and did the very unradical thing (some will say) of partaking of an excellent collation in the evening. As I passed around among the groups that were laughing and chatting over their coffee cups, plates of ice cream, and cake, I watched just a little, to see what radicals might have to say, and how they would appear when let loose like common mortals; and this I have

to report, that I heard so many wise, good, witty, and happy things over these shoulders, that I wanted very much to take out my note book, and catalogue them all, and go home and write a "Radical Chat Book," to teach the world how to talk, and what to talk about. But of course I did not dare to do such a thing, or look the least bit like a reporter; for I had noticed a large show of hands adverse to reporting, when the question was taken and finally carried in favor.

It is marvellous how much at ease, how graceful and happy and comfortable intelligent men and women are when they meet together for a social time like this,—how little trouble the feet have to find a place, or the hands a becoming attitude, or the face a sweet and interesting expression,—how well the ladies' toilet looks, and how finely the gentlemen's coats fit, and how naturally everything flows along.

I often read in the papers, or hear through a friend, of some town's people that are sighing after a Radical Club, but don't know quite how to organize one; and I always wish I could tell those people that it is the easiest thing in the world to do.

Come together, all ye *thinking* minds, and name to each other the topics you are particularly anxious to investigate. Let some one make a list of your subjects, and appoint that "some one" the president of your club. Then begin at the top of the column, question number one, discuss that in the frankest, kindest, freest manner possible. Do it after your own fashion, and not try to duplicate Boston or New York, or even THE INDEX, though THE INDEX will serve you as a good dictionary to look into quite often. In this way you will establish a Radical Club of your own kind, that will be the best grown-up school you can enter, whose good and educating influence will console your whole lives ever after.

LOUISE S. HOTCHKISS.

Boston, Dec. 12, 1872.

NAMES AND PERSONS.

Boston, Dec., 21, 1872.

DEAR EDITOR:—

I have received warm congratulations, from distant parts, on certain pieces in THE INDEX signed with my initials. So far as the essays have fallen under my eye, I have not wondered they should, in my correspondence, seem to entitle me to such credit. But I feel, in my silence, as if I were having the benefit of stolen goods, like those who in the great Boston fire fugged off such quantities of shoes and dry goods. If your contributor should encounter articles of mine, he or she may fear unjust accusations for ventilating unsound or heretical views: are we not all heretics to each other? I know not what can be done in the premises. Both may have the solace that neither of us is seeking the guilty *alias* of a thief, or making a false plea of *alibi*; and we must also be sure that personal identity is no changeling. There can be no doubt at last about the real Dromio. The consequences, good or ill, of our own thought and speech and action will come back to us. Whatever criticism the old Bible may meet, I have heard of no infidel or atheist to question the sharp text—"Be sure your sin will find you out." And, if our character be writ on our thumb-nail, it is in every stroke of our pen. The universe is Argus, full of eyes. Whether we print or not, we shall all be read.

Cordially yours,

C. A. B.

[We have felt the awkwardness of having two contributors with the same initials, but could not see exactly how to prevent confusion without taking undue liberties with the signatures. If the names were subscribed in full, or (in case modesty forbade this) a *nom de plume* were adopted, all embarrassment would be obviated. We suspect, however, that no one who knew either "C. A. B." would mistake the style for that of the other. Our honored Boston correspondent certainly puts himself into every stroke of the pen.—ED.]

Down among the mountains of Maine lives a rough specimen of a farmer, well-to-do as it goes with his neighbors, but seldom seen at church. A new minister came into the place, and, in calling among the people, happened one day to reach Uncle Luther's just at dinner-time. He was invited to come in, and when dinner was on the table, to "hitch up his chair." When they were all seated, Uncle Luther nudged him under the table and says, "Now touch her off, parson." Had he been about the world less, he would hardly have taken that for an invitation to say grace.

A gentleman was surprised, during the late frosty weather, to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday-School a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, "this is too old for you, you can't make anything of it." "I know it papa, I thought it would teach me how to slide backwards."

TEA PARTIES.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Here is a young man who has been seven years in a church-going city—himself a church-goer—and says this is the first time any Christian man has spoken to him about his soul. What does he mean? There are churches in that city, there are Young Men's Christian Associations, to which every young man is again and again and in many ways welcomed. There are ministers who every Sunday are honestly and earnestly trying to point out to their hearers the way of life. Every word spoken was intended for those young men. They had, moreover, the Bible and all the institutions of a Christian city. Every avenue to the kingdom of heaven was as wide open to them as the clergy and the church could open it. No elder of any Church can tell them how to become a Christian any better than they can tell themselves. The Bible is his source of information, and a New Testament can be bought anywhere for twenty-five cents. Instead of censuring the neglect of the churches, I censure the egotism of the young men. It was not that no Christian had spoken to them about their souls, but that no one had taken notice of their special personality. No one had flattered their vanity by addressing them as Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown. They would not join the church until they had been invited to tea.

Many years ago a half-witted negro, called Pompey, was to be hung for having murdered his master. The Sunday before his execution he was taken to church, and sat the sermon through on a stool in the broad aisle. The minister prayed for him very; but when he was returned to his cell, and asked if he heard the prayer, he asserted and insisted that the minister had not prayed for him at all. "He never said 'Poor Pompey.'" The good clergyman was informed of Pompey's incredulity, and in the afternoon he prayed with renewed and real fervor, for "Poor Pompey" by name, to Pompey's great edification and consolation.

Young men in this age and country have no more reason to charge neglect upon church members for not speaking to them about their souls than had Pompey to charge neglect upon his pastor. All their grievance is that the deacons do not say "poor Pompey." They have not been invited to tea. I do not say that the elders shall not, for Christ and the church, invite them to tea, and talk about their souls. If they have no power to reason, if they have no original thought, if they have no conviction and no principle, perhaps there is nothing left but to work upon their emotion. If poor Pompey is helped by the mention of his name to reach feebly up to God, it is a small thing—and yet not small—to name him. But I do say that the young man is egotistic, self-conceited, and as yet very shallow who brings this forward as any reason why he has not joined the church. That is a question for himself to decide. Either it is his duty or it is not. Society furnishes him with every opportunity of enlightenment on the subject. No man has spoken to him about his soul? But has he spoken to any man about his? The church member has no more responsibility for the young man's soul than the young man has for the church member's.—Independent.

The Philadelphia Press is very eulogistic of Senator Sumner. It says—what the Commonwealth has all along endeavored to impress on our impulsive and not always reasoning brethren—that it will not help the cause of the Republican party or General Grant to abuse and disparage Charles Sumner. The Press remarks that "he is one of the grandest historical characters of our time, standing almost alone in the immensity of his intellect and the sublimity of his patriotism and integrity. He is the ideal of a democratic Senator in a republic approaching more nearly the Roman model than any man who lives to-day. His life is a record of absolute fidelity to liberty and human rights—of that rare virtue that clings to right in the absence of reward and at the expense of preferment. In the struggle against slavery and caste he has been the foremost man in America, and through all the mutations of our politics, the apostasy of some leaders and the lukewarmness of others, Charles Sumner has been consistent in his rigid devotion to republicanism in the widest meaning of the term."—Boston Commonwealth.

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GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of the Commercial:

Can any one read the report of the meeting on page three of the *Commercial* of February 1, without concluding that the gentlemen who spoke in favor of the movement must be in very earnest? And this being so, should they not be very certain by something more than the present knowledge extant as to God, and his son Jesus Christ, that they are talking of persons with whom they have some degree of acquaintance? How have those men become acquainted with God and his son Jesus Christ? Is it in any other manner than from reading accounts of those persons in the Bible? In that book it is plainly stated, and such statement is as true as any other in it, that "No man has ever seen God." And if no man has ever seen God, and no man for eighteen hundred and forty years has ever seen his son Jesus Christ, why should those hundreds of men whose names figure in that report want to have either of those persons put into the Constitution? What is the object of doing this? Mr. Milligan said simply that this whole movement was not to join "Church and State, but to secure the recognition of God and his son Jesus Christ in the National Constitution." Now who is a big enough fool to believe that this is all Mr. Milligan wants? He knows how it is himself, and yet he tries to bamboozle the public with such a statement as this. Put this recognition in the Constitution, and where will it end and how appear? As a sixteenth amendment or how? If as a sixteenth amendment, it will be different from all other amendments in its having no effect, result, or action, as Mr. Milligan says plainly it is not to have. All he wants is to have it there, and bring there is a dead letter! Very aly, Mr. Milligan, but not very convincing. As the graceful and rhetorical Snapp, M. C., would say: "You can't come it over a pensive public in that cheap way." Amendments to the National Constitution have to have a meaning, and an effect, and a result of some importance, and are not put there as simple objectless nonsense.

Now, suppose you put your God-and-Jesus Christ amendment into writing. Your friend, Mr. Mayo, required Mr. Abbott, of Toledo, to put his protest into writing, and it is but the correct thing to require you to put your amendment into shape; or will you allow me? If so, how will this do?

"Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress of the United States assembled, that from and after the passage of this, the sixteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and its adoption by two-thirds of the State Legislatures of the several United States, God and his son Jesus Christ shall be recognized in the Constitution of the United States. Provided, always, that this recognition shall not have any effect or result whatever, either of recognizing or causing a junction of Church and State in any of these United States to any extent, or of working any change whatever to the present condition of religious freedom extant and obtaining in these United States, but simply, and not otherwise, the object one and indivisible of this amendment is to introduce a recognition of God, and his son Jesus Christ, into the Constitution of the United States of America, to the end that certain respectable petitioners for this condition may be satisfied, and their inward craving for this recognition be assuaged."

There; how will that do? I think it covers Mr. Milligan's proposition, and as there was no statement made at the meeting by any person that his proposition was not the correct thing, it therefore must cover the object desired, and I hope it may be adopted.

FAIR PLAY.

CINCINNATI, February 1, 1871.

In this era of investigation, it would be well for the Board which is responsible for our missionaries to Japan to institute an investigation into their conduct. The disgraceful squabble there between two Christian ministers, in which one of them said that the Golden Rule had nothing to do with him, will be remembered. A resident of Yokohama has published a letter, in which he charges two others with beating their wives, and indulging in various disgusting debaucheries, and says that the native priests are using their conduct with telling effect as an argument against their nominal religion. If the converts copy after the converters, the persecution alleged to be now going on in Japan may be but a righteous punishment of sin.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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THE INDEX FOR 1873.

THE INDEX.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

FREE RELIGION.

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THE INDEX begins its fourth volume under the most flattering auspices. Steadily working for the religious emancipation and noblest culture of humanity at large, and more immediately of the American people, it has received from the liberal public a most generous support. The capital stock of the Index Association has been subscribed nearly to the full amount of One Hundred Thousand Dollars. The circulation of the paper has more than doubled within the past year. Influential friends have given their means and their co-operation to its cause. Many of the best writers both of America and England are constant contributors to its columns. The people welcome its words, grow daily more interested in its ideas, and become daily more actively participant in the great movement it represents. From all parts of the country a continual stream of letters pours in from the old and the young, from the rich and the poor, from the lettered and the illiterate, from men and from women alike, expressing the warmest sympathy and the profoundest interest in the work it is doing.

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Secretary.

positive (not merely or chiefly negative) explanations of our name. By name, because the simple name tells all of our story that most men care at first to hear. If we think the words "Christ" and "Christianity" really belong to us, let us openly claim that they do, and give the reason for our claim, that others may understand the new preciousness which liberal thinkers have found in the old mine. If not, let us openly tell of the greater preciousness that lies for us beyond these names. "Are you a radical?" Yes. "Are you outside of Christianity in the senses meant by all the churches?" Yes. "Well, then, what do you radicals think of God and Life and Providence?" That is a fair question, the very one we invite, the one we want to have asked in earnest, the one we are bound to give as plain an answer to as we can. In using those great words common to all religiousness, let us try to know distinctly what we do think, and then speak out humbly but firmly, that others may catch the vision that makes us glad,—speak, confessing all our ignorance and the limitations of human thought, but affirming our positive thought inside of the limitations, and, if we have it, the boundless trust that stretches beyond all thought into the unknown. *Clearer thought possible is duty to others.* Clear thought, right or wrong, is the kind that helps progress most. Loyalty to facts and to logic, and plain confessions of ignorance, are the ethics of the intellect; and society lives by these ethics as well as by those that rule our human sympathies.

Once more and still more should we avoid what is called *the exoteric and the esoteric way*,—thinking one thinking and speaking another,—thinking a whole and speaking a half,—thinking clearly for oneself, and speaking vaguely for the sake of that babe, the public, who cannot bear our strong meat. Here lies no small temptation to really noble minds. It is easy to become an unconscious traitor to truth out of sympathy and genuine desire to help. You may long to uplift men, immediately, visibly, by your word, yet sadly feel that the most effective lever to uplift them from the place they are in is some doctrine which others can use sincerely, *but not you*. In that case we must remember that, as we are not deceived into taking visible leverage-power as the test of the highest truth, so we must not be lured into taking it as index to our post of service to the truth. Let only true hands serve each lever; and never fear that such hands will not abound for every lever that society may need. I doubt if moral service can be rendered save by sincere men. The apparent demand for insincerity from any man shows that he has not yet found his post at which to help. Certainly it must hurt one's power of seeking more truth thus to disown one's vision of it; and probably after all one is never so far ahead of his time that he will not help it most by telling out the whole truth that he sees. Not only clearest thought, but also clearest declaration of one's thought, is a duty that we owe to society. Offence comes seldom by too much sincerity, seldom by too much sympathy, but very often by sincerity without sympathy, and very often also by sympathy without sincerity.

This brings us close to our question.

TWO KINDS OF DISTINCTNESS: NEGATIVE AND POSITIVE.

For how shall we make our thought distinct? Shall we imitate the spirit we were just describing? To speak of literature alone, the early Protestants used the coarsest weapons to make good their stand against Catholicism; the Unitarian controversy of fifty years ago is said to have shown on both sides much invective and denunciation. Are we to renew that policy; or, in this day and for this larger thought of ours, is some nobler policy permitted? Must we be predominantly negative in order to be sufficiently distinct and positive? Must we be strongly aggressive in order to be progressive?

THE BRAHMO-SOMAJ.

Let me put before you two examples drawn from fact, and from to-day, and from this very movement of religious thought. In Hindustan a little sect of pure Theists, called the Brahmo-Somaj, has begun. This new Church of Hinduism rises in the midst of a popular national faith full of superstition and idolatry and the spirit of caste. It has abandoned the Vedas as a book of divine authority, and takes for the basis of its faith "God's revelation in Nature and in the religious instincts of man." Were Chunder Sen, its leading prophet, here, you would understand and sympathize with every thought he uttered, and feel its deep religiousness. Two or three years ago he opened a new house of worship in Calcutta; and what I quote is taken from the formal declaration of principles by which that church is guided:—

"No created object shall be worshipped here.
"No man or inferior being or material object shall be worshipped here as identical with God or like unto God or as an incarnation of God; and no prayer or hymn shall be offered or chanted unto or in the name of any one except God.
"No carved or painted image, no external symbol which has been or may hereafter be used by any sect for the purpose of worship or the remembrance of a particular event, shall be preserved here."

This is all exceedingly distinct; no shade of

compromise. Then the declaration goes on to say:—

"No created being or object that has been or may hereafter be worshipped by any sect shall be ridiculed or contemned in the course of the divine service to be conducted here.

"No book shall be acknowledged or revered as the infallible Word of God; yet no book which has been or may hereafter be acknowledged by any sect to be infallible shall be ridiculed or contemned.

"No sect shall be vilified, ridiculed, or hated."

THE INDEX.

This is one answer to our question about attitude. The other example drawn from the same religious movement as it is going on in our land, where Brahma is called God and the Vedas give place to the Bible, is Frank Abbot's newspaper, *THE INDEX*. Many of you know it. Abbot has one of the ablest, clearest-thinking heads in our country, and one of the truest hearts,—is brave and utterly sincere, and is in live earnest in his unselfish work. That work is the impeachment and destruction of Christianity; he calls on all not only to come outside of Christianity, but to be anti-Christians, and to oppose in every fair way an influence which now, in his opinion, is working more harm than good. He says that for himself he shall "use every weapon in the armory of thought that is not dipped in malice or falsehood,"—not only argument, persuasion, and appeal, but sarcasm and ridicule as well, in his warfare upon the Christian system. He keeps his word, and in all his ringing onsets is fair even to chivalry, I think. One may not assent to his view of Christianity; but it is that which the vast majority of the Church always has accepted and now accepts as its definition,—the religious system organized around belief in the specific authority or influence of Christ. Those of us who cannot help regarding it as the true view of Christianity, and who therefore cannot regard "Christianity" as the deepest and broadest religious truth of the day,—all such, I should think, must find themselves at last with Abbot, outside of Christianity.

Must they be Anti-Christians also? I think so, because every man would like to help others to that which is light and growth and strength and joy to him.

But must they be Anti-Christians in Abbot's way? Is his method of helping the most effective method? Must we war against the faith from which we have passed out ourselves? And use sarcasm and ridicule against it? And is it true that Christianity to-day is doing more harm than good?

RELIGIOUS AGGRESSIVENESS WRONG FOR RADICALS.

I think this method is not essentially wrong, but *very wrong in and by its emphasis*. And the question of method in all reforms is very largely a question of emphasis.

Grant, reiterate, that the new thought must be made distinct at all events; grant that for distinctness some negation will be required; grant that in all the reforms both kinds of men appear, the trumpet-voiced denouncers and those whose word is as the clear, calm shining of the light, and that both kinds do good, although not equally good, service; grant also that, apart from any specific thought itself, the principle of free thinking needs sturdy guards because it is the highway of all progress for humanity; and yet I think that this method is wrong. For four reasons:—

THE FIRST REASON.

Because its emphasis *practically* neglects one-half of the fact of Evolution; and yet Evolution is the central recognition of the new system of thought. It is in allegiance to that idea that we have to give up the dear old name of our mother faith, and seem to set ourselves absurdly against the millions that surround us, because "Christianity" specifically denies Evolution in reference to its own origin, and by so much casts off faith in Nature. *Thorough Radicalism is nothing but thorough Evolutionism.* Each is a word that affirms growth everywhere. Radicalism says, "Roots." Evolutionism says, "New Outcome from the Roots." And thorough faith in Evolution will never adopt an emphasis that slights either the old or the new part in this fact of growth. An attitude of sharp antagonism to Christianity will seem to make the new thought more distinct, but it would be a distinctness false to Nature, and so would certainly hurt the cause we have at heart.

"Its emphasis neglects one-half of the great fact." I mean literally that. Although the Universe moves so altered before our eyes that a new name is wanted in religion, yet our new thought is but fulfilment of Christian thought. Radicalism denies Christian doctrines by affirming them in a far larger sense than Christianity. Where Christianity sees a single instance and makes a doctrine of the supernatural out of it, radicalism sees a law, which enters into her scheme of the natural. Christianity says, One incarnation; radicalism makes it universal and the grand truth of human nature. Christianity says, Adam's fall and inherited sin; radicalism looks with eyes more and more intent and awestruck and full of hope on the grand law by which body and mind and conscience pass down the generations by inheritance, till they gather in

the curse that eliminates itself from visible being, and gather in the blessedness of

"Man and woman,
Diviner, but still human."

Christianity says, One vicarious atonement; radicalism sees a vast law binding man to man by which no one lives unto himself or dies unto himself, no one sins and no one wins haloes by himself, but all vicariously bear each other's burden and each other's joy. Christianity says, One mediator; radicalism sees in every better person than oneself a mediator between him and the Highest, a real uplifting presence. Christianity says, Eternal punishment; so does radicalism, and adds the vision that it subverts the end of higher life and of eternal progress. Christianity sees a Trinity, God three in one; radicalism grows still before the abiding mystery of the All in one!

These are but examples. All through there is close vital connection between the two sets of ideas, the old and the new. The new destroys the old by fulfilling it into something larger, truer, more glorious. We have not one thought original in the sense of being undervived from Christian preparations,—just as nothing in Christianity itself came save from preparations.

Of course this fact is trite enough for general allowance. It is axiomatic,—if you think of it. But axioms are important, and this is half of the great evolution-truth; and as such it should be constantly and strongly urged, not slighted, by the attitude and emphasis of radicals. With all respect to able men, I should think they were not *thorough* radicals, *consistent* evolutionists, who use a method that does not keep this fact prominent. It seems to compel radicalism to sympathy instead of a war-cry all through its anti-Christian effort; to compel the spirit of brotherhood in the party that is especially devoted to the spirit of truth-seeking; *compels* it—does not leave it as a thing desirable if it can be, but makes it a thing that must be, in order that one may be truest to the truth. When the spirit of truth becomes perfect, by the principle of evolution, it leads to and includes the spirit of love. Is not that a sign that the religion of evolution will be noble?

And when we keep in mind this fact that our thought fulfils the Christian thought, it will make us recognize to the credit of Christianity that that name stands actually for much wider truths than it can logically stand for. Many faiths are larger than their creeds or names imply. Somewhat as kindly Christians say of radicals, "You are Christians still," so we may, must, say of Christianity, that it teaches a great deal of good radicalism, and not incoherently either; only, as we think, incoherently. It is all the time fulfilling itself in this way without the change of name, by a natural process that can be witnessed in the history of every reformation. There is not much real difference between those on the verge of Christianity who stretch forward and embrace the new ideas, and those who stand outside more distinctly among these ideas but have to, and are glad to, own connection with the past. These latter think it will be found that "Christianity" cannot advance far beyond its present extreme and still be "Christianity." But the Christians are progressive, and for all this such men as Beecher and Stopford Brooke, and some of the more liberal Unitarians, who are not "radicals," are the great radicalizers of the day. This ought to be remembered in taking our "attitude."

With it also another truth, resulting from the evolution-fact (I speak it still more humbly) that all *cannot* be radicals in thought to-day and be religious. To-day, I say; right off. To vast multitudes the ideas of Christianity bring motive, and courage, and trust, and joy, to whom our ideas would bring nothing of the kind. The inspiration that comes from ideas depends largely on birth and culture, still more largely on intellectual atmosphere. I do not doubt that a radical with a deep sense of God—a sense such as Jesus had—could stand anywhere and make men feel the Presence; make them "see that his eyes saw God;" but in many quarters this is nearly all that a radical can do by direct word for religiousness. We need not be sad about this incapacity, nor doubt our truth, nor feel that it can do nothing as a religion for the masses of our people. In other quarters multitudes are ready, are longing for it; or at least for something more true in its ideas than the special emphases of Christianity. The phenomenon of unchurched Spiritualism shows that. If we have not what the seekers need, we at least are sure to help them in their search. But radicalism has more ways than preaching by which to spread its Gospel; and besides, as was just said, its preaching is not committed simply to one set of men.

Is Christianity now doing more harm than good? For a very long time yet, I think, that question cannot be answered with a *yes*. Much harm or little, however, if we have something better we should urge it, but in a spirit that takes into account all facts of human nature and society.

The first reason, then, for doubting the right of the aggressive method is, that by its emphasis it slights in this way one-half of the fact of evolution.

THE SECOND REASON.

The second reason against the method of violence is that its negative emphasis takes off the strength of radicals and the attention of others from our positive thought; and that of course is the important part of one's thought. In other words, the aggressive method fails, I think, in attending in the best way to the other half, also, of the evolution-fact—the half that affirms a new growth. It fails in the very point on which it so insists—distinctness. It is so distinct as to what is not the truth, that it loses time and force for making distinct what is the truth.

What are our better ideas? What is our brighter glory? To know that, people very naturally wait before they leave their old mansions of faith. Would that our best brains would work harder to answer these questions,—to broaden, clear, proportion, and systematize our thought about the universe, its God, its life, its providence, its immortality, its children, its moral laws! *He who can best fit the evolution theory of all Nature to the religious sentiments of human nature will be the prophet of the New Era.* The people in the churches want to have that done. The unchurched people need to have that done, that they may again organize themselves around an enthusiasm. The rough unfinished radicals need to have that done, to get by their crude thought. All of us need to have it done, that we may catch more of the coming inspiration.

"Free Religion," we say. Freedom,—yes, that is the roadway, the opportunity. But the road to what, the opportunity for what? What is the religion? That is the question. The best way merely to stand for the free thinking is to show what noble results the freedom leads to. A man's weight in religiousness is in proportion to the degree in which he can say, *it is*. Distinctness is not necessarily dogmatism. Through many may-bees to one *it is* the deeper seers go, who again stand in our midst, astonishing and blessing us, as those who speak with new authority. Truth spreads by holding it up, so that all can see it,—by naming it, by explaining it, by illustrating it, by applying it in life and in society, by being martyrs for it if need be; and so convincing men that a Gospel has come to them. This is no slight task, demands no slight sacrifice, allows no silence, no compromise, no selfish indifference, waiting without working; and I think it is more helpful to progress, because more affirmative and so more really distinct than the aggressive method leaves one strength or time or heart or brain to be.

THE THIRD REASON.

The third reason is closely akin to the first two and follows naturally from them. The emphasis of this aggressive method, by neglecting both parts of the fact of evolution, practically disowns the method of evolution. It does not aim to destroy by fulfilling, but rather to destroy that it may fulfil. The process is conceived as two, not one; and first in the process comes destruction. Its favorite phrase would seem to be *destruction and re-construction*; terms borrowed not from organic life, but from the old theory of creation, that of manufacture. Brick walls may be pulled down and reconstructed; political platforms can be pulled to pieces and reconstructed; governments we sometimes attempt to reconstruct; but the attempt is apt to fail, and we have to leave the work after all to Nature with her vital processes. Even leaves drop by very gentle violence to make room for new ones of the same kind. But the thought that best applies here (for we speak of advancing and not simply of recurring growth) is that leaves are destroyed by being transformed, transfigured, fulfilled into petals and flower-organs. Ideas are at least as vital, as organic, as the plants. They are destroyed most naturally by being fulfilled in larger truths,—truths more beautiful. Much violence hinders their growth. Why, we are hardly reasoned into, much less knocked into, our beliefs or out of them. The process is long, slow, gradual. We have to do much more than take away or set up an object to be looked at; we have to evoke eyesight in the lookers—to win, not an argument, but the *arguer*; a very different thing. Our chance to win minds is always closely proportioned to the use we make of the common standpoint. The more connection we can honestly keep with the past, and yet be perfectly distinct as to our own actual position, the better our chance of helping.

There must be some pounding, however, in every religious reform, to start it," says a friend. Well, tell me just whom it helps. The bigots? It maddens and hardens them. The unconvinced, but not bigots? It frightens and disgusts them. The half-converted? They do not need it; they are growing; it hastens them, if at all, at the expense of delicacy and proportion and final equity. The already converted, then? They are the ones who applaud the good hits at Orthodoxy,—who smile at the sharp satire and enjoy the boisterous negations—they and the utterly indifferent. But does it do these any good? Save but fighting always draws a circle of human attention, I cannot see the good that comes, even indirectly, from religious pounding; and I suspect it almost always does more harm than good, and that the pounders do their real good—

and some they do—not by their sarcasm and their negations, but by the element of positive affirmation and explanation that is almost always mingled. A mind is more alive than a rose-bud, and as Thackeray says, you cannot open a rose-bud with a pen-knife. A fable from the old Chinese wisdom comes to mind *à propos* of Thackeray's bud. "Let us not be like the man of Sung," said Mencius. "There was a man of Sung who was grieved that his growing corn was not longer, and so he pulled it up! Having done thus, he returned home looking very stupid, and said to his people, 'I am tired to-day. I have been helping the corn to grow long!' His son ran to look at it and found the corn all withered. There are few in the world," moralizes the sage, "who do not deal with the passion-nature (with the minds of other people, we must put it) as if they were assisting the corn to grow long. Some, indeed, consider it of no benefit to them and let it alone; they do not even weed the corn. But they who assist it to grow long, pull out the corn. What they do is not only of no benefit, but it does injury."

THE FOURTH REASON.

There were four reasons against the aggressive method, I said. The last is that its emphasis tends to quench this fact that should ever be uppermost in mind,—that *religiousness is greater than the ideas of religion*.

If one tries to define religion, he thinks first perhaps of its institutions,—the worship here or the worship there, the worship thus or so. Then his deepening look goes in to note the ideas of God and life,—our doctrines and beliefs. But these also are soon felt to be but outward; and below their variety are seen yet deeper *moral truths and aspirations*. Here we find essential unity. By these moral unities men are more alike in religiousness than they are different, however far their *isms* of belief or forms of worship may diverge. Now a religious reform, when it comes to be self-conscious and active, has to be carried on mainly in the middle sphere of beliefs, in ideas: it is the mind that has to be directly addressed. If we urge the reform as if the ideas were all-important instead of very important,—as if they constituted the essence of religiousness,—we make a sad mistake. It is just the mistake that so many Christians have always made—the mistake of emphasizing belief as necessary to salvation. Radicals, of course, do not say that; but they closely approach to that when by their emphasis they urge, or seem to urge,—"Unless you think as I do you are a fool." Denunciation and sneers and sharp impeachments correspond in rational religion to persecution in the history of "revealed" religions. It is very easy to be a radical bigot, rather hard not to be (because religious ideas to any one who holds them intensely do seem so grand and mighty); and the radical bigot or Evangelical bigot are own cousins, even if the first be the more right and the other the more wrong in his thought.

We need more reverence for others' reverence. Part of religiousness is sympathy; intense, real sympathy with all religiousness, even if in hostile or lower forms. I do not see how one, all quick with the sense of God, the Infinite Patience and the Infinite Sympathy, can use sarcasm, can shoot sneers, can hurl denunciations at another's faith. The sense of God—and satire at another's sense of God! The vision—and laughter at another's vision! No; rather such might of sympathy that it will drive us to be more strenuously careful as well as eager in trying to open the eyes to see the better glory.

Especially to-day, in this day of earnest looking and of thought that is emancipating itself each hour, we can try some nobler method than that which Luther tried three hundred years and more ago, and so many other reformers in darker times than this. Luther was brave and honest, but narrow and coarse and violent. Erasmus was broad-minded, but cowardly and dishonest. To-day at least can not radicals be brave with Luther and broad-minded with Erasmus?

Come with your new interpretation,—clearly, repeatedly, enthusiastically! That moves. Be full of it,—the fuller, the better. Then as you go, you preach. You mean "radical;" you are known as radical; everywhere you are its representative; and what you stand for in that name is clear. If it be deeper faith,—steadier, gladder cheer,—an humbler ignorance, and greater trust through the ignorance,—warmer, wider sympathies,—more eager loyalty to many teachers,—fear before no facts,—absolute honesty of thought and word,—if radicalism be all these, then stand for all these *positively*, and, as you go, you preach! "Are you radical?" Of course I am. "Why?" Because—don't you see how warm and bright and deep the trust is, and how true to facts the interpretation of the Universe, and how simple and touching the worship?

That, that is the emphasis, I think, we want.

A Detroit gentleman, one hundred and five years old, has lately been troubled with a failing of his eyesight, and the doctor thinks it is the result of smoking to excess for the last ninety years or so.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.—Gibbon.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

CURRENT TOPICS.

BY REV. EDWARD C. TOWNE.

AN EARNEST EFFORT is making in England so to reform the system of scholarships and fellowships in the universities as to secure, what does not now exist, the adequate maintenance of mature study and scientific research,—provision, that is, for the support of men who are not chiefly acting as teachers of what is already known, but as investigators, and teachers of new fruits of investigation. This fostering of knowledge for its own sake, and making it to grow and multiply and fill the earth, is becoming the finest, as it is the highest, aim of great interest in science. Universities, as distinguished from schools, academies, and academic colleges, should be organized with special reference to this bringing together and supporting of men devoted to research, and competent to throw around common study the interest of near association with active search for new truth. At present we are, in all parts of the world, sacrificing great and original and accomplished minds to the work of the schoolmaster, when we ought to set them free for, and sustain them in, the higher labor of pushing forward the boundaries of science. The mistake begins to be understood, in all the leading nations which have part in modern culture, and it can hardly fail of rectification under the impulse of present confidence in science, and expectation of the benefit to all practical human interests of fostering science to the utmost.

AN ITALIAN PROFESSOR of Sanskrit at Florence—Dr. Angelo De Gubernatis—has just brought out in England, and in English, a work which, in two large volumes, nearly covers the ground of mythology, and in a way in the highest degree interesting and satisfactory. The direct aim of the learned author is to give a summary and a critical examination of all legends in which any mention of animals is made. Hence the title which he takes: "Zoological Mythology; or, The Legends of Animals." But this aim conducts the discussion over the entire mythological field, and brings in almost every important myth of all the Aryan nations, and of many other families also of the human race; and at every step admirable fruits of research are brought to view. Perhaps as interesting an example of this as can be selected is the store of heathenish myth which Dr. De Gubernatis has dug up from the soil of Italy, and in view of which he makes the assertion that "the basis of Italian belief is still pagan." A statement of this kind falls in with the conviction which the candid student of Christian history cannot escape, that the Christianity which has filled the world with its pretensions has been underneath largely heathen, and no more deserving of historical, humane, or religious respect than any other degraded type of man's tradition of religion.

IT IS NO SMALL SIGN of the rational advance of Christian mankind that a Scotch divine, of the position of Dr. John Tulloch, can say that "the true idea of the Church is that it is continually in search of a higher theology;" that "it did not begin in dogma—it does not rightly rest on it;" and that "thought can only live and flourish along with perfect freedom." Dr. Tulloch has recently published a work on "Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century," giving an account of the two classes of men known as "Liberal Churchmen," or "Latitudinarians" and "the Cambridge Platonists," who figured as radicals in their day. It is in this work, when he sympathetically sums up the Church ideas of "the Cambridge Platonists," that he makes the statements quoted above. The whole passage is as follows:—

"The Church was not to them an organization for the propagation of this or that set of opinions; it was a culture or worship resting on the recognition of a few divine facts,—a spiritual society, within whose sheltering bosom all opinions consistent with these facts should find free room and scope. It did not begin in dogma—it does not rightly rest on it; yet one of its functions is to elaborate dogma and cultivate a higher Christian thought, as well as a more diffused and earnest Christian spirit. Thought is the function of the few; it can only live and flourish along with perfect freedom. Dogma is the varying expression of the divine activity of the Church, in ever renewed adaptation to its own necessities and the progress of knowledge. Instead of being the beginning, therefore, it is the summit and crown of the Church's being. Instead of resting upon a creed, in any purely dogmatic or scientific sense,—in other words upon a special theology, which was the Puritan conception,—the true idea of the Church is that it is continually in search of a higher theology—a more comprehensive and perfect co-ordination of the spiritual facts lying at its basis."

It is plain enough, of course, that some relics of narrow divinity are assumed in this statement, especially in the reference to "a few divine

facts." Yet it is equally plain that the narrow assumptions may be set aside, and liberal and radical ones put in their place, thus readily converting, or rather completing the conversion of, Dr. Tulloch's Christianity. Thus we may assume that doing of good, seeking of truth, and cultivating fellowship, without reference to any historical or theological opinions whatever, are the fundamentals of union in faith. Thoroughly sift both the New Testament and the Old, and they warrant this assumption. Micah reduces religion to these three roots: justice, kindness, and humility. Paul declares that love alone is of real avail in faith; so then it may be truly worked out to this—that to do and to be the best we can among our fellows here and now is the heart and soul of true religion, the life of a pure church. To do good with all our power, to love it and live by it, is sufficient walking with whatever Source and Soul of good there is, for all common and practical purposes. A theology may be a good thing, and to me it seems a very good thing; but the only true heart of it is goodness, and this atheists are known to have. The fraternal feeling of man with man points well enough to Our Father, even if the thought denies any such Author and Providence of us all. So the pure love of truth is a large practical homage to Infinite Reason, even in one who denies that God is at all; and cultivation of pure and good fellowship among men is a sufficient practical beginning of trust in and devotion to the Infinite Spirit and Life which figure to us the influence in the soul of perfect godhead. It is quite practicable, therefore, without asserting a thought of God as Father or Providence, Reason or Intelligence, and Spirit or Life, conceiving Infinite Being under the three aspects of our own higher nature, will, intellect, and feeling,—to get near enough to it for the practical purposes of union by asserting the divinity of goodness, truth, and love; thus reducing the problem of a genuine church to union for doing good, seeking truth, and cherishing love, and making the problem of theology to consist in harmonizing our speculations, not only with intellectual laws of speculation, and intellectual hints from natural science, but still more and primarily with the absolute moral principles which are of first and chief authority. In this view certain tender-hearted, upright, and modestly devoted "atheists," or deniers of the common idea of deity, are better believers, and even better theologians, than average Doctors of Divinity, whose God is a devil and whose godliness is heathen fear and cruelty and superstition.

THE FACT OF ANYTHING thoroughly radical coming out of New Haven, the seat of Yale College and the centre of Connecticut divinity, could hardly be credited except upon very positive testimony. But the testimony is at hand, in the shape of "The Fraternity Church of New Haven," organized under the charge of the writer of these lines, with no small promise of success. After some two months work by Sunday evening discourses in a public hall, this result has been reached—a Radical Club, and "The Fraternity Church." The members of the latter unite "for associated doing of good, seeking of truth, and promotion of fellowship," and the minister is only required to be "of approved character, devotion to doing good, zeal for the study of truth, and reasonable learning." There are no other specified marks of this church and of the work which it proposes, all else being perfectly open to free opinion. It asks no man what his theology is, nor whether he has any at all, but takes for granted that atheists may need society and may be good society themselves, in all the practical matters which induce men to take hold of hands together. It may be presumed that a thinker and scholar devoted to religion, or to humanity even, will work out some theology, or an equivalent for this under some other name, but all this is left to come as it may. To-day THE FRATERNITY CHURCH has a Theist as a pastor, but such a thing might happen as that an atheist should come to his place, so large in goodness, and truth, and love, as to do excellently well as a minister; and he would find no bar to keep him out. A true theist had rather a thousand times that God should never be mentioned again to all eternity than that a thoroughly bedevilled theology should be taught; and the very high probability is that sound theology in the future will more and more advise men to take no name nor make any image of thought, in worship, but become conscious rather that thought is blind before the divine brightness, and language inadequate almost to blasphemy. This does not apply to abstract personification, as when we say Infinite Father or Providence, Infinite Reason or Intelligence, Infinite Spirit or Life. It applies rather to personal naming or defining, as when we call Infinite Being God in a personal sense, or when we attempt to tell in any way how and where Infinite Being is. The common insistence upon "a Personal God" is a bit of sheer heathenism. The putting of God into a human form and naming him Jesus is heathenism as reprehensible to sound thought as any heathenism in divinity the world ever saw. Hence I say that sound divinity will have no personal mask,

either of thought, or image, or name, for deity, and that it is quite possible that what are now known as atheists may do perfectly well as practical ministers of religion, at least as long as average theists are in fact devils, and not theists at all. A church, therefore, is not broad enough for human wants which has any divinity except that of human fraternity in its foundation. Fraternity churches, not theological churches, are what we want. This, and not any sectarian, nor even the Christian, name, is the name to be taken. One may accept Christianity rightly cleansed and made new, but our church must have a ground which every soul on the planet can stand upon, provided that standing is consistent in any way with good union, as any virtuous standing is. The human virtues, in a general sense, and not the conventional virtues of particular civilizations, much less the theologies and rituals of different religions, are the tie of soul with soul, of spirit with spirit, of creature with creature, in this matter of helping one another onward and upward. Give us, then, Fraternity Churches all over the land, and in all lands, until sectarian names cease to be of significance, and even such names as Christian, Moslem, Buddhist, etc., imply accidental separations only, and not essential diversities.

There is no occasion to explain here what will be taught, and what discussed, in the Fraternity Church of New Haven, and among the members of the New Haven Radical Club. It is of more account to call the attention of INDEX readers to the importance of a movement now made for the first time under the shadow of Yale College and in one of the capitals of the State of Connecticut. There is no section of the country which has been less worked by external radicalism than this; but it is a mistake to suppose that the radicalism of general influences, of common experience and thinking, is equally absent. The reverse of this is the truth. All the more for having no vent, the radicalism of individual minds is deeper and more intense than that to which most persons are accustomed. People and pulpits are honey-combed with it, to an extent which gives great promise for large strength at no distant day. But the surface of custom covers up a great deal of it, and this, like a scab on a wound, must come off gradually, and cannot be rudely torn off. A great many, for example, will hear the most radical preaching, and will extend their sympathy, and make some small contribution of means, but will not at once take hold openly and thoroughly, in the way necessary to adequate success. Most of the work has to be done by the minister, with the help of a few, and under circumstances which operate very much against the collection of material resources. So far these have not met the merest costs of a place of public meeting, and they are not likely to pay the minister anything for a good while yet. All his work is gratuitous, and he has to live as best he can by the labors of his pen. The radical headquarters in Boston, the Free Religious Association, decline to undertake collecting assistance for such enterprises as the Fraternity Church of New Haven, nor do they stimulate in any way the disposition to lend a hand which radicals surely of all people ought to cherish. A man may pay all the costs of years of struggle and waiting, and arrive at a point where a little help would make the difference between immediate success and further failure, and yet no help will be so much as attempted, for lack partly of radical attention to need of it, and partly from a very absurd doubt whether help will be helpful, whether people had better start at all who cannot start alone. That this need not be has been proved by the abundant radical support extended to THE INDEX, which could not have started without aid, nor have held on without it. The New Haven movement perhaps ought not to have started on so much faith and so little money, and it may have to go down for lack of a little help, even though its conductor does not take a penny from it; but one thing it has amply shown already, that the other elements of success are present, and that if it can be held up by sheer sacrifice it will become one of the most important centres of the radical work.

During the late war some jokes were cracked at the expense of the knowledge of geography possessed by Frenchmen. A recent case shows, however, that some improvement has been made. Two Parisian bourgeois, of the true type, were lately exchanging the news of the day on the Boulevards. The first one said: "The news from Russia is terrible. Twenty thousand persons have been burned by the fire of Vesuvius." The second Parisian here exclaimed, with a theatrical shudder: "Why, that is truly horrible, horrible! Who can have set it on fire?" The first one responded: "It is unknown as yet; but the Sultan will doubtless inform himself, and the miscreant will suffer the full penalty of the law."

A man incarcerated in the Tombs has been figuring in chalk on the walls of his cell: "In New York City the spires of 342 churches, worth \$41,140,000, point heavenward. I'm here for stealing a loaf of bread for my starving child."

"AUTHORITY AND INFLUENCE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Dear Sir,—You mistake my position when you say that I claim for Jesus an authority "entirely different" from that of other men—as Galileo for instance. I expressly said that, in my view, the authority of Jesus was like that of Galileo in its being freely recognized and accepted, but unlike it by all the difference between astronomy and religion: Galileo helping me in my knowledge of the spheres, Jesus in my human and divine relations.

You claim the word authority as applied to Jesus to have a technical sense, and that my use of it is unauthorized, and merely equivalent to influence. But, though I define it by influence, it is not in my use equivalent to it, but includes the idea of power, and of a position of power; a meaning not found in the word influence, nor in any word that I know of except authority. Whether you are right as to its technical theological use in this connection, I do not know; but my position has no dependence on that special word.

You seem under the impression that this position is peculiar to me. I have indeed tried to look at the fact itself, apart from the fashion of other men's views of it; but something like this position is held by many scholars and thinkers of recognized ability both here and abroad. In many of the German universities—at Strasburg, at any rate before the war, and at Leyden—views like this have been taught of late years. At Geneva it has respectable adherents. In England I judge it to be the position of Mr. Martineau and others; and in this country of Dr. Furness, and Dr. Bartol, and very many others. (See especially the *History of the Doctrine of the Deity of Jesus Christ*, from the French of Albert Réville, pastor at Rotterdam, published by Williams & Norgate, London, 1870. "It will be seen that the Orthodox dogma of the deity of Jesus Christ is one amongst many forms of Christian faith; that there is nothing in it necessary to the existence of Christianity; that, in particular, Jesus himself, the apostolic age, and the two following centuries, did without it; that it was founded by degrees, and under the influence of various principles, some very elevated, and others of a contrary character; that, in a word, this dogma has its history within Christendom itself. Without it at the beginning, the Gospel can survive it, as indeed it has already survived it in the minds of many Christians on both sides of the Atlantic.") Whether this position ought to keep the name Christian or not, is an incidental question whose discussion I must waive for lack of space.

I must also waive the comparison between Socrates and Jesus. I have very great love for Socrates, but I do not find in him the "intellectual superiority" over Jesus which you assume, nor the superior "spirit of justice and veneration for natural rights;" nor especially do I find in him the holy inspiration which I find in Jesus. But on this question I can only refer the doubtful to Plato and Xenophon on the one hand, and the Gospels on the other.

Waiving the authenticity of the Gospels, you bring up as evidence of the character of Jesus the story of the devils sent into the swine. But we have no right to waive the authenticity; we are bound to examine it; and criticism of the passage makes the fact as reported rest on a very slender probability. You certainly cannot believe the story, for you do not believe Jesus had the power to send the madness into the swine; nor can I regard it as other than a curious coincidence misinterpreted and misreported.

But these are only single sides of our difference. I have tried hard to get at the unity of your position, in order to let it clench with mine; but I am not sure that I have found it. As near as I can make out, the difference between us is this: that you ignore or deny the personal oneness of the human race, which I affirm. You limit inward and real human fellowship to a chance and occasional friendship with certain living persons; and I extend it over the whole human race present and past within my reach. I regard the race as a brotherhood in a personal sense, as one family in heart, its individual members personally related with each other, according to their character and worth. And for myself, my humanity is the humanity within my conscious reach, though I would not deny a certain unconscious and mystical fellowship with brethren forgotten and unknown. This personal oneness of the human race you seem not to apprehend or believe in; hence the whole question of the place of Jesus in the heart and history of humanity is to you an idle one. I cannot but regard this view as an ignoring of the reality, and a narrowing of it.

Yours truly,
FRANCIS T. WASHBURN.

MILTON, MASS.

[Most certainly we do not "believe the story" of the swine and the demons. But if we once begin to question the authenticity of the gospels, it is necessary to go a great deal further than Mr. Washburn apparently does. Unquestioning faith in the gospels makes men believe this story

with all the rest; questioning reason makes them reject it with everything that involves the supernatural or the unnatural. The superiority that our correspondent claims for Jesus is at least *unnatural*, since he admits no analogous claim for any religious teacher in the whole course of history; and if he will carefully analyze the basis of it in his own mind, we think he will discover that this alleged superiority rests on a supposed *supernatural* foundation. This fact, if true, will entirely explain the difference between Mr. Washburn's thought and our own.

The human brotherhood we believe in has its bond in community of origin, nature, interests, sentiments, aspirations, destiny. Mr. Washburn singularly misconceives it.—Ed.]

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

[From the Brooklyn Catholic Review.]

The facts contained in the subjoined paragraph, which we cut from one of the Brooklyn dailies, speak for themselves. The comments made upon them strike us as slightly absurd. Unless all classes of citizens are to be forced not only to pay taxes for the public schools, but also to provide for their children no other education than that afforded by them, we fail to see what "genuine American sentiment" ought to be alienated by this action of some of our Brooklyn Catholics, who, after paying their taxes for "School No. 5" and its congeners have seen fit to burden themselves with an additional tax, in order to vindicate that freedom of conscience which is popularly supposed to be one of the things which "genuine American sentiment" is pledged to maintain. That the fifteen teachers so summarily thrown out of employment should feel aggrieved we can comprehend, but what other parties have any comprehensible ground of complaint we do not understand. As the city is the gainer by this special transaction, and is likely to be so by those which are sure to occur in the future, it is in a position to congratulate itself on the calmness with which Catholics submit to injustice, and the inveteracy with which they cling to the doctrine contained in the Scriptural injunction to "train up a child in the way he should go." But we quote from our contemporary—

"A PRIMARY SCHOOL RUINED.—Primary School No. 5 is situated in School District No. 7, which comprises all of the Second and a good part of the Fifth Ward. The residents are largely Roman Catholics. Recently a parochial private school has been opened, the effect of which has been to deplete the Primary of two-thirds of its scholars, so that the Board of Education will doubtless feel called upon to close the school. The attendance before vacation averaged 554; now it is less than 200. Fifteen teachers, whose salaries amount to \$7,500.57, will be thrown out of employment by this innovation. Still, as they are in the service of the Board of Education, that body will doubtless feel called upon to provide for them as vacancies occur. We regret the distaste shown in this instance for our public schools by the members of the Catholic communion, as things of this kind cannot occur without alienating genuine American sentiment from the Catholics in this country."

CHRISTIAN UNION.

[By Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, in the New York Observer.]

There is a great deal of loose and sentimental talk about Christian union which does the cause more harm than good. Many efforts to bring about union have only resulted in greater division. There has been within the last twenty or thirty years, both in Europe and in this country, a development of denominationalism and confessionalism which seems to put union further off than ever. Episcopalians are more intensely Episcopalians, Lutherans more Lutheran, Presbyterians more Presbyterian, Congregationalists more Congregationalists, than they were when Lutherans and Calvinists were united into one Evangelical Church in Prussia and other German States in 1817, and when the great religious union societies for Bible and Tract distribution were formed in England and in this country.

And yet the idea of Christian union is one of the great ideas of the age, and must sooner or later be actualized, although it may be in a form very different from what is generally supposed. *Non habet suam horam et moras.* The thickening conflict with Infidelity and Antichrist points to the necessity of union. "United we stand, divided we fall," is an old and true maxim. Divide and conquer," is the policy of the successful enemy. "When bad men combine," said one of the wisest of British statesmen, "the good must associate, else they will fall one by one, an unopposed sacrifice in a contemptible struggle." This is as true of religion as of politics.

Every one complains of the badness of his money, but nobody of his judgment.—Roche-would.

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

N. B.—Brief and pithy extracts for this column will be gratefully received. Please send marked copies.

[Copy of the Rev. Rowland Hill's original and celebrated Play-Bill.]

The original bill was posted up at Richmond, on Saturday, June 4th, 1774, close to the play-bill of the day, and helped to close the theatre.

BY COMMAND OF THE KING OF KINGS,

AND

At the Desire of All who Love His Appearing.

AT THE THEATRE OF THE UNIVERSE,

ON THE EVE OF TIME,

WILL BE PERFORMED

THE GREAT ASSIZE,

OR,

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THE SCENERY, which is now actually preparing, will not only surpass everything that hath yet been seen, but will infinitely exceed the almost stretch of human conception. There will be a just representation of ALL the inhabitants of the world, in their various and proper colors, and their customs and manners will be so exactly and minutely delineated that the most secret thought will be discovered. "For God shall bring every work into judgment; with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."—Eccles. xii. 14.

This Theatre will be laid out after a New Plan, and will consist of Pit and Gallery only;

and, contrary to all others, the Gallery is fitted up for the reception of the people of high (or heavenly) birth; and the Pit for those of low (or earthly) rank!

N. B.—The Gallery is very Spacious; and the Pit Without Bottom.

To prevent inconvenience, there are separate doors for admittance into the company; and they are so different that none can mistake that are not wilfully blind. The door which opens into the Gallery is very narrow, and the steps up to it are somewhat difficult—for which reason there are seldom many people about it. But the door that gives entrance into the Pit is very wide, and very commodious; which causes such numbers to flock to it that it is generally crowded.

N. B.—The *strait door* leads towards the right hand, and the broad one to the left.

It will be in vain for one, in a tinseled coat and borrowed language, to personate one of high birth, in order to get admittance into the upper places; for there is One of wonderful and deep penetration, who will search and examine every individual, and all who cannot pronounce *Shibboleth*, in the language of Canaan, or have not received a *white stone*, or new name, or cannot prove a clear title to a certain portion of the Land of promise, must be turned in at the left hand door.

THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS

Are described in 1 Thess. iv. 10; 2 Thess. i. 7, 8, 9; Matt. xxiv. 30, 31; xxv. 31, 32; Daniel vii. 9, 10; Jude xiv. 15; Rev. x. 12-15, &c. But as there are some people better acquainted with the contents of a PLAY-BILL than the Word of God, it may not be amiss to transcribe a verse or two for their perusal:—

"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that obey not the Gospel, but to be glorified in his saints. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him. A thousand thousand ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him. The judgment was set, and the Books were opened; and whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire."

ACT I.

Of this GRAND and SOLEMN PERFORMANCE will be opened by an Archangel, with the Trump of God.

"The Trump shall sound, and the Dead shall be raised." 1 Cor. xv. 22.

ACT II.

Will be a PROCESSION of Saints in white, with golden harps, accompanied with shouts of Joy and songs of praise.

ACT III.

Will be an assemblage of all the *Unregenerate*. The Music will consist chiefly of cries; accompanied with weeping, wailing, mourning, lamentation, and woe.

TO CONCLUDE WITH

AN ORATION

BY THE SON OF GOD.

As it is written in the 25th of Matthew, from the 34th verse to the end of the chapter. But for the sake of those who seldom read the Scriptures, I shall here transcribe two verses:— "Then shall the King say to them on the right hand: Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand: Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

AFTER WHICH THE CURTAIN WILL DROP.

Then! O to tell!

Souls rais'd on high—others doomed to hell!

John v. 28, 29.

These praise the Lamb, and sing redeeming love,

Rev. v. 8, 9; xiv. 3, 4.

Lodg'd in his bosom, all his goodness prove.

Luke xvi. 22, 23.

While those who trampled underfoot his grace,

Luke xix. 14, 27.

Are banish'd now forever from his face.

Matt. xxv. 31; 2 Thess. i. 8.

Divided thus, a gulph is fix'd between,

Luke xvi. 26.

And (EVERLASTING) closes up the scene.

Matt. xxv. 46.

"Then wilt thou do unto thee, O Israel; and because I will do thus unto thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel."—Amos iv. 12.

Tickets for the Pit.

At the easy purchase of following the vain pomps and vanities of the fashionable world, and the desires and amusements of the flesh,—to be had at every flesh-pleasing assembly.

"If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die."—Rom. viii. 13.

Tickets for the Gallery.

At no less a rate than being converted, forsaking all, denying self, taking up the Cross and following Christ in the regeneration,—to be had nowhere but in the Word of God, and where that Word appoints.

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear."—Matt. x. 15.

"And be not deceived; God is not mocked. For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."—Gal. vi. 7.

N. B.—NO MONEY WILL BE TAKEN AT THE DOOR.

Nor will any Tickets give admittance into the Gallery but those sealed by the Holy Ghost with Immanuel's signet.

"Watch therefore; be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh."—Matt. xxiv. 42, 44.

In the whole of Spanish America, but especially in the larger towns, the moment of the Angelus has a strange attraction for the stranger. As the usage requires every one to halt, no matter where he may be, at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation however important, and listen without stirring until the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprised in a moment as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrification, and paralyzed as if by an enchanter, may be imagined. On every side you see gestures interrupted, mouths half opened for the arrested remark, smiles oddly lingering or passing into an expression of prayer. You would fancy a nation of statues. A town in South America, at the tinkle of the Angelus, resembles the city in the *Arabian Nights* whose inhabitants were turned into stones. The magician here is the bell-ringer. But hardly has the vibration ceased when a universal murmur arises from these thousands of oppressed lungs. Hand meets hand, question seeks answer, conversations resume their course; horses feel the loosened bridle and paw the ground; dogs bark, babies cry, the fathers swear, and the mothers chatter. The accidental turns thus given to conversation are many, and sometimes striking.—From "Searching for the Quinine Plant in Peru," in the December number of Lippincott's Magazine.

LOCAL NOTICES.

FIRST INDEPENDENT SOCIETY.—The regular meetings of this Society are held at OXFORD HALL, St. Clair Street, on Sunday evenings, at 7½ o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

CAPITAL, \$100,000. SHARES EACH \$100.

The Association having assumed the publication of THE INDEX, the Directors have levied an assessment of ten per cent. on each share for the year ending Oct. 30, 1873. All future subscriptions are subject to this assessment. Not more than ten per cent. on each share can be assessed in any one year. By the original terms of subscription, the Directors are forbidden to incur any indebtedness beyond ten per cent. of the stock actually subscribed; and this provision will be strictly complied with. It is very desirable that the entire stock of the Association should be taken, and subscriptions are respectfully solicited from all friends of Free Religion.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO STOCK.

ACKNOWLEDGED elsewhere, Nine Hundred and Fifty.

Seven Shares, \$700.00

JAMES EDDY, Providence, R. I., Two Shares 200

PHILIP A. PALMER, Geneva, N. Y., One " 100

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W. M. JAMES, Danbury, Conn., Two " 200

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For the week ending January 4, 1873.

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The Index.

JANUARY 11, 1878.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, with an seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features, and offers an opportunity for discussions on this subject which find no fitting place in other papers.

The columns of THE INDEX are open for the discussion of all questions included under its general purpose.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

BUSINESS NOTICE.—All communications without exception, on all matters pertaining to the paper, should be addressed to "THE INDEX, DRAWER 88, TOLEDO, OHIO." All cheques, drafts, and post office money orders, should be made payable to "THE INDEX ASSOCIATION." No responsibility is assumed for loss of money or neglect in the fulfilment of orders, unless these directions are STRICTLY COMPLIED WITH.

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ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS, Associate Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Please send all matter intended for any particular issue of THE INDEX at least a fortnight in advance of date. We shall be very greatly obliged by attention to this request.

The thirst for truth cannot be quenched with the dry sand of facts. Facts are dead. They were true once; but when we say, "They have happened," their truth is gone forever. What we want is that which is *always* true, and this is the principle, the idea, the thought, of which facts are but the transient form.

General Joseph R. Hawley, ex-governor of Connecticut and at present member of Congress from that State, has just joined the Asylum Hill Congregational Church in Hartford. He was required to express his belief in the articles of faith of that Church, including the doctrine of the Trinity, the communion of the saints, the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting, the inspiration of the Scriptures, salvation through Christ only, repentance through the Holy Ghost, the unity of all organized bodies of believers as constituting one Catholic Church, and the Divine ordination of baptism and the communion. And this in the latter half of the nineteenth century!

The New York *Independent* of Nov. 21 has the following paragraph:—

"The Toledo INDEX quotes at length an old editorial of ours which it says has 'the right ring,' in which we protested against the appropriation of public money for sectarian purposes, and it asks: 'But does the *Independent* carry it out so far as to demand the taxation of church property?' Of course we do. That is one of our old hobbies. We have said it again and again. To exempt a piece of church property from taxation is simply a roundabout way of paying to that church the amount of the tax. And so long as church property is untaxed, the churches thus favored are to that extent established churches. We utterly disbelieve in all State support of religion, under whatever disguise. Is THE INDEX satisfied that we have eyesight enough to bridge the distance from a principle to its application?"

Yes, in this instance, as we are very glad to perceive. We are agreeably disappointed in finding that the *Independent* will work side by side with THE INDEX on this very important question of the taxation of church property. But it should not marvel at our surprise at such a discovery, when it blows so very hot and so very cold at the same time on the "prayer-gauge" question. If it had eyesight enough to bridge the distance from the principle of freedom to all its applications, it would be a zealous champion of Free Religion, instead of sitting awkwardly on the fence, as it usually does, or attempting to achieve an impossible posture on both sides of the fence, as it very frequently does.

DEVELOPMENT AND CRISIS.

The opening paper of the present issue of THE INDEX, by Mr. Gannett, of Boston, contains an independent criticism of our "method" in endeavoring to promote the radical cause. Its main purpose is to advocate a sympathetic treatment of Christianity, though from an outside position, rather than active opposition to it, at least by means of ridicule or sarcasm; and Mr. Gannett finds illustrations of the two "methods" he discusses in the Brahmo Somaj and THE INDEX respectively. "Must we be aggressive," he asks, "in order to be progressive?" The Brahmo Somaj, enjoining forbearance from "ridicule" and "contempt" and "hate" in the treatment of other faiths, commands his special encomiums; while THE INDEX, although its editor is mentioned in terms which should be credited entirely to old friendship, receives a qualified censure.

It would be high treason to the spirit of Free Religion, if we were otherwise than pleased to give place in these columns to criticism so thoughtful, so earnest, so candid. We do not venture to pronounce at all upon the question of their deservedness: of that our readers will judge for themselves. But at the request of the critic himself we will say a word or two on some leading points.

It is conceded by Mr. Gannett that the true attitude of radicalism is not only extra-Christian, but even anti-Christian. The position we take in THE INDEX, therefore, with reference to Christianity, he approves as essentially right; even our "method" is "not essentially wrong, but very wrong in and by its emphasis." This concession reduces the real difference between us to such small dimensions that we are somewhat at a loss to know exactly what to reply to. We might say that position to a certain extent necessitates method; that *anti* means *anti*; that either the position is wrong, or the method is right; that the cannon-ball of argument is no more legitimate than the pistol-shot of sarcasm, and sometimes not half so available. It is bad policy to fight mosquitoes with bomb-shells. The matter of "emphasis," we suspect, is partly a matter of temperament, partly a matter of perception, and partly a matter of circumstances. To say that there is no use for sarcasm in the treatment of hurtful follies and superstitions would be tantamount to saying there is no use for it at all; for what else could be so justly an object of sarcasm as folly and superstition? The sarcastic spirit, if unduly indulged, doubtless reacts unfavorably on the person who surrenders himself to it; but the measured use of sarcasm must be defended as legitimate and right. At least we should defend it, believing that there is a just employment for every faculty with which humanity is endowed. We should never dream of requiring others to be sarcastic; we are quick to appreciate and to admire the beautiful spirit which marks all of Mr. Gannett's utterances; but, remembering that even the sweetness of the pudding-sauce is enhanced by a dash of acidity, we must be permitted to adhere to our belief that love itself is wisely flavored with a certain pungency, and that wit is never so nobly used as when turned against the foolish, the false, and the pernicious.

But the directly aggressive method forgets the fact of evolution, draws off attention from the positive side of radicalism, emphasizes the negative side too much, tends to "quench the fact that religiousness is greater than the ideas of religion." We do not think this objection well grounded. He is not thoroughly versed in the philosophy of "evolution" who fails to note that "dissolution" is its correlative fact. Mr. Gannett is by no means unmindful of this; but he would gently detach error from the truth to which, barnacle-like, it clings, when perhaps the sharp edge of a knife is indispensable. Crisis, no less than development, is a stubborn fact of Nature. What is birth but a crisis? And what shall be said to the suggestion that Free Religion is now come to the birth,—that a certain violence is the condition of its entrance on its great, illimitable career? It is quite idle, we believe, to expect that the world can ever pass through this pre-

sent epoch of religious history without commotions of feeling, revolutions of thought, perhaps convulsions of society. He does not make the fact who announces it. The most merciful method in the long run is that which shortens the period of pain, even though it for a time intensifies it. If radicalism must now resolutely emphasize negations, it is not because it loves them, or because it has nothing better to provide; but rather because crisis is as much a part of evolution as insensible gradations of growth, and the positive stage is absolutely unattainable till the negative work is done.

With all who shrink from the rougher and grimmer aspects of radicalism, we confess to a great measure of sympathy. But it is just as impossible that Free Religion should come to its growth in the womb of Christianity, as it was impossible that the American Republic should mature under the sway of the British Empire. Development has been going on for many centuries, slow and unnoticed; now is the hour of crisis. There is to be, must be, will be, a great breaking with Christianity in this generation; the religion of the future is not to come with the gentle fall of a rose-leaf, but with the suddenness and force of a thunder-bolt, shattering the ancient temple and cleaving it to its base. It is time to look for rain; it may yet tarry, but it is wise to be prepared.

HORACE GREELEY'S BELIEF.

One of the most intimate and valued friends of Mr. Greeley desires us to make in THE INDEX the following statement respecting his religious belief: "Horace Greeley did not believe in plenary inspiration, nor in the Trinity; that is, Jesus was not equal to the Father, God, the Great First Cause. The truth is, Mr. Greeley was a *Liberal* in the fullest, best sense of the word. He did hold in some *vague* sense that Jesus was more than a man, or at least ordinary man. I believe that of him, and of other men. If Mr. Greeley had had time to give to the subject, he would have been a Rationalist or Free-Thinker, and no mistake. No man ever impressed me as he did, that he felt the eye of God was ever on him, and that he *must* hourly do his best. I believe there was not a *pure* man at heart living than he. I don't want the Orthodox to claim he was such because he said on his death-bed, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'"

So far as we know, the Orthodox have not yet begun to claim Mr. Greeley; but, if we may judge by their usual habit, it is only a question of time. President Lincoln was far less of a believer than Horace Greeley; but the Evangelicals have laid stout grasping hands on him. The above testimony, coming from a gentleman who enjoyed the best possible opportunities of knowing the exact truth on the subject, may be of value hereafter; and we are glad to be enabled to put it on record in THE INDEX.

"It is possible," said James Bryce, "to play the part of a demagogue to a ruling as well as to a subject class; and he who demands that the voice of the poor should be heard in the councils of the State is not so dangerous to the public peace as he who flatters the insolence of wealth, and bids it maintain a system which secures its own ascendancy." This sentence, which we find quoted by Captain Maxse, admits of adaptation to American affairs. He who demands that the voice and vote of the free thinker shall count for as much politically and weigh as much morally, in the administration of the government, as the voice and vote of the Orthodox Christian, is less of a demagogue, agitator, or incendiary, than he who bids the dominant Orthodoxy hold fast to the unjust power it now wields over the public funds and public schools. Whoever would act the part of pacificator will counsel the speedy and voluntary abandonment of a usurpation which must terminate in some manner at no distant day.

Serenity of spirit ought to be the heritage of every free mind. Something is wrong with us if the stream of our inner life grows muddy with irritability.

"THE STRUGGLES OF A DROWNING CREED."

This is the best term the *Pall Mall Gazette* can find for the preaching of Maurice, Robertson, Arnold, and Whately. Their life, it says, was "a passionate effort to reconcile truth and the Gospel." They all illustrate the fact that, "the point of view from which clergymen of eminent power and honesty are obliged to look at speculative questions is so peculiar, that their views become obsolete with strange rapidity." The *Gazette* points out in illustration of this, that Whately, by far the ablest of these men, is now remembered by his works on logic and political economy, not by his theology. "Who in these days cares to know what was Arnold's theory about Church and State, or what he thought about the admission of Jews to Parliament?"

The criticism is not new. Hawthorne, musing among the books in the garret of the "Old Manse" at Concord, remarked this rapid death and disappearance of the theological books of a past generation,—so infinitely less interesting than an old almanac! Yet the trouble does not lie in theology itself, which, in any high sense, is the most interesting study in the world. The really original books on this lofty theme never wear out—the Bibles of the world are constantly being reprinted. It is the petty commentaries and criticisms and controversies that die so soon. Even the sects dismiss their old sectarian literature, after awhile, or else duly reprint it and leave it on the shelf unread. And the trouble with the rationalizing men in each sect, is that they die by the very effort they make to be independent and conventional at the same time; and they, like these Englishmen, only exhibit "the struggles of a drowning creed."

Is there any man living, for instance, under forty years old, who now knows the difference between Taylorism and Tylerism; who could read Norton's "Statement of Reasons," or the controversial writings of Stuart and Beecher? The Unitarian or Universalist discussions seem already as remote as "The Great Awakening." When Emerson said, in 1838, "The assumption that the age of inspiration is past, that the Bible is closed—the fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man—indicate with sufficient clearness the falsehood of our theology," he began a new era, at least in American thought. Any attempt to reconcile this attitude with the old theory of an infallible book or guide is the struggle of a drowning creed. It is not merely the Trinity or the Atonement which is concerned,—it is the whole theory of supernaturalism. When one says, "Christ was God," we know where to find him. When another says, "Jesus was a man," we know where to find him. But all attempts at an intermediate position are soon forgotten, and this because, even while they are remembered they are unintelligible.

Bushnell and Murray, Brooks and Clarke, are not newer or profounder men than were Arnold and Maurice. For a little while their new point of view, whatever it may be, affords a temporary resting-place for little bands of followers—eager, like their teachers, to "reconcile truth and the Gospel." But it is merely a half-way-house. It does not last beyond the persuasive or ingenious teacher who invented the new compromise. The creed drowns just the same, and all these intellectual contrivances with it, unless they are cut adrift betimes.

When one thinks of the brave and generous spirit which often marks such men as these—how earnestly they try to do their duty and to furnish a doctrinal basis on which duty may rest,—there seems small need to quarrel with their opinions. But for the sake of the many young men and women who are torturing their intellects and wasting all manner of ingenuity in the effort to follow,—for the sake of these one ought to speak. Two and two make four: there is the single fact; and it is pathetic to see the passionate zeal with which many good men labor to convince themselves that there is some "higher sense" and some "living Christian synthesis" by which two and two make only three-and-a-half. The practical work done by such men may be very good,—and, if good, will live;

but the point of view from which they are obliged to look at speculative opinions is so peculiar that "their views become obsolete with strange rapidity."

T. W. H.

CHRISTMAS.

It is Christmas day; I have just come from church. Not from one of the grand Romanist or ritual churches where the people throng to hear the music and see the pomp; for even the princeliest dumb-show has become wearisome past endurance, and going to church merely to gratify the vanity of professional singers was always distasteful to my Puritan sentiments.

But the instinct of the multitude is true. Christmas has a place only in mythology, and it is quite proper to bring to its celebration the least intelligent form of the imagination. The festival commemorates not the birth of Jesus,—to that it scarcely makes allusion,—but the incarnation of the Redeemer. It is a pagan festival which can be enjoyed only by the pagan mind. The smallest intrusion of intelligence spoils it by breaking the illusion. Hence the pomp and parade of the Church, the dramatic service, the ecclesiastical glamor; hence the demand for priests. The prayers are fittest in Latin; the music is always in Latin virtually, for the listener catches no words. It is better without a sermon; for the sermon must address itself to the understanding, and the charm is destroyed.

In the church which I attended, the effort was made to combine mythology with thought,—to celebrate at the same moment the birth of Jesus and the mystery of the incarnation; and the process was trying to the constitution of the human mind. The choir performed a fine *Te Deum*, leaving out the central clause in regard to the miraculous conception. The "long" prayer was reverential, devout, tender; but the minister, as if conscious of the awkwardness of his position, in attempting to speak in the name of the Church of the Christ and at the same time as a lover of the man of Nazareth, ran into theological disquisition, and bewildered the hearers whose sentiments he appeared to be voicing. It being Christmas day, he felt impelled to make special acknowledgment of the gift of the Redeemer, to whom he could not make intercession. He could not pray to the Christ as the Church did, and, being unable to do that, the gratitude on account of him missed its point.

The sermon was still more perplexing. The preacher started on the assumption that Jesus was the Christ, the Savior. The usual distortions of thought ensued,—the strange misreadings of history,—the surprising statements in regard to the condition of the world before the Christ, and the altered state of affairs since,—the ascription to Christianity of every good thing in modern civilization, including the post-office and the electric telegraph. The historical Jesus had to be left out of view completely, and as completely all rational consideration of the world as it is.

The Christian Church understands its business better. It is careful, on the day that commemorates the incarnation of its God, to keep the thought as far as possible away from all reference to rational things. It is mythological and nothing else. The harmony of its observance is by this means preserved; the fiction is left in all its poetic beauty. Nothing interferes with the complete surrender of the fancy to the illusions of antiquity and authority.

The Puritans discountenanced the observance of Christmas on the ground that it was an ecclesiastical, in other words a heathen festival, fraught with spiritual danger through the influence of the priesthood. They believed in the incarnation, but preferred dramatizing it to the mind rather than to the senses. The Unitarians revive the observance on grounds of sentiment, using it for purposes of color in their rather bare edifice. But it will not do. The paint is too expensive as well as too thin. The knowing ones perceive at a glance that it is only paint that will not bear examination.

Nothing will convince a thoughtful person of the immense difference between Christianity

and the religion of the first three gospels (the religion of Jesus), than a Christmas service in a Unitarian meeting-house. Nothing will make it more evident that the two cannot be put together, that the birth of the Christ and the birth of Jesus cannot be commemorated in unison, that they who profess a religion of the heart and the intelligence must abandon wholly the religion of the imagination—the pictorial religion which, by whatever great name dignified, is mythology.

O. B. F.

SHOCKING.

"Please don't say such things, Cousin Jack, they sound so wicked!"

The protest came from a girl of seventeen; a thoughtful damsel, the daughter of radical as well as liberal parents who had educated her with great care and with special reference to a love and reverence for truth. Though of Quaker family, her imagination had been carefully nurtured and developed; no one, however, would call her superstitious.

What wicked word had her cousin spoken, thus to shock her sensitive nature? She had faith enough in his goodness to believe that he would not willfully utter a profane word, and I can testify to his dislike for the self-conceit and mental narrowness that delights in dogmatism. He does not belong to the class of "reformers" whose assumed mission is to preach "in season and out of season."

I have met men, and quite as often women, who profess to delight in "shocking" the religious sentiments of other people; they regard it as a duty to let their friends know that the kingdom of heaven is within THEM, and their logic or conviction (as they are fond of calling it) requires absolute agreement; they must knock down or overwhelm all opposition, and annihilate all difference. They believe the whole truth is with them, and it matters not who is shocked or grieved when they proclaim it. Their motto is, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*; and they interpret it: "Think as I do; agree with me; if you do not, you are a scoundrel."

A close observer of these "radical reformers" (this is the modest title they lay claim to) will be apt to discover that the heavens do fall, and fall to a pretty low depth, before such justice is satisfied. In the early days of antislavery warfare, the good cause was often imperilled by these egotists. I remember hearing one of these say from the platform: "If Jesus Christ should come here and say, 'Slavery is right,' I would cry out, 'Away with him!'" Perhaps nine tenths of the audience regarded Jesus as God; and, indeed, the religious feeling of most of them would probably have been less outraged, had the speaker insulted God instead of the memory of Jesus. The hall was soon emptied, save a few seats; and then, though I do not recollect the sequel, I am quite sure the speaker denounced the people he had driven from his presence, as proslavery bigots who could not refute him and therefore were afraid to listen to him. This man doubtless hated the slavery he was attacking, honestly and cordially. He was, as I remember him, a kind-hearted enthusiast; but was narrow and bigoted, and as truly a slave to his own conceit as any negro was a slave to a South Carolina planter.

But to return to our children. Cousin Jack, as has been intimated, was not a radical of the "shocking" school. Educated in an Orthodox college, but subsequently emancipated from Orthodox theology, he had learned that true reform, especially in what I may term religious sentiment, is a development of thought and character, an unfolding and revelation of the religious instinct that asserts the divine possibilities and realities of humanity. He believed in rooting as well as uprooting, and in growth quite as much as change. I have heard him say that successful revolution is the result of development rather than the cause of reform. When talking with this young girl, he supposed he knew his ground; for, though hitherto they had been separated, he had known her parents for many years, and from their tone of thought and conversation he inferred, without much consideration, that the children were free from the ordin-

ary superstitions of the popular religion. What wicked and atrocious words had he uttered? What idol in this child's heart had he unwittingly disturbed?

The talk was about religious reformers and philosophers, and more especially their limitations. Theodore Parker had been mentioned; Luther, Melancthon, Socrates and Plato, Plutarch and Epictetus, and finally Jesus. When the young man was rebuked, he had just said: "It has often occurred to me that one great deficiency in the experience of Jesus was his ignorance of domestic life. He was never a husband; he was without children; and how impossible it is for a bachelor to understand, to apprehend, much less to comprehend, the duties and responsibilities, the joys and sorrows, the pleasure and sacrifice of married life! I wish Jesus had fallen in love with Martha; and if we knew the whole story of his life, I do believe we should find he was engaged to Mary."

It was at this point that his Cousin Mabel broke in with her, "Please don't, it sounds so wicked!" Of course Cousin Jack retreated precipitately, and, as well as he could, explained how much he regretted his mistake; quietly, however, expressing the hope that Mabel would, in time, consider the whole subject of religions carefully, and would tell him in after years, that from that moment she began to suspect herself of superstition, whereas, until then she had prided herself upon her freedom.

The conversation soon drifted into other channels, but not until after Mabel had said: "Our teacher is an Episcopalian, and nearly all of the girls go to the Episcopal Church; they think I'm awful because I don't believe in the atonement, and because I once told them I believed Jesus was a 'perfect man.' Kate Lewis actually cried when she found I play on the piano on Sunday. At first she said, 'Oh yes, you play sacred music,' but I answered, all good music was sacred to me, and I should rather play Strauss's *Blue Danube*, while Madge and Fred waltz, than a *Te Deum*. I know she went home and prayed for me."

Cousin Jack related this incident to me, telling me what more he would have said about Jesus and his exalted but incomplete life; and at another time I may repeat some of his crude notions to the readers of THE INDEX. The story however suggests another train of reflection.

Do we, men and women who have come to think of Jesus as a human being, and who perhaps regard Christ-worship as detrimental to spiritual growth,—do we sufficiently realize our responsibility to the rising generation? Do we see to it that our little ones have a fair chance in the world,—a fair start? It may be good to speak from the Free Religious platform, and to write learned essays for the magazine; but it is far better to plant the seed in the rich soil of our children's minds and hearts. We send them to schools where they listen to the reading of the Bible, not as a school book, but as a divinely-inspired volume, and where often times they are taught, even obliged, to say their prayers "for Jesus' sake." The social influence outside of the immediate home is almost entirely in the direction of the Church, Unitarian or Quaker possibly; but in every case they learn to "stand up for Jesus;" and quietly but surely the idol is builded upon the pedestal in their hearts. Meantime we are busy reforming the world; and, when by some chance we learn that our own flesh and blood is offended by our heresy we are amazed and confounded. Too late we learn that, busy with the public welfare, or it may be led by a false idea of liberalism, we have neglected a plain parental duty.

It would be impossible, and quite undesirable if possible, to restrict children to the society of any class or sect; but it is very proper to avoid sending them where they will be taught the popular superstitions and Christian dogmas, and where the instruction is perhaps enforced by the respect and love with which every true teacher inspires her pupils. It is entirely practicable for us to be intimate with our children, and through this intimacy to counteract such outside influence as seems to us to be prejudicial to proper growth and perfect freedom.

Let every one who has the control of children

consider to what extent he is responsible for the false idols that have crept into his own household, and what he is doing to save his children from the mental struggle and spiritual agony which so many men have experienced in their effort to escape the influence of early religious education.

R. P. H.

THE RELATION OF FREE RELIGION AND SOCIAL REFORMS.

II.

What are the methods and what is the spirit of Free Religion, which we propose to apply to all the social problems of life, in contrast to those of absolute authority and ecclesiastical prescription, which we condemn?

The term Free Religion itself is often criticized as being vague and unsatisfactory, and wanting in positive expression. It is thought to be aimless and barren of results, because it does not declare to us what special doctrines it will enforce, nor what institutions it will sustain or supplant.

Those who lay stress upon religion do not acknowledge the necessity of freedom, while those who have been so galled by restraint that their only cry is for entire and absolute freedom, object to the substantive religion as being in itself a hindrance and a fetter to the human mind. The words might just as well be reverted, and then we should have religious freedom, which has a more familiar and popular sound.

But in whatever order the words stand, do they not represent very well the broad comprehensive character of the movement which now, having passed beyond its revolutionary and destructive stage, must include within itself, in order to have any creative or vital power, the two opposite modes of all action—Freedom and Religion, Liberty and Law, Independence and Loyalty, Discipline and Spontaneity? All these fine words, though seemingly opposite terms, really express that polarity of mental forces which is just as necessary to their harmonious action in all human life, whether social or individual, as the balance of the centripetal and centrifugal forces is to the harmonious revolution of the planets around their centres.

In an absolute government there is no law, only Will prescribing regulations for the convenience of its exercise. The Emperor does not seek the organic law of society; he imposes his will upon it; and hence, though there may be outward calm, there is neither real order nor peace. Accident may at any time destroy all that tyranny has accomplished. The assassin's knife is powerful in Russia and Turkey; but how little did the bullet of Booth affect the institutions of America!

In the anarchy of savage life there is as little real freedom of development; no man can do what he wills from fear of his neighbor, who is perpetually hindering and injuring him. He has nothing, because he is liable to be despoiled of it by any one who is stronger than he. It is only when the true inward law is found and organized, that every man is free; that is, in true relations, and able to work out the real desire and purpose of his being.

Free Religion, therefore, recognizes by its first term the entire liberty of inquiry, expression, and action; but in its second, it also asserts the inward and eternal law of right to which everything must ultimately be referred. It does not make this law, nor does it even declare it on authority; it seeks for it and gives it fitting expression, and endeavors to apply it in practice as far and as fast as it is discovered. It believes this law to be, not imposed by any arbitrary will, but to inhere in the very nature of things; to be the expression and result of the perfection of power, wisdom, and goodness in the creative energy.

To refer to my chemical illustration—it is impossible for the molecules, say of muriatic acid and sodium, to unite until they are restored to a condition of freedom by solution or heat; but then they will unite according to the law of their affinities, and no amount either of solution or of pressure can bind them in a lasting chemical union in any other than their due proportions.

So we believe it to be with the human heart

and with human society. We have faith in an eternal law of right and good according to which all conditions and all acts should be adjusted. It is the province of religion to discover, enforce, and apply this law by the use of all the faculties of the soul; by the heart and conscience, the intuitive perceptions, and active imaginations, as well as by the logical understanding. But in order to secure this knowledge and application of this law, perfect freedom of inquiry is necessary, and every individual must be allowed to trust his own convictions.

These two principles of freedom of inquiry and allegiance to truth are expressed in the name of Free Religion. They are opposed to the doctrines of binding ecclesiastical authority, which maintains that the individual must not reason out his convictions, but accept the doctrines given him by his superiors. They are equally at variance with the idea of an established Church to which it is lawful to give assent, without belief. The true free religionist is as passionate a lover of truth, and should deem it as imperative a duty to bear his testimony to it, as the Puritan or the Quaker. Indifference to truth is the great evil of established religions; and so mischievous has been its influence on intellectual veracity, that all the coarse opposition to religion and harsh materialism of the last century seem to have been needed as its counterpoise. When Henry Ward Beecher says that, if he had positive conviction that there is no future life, he would conceal his knowledge, because he believes a seemingly comfortable delusion is better than the knowledge of the truth, it is refreshing to hear the plain talk of avowed atheists, who have too much faith to conceal their unbelief.

It is in this spirit of independence and loyalty, it is by this method of free inquiry and entire fidelity to truth, that we hope to obtain a solution of all those trying questions which now agitate society. This work will not be done by any one body or set of men called by any name, but by all, in every church or sect or party, who are really working in this spirit, although they may vary in the means they use and the results they produce. Next best to a success is an honest failure, and with freedom and loyalty no effort can ever be wholly in vain. This method is not a rapid one. Time is needed for all processes of solution and recombination; but if the method be correct, the final result will preserve all that is valuable in the past, as well as secure all that we hope for in the future.

The results may often be very startling; we may find that many of our cherished opinions are not well founded, and that some revered institutions are not worthy of preservation. Such phenomena may lead us to revise our processes and make sure of our calculations, but they should never make us despair of our future nor distrust the great principles of truth and freedom. Let us not mistake the fumes and effervescence of our escaping gases for the real power that is at work. After those have passed harmlessly off, we shall find the purer crystals of truth remaining, healthful as the salt which nourishes us, and brilliant and beautiful as the diamond which is the symbol of purity and light.

E. D. C.

EVENING NOTES: THE BOSTON RADICAL CLUB.

AN ACT OF FAITH.

The parlors at No. 13, Chestnut Street, were crowded with people young and old, eager to hear Mr. Weiss. To do him justice I should transfer his essay entire to my report; but to that proceeding he might take exceptions, so he and all readers of THE INDEX must suffer what degree of harm the document receives at my hands.

"What a great part," said Mr. Weiss, "has been played by the word Faith upon the world's stage since the old Aryans in Northern India separated into two tendencies, one of them to develop the religions of Brahma and of Buddha, the other to carry the Empire of ideas westward through so many forms! Human feeling has put the word into italics in every European language. Kings may be as profligate as they please, only they must be defenders of the Faith; and the subjects of each may love each other as Christians ought; but they are bound to hate and fight, as only Christians can, the opposite

believers. Moral and industrial development has been postponed to the exigency of this word, which flowed out of a conviction that a man's heart may be pure, but his soul cannot be saved unless his mind shows the orthodoxy of one or the other party. Wherever a sincere conviction reigns, that eternal welfare depends upon a holding of certain opinions upon invisible objects, it becomes a very grave matter to force the right opinion, graver than to insist upon good conduct; and any means may be resorted to, whether the souls to be saved relish the proceeding or not. If a man is just sinking for the third time, pluck him by the hair, grapple him anywhere with a boat-hook at the peril of maiming, to keep life in him. And this instruction has been strictly heeded, with a fulness of purpose such as only some passion for sincerity can raise in the human breast. It is a long and mighty story, filled with groups picturesque, imposing, pitiful, but more contemptible so long as we view them remembering that Faith was a matter of life and death, the only true concern."

Mr. Weiss proceeded to state that daylight has penetrated within the narrow conception, disenchantment has rolled up the screen, and asks, "Was Faith involved with it, and has that too disappeared?"

The question interests us none the less because the old misguided sincerity has been so honey-combed by the climate of moral and industrial progress. But what kind of Faith is it that prevents our modern life from growing contemptible, and our heroism less than sublime?

You expect to go to heaven; you expect to rejoin departed friends; you expect a general system of beneficence to rule the other world; you expect some compensation for the ills of this. But what you have no evidential reason for expecting, you have no right to call an object of Faith. You surmise that the Creator is a person, either because you feel your own distinct volition and mental purpose, and perceive Nature's tendency to unity; or you surmise that God is impersonal, because your feeling of distinct personality is faint, and you seem to be a phenomenon of the correlating forces which rule Nature and give her an appearance of design. You surmise that the finest attributes of your own soul must have pre-existed in an Infinitesoul, and perhaps you are bold enough to surmise that your worst attributes must be derived from the same source; or, on the other hand, your surmise is that the complex of forces in your lines of inheritance have developed you from the animal world, and that you are a case of Nature's unconscious selection. Which of all these surmises are so perfectly derived from evidence as to constitute an act of Faith? Not one of them. Some one of them may turn out to be true, but in the meantime we possess only the strong presumption towards one or the other. Mankind cannot even be a unit in one act of presumptiveness. In general we may say that no presumptions that tend towards the invisible, and undertake to make niches in it for definite objects, can correctly be called achievements of Faith. The vastest human comprehension cannot name, perceive, posit, and interpret Deity. We can only draw conclusions from what we know, and that provides us no equivalence to the fact, but leaves the fact continually open. A man stands where his intelligence can have sure footing—on the earth, or in the untrampled depths of the sky; nothing is so remote that cannot yield to his analysis, and, when it does, his person is to that extent enlarged. As fast as we invent the tools of research, more space surrenders to us: the atom is not too deep, nor the nebula too remote. Thus we learn to follow preconceived lines, and pitch our camp in fresh places every day. But what is this camp in which we live? It is the intelligent method which our brains have learned from an observation of Nature which has continued for thousands of years; it has convinced us at last that remote things are not invisible, but that their causes are. And as we become aware of this, an act of Faith appears to be the expectation which arises from observing, not the surmising that comes of instinct. We have a right to expect that, whenever in any direction the world responds to the course which our minds have taken up with a sincere hope of discovery, it will continue to respond, and like a magnet bristle with congenial facts. The ground for an act of Faith is furnished gradually by discovering how this world is constructed, for it is the stem on which our souls blossom. If we begin by teaching man the whole structure of this world, we can afford to leave the next world and the whole region of the invisible to each man, a free pasture where he may wander at will and crop what theories best suit his disposition. Only one absolute condition should be uniformly enforced—that all men and women must take care to become intelligent; for the world needs inhabitants who spend their life in conforming to its laws, not in cherishing anomalies about points which used to belong to the domain of Faith. Teach laws, structures, point out the tendencies of facts, bring the farthest and the minutest atom into the horizon of thought, banish from schools everything that warps the mind into the old direction, though it be called a Holy Bible, for one day in the week is quite enough for teaching superstition. See to

it that the other six days are so spent in the society of the world's great laws, that Sunday itself will let the Bible loose to speak its natural language of piety and righteousness, and forbid it to lisp a word to contradict the immutable consistency of the Universe. Then our earnest expectations which set forth to take possession of the future will all be colored and sweetened with this wholesome earth-sap which knowledge draws into our veins. Knowledge is the most subtle of all chemists. It serves this earth as though it were a drop submitted to its analysis, and it precipitates that black juice which used to set men's blood on fire, and make them mad with each other because this man's God was not a Trinity, that man's Christ not supernatural, these people's bread and wine not his body, their heaven not judiciously balanced with a hell. That bitter drop of gall, distilled from all the earth's poisons and poured into the porches of man's ear while his intellect was in a drowse,

—Whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it comes through
The natural gales and alloys of the body,"—

knowledge will be a continual prohibition of its manufacture. What is knowledge but a great act of faith? The expectations which are bred by it are worthy to be covered by that name. The human soul is not going to be put out because knowledge is turned into it. We need not whimper much about the soul. As soon grow melancholy with a doubt that music, if transcribed from the old four-stringed lyre of the Greeks to the manifold complexity of the modern orchestra, was going to fall into decay. Anticipate an expansion like that, which will call out of the soul new combinations, and group her variety with harmonies of truth and emotion compared with which the old music of religious faith is a twanging on one string.

In concluding, Mr. Weiss considered the need of the republic for a religion that should teach it how to consecrate acts of Faith. What are the elements by which we live? The material has by this time accumulated so richly, as contributions from every quarter come to spots where knowledge would fain build, that it is time to begin. We want, for instance, to engage the wisest brains to contrive, upon the basis of the law of co-operation, an adjustment of labor and capital. It will be a sublime day for religion that shall dawn over a whole republic formed, mined, forged, rivetted, bridged, aqueducted, shod, clothed, and tinkered, by co-operation. The country is not crying for a tract. It wants abatement of moral nuisances, protection for the unprotected, a compulsory spelling-book for every child. We want the greatest number of people introduced into as large a number of opportunities as possible,—not church extension, nor running in debt to outdo each other in parade of brick and mortar piety; but we want extension of rights, and of respect, and of municipal usages over the whole world: we want liberty and safety put into an equation.

Our expectation is for improvement, but we can only have faith in facts. They are the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen.

Mr. Sargent was the first to break the silence after the applause following Mr. Weiss's address. He did so by expressing his cordial assent to what had been said. But the time belonged to others, and he summoned Dr. Bartol to the stand to bear his testimony. Dr. Bartol was not sure that he might not be performing an act of self-sacrifice rather than an act of faith, for he had to confess that seems to run in the same lines with the essayist's. He did not mean to offer a criticism, but the independent view of another mind. His main thought was that faith is genesis and not revelation. Faith hangs on the breasts of Imagination, is suckled by it alone. Faith is too great to be a conclusion.

I have to confess with regret that it was impossible for me to hear Dr. Bartol distinctly enough to report him, the fault, however, being neither his nor mine. Always at the end of the essay there is a general movement; some are taking their leave, while others move forward to fill the vacant places that they may the better hear, so that the result is, no one not in the immediate neighborhood of the speaker can well keep the drift of his remarks. It is not improbable that Dr. Bartol will find some fitting occasion to present at length his views of Faith; and I shall then strive to secure them for THE INDEX. This is, however, only my own expectation, for which I have simply a basis in the nature of the case. But the case justifies so good an expectation.

At the close of Dr. Bartol's remarks, after a few remarks from Miss Peabody, Mr. Frederick Douglas and Professor Fiske were invited to speak, but declined. Mr. Towne responded to an invitation, and expressed his belief that fidelity was a better word than faith for modern use. He was not disposed to be always looking forward: the present had its claims, so that, were we but faithful to the demands of to-day, the tomorrow would find us ready for its revelations. We need not be so anxious to get a knowledge of the universe, as to make the kingdom of God a reality in our own little universe. To be faithful

to the covenants of life is the sum and substance of religion.

The thought that Miss Peabody enlarged upon and illustrated was that with which Mr. Weiss's essay closed: "Life is so noble that we decline to suspect. Thank heaven that the act of living is an act of Faith."

Literary Department.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—All books designed for review in these columns must be addressed to THE INDEX, TOLEDO, OHIO.

RECEIVED.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY. By O. B. FROTHINGHAM, New York: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 17 Astor Place, 1873. 16 mo. pp. 328.

ROME AND THE PAPACY. A History of the Men, Manners, and Temporal Government of Rome in the Nineteenth Century as administered by the priests. Including the Life of Gian-Marco Mastai, now Pope Pius IX. Being Commentaries on "The Roman Question" of E. ABOUT. By F. PETRUCELLI DE LA GATTINA. Translated from the French by ROBERT E. PATRICKSON, M. D., Philadelphia; T. B. PATRICKSON & BROTHERS, 300 Chestnut Street. 12 mo. pp. 317.

INSPIRATIONS. Rhymes Few and FIDAL.—IMPRESSIONS. Lines Chiefly Personal.—INCEPTIONS. Fragments.—AN HOUR WITH EDWARD CAPERS. An Address.—All by W. ORMOND. Bristol (England); J. B. TAYLOR & SONS, Printers, Thomas Street.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION. Its Importance to our Country. Lecture in behalf of the Toledo University of Arts and Trades, in Odeon Hall, Toledo, Ohio, December 30, 1872. By G. B. STEPHENS, of Detroit, Michigan. Detroit DAILY POST BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, 1872.

THE YEAR-BOOK OF THE UNITARIAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES FOR 1873. With Calendar adapted for use throughout the Country. Boston: AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, 42 Chauncy Street.

THE FREEMASON. December, 1872. St. Louis; G. F. GAULEY, editor.

MENSCHENTUM. BLAETTER FÜR FÜRER SITTICHES LEBEN. Philadelphia, December 1, 1872.

THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW. January, 1873. Boston; L. C. BOWLES.

DER JESUITISMUS GEHEIM NACH DER NATUR GEZEICHNET VON EINEM BEKEHRTEN JESUITEN (Jesuitism, faithfully drawn from nature by a converted Jesuit). Leipzig, 1872. 8vo. pp. vi, 116.

BEITRÄGE ZUR AUFKLEARUNG UEBER DIE GEMEINSCHAFTLICHKEIT DES JESUITENORDENS. Von GRAFEN FRANZ DEYM. Zweite Auflage. (Contributions to the Enlightenment of the Public concerning the Perilous Character of the Order of the Jesuits. By Count Francis Deym. Second Edition). Leipzig, 1872. 8vo., pp. 52.

Ever since Pius IX. issued his famous *Encyclica* with its *Syllabus Errorum*, the attention of the civilized world has been largely directed to the operations of that mighty, sleepless, and utterly unscrupulous power, the Society of Jesus—whose organic principle is despotism by means of religion, and whose purpose is the destruction of all the fruits of modern culture and the reduction of mankind to a state of permanent slavery under the Dalai Lama at Rome. The Papal manifesto of December, 1864, was neither more nor less than the platform of the Jesuit party in the Catholic Church. The Jesuits were the inspirers of it, as they had been of the dogmatization of the immaculate conception ten years before; and when the whole enlightened world united in expressions of indignation and disgust at its shameless arrogance, they were the first to leap forth to its defence. Never before had they ventured to make, either directly or by proxy, such a complete and defiant public declaration of their theories and aims. We may be sure it was not done without long premeditation and most careful and thorough preparation. The dogma of the immaculate conception was the first throw of the dice by these bold gamblers. When all the opposition to the definition fell flat, and when, after the fatal 8th of December, 1864, this astounding anachronism was accepted and applauded by the Catholic world as the very truth of God, they might well feel that the whole power of the Roman Hierarchy was already, to all intents and purposes, in their hands. The second throw, bolder far than the first, was the promulgation of the *Syllabus*, and the third, bolder still, was its dogmatization in 1870. Inflated by this series of brilliant successes, and emboldened by the complete intra-ecclesiastical triumph over all their adversaries, they now looked confidently towards the realization of their ambition in the extra-ecclesiastical world of politics.

The most dangerous and persistent opposition to the machinations of the Jesuits had come from Germany. The greatest obstacle in the way of the Romanization of mankind, the one which must be removed before any further progress could be made in that direction, was in Germany. Germany, as united and strong politically as it was free and powerful intellectually, was more to be feared by the Jesuitized Church than anything else on the face of the earth. To prevent the real unification of the German people was an object to the accomplishment of which the Company of Jesus bent its mightiest energies. After the events of 1866 there was

everywhere a systematic stirring up of dissensions between Catholics and Protestants, and especially between the Catholic and semi-Catholic States, on the one hand, and those decidedly Protestant, on the other. The Catholic pulpits, the Catholic press, and the Catholic *casinos* and associations of every sort, were used almost exclusively for this political purpose. Finally, when everything seemed ripe for a fatal blow, the next and boldest throw of the dice was made. France was precipitated into a war which it was hoped would effectually divide the sympathies of the various German States, and result in national overthrow, in the reestablishment of the old petty factions, the return of former political importance, and the ultimate social and intellectual degeneracy of the people. But it soon became evident that political and especially military forces were not quite so easily controlled in the interest of mediæval ideas as ecclesiastical councils. The war ended quite otherwise than was expected. Still the children of Loyola did not despair. They still hoped to retrieve by success in the forum what they had lost by defeat in the field. Systematic political agitation was again taken up with renewed vigor, and every measure which looked towards the completion of political unity was opposed both in the legislature and out of it, with the utmost vehemence. Conflicts of jurisdiction were fomented between Church and State, and no stone was left unturned in the effort to make it appear that the government was making war upon the Catholic religion. The consequence of all this was a defeat even more disastrous than the first—the expulsion of the Order of the Jesuits from the German Empire.

The events thus rapidly and imperfectly sketched have produced a flood of books, pamphlets, and printed addresses of various character and calibre concerning the origin, history, principles, practices, and tendencies of the Jesuit Order. So much has already been written on these topics that, apart from the history of recent operations, there is probably little that is new to be learned. The chief value of the best of the works which have lately appeared consists in the presentation of known facts in a more popular and more accessible form. This is the great merit of the anonymous little book the title of which stands above. It is evidently just what it purports to be—the production of an ex-Jesuit; and is really a mine of popular information concerning both the internal organization and the external activity of the Society. It is based largely upon the "constitutions" and regulations of the Order, and upon personal experience as to their practical working. The brochure by Count Francis Deym is also valuable as a record of personal observation and experience, particularly in regard to the training of Novitiates and to the course of education in Jesuit Colleges.

It is a laudable quality in both writers that, while exposing the perniciousness of the Order, they mean and endeavor to be perfectly fair in their representations, preferring to err on the side of leniency rather than on that of severity. In one instance, however, there is either an excess of charity or a want of thoroughness. Both writers unite in deprecating the charge that the Jesuits sanction the maxim: "*The end sanctifies the means.*" On this point the ex-Jesuit is very positive. He says:—

"As of universal applicability, this maxim is not accepted by the Jesuits either theoretically or practically. The learned Fathers are neither so imprudent nor so irrational; and their opponents, by imputing this maxim to them, have helped them not a little, since it was easy enough for the Jesuits to demonstrate the absurdity and odiousness of such a charge. Thus the famous preacher, Pater Roh, could recently promise one thousand thalers to any one who was able to show that the above maxim was contained either literally or substantially in any Jesuit work, and in spite of manifold efforts no one has yet earned the prize." (p. 5).

Now, this is really an important matter, and if the facts in the case were correctly given, it would certainly be a point gained for the Jesuits. But, fortunately or unfortunately, the case does not stand as put by this author. In reality, Pater Roh (*nomen omen*) never had the remotest intention of making an honest proposition to the above effect; that is, he never meant to pay the money if the task were performed. The alleged offer was simply a piece of impudent bravado, first uttered at the close of a series of protracted meetings (a so-called "mission") held by the Jesuits at Frankfurt-on-the-Main in 1852. The language used, as reported by Roh himself (vide "*Das alte Lied*," p. 3), was: "To any one who will exhibit to the Law Faculty of Heidelberg or Bonn a book written by a Jesuit, in which according to the judgment of the Faculty the infamous maxim, '*The end sanctifies the means,*' is contained, either in these words or in words of like meaning, I will on order of the Faculty pay 1000 florins Rheinish currency." The dishonest thing about this was that Roh never applied to either of the above-named faculties to decide the point, in case any such work should be presented, well knowing that without such personal application on his part no faculty would have anything to do with it, and he could

not be held for the money. This is the kernel of the whole swindle. It is a fine specimen of the brazen effrontery for which the Order is notorious.

As a matter of fact, Jesuit authors have again and again commended the maxim in question, both as correct in theory and justifiable in practice. It may be found, for instance, in Busenbaum's *Medulla Theologia Moralis* (Lib. iv, cap. iii, dub. vii, art. ii), a book which more than a century ago had already gone through upwards of two hundred editions. The form in which the maxim occurs is: *cum finis est licitus, etiam media sunt licita*. In Escobar's *Untv. Theol. Moral.* (vol. iv, lib. xxxiii, sec. ii, prob. 65, n. 300, p. 338), occurs the following: *Finis enim dat specificationem actibus, et ex bono vel malo fine boni vel mali redduntur* (For the end gives to actions their specific character, &c.). In connection with this passage, the following authors are cited as teaching the same doctrine: Sotus, Toletus, Navarrus, Vasquez, Sayro, Lessius, Sanchez, Sylvester, Zumella, and others. It would be easy to adduce a large number of passages from Jesuit authors to the same effect; but the foregoing are sufficient to indicate the reason why Pater Roh did not choose to put his one thousand florins in any real peril.

With the exception, however, of this one point, we have no hesitation in recommending both the above books as faithful and forcible statements of fact.

FINE AT THE FAIR, and other Poems. By Robert Browning. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. Toledo: Brown & Faunce.

The "other poems" are but two in number, "*Hervé Riel*," at the end of the volume, a short and simple story vigorously rendered, and "*Prince Hohenstiel-Gehwangau, Savior of Society*," filling more than a hundred pages, and presenting the late French Emperor pleading his own defence at the bar of history. The plea in substance is, that to save what society already had was his sufficient mission, and that he had only obeyed the logic of this mission, and failed more by fate than by fault. He admits, however, that it is far easier to "talk inside the soul" in explanation of motives and actions, than to put the plea into words, which "somehow deflect, as the best cannon ever rifled will." The interest of the poem, though, is less in this plea than in the constant depths of thought in the poet's own mind, which we look into while he is personating Napoleon. Thus it is clearly Browning himself who says of Delly:—

"I know that he is there as I am here,
By the same proof, which seems no proof at all,
It so exceeds familiar forms of proof."

So of this suggestion about individuality:—

"I have his bidding to perform; but mind
And body, all of me, though made and meant
For that sole service, must consent, concert,
With my own self, and nobody beside,
How to effect the same; God helps no else."

To other men, to each and every one,
And to the law: what likeliest? God, perchance,
Grants each new man, by some as new a mode,
Intercommunication with himself.
How it succeeds, he knows: I only know
That varied modes of creaturship abound,
Implying just as varied intercourse
For each with the Creator of them all.
Each has his own mind, and no other's mode."

The "Savior of Society," though aiming at "no such proud task" for himself, is made to assure us that—

"History shows you men whose master-touch
Not so much modifies as makes anew,
Minds that transmute, nor need rest at all.
A breath of God made manifest in flesh
Subjects the world to change from time to time,
Alters the whole conditions of our race
Abruptly, not by unperceived degrees,
Nor play of elements already there,
But quite new heaven, leavening the lump,
And liker, so, the natural process."

Popular divinity gets a thrust in the following:

"How thanklessly you view things! there's the root
Of the evil, source of the entire mistake:
You see no worth! the world, Nature, and life,
Unless we change what is to what may be;
Which means,—may be! the brain of one of you!"

A life to live,—and such a life! a world
To learn, one's lifetime in,—and such a world!
How ever did the foolish pass for wise
By calling life a burden, man a fly
Or worm, or what's most insignificant?"

To these wise fools, who cry out upon man's littleness by way of reverence to the power shown in the universe, the poet says:—

"There are two things! the world still wiser folk
Accept,—intelligence and sympathy."

I'll tell you: all the more I know mankind,
The more I thank God, like my grandmother,
For making me a little lower than
The angels, honor-clothed and glory-crowned.
This is the honor,—that no thing I know,
Feel, or conceive, but I can make my own
—know, by use of hand or head or heart:
This is the glory,—that in all conceived,
Or felt or known,—I recognize a mind
Not mine, but like mine,—for the double joy
—making all things for me, and me for Him.
There's folly for you at this time of day!
So think it! and enjoy your ignorance
Of what—no matter for the worthy's name—
Wisdom set working in a noble heart.
When he, who was earth's best geometer
Up to that time of day, consigned his life
With its results into one matchless book,—
The triumph of the human mind so far,
All in geometry man yet could do,—
And then wrote on the dedication page,

In place of name the universe applauds,
"But, God, what a geometer art thou!"

Of the great man's work we read:—

"When old things terminate, and new commence,
A solitary great man's worth the world.
God takes the business into his own hands
At such time: who creates the novel flower
Contrives to guard, and give it breathing room."

Both philosophy against common life, and religion against philosophy, are sharply hit in the following pithy verses:—

"Be Kant crowned king o' the castle in the air!
Hans Slouch—his own and children's mouths to feed
I! the hovel on the ground—wants meat, nor chews
'The pure Critique of Reason' in exchange."

Do not mistake me! You, too, have your rights.
Hans must not burn Kant's house above his head
Because he cannot understand Kant's book;
And still less must Hans' pastor burn Kant's self
Because Kant understands some books too well."

This again has a keen edge:—

"See the sage, with the hunger for the truth,
And see his system that's all true, except
The one weak place that's stanchioned by a lie!
The moralist, that walks with head erect
I! the crystal air of charity so long,
Until a stumble, and the man's one mire!
Philanthropy undoes the social knot
With axe-edge; makes love room twist head and trunk!
Religion—but enough; the thing's too clear!"

The poet speaks of reverence as

"The quality imperative in man,"

and suggests that it is the underlying power in superstition. He asks for freedom in thought and candor in comparing thoughts:—

"Who thinks,—would he have no one think beside?
Who knows,—who does,—must other learning die,
And action perish?"

Show me the great man would engage his peer
Rather by grinning, "Cheat, thy gold is brass!"
Than grunting, "Perfect piece of purest ore!"
Still is it less good mintage, this of mine?"

Once more, he says:—

"For truth and right, and only right
And truth,—right, truth, on the absolute scale of God,
No pettiness of man's admeasurement,—
In such case only, and for such one cause,
Fight your hearts out, whatever fate betide
Hands energetic to the utmost!
Lie not! Endure no lie which needs your heart
And hand to push it out of mankind's path!"

In the longer poem of "*Fifine*," Mr. Browning draws a man's heart feeling the temptation to wander from the pure fidelity of marriage. Don Juan and his wife Elvire walk through the scene of a strolling show, in which *Fifine* is the vulgar female attraction. He argues about *Fifine*'s character and low life, very subtly suggesting that beneath the vice which is her business she preserves in her own fashion a pure individuality, with some sacred instincts of her nature. But instead of hoping from this her rise to a better general life, he permits the doubt whether he might not, just for the experience of it, go down to her level, as one would try a swim in the sea. Still his mind comes clearly back to the truth of fidelity, admitting that the theories which he has spun are word-bubbles, and the conclusion of meditative discussion is:—

"So shall the seasons fleet, while our two selves abide:
E'en past astonishment how sunrise and springtide
Could tempt one forth to swim; the more if time appoints
That swimming grow a task for one's rheumatic joints.
Such honest, elastic house, behold, constitute
Our villa! Be but flesh and blood, and smile to boot!
Enter for good and all! Then fate bolt fast the door,
Shut you and me inside, never to wander more!"

Yet, at the last moment, despite truth settled, the man slips away to find *Fifine*, just for five minutes—or for sale! The epilogue shows him deserted and miserable, until by Elvire's return and forgiveness he takes a new and unmerited lease of life. He had looked to death as the end, but Elvire utters this last word:—

"I end with—Love is all and Death is naught."

The effect of the poem is distinct and strong enough, yet much of the expression is too obscure for common understanding. It is the jewels of occasional pure thought which will most reward the reader. Take, for instance, these verses, embodying the poet's clear looking into the human background of *Fifine*'s low life:

"I want put down in black and white
What compensating joy, unknown and infinite,
Turns lawlessness to law, makes destitution wealth,
Vice virtues, and disease of soul and body health."
"An infant born, perchance, as sensitive and nice
As any soul of you, proud dame, whom destiny
Keeps uncontaminated from stigma of the sty
She wallows in! You draw back skirts from filth like her."

Who possibly braves scorn, if scorned, she minister
To age, woe, and disease of parents one or both;
Nay, peradventure, stoops to degradation, loath
That some just budding sister, the dew yet on the rose,
Should have to share in turn the ignoble trade."

"No creature's made so mean,
But that, some way, it boasts, could we investigate,
Its supreme worth; foibles, by ordinance of fate,
Its momentary task; gets glory all its own;
Tastes triumph in the world, pre-eminent, alone."
"As firm is my belief, quick sense perceives the same
Self-vindicating flash illustrate every man
And woman of our mass, and prove, throughout the
plan,
No detail, but, in place allotted it, was prime
And perfect."

"Death reads the title clear,
What each soul for itself conquered from out things
here."

These again are reflections which show a just estimate of many deep things:—

"Alack, our life is lent,
From first to last, the whole, for this experiment

Of proving what I say,—that we ourselves are true!
I would there were one voyage, and then no more to do
But tread the firm land, tempt the uncertain sea no
more!"

"Life means—learning to abhor
The false, and love the true,—truth treasured snatch by
snatch
Walks counted at their worth."

"When finger finds out finger in the dark
O' the world, there's fire and life and truth there, link
but hands
And pass the secret on! till, link by link, expands
The circle, lengthens out the chain; and one embrace
Of high with low is found uniting the whole race."

"Food o' the soul, the stuff that's made
To furnish man with thought and feeling, is purveyed
Substantially the same from age to age, with change
Of the outside only for successive feasters."

"We must learn to live,
(use-hardened at all points, not bare and sensitive,
But plated for defence, nay, furnished for attack,
With spikes at the due places, that neither front nor
back
May suffer in that squeeze with nature we find—life."

"I found one must abide
One's scorn of the soul's case, distinct from the soul's
self."

A HAND-BOOK OF CHEMICAL TECHNOLOGY.
By Rudolph Wagner, Ph. D. Professor of
Chemical Technology at the University of
Würzburg. Translated and Edited, from the
eighth German edition, with extensive addi-
tions, by Wm. Crookes, F. R. S. With 338 il-
lustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. To-
ledo: Brown & Faunce. 1 Vol., 8vo, 761 pp.

The application of science to the varied forms
of industry, the learned name for which is tech-
nology, may lead us into mechanics, or mechan-
ical technology, which deals with outward
changes of materials, as the making of iron rails,
spinning of wool, &c.; or into chemistry, or
chemical technology, which deals with internal
changes of materials, like the brewing of beer
from barley and hops, the making of soap
from oils and fats, the turning of iron into
steel, the making of gas from coals, and a hun-
dred other processes of the greatest practical im-
portance. Dr. Wagner has been for many years
an eminent and standard authority upon the sub-
ject of his book, and the work as now edited is
accepted by experts in this knowledge as the
best in the English language. Eight editions
since 1850 at once prove the success of the pub-
lication and assure us that it has followed the
progress of investigation, and now represents,
with the translator's additions, the latest results
of research. To all who are engaged in any in-
dustry which involves the application of chemi-
cal knowledge, the volume cannot but be indis-
pensable, while to students of science and stud-
ious readers, it will serve as an admirable cyclo-
pædia of one of the most interesting fields of ap-
plied science. E. C. T.

PHILOSOPHICAL PAPERS.

II.

BY F. E. ABBOT.

A DOCTRINE OF INFINITY.

FROM AN ARTICLE ON "THE CONDITIONED AND THE UNCON-
DITIONED," IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
FOR OCTOBER, 1864.

There has been much misapprehension of the
doctrine that the Infinite is only negatively
known. The words *infinite* and *absolute* have
been wands of necromancy in the hands of philo-
sophical sorcerers. They denote attributes, and
represent objects by metonymy alone. Infinite
expresses the attribute of illimitability; as ap-
plied to Space and Time, Absolute expresses
the attribute of totality (incomposite unity
or indivisibility), and, as applied to God, the
attribute of independent existence. Their use
as ambiguous middle terms has given rise to
unwarrantable conclusions; what is true only of
the attributes has been transferred most illogically
to the objects in which they inhere. Thus, because
we have only negative knowledge of the infinite,
it is inferred that we have no positive knowl-
edge of God. We shall treat hereafter of this
sophism; at present we shall consider the true
interpretation of the doctrine that our cognition
of infinity is purely negative.

It has been argued by Fénelon, that finitude,
not infinitude, expresses the real negation; that
nothing is so negative as a limit; and that to deny
all limit is to make a double negation, which is
tantamount to a positive affirmation. This in-
genious argument confounds Being with Knowl-
edge. All existence, whether finite or infinite,
is real; the distinction of positive and negative
belongs to thought alone, and arises solely as the
product of the act of comparison. In real being,
the attributes of finitude and infinitude co-exist
in different objects; in thought they may also
co-exist in different objects, but become mutually
exclusive, like all contradictories, in relation to
the same object. But this tentative application
of predicates to objects can take place only in
thought; hence the terms positive and negative
express simply the results of an intellectual pro-
cess. The question is not, then, which term,
finite or infinite, expresses a real negation in
being; for such a question is either meaningless,
or convertible into the self-answered question—

which term expresses a real limitation? But the
true inquiry is,—which term denotes a positive
attribute, and which the simple absence of this
attribute, in thought? Now any attribute is cog-
nized as positive in relation to an object in which
it inheres; and the same attribute is cognized as
negative in relation to an object in which it does
not inhere. That is, all attributes which are pos-
itively cognizable at all, must be cognizable in
actual presentations of experience; and, inas-
much as a comparison of these presentations
shows that the same attributes do not character-
ize them all, the distinction of positive and nega-
tive, that is, present and absent, is developed in
consciousness. With reference to any particular
object, a present attribute is called positive, an
absent one is called negative; but in the latter
case, the positive attribute itself, as formerly cog-
nized in other objects, must be first conceived,
and constitute the basis of the negative concep-
tion. It is the character of the predication alone,
as copulative or disjunctive, which determines
the positive or negative character of the attribute.
Hence the question at issue is, which of the two
attributes, finite or infinite, is presentatively cog-
nized in experience, and thus becomes the basis
for the conception of the other? It needs but to
remember that every object whatever of presen-
tative cognition is limited, and that the term
finite expresses this universal attribute of limita-
tion, in order to decide the question. Limitation
alone is positively cognized in experience, while
illimitation is a deduction of the reason. Pres-
ence of limitation constitutes the finite, absence
of limitation constitutes the infinite. The former
is positive, the latter is negative; but positive
limitation is the basis of both conceptions. This
is necessarily the case with human intelligences,
to which the finite constitutes the primordial
data of knowledge; while to the Divine Intelli-
gence such reasoning is altogether inapplicable.
Our stand-point is the finite, not the infinite; to
us, therefore, the infinite is a negative idea. But
this, as has just been shown, is very far from be-
ing the "negation of thought."

The idea of infinity, thus interpreted, originates
neither in the faculties of sensuous presentation
and representation, nor in those which cognize
relations among relations of whatever degree of
abstractness; in short, it cannot in any wise be
deduced from the finite. But it is contained in
those ideas of the higher reason which reveal the
absolute and necessary correlates of things, and
without which intelligence itself would be impos-
sible. It was shown in our former article, for
instance, that infinity is an integral element in
the triple synthesis which constitutes the idea of
Space, as distinguished from Extension; the an-
tithesis of finite and infinite, therefore, is seen to
be *a priori* necessary. The perfect clearness of
the idea of infinity is lost only when the imagina-
tion attempts to realize it in a sensuous concep-
tion of some imaginable object, and thus creates
a gratuitous and perplexing antimony. Aban-
doning all attempts at sensuous representation,
the mind finds no difficulty whatever in compre-
hending the meaning of illimitability.

Passing from the nature and genesis of the idea
of infinity, taken in its abstractness as a pure
attribute, let us consider it in relation to the exist-
ences of which alone it can properly be predica-
ted. The consideration of this problem involves
the necessity of a philosophical classification,
without which certain distinctions in the applica-
tions of the predicate cannot be made apparent.
The nomenclature adopted must be, from the na-
ture of the case, inadequate, and, though not pro-
posed at random, may perhaps be supplanted by a
better one; for while the existences of which we
predicate infinity transcend all empirical cogni-
tion in and by themselves alone, the only terms
by which we can express the necessary distinc-
tions must be derived from knowledge empiri-
cally acquired. Still, by criticizing our own terms
and defining them by means of the requisite
qualifications, it is hoped that the danger of mis-
apprehension will be forestalled and obviated.

Infinity, then, is of two kinds, Quantitative and
Qualitative. Quantitative Infinity is so called,
not because it is the attribute of a quantity (for
an infinite object is raised absolutely above the
category of quantity), but because it is the attri-
bute of that which is the necessary condition and
correlate of quantity. It is a primary predicate
or immediate attribute, and is expressed by the
adjective *infinite*. It is subdivided into Statical
and Dynamical, both of which designations are
unsatisfactory on account of their physical or ma-
terial associations; yet they point to a profound
distinction which no human language could
adequately express. Statical Infinity is the attri-
bute of Space; Dynamical Infinity is the attri-
bute of Time. It is customary to express this
distinction by the statement that Space is infinite
in three dimensions, Time in only one dimen-
sion. But this statement, for the following rea-
sons, we regard as not merely inadequate, but as
incorrect.

In the first place, it brings these transcenden-
tal objects under mathematical categories, name-
ly, number and mensurability; and this illegiti-
mate only of their concrete determinations in
finite existences.

In the second place, allowing such an applica-
tion of mathematical categories as legitimate, the
distinction still fails to maintain itself. With

regard to Space, from any assumed point as a
centre countless radii may be conceived, any one
of which is as much a dimension of Space as any
other. What is true in the assignment of only
three dimensions to Space, is simply this:
from a single point but three straight lines can
be drawn which shall be mutually at right angles
with each other, or, only three rectangularly in-
tersecting planes can pass through a given point.
But this is no law of the absolute vacuity in which
no lines or planes are conceived to exist (pure
Space); it is merely a law of the lines and planes
themselves, cognate with the law that two
straight lines can only intersect in one point,
and, like all mathematical law, belongs to that un-
conditioned Nature of Things which, admitting
of no explanation, is the ultimate terminus of all
research. Geometric mensuration implies sever-
al fixed points, and fixed relations between at
least two extensions, magnitudes, or forms. You
cannot, therefore, predicate dimensions of Space,
except in virtue of what you in imagination arbi-
trarily put into it; but into pure Space you have
no right to put anything. Neither is it more
allowable to predicate dimension of Time. The
popular image of Time as a line or a stream is
purely sensuous and philosophically false; for it
reduces the present to a mere point, whereas the
present is infinite in the sense of existing through-
out the infinity of Space. All symbolism of
Space and Time, regarded as existences apart
from the emblems which symbolism must neces-
sarily employ, leads inevitably to confusion and
contradiction. It is sufficient to say simply that
Time can be measured only by means of fixed
dates, determined by relations of duration and
succession among existences and events. Space
and Time have no dimensions *per se*, but are the
sine qua non of all dimension.

In the third and last place, it is unscientific to
distinguish Space from Time in terms of itself.
If we contrast the infinity of Space and of Time
as Tridimensional and Unidimensional, we dis-
tinguish them in terms of Space; for dimension
presupposes Extension, and Extension presup-
poses Space. If such a procedure were admissi-
ble, it would be better to distinguish the infinity
of one from that of the other as respectively Syn-
chronous and Diachronous, which would state
the distinction in terms of Time; for, merely
positing the infinity of Space as actual at each
moment of Time, and the infinity of Time as
actual only in its own totality, this distinction
does not involve any allusion to mathematical
categories. But we regard either distinction as
unphilosophical. Following strictly the same
conception which justifies the term Quantitative
as applicable, not merely to quantity itself, but
also to the conditions of quantity, we have pre-
ferred to designate the infinity of Space as Static-
cal, as the condition of statical quantity (exten-
sion, magnitude, &c.), and the infinity of Time
as Dynamical, as the condition of dynamical
quantity (force, motion, progression, &c.). No
definition could be more suggestive than that of
Schelling,—Space, "Pure being with the nega-
tion of all activity"; Time, "Pure activity with
the negation of all being." Perhaps another
definition might be equally suggestive,—Space
is Infinity at rest, Time is Infinity in motion.
Such definitions, however, though forcible from
their very self-contradiction, are mere paradoxes
unsusceptible of analysis.

Qualitative infinity is a secondary predicate,
that is, the attribute of an attribute, and is ex-
pressed by the adverb *infinitely* rather than by
the adjective *infinite*. For instance, it is a strict
use of language to say that Space is infinite, but
an elliptical use of language to say that God is
infinite. Precision of speech would require us to
say, God is infinitely good, wise, or great; or,
God is good, and his goodness is infinite. The
distinction may seem trivial, but it is based on
an important difference between the infinity of
Space and Time on the one hand, and the infin-
ity of God on the other. Neither philosophy nor
theology can afford to disregard this difference.
Quantitative Infinity is illimitation by quantity,
Qualitative Infinity is illimitation by degree.
Quantity and degree alike imply finitude, and
are categories of the finite alone. The danger of
arguing from the former kind of infinity to the
latter cannot be overstated; God alone possesses
Qualitative Infinity, which is strictly synony-
mous with *absolute perfection*, and the neglect of
the distinction between this and Quantitative
Infinity leads irresistibly to pantheistic and ma-
terialistic notions. (See some acute remarks in
Calderwood's "Philosophy of the Infinite," 2d
ed., p. 183 et seq.) Spinozism is possible only
by the elevation of "infinite extension" to the
dignity of a divine attribute. Dr. Samuel
Clarke's identification of God's "immensity" with
Space has been shown by Martin to ultimate in
pantheism. From ratiocinations concerning the
incomprehensibility of infinite Space and Time,
Hamilton and Maass pass at once to conclusions
concerning the incomprehensibility of God. The
inconsequence, however, of all such arguments
is absolute; and if philosophy tolerates the
transference of spatial or temporal analogies to
the nature of God, she must reconcile herself to
the negation of his personality and spirituality.
Such putative analogies have no theological ap-
plication whatever. We have no room to dilate
on this topic, but will simply point out a double

neglect which has generated paradoxisms by myriads in speculations concerning "the Infinite": 1. neglect of the distinction between the *attributive* and the *metonymical* use of the term infinite; 2. neglect of the distinction between Quantitative and Qualitative Infinity.

The reciprocal relations of Space, Time, and God are veiled in impenetrable darkness. Many minds hesitate to attribute real infinity to Space and Time, lest it should conflict with the infinity of God. Such timidity has but a slender title to respect. If the laws of thought necessitate any conclusion whatever, they necessitate the conclusion that Space and Time are each infinite; and if we cannot reconcile this result with the infinity of God, there is no alternative but to accept scepticism with as good a grace as possible. No man is worthy to join in the search for truth who trembles at the sight of it when found. But a profound faith in the unity of all truth destroys scepticism by anticipation, and prophesies the solutions of reason. Space is infinite, Time is infinite, God is infinite; three infinities co-exist. Limitation is possible only between existences of the same kind. There could not be two infinite Spaces, two infinite Times, or two infinite Gods; but while infinities of the same kind cannot co-exist, infinities of unlike kinds may. When an hour limits a rod, infinite Time will limit infinite Space; when a year and an acre limit wisdom, holiness, and love, infinite Space and Time will limit the infinite God. *But not before.* Time exists ubiquitously; Space exists eternally; God exists ubiquitously and eternally. The nature of the relations between the three infinities, so long as Space and Time are ontologically incognizable, is utterly and absolutely incomprehensible; but to assume contradiction, exclusion, or mutual limitation, to be among these relations, is as gratuitous as it is irrelevant.

To recapitulate our distinctions, and present them at a glance, we exhibit the following synopses:—

INFINITY	QUANTITATIVE	Statistical SPACE.
		Dynamical TIME.
	QUALITATIVE	GOD.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errata.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

VOLTAIRE'S DEATH.

SALEM, Ohio, Dec. 23, 1872.

MR. EDITOR:—Having noticed your remarks on the request of a correspondent that you should give the facts concerning Voltaire's death, I beg leave to offer the following, which may be found in Carlyle's *Essay on Voltaire, Critical and Miscellaneous Essays and Reviews* (New York, 1864, p. 153, note):—

"On this sickness of Voltaire, and his deathbed deportment, many foolish books have been written, concerning which it is not necessary to say anything. The conduct of the Parisian clergy, on that occasion, seems totally unworthy of their cloth; nor was their reward, so far as concerns these individuals, inappropriate: that of finding themselves once more bilked, once more *persiflés*, by that strange old man in his decrepitude, who in his strength had wrought them and others so many griefs. Surely the parting agonies of a fellow-mortal, when the spirit of our brother, rapt in the whirlwinds and thick ghastly vapors of death, clutches blindly for help, and no help is there, are not the scenes where a wise faith would seek to exult, when it can no longer hope to alleviate! For the rest, to touch further on those their idle tales of dying horrors, remorse, and the like; to write of such, to believe them, or disbelieve them, or in anywise discuss them, were but a continuation of the same inaptitude. He who, after the imperturbable exit of so many Cartouches and Thurtells in every age of the world, can continue to regard the manner of a man's death as a test of his religious orthodoxy, may boast himself impregnable to merely terrestrial logic. Voltaire had enough of suffering, and of mean enough suffering, to encounter, without any addition from theological despair. His last interview with the clergy, who had been sent for by his friends that the rites of burial might not be denied him, is thus described by Wagnière as it has been by all other credible reporters of it (Italics mine):—

"Two days before that mournful death, M. l'Abbé Mignot, his nephew, went to seek the Curé of St. Sulpice and the Abbé Gautier, and brought them into his uncle's sick room; who, being informed that the Abbé Gautier was there, 'Ah well!' said he, 'give him my compliments and my thanks.' The Abbé spoke some words to him, exhorting him to patience. The Curé of St. Sulpice then came forward, having announced himself, and asked of M. de Voltaire, elevating his voice, if he acknowledged the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ! The sick man pushed one of his hands against the Curé's ca-

lotte (coif), shoving him back, and cried, turning abruptly to the other side, 'Let me die in peace!' (*Laissez-moi mourir en paix.*) The Curé seemingly considered his person soiled, and his coif dishonored by the touch of a philosopher. He made the sick-nurse give him a little brushing, and then went out with the Abbé Gautier."

In the text Carlyle also quotes Wagnière upon the closing scene, the falling of the curtain upon the finale of that great Life-Drama, as follows: "He expired about a quarter past eleven at night (May 30th, 1778), with the most perfect tranquility, after having suffered the cruellest pains, in consequence of those fatal drugs which his own imprudence, and especially that of the persons who should have looked to it, made him swallow. Ten minutes before his last breath, he took the hand of Moraud, his *valet-de-chambre*, who was watching by him, pressed it and said, '*Adieu, mon cher Moraud, je me meurs* (Adieu, my dear Moraud, I am gone)'. These are the last words uttered by M. de Voltaire."

It will not be necessary, I presume, to add anything explanatory of the authority of my author. Carlyle was no lover of Voltaire, but who will question his integrity? What he has said will not be disputed by any one worthy of a denial. And I take the liberty to offer this reply to your correspondent because, while it is the policy of the Church to blacken the memory of Voltaire, and all such World's Men, it should be the policy of liberals to keep the truth before the people, even though it is old and does seem to make more of dead men than they are actually worth to the living present.

Cordially yours,
C. H. ELLIS.

[We thank Mr. Ellis for the above very interesting extract, and are glad that our little note has proved so serviceable to our readers as to call it forth.—ED.]

THE "A POSTERIORI" ARGUMENT FOR A DEITY.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

Some of your correspondents, I notice, make use of the "Design Argument" for a Deity, as though it were entirely conclusive and satisfactory. Permit me to show wherein I think it is unsound and fallacious.

The order, harmony, and adaptation observable in Nature, it is said, prove design; design is evidence of a designer; and a designer must be an intelligent being. It is absurd, we are told, to suppose that this orderly world, containing such admirable adaptation of means to ends, can exist independently of a Being who constructed and governs it. It is evident, therefore, from the order, harmony, and adaptation in Nature, that there is an intelligent God. Let us examine this famous argument.

God is something or nothing. To say he is nothing is to say there is no God. If he is something, he is not merely a property or quality, but an existence *per se*, an entity, a substance,—whether material or immaterial is unimportant. If he is a substance, there must be order, harmony, and adaptation (or fitness) in his divine nature, to enable him to perceive, reflect, design, and execute his designs. If Deity does not cogitate or reason, but perceives truth without the labor of investigation, he must still possess an adaptation or fitness thus to perceive as well as to execute his designs. To say God is *without* order, harmony, and adaptation is to say he is a mere chaos. If a Being or substance without order, harmony, and adaptation, or a divine chaos, can create an orderly universe, there is no constancy in saying unintelligent matter could not have worked itself into the forms we behold. If order, harmony, and adaptation do exist in the divine mind (or in the substance which produces thought and design), they must be eternal; for that which constitutes the essential nature of God must be the eternal basis of his being. If the order, harmony, and adaptation in God are co-existent with him, are eternal, they must be *independent of design*; for that which never began to exist could not have been produced, and does not therefore admit of design.

If order, harmony, and adaptation are *independent of design in the divine mind*, it is certain that order, harmony, and adaptation exist, which are no evidence of a pre-existent designing intelligence. If order, harmony, and adaptation exist which were not produced by design, which are therefore no evidence of design, it is unreasonable and illogical to infer designing intelligence from the fact alone that order, harmony, and adaptation exist in Nature.

If the order, harmony, and adaptation in Deity to produce his thoughts and to execute his plans are eternal, why may not the formation of matter into worlds, and the evolution of the various forms of vegetable and animal life, be the result of the ceaseless action of self-existent matter in accordance with an eternal principle of adaptation?

Is it more reasonable to suppose that the universe was created or constructed by a Being in whom exist the most wonderful order and harmony and the most admirable adaptation (which

order, harmony, and adaptation had no beginning) than to hold that the universe in its entirety is eternal, and the self-producing cause of all the manifestations we observe? Is it wonderful that matter should be self-existent, that it should possess the power to form suns and planets, and to construct that great ladder of life that reaches from the lowest forms of the vegetable kingdom up to man? How much more wonderful that an infinite Being should exist without any cause—a Being who is infinitely more admirable than the universe itself?

Again: the plan of a work is as much evidence of designing intelligence as the work which embodies the plan. For instance, the plan of a steam-engine in the mind of Fitch, of a locomotive in the mind of Stephenson, was as much evidence of design as the piece of machinery after its mechanical construction. If God is an infinite Being, if he knows everything, if no addition can be made to his knowledge, his plans must be eternal, without beginning, and therefore uncaused. If God's plans are not eternal, if from time to time new plans originate in his mind, there must be an addition to his knowledge; and if his knowledge admits of addition, he must be finite. But if his plans had no beginning, if like himself they are eternal, they must like him be *independent of design*. Now the plan of a thing, we have already seen, is as much evidence of design as the object which embodies the plan.

Since the plans of Deity are no proof of a designing intelligence that produced them (for they are supposed to be eternal), the plan of this universe, of course, was no evidence of a designing intelligence that produced it. But since the plan of the universe is as much evidence of design as the universe itself, and since the former is no evidence of design, it follows that design cannot be inferred from the existence of the universe.

The absurdity of the *a posteriori* argument for a God consists in the assumption that what we call order, harmony, and adaptation are evidence of design, when it is evident that, whether there be a God or not, order, harmony, and adaptation must have existed from eternity, and are not therefore necessary proof of a designing cause.

The reasoning of the theist who employs this argument is precisely like that of the Hindu in accounting for the position of the earth. Whatever exists must have some support, he said. The earth he imagined resting upon the back of an elephant, and the elephant upon a huge tortoise. He forgot that his own premise, that whatever exists must have some support, required that the tortoise should rest upon something. The inconclusiveness of his reasoning is apparent to a child.

The theist says order, harmony, and adaptation are evidence of a designing intelligence.

The earth and its productions show order, harmony, and adaptation.

Therefore the earth and its productions are the result of designing intelligence.

Just as the Hindu stopped reasoning when he fancied the earth upon an elephant and the elephant upon a tortoise, so the theist stops reasoning when he says God made the world. But as surely as from the premise that whatever exists must have some support, follows the conclusion that the tortoise rests upon something, as it rests upon the elephant, does it follow from the proposition that order, harmony, and adaptation are proof of an intelligent designer; that the order, harmony, and adaptation in a supposed Deity are evidence of an intelligent designer who made him, as the various parts of Nature, adapted or fitted to one another, are evidence of an intelligent designer who produced them. If we grant the premise, we are led to the conclusion that there has been a succession of creative and created gods in the beginningless past.

Men who attempt to explain the mysteries of the universe by the theory of an intelligent Designer, and who argue from the order and fitness in the world, remind me of the ostrich that, having buried his head in the sand so as to render itself invisible to its pursuers, fancies there is no further need of exertion to escape from the dangers and difficulties that surround it.

"Design represented as a search after final causes, until we come to a first cause and then stop," says F. W. Newman, "is an argument, I confess, which in itself brings me no satisfaction."

Respectfully,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Dec. 12, 1872.

A prison chaplain was lamenting the want of success attending his ministry. Of one man who had been condemned to death he said he had great hopes, the prisoner having been most assiduous in the study of a Bible he had given him. The chaplain, after great exertion, obtained a commutation of the sentence. "I called to inform him of my success. His gratitude knew no bounds; he said I was his protector, his deliverer. 'And here,' he added, as he grasped my hand in parting, 'here is your Bible. I may as well return it to you, for I hope I shall never want it again.'"

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

(From the Scientific American.)

One of our late semi-religious exchanges contains an editorial, in which the modern scientists, Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, *et cetera*, are taken to task for not being the same orthodox believers in the different dogmas of Christian theology as were Isaac Newton and the scientists of his time. The question is asked if the fame of the modern *scientists* would not be just as great, if, in religious matters, they had the faith of Newton; as if the opinion of a thinking being concerning such subjects was a matter of choice. The simple reason why men like Huxley are not as orthodox as similar men in the time of Newton, is that we live now in the end of the nineteenth century, and that the world has progressed since Newton's time. The best half of the present civilized population of this earth has commenced to see that blind faith in matters of religion is by no means a virtue, as was formerly believed; but that reason is a Divine gift to mankind, the use of which it is highly sinful to despise.

We may as well ask why so many prominent modern theologians, and even laymen (we will not mention names), are now-a-days not so orthodox, and why they have not the same views on many important points of doctrine as those of a few centuries ago. We may as well point to the fact that the blind faith of the middle ages is no more to be found in the Christian world, except perhaps in the Leonine city of Rome; and even there the motives of that faith are open to strong suspicion that it is not a faith adhered to for its own sake, but instigated by self-interest.

The effect of the whole editorial referred to does not amount to anything, as in place of giving a single argument against the tendency of modern science, it consists of a long-winded lamentation that religion is not made as much of, by the modern scientists, as it used to be in olden times; and that science, in place of being the handmaid of theology, has since those times frequently arrogated itself to contradict its teachings. And this is true.

THEOLOGICAL ERRORS CORRECTED BY SCIENCE.

Theology taught that the earth was flat, and supported on rocks, below which there were immense dark caves or spaces, the abode of evil spirits, while the firmament above was an arched vault supporting another immense space, full of light, the abode of the good spirits; science taught that the earth was round, in fact a sphere floating without support in space, and that the firmament was not an arched vault but surrounded the whole earth, and was an infinite space, full of suns and worlds.

Theology maintained that the earth was a stationary center around which the whole universe revolved; science took the conceit out of theology and mankind in general by proving that the earth was a comparatively insignificant globe, floating in the immensity of space, and revolving like a small inferior wheel in an immense piece of highly complicated machinery. Theology maintained, on the authority of a translated, mutilated, and obscure tradition, that the whole universe was created in six literal days; in fact theology made the absurd assertion that the Unchangeable Divine Being could have existed for all eternity without doing anything, and then suddenly changed his mind and in less than a week created a universe, set it all going, and then needed rest like a frail human body, suggesting the blasphemous idea that the Divine Creator was tired out. Science proved that, as far as concerns this earth, it was formed many millions of centuries ago, and went through different stages of transmutation, each lasting immense periods of time, and that the Divine power was active all the time as it is now, and will be for ever. Theologians maintained, on the ground of the same tradition, which they continually have been misunderstanding and misinterpreting, that this single creative act took place six thousand years ago; but science produced relics of plants and animals which must have lived millions of years ago, while the circumstances and localities in which they were found proved that other millions of years preceded them.

In all these, as in every other instance, science has been triumphant, while theologians had to give in and acknowledge, however reluctantly, these triumphs; and notwithstanding they at first cried that religion was in danger, that they accused the scientists of Radicalism, Delism, Atheism, and hurled at their heads other accusations of the same sort, the only activ-

ity they exercise now consists of attempts at reconciliation between science and theology: and this indeed is their legitimate calling.

In all the tumult created by this antagonism, which is unwisely kept up by a certain class of theologians, there is one great consolation. It is the consideration that the relative positions of theology and science have been changed since the time of Newton. Then the spirit of the tribunal which condemned Galileo still prevailed; every new scientific theory was tested by the teachings of the theologians of the day, and if these men decided that it was contrary to their doctrines, it was condemned; this being the spirit of the society which was under the tutelage of the clergy, no man, not even Newton, dared to be anything but Orthodox. No doubt this had a great deal to do with the difference in the apparent theological opinions of the scientists of that time and of the present day, when science, by experience made conscious of her superiority, has lifted up her head, and in place of being the handmaid of theology, and being judged by theologians, has placed herself in position to judge the teachings of theology, and to decide which are true and which are erroneous. Let the reader keep in mind that we speak of theology and not of religion.

We maintain that a scientist who devotes his life to the study of God's own handiwork has more true religion and a more exalted idea of that mysterious Divine Being, who, with such wisdom, power, and superior conception of the truly beautiful, presides in the management of the infinite Universe, than the so-called theologian who, neglecting the study of God's own handiwork, confines himself to the discussion of old obscure literary traditions. For our part, at least, we must confess that our religious feelings of awe for the Creator have often been severely shocked by visits to a certain theological seminary, on hearing the professor expatiate before his class of theological students, on the classified properties of God, what he is, and what he is not. To the scientist such a lecture is nothing but arrogance and blasphemy, and such lectures are, alas, occasionally propounded in some of our Orthodox churches.

A. HUNKER'S EPISTLES.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

I have just had a bitter dispute with my wife in defence of the Christian religion. That is, the dispute was bitter on my side, and I plainly told Mrs. Samantha Hunker that I doubted the salvation of her soul.

This controversy arose from her canonization of the late Charles Dickens—a man who lived and died, not as a church-member, but as a novelist.

Here, again, is the whole question of faith and works. Is every man to be saved now-a-days simply because he smooths and brightens the rugged pathways of this world, instead of pointing to the golden harps and streets of the next world? I reject the heresy in self-defense. I should be a brand in the burning if I counted on being saved from any good I have done here below. We are all miserable sinners, and I am the chief among ten thousand. But I have made a good deal of money out of it.

I fear, however, that Mrs. Hunker represents the religious tendencies of the age more closely than I do. Radicalism has gone through everything. There is no Bible as it used to be. During the crusade, for instance, of the early American Abolitionists, it was plainly proved by such holy men as Bishop Hopkins, that the Gospel upheld the institution of Slavery. I remember, with pious horror, the terrible reply of Theodore Parker to that conclusion. "Does the Bible uphold Slavery?" he asked. "It does not. But if it does, what then? Not so much better for slavery, but so much worse for the Bible." At that time I joined in prayer with numerous divines, to have the great preacher of New England rationalism taken from the earth. The petition was answered only eleven years ago; but now that very rationalism is applied to every creed and to every man that dies. "Did Charles Dickens make the burdens of humanity lighter by his life? Did Abraham Lincoln broaden the prospects of the human race? These are the questions that even pulpits are asking now; and if an affirmative answer is given, then Lincoln and Dickens are virtually pronounced better Christians than I, who have constantly repudiated good works, and made faith my all.

Where are the great religious doctrines that were instilled into my youth-

ful mind at old Princeton? Where is the doctrine of Total Depravity? I have taken great comfort in it, as I have wandered through the devious pathways of the world, that I might pick up a dollar wherever I could find it without incurring the penalties of human statutes. When I have had poor and sick tenants, who were a burden upon my real estate, I have been better able to turn them out into the cold, and thus protect my property, as I have felt how naturally depraved was the human heart, of which all unrighteousness should be expected. Yet although I pay well toward maintaining the most conservative church in Hunkerville, it is almost impossible to get any minister to preach a good old-fashioned sermon on Total Depravity.

I have long been a Presbyterian—of the old school—as I said in a former Epistle. But the other evening I thought I would attend St. Matthew's Episcopal church, being assured I could hear, in that communion, a discourse on religion unmixt with the usual jar of philanthropy. St. Matthew's church is the most fashionable house of God in Hunkerville. Its lightest pillars are worth forty thousand dollars, and the worship of its attendants is always conducted in full dress. There, I fancied, my weary soul would be led away from all social relations and duties, and that heaven alone would be pointed out in the far distance. The lesson was read, and it was the curse of David upon his enemies. I was greatly encouraged by it, as it had no bearing on any recent ides. But immediately after it, the text was announced, and it was, "Bear ye one another's burdens." I got up in pain, and left St. Matthew's temple, before the special charity of the evening was brought to my attention.

Is religious doctrine, then, to lapse away, and are merely the moral notions of justice and brotherly kindness to be esteemed as Christianity? Is the heart of the epoch to follow Henry Ward Beecher, as he accepts the fellowship of anybody that believes barely the Sermon on the Mount?

Mrs. Hunker asserts that such is precisely the tendency of the present thought and life. "While the Pope of Rome," she says, "is claiming the infallibility of the Church, theological dogma is the butt of science, and is practically ignored in the affairs of nations. It is laid aside, with their old battle-axes and coats of mail. Nobody cares much about it one way or another. Conscience is of age, and has become its own guardian. Sensible Protestantism doesn't worry itself about 'Popery,' and sensible Catholicism has given up the task of extirpating heresy. The main point is the Right of Private Judgment. But that is established. It asks no favors. The politics and commerce of the civilized world are mortgaged for its protection. Meanwhile, the welfare of man on earth is the problem of the present; and the age grows impatient even of religion, if it mumbles a creed instead of doing a work. Beecher may well bless Dickens. In his way, too, he brought peace and good will to man. That is now the Christianity which all understand and none dispute."

I don't know what all understand and none dispute; but I know I don't understand the weaker vessel at the head of my household. Here is Madam Hunker apparently satisfied with a circle, of which Private Judgment is the centre and Good Works the circumference. Yet I have always heard her say that we live in an age of shallow materialism and unfinished scepticism, which is to be followed by an ultimate reconciliation of faith, reason, and beneficence.

Well, never mind. I shall be dead long before that time, and I am scarcely sorry for it. In an age of universal faith, reason, and beneficence, what would money be worth in the market? I don't believe I could get five per cent. for it.

A. HUNKER,
HUNKERVILLE, June 16th, 1870.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

In *Thatcher's Military Journal*, under date of December, 1777, is found a note containing the identical "first prayer in Congress," made by the Rev. Jacob Duché, a gentleman of great eloquence. Here it is—an historical curiosity—

"O Lord, our Heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings, and Lord of lords, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers of the earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the kingdoms, empires, and governments—

look down in mercy, we beseech thee, on the American States, who have fled to thee from the rod of the oppressor, and thrown themselves on thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth only dependent on thee. To thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to thee do they now look up for that countenance and support which thou alone canst give. Take them, therefore, Heavenly Father, unto thy nurturing care. Give them wisdom in council and valor in the field. Defeat the malicious designs of our adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause; and, if they still persist in sanguinary purposes, oh! let the voice of thine own unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands in the day of battle. Be thou present, O God of wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorable assembly. Enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundations, that the scenes of blood may be speedily closed, and order, harmony, and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety, prevail and flourish among thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down upon them and the millions they here represent such temporal blessings as thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Savior. Amen."

HOW MINISTERS KEEP HOLY THE SABBATH DAY.

—It seems like a perpetual sarcasm to hear these overworked men thanking God for the day of rest! Rest? Why, half the ministers sat up half the night of Saturday to prepare their sermons; they rose on Sunday with throbbing temples; they wrought in their studies till the bells tolled; they officiate in the most exhausting services for an hour and a half; they rest one or two hours, and then return for another exhausting service of like duration; and at evening, being now strung up to the highest nervous tension, conduct an evening prayer-meeting or perhaps preach a third time. Then the man lies awake all night, sleeps a few hours on Monday morning, and on Monday afternoon or Tuesday wakes up in the purgatory of ministers' blue Monday! This is charmingly entitled a Day of Rest!—Beecher.

In speaking of the burning of Chicago the editor of *The Advance*, a religious newspaper, says:—

"God's wisdom and love saw the blow to be necessary in the interest of righteousness and of his holy and moral government, and he had the firmness to inflict it. There is something sublimely solemn in such an act of God, which to the thoughtless and wicked seems heartless; but which in reality is the supreme grandeur of moral courage, which dares to do a right thing at immense cost."

Talk of sending missionaries to the heathen! A man who can thus condescendingly compliment his Creator for the display of moral courage needs the attention of the whole Board of Foreign Missions.—*Boston Courier*.

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BY THE AUTHOR.

"PAUL GOWER" is a Story of English and American Life; the localization being pretty equally divided between both countries. It embraces some London, some (English) country life, much of New York journalism, including the humorous and "Bohemian" side of it; travel from Canada to New Orleans; a midway transition, again, to Great Britain, and a return to the United States, where the story virtually concludes,—the closing scenes transpiring in the Virginian peninsula, during McClellan's unsuccessful campaign there in the second year of the late civil war. The whole narrative occurs in the five years preceding that event, incidentally involving much that led up to it, particularly secession-time in Charleston, South Carolina, the inside details of which are not in-curious.

It is, also, in the very warp and weft of it, an heterodox, rationalistic, anti-theological novel; its main object being the exposure of the logical results of certain so-called religious opinions on the life and character of those who hold them. Its author has endeavored to show how these, often sincere and conscientious persons, are and must be, not only not the better, but the worse for their adherence to certain theological tenets, now obsolete with all advanced thinkers, but still dreadfully potent with the acquiescing and acquiescent on both sides of the Atlantic. He exhibits how these opinions poison the kindly springs of natural affection, pervert character, and are, in short, utterly mischievous and deplorable. This, the fulfilment of a long-cherished purpose, has not, he believes, suffered from not being obtruded, didactically or otherwise, but allowed to transpire naturally in the course of a novel involving more than anti-theological objects. It is emphatically a story, with a distinct and carefully wrought-out plot, kept in view from beginning to end.

Free Religious Association.

The Report in pamphlet form, of the ANNUAL MEETING of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION for 1872, can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, WM. J. POTTER, NEW BEDFORD, MASS. It contains essays by John W. Chadwick, on "LIBERTY AND THE CHURCH IN AMERICA;" by C. D. B. Mills, on the question, "DOES RELIGION REPRESENT A PERMANENT SENTIMENT OF THE HUMAN MIND, OR IS IT A PERISHABLE SUPERSTITION?" and by O. B. Frothingham, on "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY;" together with the Report of the Executive Committee, and addresses and remarks by Dr. Bartol, A. B. Alcott, Lucretia Mott, Celia Burleigh, Horace Seaver, Alexander Loom, and others. Price, 35 cents; in packages of five or more, 25 cents each.

WM. J. POTTER,

Secretary.

The Index.

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VOLUME 4.

TOLEDO, O., AND NEW YORK, JANUARY 18, 1873.

WHOLE No. 160.

ORGANIZE!

LIBERALS OF AMERICA!

The hour for action has arrived. The cause of freedom calls upon us to combine our strength, our zeal, our efforts. These are

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmations under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be stricken, and that all laws shall be conformable to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Let us boldly and with high purpose meet the duty of the hour. I submit to you the following

FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF

ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in —:

Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.

ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.

ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.

ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.

ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

Liberals! I pledge to you my undivided sympathies and most vigorous co-operation, both in THE INDEX and out of it, in this work of local and national organization. Let us begin at once to lay the foundations of a great national party of freedom, which shall demand the entire secularization of our municipal, state, and national government. Send to me promptly the list of officers of every Liberal League that may be formed, and a standing list of all such Leagues shall be kept in THE INDEX. House, then, to the great work of freeing America from the usurpations of the Church! Make this continent from ocean to ocean sacred to human liberty! Prove that you are worthy descendants of those whose wisdom and patriotism gave us a Constitution unimpaired with superstition! Shake off your slumber, and break the chains to which you have too long tamely submitted!

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 1, 1873.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

An Inference for December 22.

PREACHED IN WEST CHURCH, BOSTON.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

"Pilgrims on the earth."

HEBREWS, XI. 13.

With what sincerity as humility this confession of the old worthies is put! Let me urge it too as the lesson of those we call our pilgrim stock. We build their monument, such as the "Standish Memorial," to rival Bunker Hill: do we emulate their worth? We have discussed their faults,—some sternness, intolerance, exclusiveness, disparagement of beauty in art and injustice to part of our humanity in their laws; but, among these faults, we do not find dishonor or untruth. If any Puritan minister in the flesh answered to Mr. Hawthorne's character of Arthur Dimmesdale, in the *Scarlet Letter*, he was a rarity. There are more such smooth monsters now. We have heard the fictitious name freely applied to some modern and recent examples, while the transcendent American novelist does not verify his picture by any historic caric. Our sires, forefathers, and pre-mothers, had this grandeur,—what they meant was above-board, in open day. All came out and challenged the judgment of mankind. It is a matter of pride to have their blood in our veins; the aristocracy of New England, to trace one's line by both parental branches to their source. But, says the Apostle, they are not all Abraham's who were of his seed; and Jesus cried to the Pharisees, "Say not ye have Abraham to your father; for these stones God can raise up children to Abraham."

It is not enough to celebrate and commemorate our ancestry, though in the eloquence of Webster or Everett or Choate, with "the labor of an age in piled stones," or with zeal for the preservation of buildings like the Old South Church, over which society and trade, by laws we cannot withstand, alike march in their course, and from which only a sentimental vanity pretends we derive any regenerating sanctity; all this is not enough. Unless we inherit the excellence we praise, it is but idolatry, the worship which hypocrisy can pay. It is said to be difficult to find Plymouth Rock, so much is said about it; it is dissipated, a piece here and a piece there; but no broad and solid basis appears. Where is the rock of that sincerity, built on more than the granite ledge by those landers, in 1620, on the wintry shore? A great religious society in another city calls its institution *Plymouth Church*; does its faith or ministration demonstrate the veracity, that truth to their light, of those it is operated by and composed of, which the name implies? These are dispassionate, but searching and terrible questions, which duty puts, from a perception that the community is honey-combed, eaten into, rotten, hollow-sounding and crumbling to our tread with insincerity; so diseased 'tis doubtful if the patient could survive the operation of cutting it out.

But what is sincerity? Willingness to be known, having nothing in thought or act to be ashamed of; or to run from after committing, like Adam among the trees of the garden. What is there in us for truth to scare, like bats at the light?

There are privacies that belong not to others' eyes. I do not bathe or go to bed in the street. Napoleon said, we do not wash our dirty linen in public. But to be sincere is not to wish to secrete any deed, transaction, or relation for immoral or discreditable reasons. It is to have no reserves of what cannot bear the light of the sun. It were pleasant if not important, in the way of association, to preserve an old building of our ancestors: I feel like going to a funeral when it falls. But the old building and the old theology preached in it must pass; only let the old principle remain and abide,—and that principle is their sincerity.

Blasphemy expels the Jesuits from Germany; and we protestant republicans are tempted to rejoice at the intolerant and yet impolitic act. But are the Jesuits only there? Are they all Romish? Is there no Jesuitry in America? What is Jesuitry but disguise, dissimulation,

feigning what we do not feel or dissembling what we do, as mere tools in others' hands. And of this what store, more than heaps of things in warehouses, on hand in State and Church! A famous clergyman, in a lecture to young men, candidates for the ministry, in Yale College, tells them: "When it comes to preaching, if you have not the feeling, you must act as if you had, that you may carry your congregation with you." Is not that Jesuitical teaching, likely to make a Jesuits' College, even in Connecticut? Is not that to turn the church into a theatre, the preacher into an actor, the pulpit into a stage? But it is not good counsel even for the dramatic art. The performer of a play—Booth or Kemble—does not best when he simulates, but when he is possessed with the sentiment of the character he impersonates and would represent. Does the minister, then, whom Orthodox and radical and Unitarian liberal critics in our newspapers pronounce the greatest preacher in the land, himself pretend to when he is not touched by the emotion appropriate to the passage in his discourse? "Assume a virtue, if you have it not," bitterly says Hamlet to his mother: does he, the captivating lecturer, assume the alpha, gestures, facial expressions, tender or piercing looks of love, lowliness, justice, frankness, when the qualities are far from him? And in prayer take on the posture, air, and manner of gratitude, penitence, pleading entreaty, ardent devotion, when, so far as the inward experience is concerned, it is all a masque and a farce? Rather than do it, my friends, let me cut off my hands and put out my eyes, and have my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! God forgive, if done it I ever have! Better the palsy than such humbug and quackery,—charlatanry alike in the lyceum or the sacred desk. The imposture of Colorado diamonds, speculation at the capitol involving Congress in the Ring, is no worse.

Not the personal bearing of this or any individual man is my point, but the moral concern for the whole community; and when I learn that sixty thousand copies of such instruction, without a note of remonstrance, have been spread through the land, I feel that the humblest voice should be raised to warn of the corrupting influence.

But the probe of ecclesiastical, as of political, editorial, legal, or medical, and all social insincerity, must go deep and wide. I have read with interest the account of the installation services of another distinguished pastor; and it has been circulated through the country by the daily secular and the weekly religious press with marked effect on the public mind. The Evangelical Council, composed of many denominations, excluding only the Unitarian and Radical, were moved to tears by the tale which the convert to their views from a more liberal faith told of the mental unrest, agitation, and dissatisfaction he had suffered for years before making up his mind that he must leave the ranks of his old friends. Did he mean to declare that, till the new light of a retrograde belief broke on him, and he exchanged the freedom of the spirit for the bonds of a creed, he had been insincere? Was all the former pre-eminent unction put on? Was his frequent and ardent profession of the peace and joy of religion false? Did he win and with conscious innocence swindle young men into the fold and the ministry, as aware of the little capital for such operations he had, as that famous American firm of bankers in Paris, which has just gone by the board, covered by failure with disgrace? How far can honest delusion in such matters go? After a deception so dreadful as to play the part of a leader of the old body, with protestations of loyalty and fidelity, earnest as a magistrate's oath to support the constitution, or a soldier's engagement to follow the flag,—may he possibly be mistaken now, and only entering into a series of wanderings through the spiritual world, or the many devious arches and alleys of this huge coliseum we call Christendom? May not some wicked commentator suspect that want of success and reduction of pay mixed with the motives of change, as in other cases they have done? Denominations are the worst prisons. Doubtless any man, under fresh conviction, may justly alter his creed and his place; but he should, if he can, shun the necessity of confounding his earlier course, accusing his antecedents, shaming his spiritual

parentage, defiling his record, or fouling the nest where once so softly he lay.

Not to whet criticism, but illustrate our own experience, I depict insincerely the gap worse than Horace Greeley's "bloody chasm" between seeming and being; between the man in private and in public; between our conversation or action and our thought. When the mantle of dissimulation or pretension is once woven, no bigger than a kerchief lifted to the face, even in a speaker's affectation of what he does not feel, because he fancies it good for an assembly for him to carry at least a semblance of fine emotion, reverence, thankfulness, pity, zeal to interest and edify the folk and entertain the hour,—what lies may not that innocently esteemed mantle cover! The Pharisee, sensualist, cheat may be under that cloak. We shall not know whether anything is true-hearted that he says or does, or all but one great comedy, as some think the world is,—“a stage, and the men and women merely players.” It was said of a certain habitual jester, long since gone to his sober account,—“We don't know when he is in earnest, or if he ever is.”

There is no virtue, comfort, security, but in sincerity. Is there not something insincere in the proposition now so much debated to erase the names of battles from, or not continue them on, the army-register and the regimental flags? The motive may be good, to introduce an era of good feeling. In the breast of our great and unwisely censured Senator I doubt not this is the aim. But would that be the effect? What but absurd, all this tinkering and patching of reconciliation? God and time are the reconcilers. No brave man of the South wants to forget the war in which he was beat; and the attempt at oblivion is foolish and impotent save to make recollection more flagrant and intense. I speak, as said a British orator, with the freedom of history, and I trust without offence; for he that undertakes to abolish history one jot or tittle labors in vain at a mendacious task. When by a party vote in the United States Senate, some thirty years ago, a former resolution of censure against General Jackson for lawless assumption was expunged from the record, the censure and facts it was founded on, so far from being destroyed, were but emphasized and repeated a thousand times, were the removal of the deposits right or wrong. So we must accept in our annals and in every natural fit reminder, avoiding all taunts, the events of our civil strife. No taunts did your dead sons and brothers fling! I lament your omission of the intended memorial pane. But, commemorated or not in any special way, their deeds and sacrifices, noble as any of their fathers, will cry from the ground like the blood of Abel, as their spirits call from heaven; and blazon themselves for posterity in immortal story, and more than silken and gilded cloth be against new peril both our banner and our shield.

When I complained of theological insincerity, my friend said: “It is something that people and priest are getting to be aware of, to see the gulf between their practice or profession and their belief.” I answered: “This very consciousness, unless we repent, makes what was before unconscious depravity to be real positive sin.”

Be truthful; for frankness is beautiful and beneficial too. I hate the disguised opinion, the lip-smile, skin-deep, and covert act. A returning traveller informs me that the German mind has about given up the notion of a personal immortality or God. Well, let the German tongue say so! Whoever, in America, though my dearest friend thinks so, let him say so; truth, though heaven fall and God with it, as he cannot being truth. We shall know then what ground we stand on. We shall stand on the Pilgrim ground, and on the ground of that Declaration of Independence which so boldly proclaimed the views of our revolutionary statesmen to mankind. But, lacking this grace of openness and courage to stand by our convictions, we cease to have the old sublime Puritan and Hebrew feeling of being pilgrims, strangers, sojourners in the earth; like the freedwoman that sang her pilgrim song to me on the St. John, while the water sucked under the steamer's keel, and we might well say in the language of Elijah, which we only hear sung for amusement in an Oratorio: “O Lord, now take away my life; for I am no better than my fathers;” for surely in the grand virtue we are not half so good, and without it life is nothing worth.

The peril is greater because not only the individual but society is insincere. Protection of manufactured goods? We are a joint stock company to protect certain vices. It is thought smart to cheat the revenue, to swear falsely at the custom-house, to bribe officers, to buy votes, to stuff ballot-boxes, voting early and often (witness the election of Mayor in Boston), to get our gloves and silk dresses free of duty; and, if one merchant is convicted of wrong entries, invoices, cheating on a great scale, the excuse is that others do the same on a small one, that the iniquity is common, and everybody would like to have a hand and take a share. We think nobody too good for it. “You declare too much,” said to me the officers. When eminent persons are charged with improprieties, there is an interest to shield them, to

suppress the witnesses and their testimony. But, be their accusations true or not, they are thus spread more widely to undermine character, all the more because Ludlow Jail is opened or Music Hall shut, than by any allowing of free speech, as well as free trade, to be met, of course, with refutation or frank reply. Prisons are whispering-galleries, muzzled-mouths louder than cannon; and closets let out their soft-spoken secrets in the reverberation of house-tops. Sincere dealing with moral truth or personal reputation alone is safe. Be it Alexander Hamilton, Daniel Webster, or any contemporary, report only exaggerates, till remorseless justice drags out the guilt that is concealed.

Be open; own your errors; “confess your faults one to another;” tell what you have done; shrink not from having a window put into your breast; it must be looked through sometime! Samuel Johnson and Lord Herbert of Cherbury acknowledged their weakness in yielding to temptation; and, when the enemies of Mr. Hamilton hinted that he was unpatriotic because he had been impure, he sublimely repelled the imputation on his love of country by admitting with a blush, as he expressed it, his private fault. O my friends, do nothing that you will want to hide!

Such the inference from the Pilgrims for ourselves: this the height and port of those men: what they appeared they were! Was their virtue one of circumstance more than merit? They needed but to be supple compromisers, and remain in the old cathedrals and the luxurious social circles of their English home; they needed but to be revolutionists to stay and with Cromwell heard the Monarchy on the question of civil and religious liberty and fight it out. Their sincerity was but attested, not created, by other conflicts in this western wilderness with savage Nature and savage man. When the wise and witty Dr. Kirkland was reproached for the 22d of December sumptuous dining of the New England Society, while the Pilgrims had been reduced to parched corn, he answered, “They got the best they could, and we do the same!” They were obliged on this spot once to live on roots, acorns, and clams, till a vessel arrived with provisions in the harbor amid drifting ice; then the grateful, godly men appointed for all the colonies a solemn day of Thanksgiving. We cannot preserve some of their laws; we would not mimic their manners; nor do I exhort you to imitate their virtues, for a borrowed is a spurious excellence, diamond turned to paste; but our contemplation may be assimilation of what was noble in their spirit.

All is concluded in two counsels: Be true to your light, and have no secrets to be ashamed of! Then you are right and safe. The Pilgrims at least made a clean breast. They had not much light of science, of matter or mind, but were true to all they had,—and to the great Light of Duty and God's word as it spoke to them. How they were led by cloud and fire! We have a great deal of light: how true to it are we as their sons?

SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

The London correspondent of the *Christian Register* mentions with just praise a periodical published by the “Manchester District Sunday School Association,” whose aim is to tell children the plain truth. He says:—

“It is known as the *Sunday School Teachers' Manual*, and appears once in three months. The four numbers for the present year are exceedingly rich in the variety and extent of information given, suggestions made, and of just such help as almost every Sunday-school teacher stands in conscious need. Its editors say—one of whom is an excellent practical teacher, and the other as excellent a scholar—‘Our object throughout has been to make our *Manual* as popular and easy as is compatible with thoroughly sound treatment of the subject matter; but we feel most strongly that our teachers ought no longer to be put off with science a century old, and that views of Scriptural history, theology and criticism, which are considered antiquated in our studies, ought not to be offered to our scholars as if they still kept their place. Any gain in apparent simplicity and ease we should consider very dearly bought at a loss of scientific accuracy or intellectual and spiritual straightforwardness.’ In a series of lessons upon Hebrew Literature, the Old Testament Scriptures, Rev. Mr. Carpenter and Rev. Mr. Wicksteed manfully say, ‘The teacher must take especial care not to let his scholars suppose that the stories and legends are historically true; for if he does so, he is only preparing for them a very painful and perhaps dangerous shock when the time comes for them to discover that they have been misled, but is acting dishonestly as well.’ In fact, the whole spirit of this excellent periodical, which costs here but two pence (four cents) a number, is read in these words: ‘No true reverence can be the fruit of want of honesty. No thought of consequences ought ever to interfere with speaking the truth. Teach children the truth from the first, and there will be no false beliefs for that truth to shock in after times. Silence is bad, but untruth is worse. Let every one teach what he believes, or else not teach at all.’”

PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OR ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD LADY AND GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

An old lady and gentleman sat together in the parlor of their own house, in London, one September day, at sunset.

The house stood in a dull street, contiguous to and parallel with the lower part of the Hampstead Road. At the date of its erection its back windows had commanded a pleasant prospect of fields where cows pastured, hedge-rows, and green lanes,—the expanse including what was then Marylebone Fields and is now Regent's Park, and stretching northwards to the breezy heights of Hampstead. It had been purchased while in an unfinished condition, by its present occupant, as an agreeable suburban retreat from business, to be completed according to his own taste and convenience; but the omnivorous metropolis soon absorbed the spot and its environs; and, years before the time of which I write, miles of streets, rows, crescents, and villas lay between it and any green field.

The street had gone down in the world, become utilitarian and shabby of aspect. There were small shops in it; tenements once sacred to competence and citizen-gentility had degenerated into many-belled lodging-houses; beer was licensed to be drunk on the premises at the street-corners; and, opposite the abode of which I write, a gin-palace flared nocturnally. The house itself had grown grimy with half-a-century's smoke; its back-garden, erst terminating in a wicket-gate, whence children used to sally forth on summer-afternoon rambles to Primrose Hill, was blockaded by stables abutting on a “mews,” shut in by walls and neighbored by a brewery. Its two pear-trees had long been cut down, leaving unsightly stumps in the sparse and sickly grass or dirty gravel; its few flowers appeared late in the season and, as if despairing of the attempt to cheer so sombre a spot, died early; while the vines on the sooty trellis exhibited a greater crop of “blacks” (as Londoners call the peculiar, carboniferous deposit of their innumerable chimneys) than grapes. Whether viewed from front or rear, the house was as common place and uninviting as any of the thousands of its class in the British metropolis.

Nor did its external aspect belie its interior. It would have been very easy to imagine a more cheerful residence. Silence reigned in its shady upper chambers, and when the sunlight came through their half-closed blinds, it seemed to shine with chastened splendor appropriate to the place. Family portraits had faded into dimness on the walls; old prints of old preachers stared severely, or lifted their hands in testimony against you, out of frames as sombre and unornamental as their own visages; and the great, gloomy book-cases—mausoleums of serious literature—looked as if their dusty contents were as little disturbed as any philanthropist would have desired, in tenderness to his species. The furniture was not old enough to have borrowed a charm from antiquity, and had a desolate air of disuse about it; while the cumbrous bedsteads involuntarily associated themselves with the idea of solemn death-hours, rather than healthful slumber, or the hopes, fears, and endearments attendant on the entrance of human life into this world. All of these, however, and much more, both of joy and sorrow, the old rooms had contained in their day; inasmuch that to some of their occupants the very echoes seemed to have grown sad and thoughtful; though a girl's voice sometimes surprised them into temporary gladness, and their creaking floors still vibrated to the hopeful tread of youth.

I have said that an old lady and gentleman sat together in the parlor of this house, at sunset. It was a back room. The sun-light, streaming in through a bay-window, looking westwards, made long shadows on the sober-colored druggist which covered the carpet, while the corners of the room grew darker for the contrast. The large-seated, oval-backed chairs; the ponderous old sofa; the paintings and engravings on the walls; the great, time-stained Bible-map depicting the wanderings of the Israelites in the desert, and the battles and sieges of the old Testament, with its quaintly-delineated armies, tents, and cities, were already half-invisible. As the floor grows dusky, the light, stealing upwards, reveals three large and heavily-framed portraits, the centre one almost a full-length, and excelling the others in execution as in size. It represents a burly man in black, with an unprepossessing, coarse, brown face, heavy features and jowl, and a coal-black wig cut straight across and ungracefully hiding his limited forehead. This was a likeness of the once-notorious William Hunting-

don, a popular preacher, whose rugged pulpittings raised him from one of the lowest conditions in life to be hailed as a God-sent messenger, or derided as a fanatic or vulgar impostor, during the latter part of the last and the earlier years of the present century. It had been painted by an Italian artist of some merit and celebrity, at the request and cost of the old gentleman, whose own portrait hangs on one side of it, and that of his wife on the other. As the originals of these performances are present, I transfer attention to them from the canvas.

They sit to the right and left of the fire-place, which, in recognition of the season, is ornamented with a parti-colored chimney paper. The old gentleman reclines in an arm-chair, in a corner, immediately opposite the door, which, when opened, always admits a strong draught, especially if the wind blows from the east, to which grievance Mr. Gower is as sensitive as the majority of elderly Englishmen; but his having assumed the place as master of the house, forty years ago, is, of course, an insurmountable reason for never changing it, until he shall require chairs no longer. His crossed legs rest on a foot-stool; his Bible and spectacles are on a bracket, convenient to his right hand; and there is a little table at his left, with a special candle upon it, ready for lighting. He could not be in a better position for having his portrait taken, and here it is:—

He is a handsome old gentleman—seventy-six on his last birthday—with a hale, placid face and a massive, bald head, fringed with thick, white hair. His nose is large and prominent, his mouth spacious and tranquil in expression, his eyes rather deep set, light blue in color, but too small in size, and over-arched by very white, bushy eyebrows. When he walks abroad, at nearly his full height of six feet, dressed in black of a by-gone fashion, with a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, silver-buckled knee-breeches and gaiters, people generally take him for a clergyman of the old school, not at all to his dissatisfaction. Crossing-sweepers have been known to quote Scripture to him, on the strength of his personal appearance, thereby obtaining another penny. Indeed, he has preached sermons in his day—though, to tell the truth, exceedingly poor ones—as a disciple of his late friend and pastor, William Huntingdon, who rather disapproved of it when Mr. Gower first took his opinion on the subject, and advised him to make very sure of his "calling" before assuming ministerial functions; but subsequently consented to ordain him, after the manner of his sect, and let him travel about the country, in his own gig, at his own expense, neglecting his own proper business, for the very dubious benefit of chapels of the Independent persuasion. He seldom preaches now, however, except when the trustees of certain "Rooms" in Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square (a seceded branch of Whitfield's Tabernacle), are a very hard run for a Wednesday evening's discourse, when they know that Mr. Gower is always available.

The old lady has rather a stately air, and though she wears spectacles, her eyes look sharp and shrewd under her old-fashioned cap. She sits very erect, with the large table drawn up in front of her. There is a picture in a corner (to the right as you enter the room) representing her as a little girl with a smiling face, clear hazel eyes, a lace cap, and a moss-rose in her bosom; but more than sixty years lie between that and the old lady of to-day. Time has rifled the roses of her cheeks with but little less ceremony than that with which he despoiled the real flowers of half a century ago; and, if her eyes are still sharp, her nose is the same, and likewise her temper; while her lips are thin and withered, though they have not forgotten to smile, if they do so more rarely than of old. Compelled by the fading light, she has put aside her needle-work, and seems to be fidgetting a little; for her black silk dress rustles, as if the activity of her mind communicated itself to her body. Presently she speaks, and the sound of lightly-touched piano-forte keys, which has accompanied our physiognomical observations, ceasing in the adjoining parlor, a slender, handsome girl of seventeen appears at the half-open door. Notwithstanding her remarkable beauty, however, she looks as if something had, not very long ago, occurred to sadden it, and impart a tone of unmistakable depression to what would otherwise have been an equally lovely and happy countenance.

"Did you call, grandma? Shall I light the lamp?"

"Not yet, my dear. I wanted to ask you something, that's all. Did you let Paul in, last night?"

"Yes, grandma,"—uttered with a little constraint, as if the speaker were desirous of avoiding an unpleasant subject.

"I thought so! Past twelve again, and you a visitor! Pretty goings on, night after night!—there, I'm not cross with you, though it's enough to give you your death. Do you know if he intends coming home at anything like decent time this evening?"

"He said something about going to Kennington with—Mr. Sabin," the girl replied, reluctantly, but by no means timidly; indeed there

was a suggestion of latent antagonism in her voice.

"Hm!" ejaculated the old lady fiercely. "Mr. Sabin, indeed! That'll do, Ruth, you may go back to your piano—and shut the door. Mr. Gower!"—the old gentleman had sunk into a brown study—"I want to speak to you."

"Well," he said, composedly, "what is it?" "What sort of people are these Sabins whom Paul is so taken up with? He goes to their house three or four times a week, I'm sure, instead of coming straight home, as he ought to do. A nice place it must be, to encourage young men in staying out to all sorts of improper hours! And what's his business at Kennington, I should like to know?"

"I'm sure I don't, my dear," was Mr. Gower's answer.

"Why, I thought you'd met this Mr. Sabin at Mr. Bligh's?" said the old lady, peremptorily. "A painter, wasn't he, or something of that sort?"

"Yes; I believe so. And a very worthy man he appeared to be, though (as I am given to understand) he is not too prosperous in worldly matters."

"Hm! does he paint pictures or houses?"

"Pictures, my dear, pictures! and cleans and restores them. Paul must have got acquainted with him and his family through young Sabin—that tall young man, you know, who called here once. He was with Mr. Bligh some time, but didn't like the business."

"An idle fellow, I dare say!" cried the old lady. "I remember him—coming asking for Paul, with moustaches and a nasty cigar stuck in his mouth—in the morning, too! I don't approve of such acquaintances!"

To which sentiment her husband offering no response, the conversation flagged for a minute or two. It was resumed by Mrs. Gower.

"Do you know that Paul will be out of his time in a month?" she asked.

"Ay?" Mr. Gower raised his bushy eyebrows in tranquil surprise. "He must be near one-and-twenty, then; he was article—let me see—on his sixteenth birthday."

"He's twenty-one next sixth of November," said the old lady emphatically; "day after Guy Fawkes' day—I always remember it by that."

"We must be thinking of doing something for him, my dear."

"That's his business, I suppose!" Another pause, broken as before by Mrs. Gower.

"He'll have to depend upon himself for his position in life, I believe. If he doesn't know that by this time, it's high time he did!" And the speaker nodded her head, again and again, vigorously and angrily.

Her husband did not reply. As if gathering energy from his silence, the old lady kept on.

"Young people who have nothing to look forward to but their own exertions should be obedient, persevering, ambitious, industrious. They should try to deserve the good-will of their elders to whom they owe everything, and plan and scheme to get on in the world more than they do, and then they'd be helped. Instead of which they seem quite indifferent, and waste their time with a pack of people whom their friends disapprove of. And they must take the consequences! Friends are all very well, and acquaintances are all very well, but they're not business! And business is what young people ought to give their minds to, always. We shall see what their Sabins"—with the bitterest emphasis on the word—"will do for them when the time comes."

"Well! well!" said Mr. Gower, who always spoke with deliberation and seemed apprehensive of over-stating himself; "young people will be young people, you know, and we mustn't expect to find old heads on young shoulders. Paul ought to come home earlier, of course, but Mr. Bligh doesn't complain of him."

"He's a great deal too easy and doesn't trouble his head about any of 'em!" cried the old lady.

"Don't tell me! I know how things go on at that office. I was against his going there, at first; he'd much better have been put to a linen-draper's; then he'd have begun to earn money at once, and been kept in out of mischief. But that was your doing and Mr. Blencowe's: I wonder how he'd like to have to keep him, if he doesn't find a situation! That would worry him worse than that nasty, deceitful clergyman who behaved so badly to poor dear Ruth. However, I've quite made up my mind about Paul; he shall either come home at proper hours, or stay out altogether. Night after night! Night after night!—he was very different once—before he knew these Sabins. And I'll find out the reason of his going there, if I have to go to the house on purpose. And so I shall tell him—pretty sharply, too!"

As this was, perhaps, the fiftieth time that Mrs. Gower had relieved herself by similar declarations, her husband listened with true matrimonial resignation and without further remark; so the conversation ended. Nor was a word uttered till twenty minutes later, when the old gentleman proposed ringing the bell for tea, and called Ruth to light the lamp. Just then a double knock at the street door, and the appearance of a maid servant announced a visitor.

CHAPTER II.

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

"A gentleman to see you, sir. I asked his name, but he says you don't know him."

"Tell him to walk in, Rebecca." The old lady adds a hurried caution relative to the safety of the hats and coats in the passage.

A tall man of about forty, muscular in figure, without superfluity of flesh, his face sunburnt and rather handsome, but unpromisingly hard and keen in expression. His black hair was cut very short, his upper lip and the sides of his face were shaven, but he wore a beard, the peculiar metallic lustre of which was evidently produced by the application of old-fashioned, inferior dye—they have made such improvements in the article nowadays that there is really no detecting it, when scientifically applied. If he had let his moustaches grow, as well as his beard, it would have improved his personal appearance by hiding his mouth, which, without being either too thick or thin-lipped, was large and so unpleasantly indicative of self-will that one couldn't help suspecting that it might look cruel, on provocation. The visitor's dress consisted of a loose summer coat of the thin, black material denominated alpaca, a silk waistcoat of the same color, what the wearer would have called dark "pants," a white hat, and very shiny patent-leather boots.

"I have undertaken the delivery of a letter to you, sir," he says, in a strongly-accented nasal voice—after politely saluting Mr. and Mrs. Gower—"from the United States."

"I'll take a chair, sir!" And the old lady nervously rubbed the glasses of her spectacles, and hastily settled them upon her nose, in order to scrutinize the stranger; her husband, meanwhile, taking the letter and drawing the candle, which Ruth had just lighted, towards him.

Not so much in consequence of observing that the stranger's bright dark eyes were fixed on her grand-daughter's countenance, as from a rising anticipation which made the old lady's heart beat fast, did she tell Ruth, in an agitated manner, to leave the room.

The girl hesitated, paused, and then said frankly and decidedly: "I beg your pardon, grandma, but if this gentleman comes from my father, I should like to stay." Mrs. Gower motioned her to remain.

"My dear," she then inquired of her husband, "is it from John? I'm sure it's from John! Don't keep it from me! Do you know him, sir?"

The stranger's look made his assent superfluous.

"It is from our son," the old gentleman answered, turning with tremulous hand to the signature of the letter.

"I thought so! I knew it! Thank God for it!" The old lady clasped her hands tightly over her breast, laughing and crying. "My poor child! my darling! Oh, sir! how kind of you to bring the news! It's years and years since we have heard anything about him—we'd almost given up hoping!—but I didn't—his old mother didn't! And why hasn't he written before?" The old lady's questions and ejaculations ended in tears; she broke down, and, to employ the phrase ordinarily used by her sex on such occasions, had a regular good cry.

"I guess the doctor has posted you up pretty thoroughly in his letter," said the American, when Mrs. Gower, aided by the sympathizing exhortations of her husband, and not less interested, though more collected grand-daughter, had regained her self-control. "If I can tell you anything in addition, you're welcome, I'm sure."

"Read it out," said the old lady to her husband, who looked towards the stranger and hesitated. With ready tact and politeness, he rose, offering to withdraw into the adjoining room; and, after a little to-do in disclaiming discourtesy and ordering candles, did so, walking into the front parlor and closing the door after him.

Then Mr. Gower read the letter aloud.

It was from his eldest son, breaking a silence which had lasted nearly fourteen years. I shall tell his story hereafter. At present it is sufficient to state that he had been the prodigal of the family. His letter was a peculiar one, exceedingly characteristic of its writer. It seemed dictated by a sense of duty and strong feeling, but embittered by apprehensions of a cold reception, which past severity led him to expect, and against which he was too proud to remonstrate; though he longed for a return of affection and sympathy, and had experienced enough of misfortune to value both. It was this misfortune, he alleged, which had withheld him from earlier communication, inasmuch as it would have necessitated humiliating confessions of want of success and definite position in life, and perhaps laid him open to the suspicion of selfish motives, from the dread of which hard-earned wealth had at length absolved him. That wealth, he said, now enabled him to relieve those who had for so many years supplied his place, of the responsibility of maintaining his children, and to offer them a home in the United States, if they were willing to come, and those who had charge of consented to part with them. Accordingly he had written not only the present letter, but

also to the guardian of Ruth (who, as the reader has gathered from an observation of Mrs. Gower's, was only a visitor at her grandfather's), referring the proposal to the decision of his parents and Mr. Blencowe; and, secondarily, to the inclinations of his children, who, he trusted, had not forgotten their vagabond father, notwithstanding his protracted silence. Disavowing any assumption of right or authority in the matter, as cancelled by long abeyance, he yet wished to remind his kinsfolk of his existence, and to assure both Paul and Ruth of his love and solicitude for their welfare. The former, he thought, might at least like to accept his offer, always with the consent of his grandparents. He did not, however, disguise his desire to reclaim both his children.

The letter was very earnestly written, though pervaded by a certain coldness of tone, hinted rather than openly expressed, and suggestive of latent convictions of personal injustice, modified by gratitude on behalf of the children. This appeared especially towards Mr. Gower (the letter was addressed to both parents); to his mother the expatriated son wrote with occasional tenderness, none the less touching for its involuntary sadness. You would have inferred cause for self-reproach in the writer, but a persuasion that it ought, in some degree, to be shared by others. He concluded rather abruptly, by introducing his messenger as Mr. Jesse B. Wheeler, of New York City, a friend of his, who intended crossing the Atlantic on business which required his presence in various European capitals; and with a request for a speedy answer.

Twenty minutes later, after an agitated conversation mainly engrossed by the old couple (though Ruth had her own reasons for being greatly exercised by the news), the American was recalled and warmly thanked for having executed his commission. Mr. and Mrs. Gower were profuse in their offers of hospitality, which Mr. Wheeler civilly declined, on the plea of an immediate departure from London.

"I start for Paris to-night," he said, "but will do myself the pleasure of stopping in on you in about a month's time, in case you'd like to send anything to the doctor. I shall go to New Orleans on my return to the States, and am pretty sure to see him. Is Mr. Paul Gower at home?"

"No," answered the old lady, rather startled at the suddenness of the question.

"Because the doctor made me promise him some sort of report about his children. I can tell him nothing but what will be agreeable about this young lady, I'm sure," with a smile and a bow to Ruth; "but I'd like to see her brother, too."

"If he came home in proper time, as he'd ought to—"Mrs. Gower was beginning, when her grand-daughter, addressing herself to the American, informed him of the cause of Paul's absence, adding:—

"He will be very sorry to have missed you, sir. If you don't mind going to Newman street, which isn't far, and I can give you the address—they'll tell you where he's gone, and—" here, between her desire of accomplishing the interview and the apprehension of taking a liberty, the girl came to a sudden conclusion; nor was her embarrassment at all lessened by a sharp remark from her grandmother about the value of the gentleman's time.

He came to her rescue, very gallantly. "I'd do more than that," he said, "to oblige such a young lady—and the doctor." And, blushing at the compliment, Ruth wrote out the address, Mrs. Gower looking on and sniffing disapproval.

This little transaction ended, Ruth, under the directions of her grandmother, busied herself in producing cake and wine, during which operations, Mr. Gower took advantage of the opportunity to question his visitor:

"My son tells us," he said, when the American had drunk a glass of sherry, "that he is now blest with health and prosperity (which we are naturally very glad to hear), but he does not give many particulars relative to his position in life. After so long an absence (of course very painful to us), we should like to hear as much as possible about him. I think you were good enough to offer us some information?"

I shall condense Mr. Wheeler's answer into its substantial facts. The doctor, as he styled his friend, seemed to have led a thoroughly American life in respect to variety of occupation and locality. He had practised physic and edited a newspaper in New York city, travelled in the far West as railroad-surveyor and land-agent, been a surgeon in the United States army during the Mexican war, visited the South American Republics as a photographer, resumed his original profession, and "tended store" in San Francisco, California. He appeared to have experienced all kinds of hard fortune, being the very foot-ball of the fickle goddess, until his luck had suddenly changed and taken the shape of a considerable legacy in land and negroes, bequeathed to him by a Louisiana friend and patron, in gratitude for his services during the prevalence of yellow fever on the cotton plantation of which John Gower was now owner, situate in Carroll Parish, in the northern portion of that great State, at a place euphoniously known as

Buzzard's Bend, on the banks of the Mississippi.

"He was always clever," said the old lady, proudly. Like her husband and grand-daughter, she had listened to the American with as much astonishment as interest; such a variety of adventure and employment sounded half-inconceivable to their English ears. They were, besides, rather disturbed at the idea of the hero of the narrative owning slaves.

"Does my father think of returning to England?" inquired Ruth.

"To be sure he does!" cried Mrs. Gower—a little anxiously, though.

"I guess he has concluded to settle in Louisiana," replied the American: "he may come here on a visit, of course;" adding a commonplace about home and filial affection.

"Of course!" echoed the old lady, looking, like Ruth, very much disappointed. "And where is Louisiana, sir?"

Mr. Wheeler told her.

"Have you known John long, sir—and is he much altered? Why didn't he send his daguerreotype?"

The American described his friend's appearance to the best of his ability, and said he had been acquainted with him for about three years. "The doctor's a fine man and very much respected," he remarked, not as a personal but general eulogium on his character.

Mrs. Gower's heart warmed towards the speaker, whom she straightway subjected to much and minute questioning about her son's health, habits, position, and prospects; to all of which he replied with perfect good humor and patience. Satisfying her at length, he looked at his watch and rose to go.

"We shall see you again, I hope, sir, when perhaps you may favor us with a longer visit. Any friend of my son's, and particularly one to whom we have so much reason to be obliged—" and Mr. Gower completed a rather formal invitation with his hand upon the bell-rope. Declining it, but repeating his promise of calling, Mr. Wheeler politely bade farewell to all present—bestowing a parting glance of scrutiny upon Ruth, as he did so—and was shown out by the servant, leaving those behind him in a state of unwonted interest and animation.

It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with the conversation that occurred over the long-delayed evening meal; as what results accrued from it will be told hereafter. After much talking, chiefly by the old lady and gentleman—for Ruth was too much occupied with speculations about this unknown father of her's (of whom she had no personal remembrance) to be loquacious—Mr. Gower reverted to the letter, and sat silently reading and re-reading its contents, as if desirous of missing no shade of their meaning, for a long time. Presently, with something like a sigh, he re-folded and would have placed it between the leaves of his Bible, had not the old lady demanded it. To that Bible he then turned for consolation.

When Mr. Gower said family prayers that night, his listeners remarked that he dwelt with particular earnestness of supplication on behalf of those "dear to, but distant from us;" and when Ruth kissed him, before going to bed, she noticed that his spectacles were moist with tears.

Meantime the American, on leaving Mr. Gower's house, walked at a brisk pace to what was then the New, but is now the Euston, Road, and presently hailed a passing hansom.

"Hurry up, will you?" he said, giving the man the direction he had received from Ruth.

"All right, sir!" and in another moment he was rattling over the stones with all the velocity inspired by the hope of liberal fare.

Arrived at Newman street, Mr. Wheeler alighted at a house with a tarnished brass plate on the door, bearing the inscription, "John Sabin, Artist: Pictures Cleaned and Restored;" told the cabman to wait, and rang the bell, once, twice—three times—losing patience at the delay, and at a slatternly girl who came and stared at him from the area. At length, however, the door opened and he was admitted. He returned very soon, jumped into the cab and ordered the man to drive to Kennington. An elderly man of large, jolly countenance, who had appeared at the open door, watched the departure of the vehicle, and remained until a shrill cry of "Father!" from within, summoned him from the threshold.

CHURCH AUTHORITY IN EXTREMIS.

[From the London Spectator.]

There is something pathetic in the fresh evidence which every week brings that religious men in all directions are groping painfully for something which shall be at once an authority on which to lean, and no authority by which to be bound,—for an elastic authority that shall sustain them without constraining them,—for a flexible authority which shall be found pliant wherever it presses closely and painfully, but not the less shall supply by its traditional associations the place of deficient conviction wherever there is no clear opinion opposed to it. The "Old" Cath-

olics and the French Protestants—Mr. Guizot, Bishop Wordsworth, and the "Free Presbytery" of Dundee—all betray the same wistful yearning for an authority that shall strengthen your weakness without over-ruling your positive convictions. But such an authority, pliant wherever you press, and sustaining where you wish to lean, is by no means easy to find, if only for this reason, that different minds want to enlarge their freedom in different directions; so that the party of movement in all the various churches have discovered that where they want to enlarge their liberty, their colleagues and friends are of all things anxious, if not to narrow, at least not to extend it. The "Old" Catholics have found out that just at the moment when they were wanting more room for free speculation, Rome was intent on guiding them more imperiously than ever. The rationalistic French Protestants have discovered that long after they had given up the absolute authority of Scripture, and were anxiously groping for some substitute for it in the spiritual morality which Scripture had generated, their co-religionists were anxious to pull the check-string sharply, and force them back to their allegiance to verbal inspiration. In England our Broad Churchmen find that when they try to enlarge the bounds of their communion, and, for instance, to get rid of the anathemas of the Athanasian Creed, the very Puseyites,—who on all other matters appeal to "the primitive Church," "the first four Councils," and so forth,—are horror-struck at this proposal to banish a creed dating at the very earliest from the eighth century, and accuse them roundly of unbelief for wishing to abide by the only creeds known to the primitive Church in question. And in the so-called Free Church of Scotland, no sooner does one of the most distinguished of the ministers avail himself of the fortunate vagueness and generality of the definition of the "Church of Christ" offered in that Communion, to extend the limits of Christian fellowship to a Unitarian of the most spiritual type, than all his brethren cry out on him in horror, and one of them accuses him to his face of wishing, not for "a larger fellowship of saints," but for "a fellowship of devils." In every Church the party of movement seems to be replying to the reproaches and exhortations of the conservative party in the pathetic language of the poet:—

"Come back, come back,—and whither and for what?
To finger idly some old Jordan knot?
Unwieldy to sunder and to weak to cleave,
And with much toll attain to half-believe?"

For it is half-belief, and only half-belief, and that "attained with much toll," that all semi-authoritative Churches offer you at best. Yes, even the Roman Church gives, and gives even to those who humbly accept its doctrinal infallibility most fully, little more than this; for when they come to ask what the Infallible Church really does decree on a number of vital questions—Inspiration, for example—they only find that these questions have never been put, and that it is one of the great subjects of congratulation amongst Roman Catholics that there are so many points of doctrine still left undetermined on which they are still at liberty to think as they please. And in Churches less audacious and more temporizing, it is simply pathetic to hear the explanations offered as to what the final authority is. The "Old" Catholics want to make it the general assent of the whole body of the faithful, the great recommendation of this authority being that you can never by any possibility get at it to put it to the test. So again, Bishop Wordsworth, in his affecting puzzle-headed letter to the "Old" Catholics in congress at Cologne, makes it the great merit of the Church of England that it sticks to the primitive faith and the old Councils, and that it accepts a creed of the eighth century, of which no one knows the origin; while he severely reprehends his correspondents for accepting twelve articles compiled by a Pope in the sixteenth century, making, however, no mention of the fact that the Church of England accepts thirty-nine articles compiled by all sorts of volunteer theologians of about the same date. Surely it is impossible to indicate more perfectly the quaintly subjective nature of the authority to which the worthy bishop meekly bows. He and his party lean on the authority of whatever has become a second nature with them, whatever date the symbol bears, while they recoil in alarm from that to which they are unaccustomed, whether originating early or late. The case is not different with the "Free Church Presbyteries." Read the report in the Dundee Advertiser on Thursday week (12th September) of Mr. Knight's interview with his grieved and reproachful Presbytery, and notice the tremors which pervade them all, even the most Orthodox, as to the exercise of any real authority on the part of the Presbytery. The most prudent of them, while vehemently asserting that the Presbytery has a true divine authority as a Church to admonish and condemn, are beyond measure anxious not to use it more than they can help. There is no doubt at all about the theoretic right,—the Presbytery as a Court of Christ's Church was warranted authoritatively to prohibit any course of conduct or action on the part of any one of its members which it might deem injurious to the interests of the Church and to the cause of Christ generally,—

but as to the practical exercise of that right, why there is not one of the really experienced members, not even he who interjected so forcibly that Mr. Knight wished for "fellowship with devils," who does not feel anxious about it, and wish to get out of the matter with as little practical strain on the authority of the Presbytery as possible. The general feeling of the Presbytery seems to have been that their ecclesiastical authority was a capital thing to fall back upon in their own minds, but that the less it was called upon to put down actual heresy, the better. Indeed there was a universal feeling of regret that the Church should be compelled to assert the exclusion even of Unitarians as such, from the Church of Christ: not that Unitarians are any better than they should be, but that the vaguer their definition of the true Church of Christ is, the better,—the better would it be adapted to sustain weak faith without challenging sharp criticism.

Nothing seems to us more really typical of the day and more sad in itself, than the universal distrust of the very ecclesiastical authority to which so much appeal is made. From Rome, who boasts how many loopholes and breathing-apertures are left for doubt, even after her infallibility is proclaimed, to the Free Presbytery of Dundee, which asserts its authority, and in the same instant seeks in every direction for an excuse not to use it in any way that will bring its nature into debate, the characteristic cry of the conservatives in every Church seems to be for some prop on which to lean where faith is weak, without any impediment to liberty where faith is strong,—an authority not too obvious or overbearing, an authority with an uncertain but comforting sound,—uncertain enough not to interfere with what you earnestly believe, and comforting enough to help you to believe what you don't like to reject, but only half-believe. Pere Hyacinthe, for instance, is horrified at the notion of Protestantism. He converted his wife from it, and professes loudly his intention to remain a Catholic priest. But he throws off all the authority of the Roman Church, not only as to infallibility, but as to practical matters like the marriage of priests, and appeals to the "Old" (Catholicism as his standard. What the "Old" (Catholicism's standard may turn out to be, nobody knows. It has thrown off one General Council because it was not free, and has not told us which of the General Councils that it accepts was free. It decides at present to include the Jansenists, the more willingly that it has borrowed a bishop from them, and it seems inclined to include the Anglo-Catholics of this country, as represented by Bishop Wordsworth, if it can manage to comprehend them. The result seems likely to be that "Old" Catholicism will draw its line as to what sort of Catholicism is "Old," very much where it is most convenient for present emergencies to do so, and that it will contrive to put its ultimate authority as completely out of reach as if it denied all ecclesiastical authority exercised on earth altogether,—which it does not.

In short, "Authority" seems to mean the reserve force retained by Churches for the purpose of helping conservative piety to believe what otherwise it would only wish to believe. It hardly ever succeeds in preventing anybody from believing heartily what it repudiates. It hardly ever succeeds in persuading anybody to believe heartily what does not suit his state of mind; but it does just succeed in disguising from a good many persons the difference between a wistful aspiration and a real faith; between a half-faith and a whole. But even in this it does not succeed much longer. The time is approaching rapidly when religious faith will be a positive individual conviction, resting on definite spiritual grounds, in each person, or else nothing at all. Ecclesiastical authority is shrinking everywhere into insignificance except at Rome, and there it is trying its devotees more than they can bear. The "Old" Catholics prefer at present to say that there is a clearer test of what is "old," i. e., primitive, than of what is true, and that the former is a clew to the latter. But they will find, as Anglo-Catholics have found, "primitive-ness" a very roundabout and intricate clew to divine truth,—one on which it will be impossible to agree. And where reformers who insist on interpreting the Bible for themselves can have found the moral justification for any intermediate authority between themselves and Christ,—such as a Westminster Confession of Faith, for example,—we never have had the least conception, and even the Scotch Churches are beginning to quake at the utter untenability of their position now. It is a sufficiently hard duty to scrape out, each for himself, the drift of the divine revelation, but it is what we are coming to very fast. The only kind of authority which any creed will in time be able to boast, will be that a great number of religious-minded and independent men, honestly studying for themselves the records of Christian teaching, have arrived at a common result,—in short, the authority attaching to all coincidence of faith among those competent to inquire, and eager for truth alone.

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

N. B.—Brief and pithy extracts for this column will be gratefully received. Please send marked copies.

CONQUEST OF THE WORLD.—The Church is moving on the heathen world as never before. She is beginning to carry out the great command of the Master, "Go and disciple all nations." All along the lines the tramp of Immanuel's army is heard. Fall into the ranks, do your duty, and soon you will shout the world's conquest to Christ.—*Boston Zion's Herald.*

WELL-MEANT SOLICITUDE.—Dear reader, are you teaching any soul to hate sin? If not, begin now, begin with the sinning soul the nearest to you, and then go on as far as your influence can possibly go. Don't delay. You may die before you have the means of saving one soul, then how poor you will feel in heaven, should you ever get there.—*L. Crawford, in Dover (N. H.) Morning Star.*

THE END OF THE WORLD.—The end of the present dispensation must be near. Bro. B. Taylor inquires for our views in relation to the coming of Christ in 1873. We can heartily say, so far as we are personally concerned, we should be greatly rejoiced to be satisfied he would come as soon as 1873; but the evidence presented does not convince us that we shall see the Savior next year. We see a large "18" in the way. We think the evidence for 1875 much stronger. There are certain events which we think must transpire before the coming of Christ. When we see those in process of fulfillment, then we may expect his immediate coming. We do not say they cannot transpire between now and the close of 1873, but we think more time will be required. Let us all wait and watch and pray.—*World's Crisis (Boston, May 8, 1872).*

TOTAL DEPRAVITY.—Men do not like the term total depravity. But you might as well expect to find a man born a hundred years old, as to expect to find a man born without a depraved nature. When you shall find a child knowing all arithmetic at one year old, expert in all music at one year old, a universal historian at one year old, an athlete at one year old, full of all temporal wisdom at one year old,—then, and not before, will you find another child that is born into this world expert in all virtue, in all truth, in all moral purity, in all upward tendencies. The fact is, men are born at the lowest point of the scale, and work their way up through cycles of inexperience and mistakes and transgressions to the highest point. And it is not a slander to say that men are depraved, unless it be a slander to say that this is the method of divine creation, or that this is the way the world was organized.—*Oneida Dispatch.*

ONLY ONE BOOK.—Blessed be God that there is at least one thing thoroughly superhuman, supernatural, in this world; something which stands out from and above "the laws of Nature;" something visible and audible to link us with Him whose face we see not, and whose voice we hear not! What a blank would there be here, if only this one fragment of the divine, now venerable, both with wisdom and age, were to disappear from the midst of us; or, what is the same thing, the discovery were to be made that this ancient volume is not the unearthly thing which men have deemed it, but, at the highest estimate, a mere fragment from the great block of human thought; perhaps, according to another estimate, a mere relic of superstition! There is but one Book, and we shall one day know this, when that which is human shall pass away (like the mists from some Lebanon peak) and leave that which is divine, to stand out and to shine out alone in its unhidden grandeur.—*Horatius Bonar, D. D.*

BAPTISMAL PANTS.—Of all the advertisements in the way of "Church Furniture," which we have seen, the *National Baptist* is responsible for the most outrageous. The Baptists have, as most people know, a haughty air about them, sometimes called "primitive Christianity," and like to prove their immersion theories by the instance, among others, of the celebrated Ethiopian who went down into the water and was baptized by St. Philip. We do not know whether they are so far gone in ritualism that we can ask them without offence whether the garments referred to below are supposed to be the correct thing, and modelled after those of the convert in question:—

BAPTISMAL PANTS.

(Manufactured by Richard Levick, 708 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.)

FOR

16 New Subscribers at \$2 50 a year, or 11 New Subscribers and \$5 00 in cash,

We can give a pair of Baptismal Pants made to order. Send size of boots, size around the waist, and height of the person for whom they are intended.

—*Brooklyn Catholic Review.*

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.

SHARES EACH \$100.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO STOCK.

ACKNOWLEDGED elsewhere, Nine Hundred and Sixty-Four Shares.

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WM. H. GILMORE,	Chicago,	"	100
C. A. GREENLEAF,	"	"	100
			\$56.700

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending January 11, 1873.

Miss M. E. Sawyer,	\$3.00	F. G. Brandt,	3.00
Chester A. Greenleaf,	1.50	Mrs. Adam Koch,	3.00
O. W. Cook,	3.00	C. D. B. Mills,	3.00
E. W. Dickerson,	3.00	J. Henry Clark,	3.00
Nicholas Jovanovich,	3.00	Annie J. Stoddard,	3.00
Wm. A. Burnham,	1.50	S. B. A. Haynes,	3.00
A. D. Adams,	1.00	F. H. Ross,	3.00
Byron R. Carpenter,	1.00	S. Graham,	3.00
J. Via Blake,	18.00	James Atkinson,	3.00
Elisabeth H. Besmer,	.75	D. Boyd,	3.00
D. Craig,	1.70	S. Rogers,	1.00
H. J. Haight,	1.00	Mrs. C. E. Seer,	3.00
Walter P. Whitney,	.40	Mrs. L. H. Cowles,	1.00
Oliver N. Robinson,	1.50	C. B. Holloway,	3.00
James Whittier,	1.50	J. J. Nichols,	3.00
Eliza A. Babbitt,	1.50	E. A. H. Belyand,	3.00
Mrs. F. Q. Davis,	.75	Mrs. R. E. Matliska,	3.00
W. T. Carley,	.75	F. P. Sessena,	3.00
W. Elsey,	.75	W. F. Allen,	3.00
Chas. A. Hayden,	1.50	John Dedrick,	3.00
Wm. H. Farquhar,	3.00	John C. Oehlert,	3.00
Joseph McGuchnie,	3.00	John L. Woods,	3.00
A. M. Greeley,	3.00	Magnus Pfau,	3.00
Edw. Howland,	3.00	M. B. Bryant,	3.00
C. Townsend,	3.00	A. S. Carpenter,	3.00
Frank Edson,	3.00	Huldah T. Campbell,	3.00
Mary A. Ross,	3.00	D. L. Crittenden,	3.00
L. A. Gushue,	3.00	Amos Smith,	3.00
John Robinson,	3.00	Fred. Frothingham,	3.00
James M. Walton,	3.00	Geo. Kridler,	3.00
J. K. Cook,	3.00	J. H. Robinson,	3.00
A. J. Warner,	3.00	Mrs. M. J. Terry,	3.00
Joseph Post,	3.00	N. Cobb,	3.00
Joseph Barnes,	3.00	B. F. Smith,	3.00
J. D. Myrick,	3.00	Calvin Manning,	3.00
J. E. Putnam,	3.00	J. W. Thompson,	3.00
Mrs. E. R. Francis,	3.00	M. R. Robinson,	3.00
Miss M. E. Rice,	3.00	J. B. Bonnell,	3.00
R. M. Turner,	3.00	Laura Barnard,	3.00
W. J. Barnes,	3.00	Joel McMillan,	3.00
Ferrin Scarborough,	3.00	A. W. Nichols,	2.00
Celia Burleigh,	3.00	Mrs. A. F. Curtis,	10.00
Henry Palphamand,	3.00	Chas. Shepard,	20.00
L. Beche,	3.00	Jennie Dey,	1.00
S. D. Fuller,	3.00	A. S. Martin,	.40
R. D. Fyler,	3.25	P. Mellicham,	.30
O. M. Hawley,	3.00	John B. Woods,	.30
Geo. W. Weed,	3.00	J. W. Cogswell,	.30
E. Aldrich,	3.00	G. T. Beakett,	.10
C. H. Green,	3.00	Chas. H. Lindell,	.65
Francis H. Lee,	3.00	Alfred Warren,	4.50
Oliver S. Taber,	3.00	James W. Greene,	3.00
P. M. Vaughan,	3.00	David G. Francis,	12.50
W. F. Freeman,	3.00	Geo. W. Park,	20.00
C. P. Williston,	3.00	David Branson,	25.00
Lyman Cross,	3.00	James T. Dickinson,	140.00
Dyer D. Lum,	3.00	Wm. J. Potter,	70.00
Geo. W. Stevens,	3.00	Brown & Faunce,	30.00
G. H. A. Morse,	3.00	J. H. Pease,	10.00
Amos Eldridge,	3.00	E. Russell,	3.00
M. G. Kimball,	3.00	B. E. Gremshaw,	3.00
M. P. Barber,	3.00	H. V. Spooner,	3.00
Jonas Hilton,	3.00	L. O. Bass,	3.00
Chas. H. Wheeler,	3.00	Ira Smith,	3.00
Thos. Evans,	3.00	Schuyler Rue,	2.00
Mrs. C. Stratton,	3.00	J. Hartung,	.80
F. H. Bulwer,	3.00	Wm. Henry,	1.00
Jno. H. Bridge,	3.00	C. N. Harlow,	3.00
Geo. W. Robinson,	3.00	Francis Mason,	3.00
Sylvanus Hong,	3.00	E. G. Allen,	3.00
Howard Delano,	3.00	Lucy Williams,	3.00
Elizabeth N. Copeland,	3.00	R. P. Dresser,	3.00
Eliza S. Williams,	3.00	Michael Neale,	3.00
D. B. Marsh,	3.00	J. E. Wilson,	3.00
Amos Robinson,	3.00	J. T. Thornton,	4.00
R. H. Clark,	3.00	Almira L. Tracy,	2.00
John Perigo,	1.50	E. O. Avery,	3.00
John Miller,	1.00	James Anson,	3.00
David G. Francis,	3.00	S. W. Ayers,	3.00
Geo. W. Park,	3.00	A. Bate,	3.00
David Branson,	3.00	W. J. Ryan,	3.00
W. W. Moore,	3.00	I. Rigdon,	3.00
David Lee,	3.00	Geo. E. Jewett,	3.00
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F. M. Tate,	3.00	Flake Barrett,	3.00
W. J. Cochran,	3.00	W. C. Rust, Jr.,	3.00
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Samuel Shephardson,	3.00	Wm. Wisewell,	3.00
A. Mills,	3.00	Mrs. M. M. Sherman,	3.00
A. Noss,	3.00	Eugene Hutchinson,	2.00
H. W. Warren,	3.00	M. B. Sherwin,	3.00
P. R. Wright,	3.00	J. W. Pike,	3.00
E. R. Wicks,	3.00	J. T. Blakeney,	3.00
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L. T. Rippey,	1.00	Miss E. Emerson,	10.00
Jacob Ruby,	1.50	Warren Emerson,	10.00
Rich'd Humphrey,	.75	Wm. P. Chambers,	10.00
N. Hayward,	1.75	Samuel L. Hill,	10.00
Jennie E. Moss,	1.50	R. H. Ranney,	10.00
		T. B. Skinner,	.30

All ends of reform are darkly shaded in the background with the accumulated vices of generations.

The Index.

JANUARY 18, 1873.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features, and offers an opportunity for discussions on this subject which find no fitting place in other papers.

The columns of THE INDEX are open for the discussion of all questions included under its general purpose.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

BUSINESS NOTICE.—All communications without exception, on all matters pertaining to the paper, should be addressed to "THE INDEX, DRAWER 88, TOLEDO, OHIO." All cheques, drafts, and post office money orders, should be made payable to "THE INDEX ASSOCIATION." No responsibility is assumed for loss of money or neglect in the fulfilment of orders, unless these directions are STRICTLY COMPLIED WITH.

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ARTHUR WALTER STEVENS, Associate Editor.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Please send all matter intended for any particular issue of THE INDEX at least a fortnight in advance of date. We shall be very greatly obliged by attention to this request.

Our virtues should be the stuff of which our lives are woven, not bits of gaudy ribbon pinned on for show in fair weather. How much finery is stripped off by a sudden wind of temptation!

Sturdy old John Knox prefaced the Confession of Faith which he gave to Scotland with this large and liberal declaration: "Protesting that, gif any Man will note in this our Confession any Article or Sentence repugning to Gods holle Word, that it wad pleis him of his gentlines, and for Christianse cherities saik, to admonise us of the samyn in writt; and We of our honour and fidelitie do promeis unto him satisfactioun fra the Mouth of God, that is, fra his holle Scripture, or ellis reformatioun of that quhilk he sall prove to be amyss." This reminds us of John Robinson's famous declaration that "the Lord has more truth yet to break out of his holy Word." The spirit of Free Religion thus lighted up with great illumination the otherwise intolerant theology of the great Protestant Reformers.

Inquiries as to the price of the photographs advertised in THE INDEX begin to be made. It is necessary to state that the only price asked is the little labor requisite to secure new subscriptions to the paper. The photographs are not for sale. The object of the premium scheme is solely to increase the circulation of THE INDEX; and it is very doubtful if any of the gentlemen whose photographs are offered would have consented to it for any other reason. If you will only make a little exertion, you will be surprised at your own success. We hope that every one who desires any or all of the photographs will be willing to get his neighbors to subscribe, and thus secure what he wants. The purpose of the premium project would be wholly defeated, if we were to sell the photographs. Consequently we trust our friends will take the offer of the photographs as a gentle hint that we need their assistance, of which the present of a few photographs will be merely a grateful and quite inadequate acknowledgment. It will be a small thing to our subscribers, but a great thing to us, if each of them will now actively help to swell the subscription list of THE INDEX. We must therefore respectfully decline to put a price on these photographs; but they will be sent most cheerfully without price in return for a little active aid. It should be added that the expense of the plan forbids us to consider as a "new" subscriber any one whose name was already on our list at New Year.

"PAUL GOWER."

We take great pleasure in announcing that arrangements have at last been concluded for the publication in THE INDEX of a very interesting Radical Romance, which will probably continue during the year. In adding such a feature as that of a serial story to THE INDEX, we have simply been desirous to advance its general cause,—not to lower its character by catering to an appetite for sensationalism in the public, but rather to make the paper more popular in the highest sense of the word, by appealing to a wider range of sympathies than can be reached by reasoning alone. The free religious movement embraces all humanity; not merely all individuals, but all of each individual,—imagination and sentiment quite as much as the dry intellect. Hence the advantage of presenting a truthful picture of life as variously affected by various religious ideas, none the less truthful for being imaginary in incident and situation. We believe that "Paul Gower" will be found to be a work of high excellence, adapted to carry further forward in its own way the cause to which THE INDEX is specially devoted, and to bring it home to the hearts of very many who would otherwise be little interested in it. If this were not really a "rationalistic story," we should not have thought best to devote to it so much space in these columns; but, as it is, we believe that the space required could not otherwise be so advantageously filled. That this judgment will be abundantly confirmed by the readers of THE INDEX is our confident expectation.

To meet the sure demand for back numbers which will be made as the story progresses, we shall print each week a surplus of copies to a limited amount. Whoever desires to secure the story entire should subscribe at once. During the past three years it has been our uniform experience that a greater demand than could be met has been made for the earlier numbers of each year: and it will undoubtedly be the same this year. By subscribing immediately the unbroken file can be secured; and all who wish for it should act without delay. Especially to all friends who wish to increase the circulation of the paper we would say that now is the time to make vigorous efforts in its behalf. Let them send for the "Agents' Circulars," and thus become acquainted with the best plans of procedure. Now for "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together!"

AN UNLOOKED-FOR ALLY.

It is cause for profound congratulation to the liberals of this country that the Toledo Commercial (which is doubtless taken by every family in the land, from the aristocratic denizens of the metropolis to the stout yeomanry of the farmhouse and the log-but) gives its unqualified approval to the plan of radical organization sketched on our first page. In the issue of that paper for January 6, after quoting largely from THE INDEX, and dwelling upon the matter at some length, the editor thus indicates his deep sympathy with the movement:—

"We refer to this movement chiefly for the purpose of record, in order that it may be known when and where it got its start; and we will not deny that this purpose is not wholly unmixed with local pride. . . . The local distinction thus promised will very naturally enlist in behalf of this new movement no little interest with our citizens, and hence the concern they have in this announcement."

We were not, we confess, quite prepared for the bold endorsement thus accorded to our proposition by so distinguished a journal. Its vast circulation renders the aid it so generously extends serviceable in the extreme; while the great weight universally attached to the opinion it expresses, the preponderating influence it exerts over the most progressive minds of the age, and the deference invariably shown to its utterances, not only by its local competitors (the Toledo Blade, for instance), but also by the great dailies of New York, London, and Paris, combine to make the favor it confers too overpowering ever to be adequately repaid. With sentiments of the most unutterable gratitude, we frankly confess our obligation as the only way

we see to pay even a poor instalment of the debt; and we refer our readers to the columns of the Commercial as likely to contain the ablest arguments and most fervid, persuasive appeals in behalf of radical organization. Although hitherto not specially identified with the liberal cause, we doubt not that the "coming man" has at last arrived, and that the editor of the Commercial, waving the glittering sword which was never yet found on the losing side, will lead the jubilant legions of radicalism to a victory that will dazzle the world.

P. S.—It is not true that the editor of the Commercial swallows the Westminster Catechism entire. Thirty years ago a doubt of the damnation of unbaptized infants flashed fitfully across his mind; and there are grave grounds for suspecting that its ghost still haunts the editorial intellect.

Napoleon Buonaparte, conversing with Bertrand at St. Helena, is reported to have used the following language: "Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the other founders of religion and empire; but it does not exist. There is between Christianity and every other religion the distance of infinity. Everything about the Bethlehemite astonishes me; his march across the ages and the realms is not human. You speak of Alexander, of Cæsar, and the enthusiasts they enkindled in the breast of their soldiers; it was nothing. My armies have forgotten me even while living, as the legions of Carthage forgot Hannibal; a single defeat crushes us, scatters our power; but this dead man, with an army faithful to his memory, is making conquests yet, and from his tomb is governing more than we all did from our thrones!" We would inquire of Orthodox writers who so often quote these words with approval, whether the deeds of the Church have been and are done in obedience to the "government" of its so-called Head? If they answer unqualifiedly yes, then Jesus is responsible for all the crimes of the Church. If they answer unqualifiedly no, then Jesus is deprived of all the glory of its achievements. The Catholic would give the former answer, denying that anything ever done by the Church was a crime. The free thinker would give the latter answer, thereby denying that Jesus is the real "governor" of the Church at all, and exposing the shallowness of the ex-Emperor's vaunted tribute. But the Protestant Christian, with his usual confusion of things incompatible, would probably answer that Jesus ordains all the Church's achievements, and none of its crimes; which, considering that its crimes are an inseparable part of its achievements, leaves the whole thing in a muddle. An easy way out of the difficulty is to consider the deeds of the Church as done simply by the men who actually controlled it, on the warrant of their own ideas of what was right, expedient, or profitable to themselves. But then this spoils the imperial fustian, and shows that the great warrior did not have a very clear head in things theological.

Goldwin Smith says: "The chiefest authors of revolutions have been not the chimerical and intemperate friends of progress, but the blind obstructors of progress,—those who, in defiance of Nature, struggle to avert the inevitable future, to recall the irrevocable past; who chafe to fury, by damming up its course, the river which would otherwise flow calmly between its banks, which has ever flowed, and which, do what they will, must flow forever." Progress now demands the thorough and consistent secularization of our political institutions; to oppose this demand is to render certain a rise of the flood.

The London Saturday Review deplores the "decline of politeness." Mr. Emerson, who is now abroad, is a notable teacher on "manners." We would advise the Saturday Review (if it did not inhabit altitudes far above the reach of the human voice) to take a few lessons of Mr. Emerson in that sincere and abundant kindness which, despite some little external awkwardness, renders him a master in the fine art of courtesy. Politeness is merely kindness gracefully expressed.

CHILDREN AS "UNFORGIVEN SINNERS."

This is what the *Independent*—the most liberal Evangelical newspaper in America—thinks about children:—

"It is a common thing for teachers in the Sunday school to count all children coming under their care as unforgiven sinners, in rebellion against God, and having no right to trust Jesus as their personal Savior. Yet not a few of these children have for years known of Jesus, prayed to Jesus, loved Jesus, trusted Jesus. By what right do their teachers venture to deny them the fullest privileges of accepted believers? A teacher should have very good reason for addressing a child as in the natural state of sin, rather than in a state of grace—some better reason than the fact that that child was born in sin. Yet the feeling is prevalent among teachers that it is always safe to talk to a child as to one out of Christ, in the absence of professed evidence that that child has passed certain conscious stages of experience. A teacher ought first to find if that child believes in Jesus as his needed and sufficient Savior, before deciding how to treat him in class intercourse."

This "reminds me of a little anecdote." A lady whom I know was lately travelling on the continent of Europe, and one of her daughters used the expression "railroad car." An English clergyman whom they had just met in travelling said to her: "Let me give you one piece of advice. If you do not wish to be known as an American, do not say *car*, but *carriage*." Upon which the mother quietly replied: "But suppose my daughter is perfectly willing to be known as an American, what then?" The clergyman had the sense to apologize, and, as it says in novels, the conversation took another channel.

It is very kind of this good man in the *Independent*, to ascertain whether a child "believes in Jesus as his needed and sufficient Savior," before treating him as a sinner; but suppose he makes no pretence of any such belief, what then? A good many of the very sweetest children I have ever known have not been brought up to think that they needed any Savior except the Deity himself. They have been trained to think that their creator was himself more desirous to save them than they were to save themselves; and they have "believed in Jesus" only as a good and noble man, who had great sympathy with little children. It is not only safe, but entirely correct, to talk to these children as "out of Christ" in any proper Evangelical sense. Are you then to address them, in the phrases of the *Independent*, as "unforgiven sinners," "in rebellion against God," and "in the natural state of sin"? Are you, in short, going to speak to them in words that will puzzle them and stultify yourself—or how?

According to the assumption of the *Independent*, most of the children of Unitarians, Universalists, Hicksite Quakers and Spiritualists (to name no others) are still left outside, even by its liberal construction of its creed, and are, as Dr. Hewsey said at the recent Church of England Conference, "heathen children." Yet the most rigid zealot will not assert that these children show any more evidence of a natural state of sin than is exhibited by the proverbial ministers' sons and deacons' daughters. They do not, as Charles Lamb feared in respect to pickpockets' sons in Australia, develop any additional fingers through hereditary predisposition to thieving, nor show an unusual appetite for any other vice. On the contrary, some of them grow up into those very satisfactory types of character, described by the sturdily Orthodox Dr. Holland as "extremely lovable," though not Christians even in name. "Many Christians," he says, "prefer them for companions to those who are enrolled with them on church registers, and are puzzled to know why it is that they love them more than they do those who are nominally their brethren." Yet all this good result is accomplished on the basis of what old Dr. Beecher used to call "natural virtues."

Then, again, consider this perplexing problem of the Jews. There are some sixty thousand of these, old and young, in the city of New York alone—a body so temperate that Miss Catherine Beecher declares intoxication to be almost unknown among them, and so rigid in regard to chastity that the retribution for an offence is visited upon the third and fourth generations.

Yet even the benevolent editorial writer of the *Independent* must himself admit that, by his standard, every one of these ten or fifteen thousand Jewish children in New York is "an unforgiven sinner." Such a child not only does not "believe in Jesus as his needed and sufficient Savior," but would turn from any such belief with the utmost horror. Surely, then, a teacher would "have very good reason for addressing a child as in a natural state of sin" under circumstances so hopeless.

I will not follow the matter farther, nor speak of those Mohammedan children who charmed Lamartine, nor of those Buddhist children who become so interesting in the fascinating books of Mrs. Leonowens. "The moral of it is," as the Duchess says in *Alice's Adventures*, that good men whose charity goes beyond their own sect must soon carry it beyond their own religion as well. They must open their eyes to the fact that belief in Jesus "as a Savior" has no necessary connection with either sin or salvation, and that childish virtue is virtue, whatever catechism the child says or leaves unsaid.

T. W. H.

PRACTICAL REGENERATION.

I have been greatly interested in looking over the "Twentieth Annual Report of the Treasurer of the Children's Aid Society" in New York City. It is a little pamphlet of only twenty pages, and consists to a large extent of sub-reports in the form of statistical tables, from Industrial Schools and Lodging Houses; yet its facts and figures are more eloquent than any other form of expression could be, in behalf of the noble charity which it represents. One fact alone is worth volumes of glowing rhetoric which might be written in praise of the philanthropic work which the New York Children's Aid Society is doing. This fact is that the Society during the twenty years of its existence has removed 28,677 poor children out of the evil conditions of their homeless and nomadic life in New York City, and provided them with comfortable homes. And this Emigration-phase of the Society's work is constantly increasing. During the past year homes have been found for 3,463 children. In 1853, when the work began, 207 were thus cared for. A large portion of them are sent West and into the country, and always under the superintendence of careful agents, who see that the homes are what they should be. Nearly 1000 have been taken during 1872 beyond the Mississippi: some of them to distant Colorado.

But a more important fact than this of numbers is, that probably the larger part of these children have been saved to lives of usefulness and virtue. What they would have become had they been left to grow up in the vagrant street-life of New York, with all its evil solicitations and necessities, we can conjecture; what they have become the Society positively knows in so many instances that it may reasonably infer that the same result has followed in a large majority of cases. In fact, I believe it may be truthfully said that the Society has actually saved the larger part of these children from lives of degradation and crime. One of the agents, who recently visited a large number of homes where he had placed children five years before, reports: "He found them happy inmates of respectable homes—loving and beloved—varying now in ages from seven to twenty-three years; well, contented, thriving. Some were practically adopted into families, others quite indispensable to the happiness and welfare of those who had taken them, half in charity, a few years before." And the Treasurer in his general summing up of the twenty years work, says:—

"There are, happily, members of our large family who have become not only good and respected citizens, but some of them distinguished among men. And why not? The garret and the cellar are quite as likely as the palace in a free country to supply the notable men of the land. For everybody knows it is the self-reliant, strong-willed boy that makes the dominant man. And plenty of such boys may be found among the destitute orphans who compose our yearly emigrant parties of 3,000 and more,—our yearly emigrant parties of 3,000 and more,—make up our day and evening schools to an average of over 3,000 attendants, and fill our lodging-houses with 400 sound sleepers every night!

Any one conversant with the operations of the Society knows, too, that thousands of children have not only been helped, but positively saved and elevated by the influences which have been brought to bear upon them. Consider one powerful influence: think of seventy-two teachers being employed in our industrial schools, to instruct poor children who would be taught nowhere else!"

This last sentence refers to other good work which the Society is doing; for the Emigration-scheme is only a part of its philanthropy. It sustains twenty-one Day and fifteen Evening-schools for such children as would not receive instruction elsewhere. It supports five Lodging-houses for such as have no homes; and connected with these Lodging-houses are Eating-rooms, Bathing-rooms, Reading-room, Sunday services, and with the News-boys' Lodging-house (where there have been 8,757 boys in 1872) a Savings Bank. It should here be said that the news-boys partially pay the expenses of their Lodging-house. They paid more than one quarter of the expense the past year, besides putting \$2044.43 into the Savings Bank. The Society also finds employment for the destitute, as well as homes, and restores lost and missing children to their friends. The Superintendent of the News-boys' Lodging-house, says: "During the year, 843 boys have been placed in good homes; 723 lost and truant boys (an average of two a day) have been restored to friends and relatives. Parents and others often visit us to learn about lost children. Our average of lodgers has been 160 boys nightly. We have furnished during the year 57,740 meals and 57,001 lodgings. Since the establishment of our institution, we have succeeded in providing nearly 8,000 boys with permanent homes and employment. They are to be found in every walk in life, honored and respected."

Thus it will be seen what a varied and beneficial work this Society is doing. Here is practical regeneration. And the work thus far has been free from sectarian and ecclesiastical influence. The religious element comes into it, but apparently only as it is an inspiring element to individual consecration and endeavor in the service of humanity. Such work as this, wherever it exists, should especially interest all friends of free and rational views of religion. And where it does not exist they should be the first to institute it. Liberals, if they are true to their principles, will surely not fall into the error of the churches and bury themselves with theoretical speculations, while they let such humanitarian work as this go undone. The exact nature of the service demanded will vary according to local exigencies, but everywhere there is need of practical labor for social amelioration. The Church of the future, whatever its theology or form, will be that kind of organization which stands most helpfully by humanity.

W. J. P.

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOL.

While some of the other clauses in the editorial leaders in the number of THE INDEX for Jan. 4 are open to discussion, number four, and especially the second half of it, is so entirely contrary to my idea of the true spirit of Free Religion that I must at once enter my protest against it. Its purport is to prohibit the use of the Bible in the public schools, supported by the public money and intended for the general good of all the people. Now what is the Bible that it should be made the subject of a special interdiction, such as the Pope would put upon the Lutheran or English version of it, or the Evangelicals upon the works of Thomas Paine or Feuerbach or Theodore Parker? Is Free Religion afraid of the Bible, or unwilling to trust it to free inquiry?

But, if it were so, what right has a portion of the community to prohibit the use of any book as a text-book? That the reading of the Bible in a school as an act of religious worship, or as a text-book, should not be required by law, is quite another thing, in which I should heartily agree. The schools should be entirely secular; but in order to be so it is not necessary that everything which has a moral and religious influence should be prohibited in them. A school is nothing without the vital influence of the teacher; and

to secure that, the teacher must be left free to use all the materials which life and literature afford her, to influence rightly the mind of her pupils. It is unjust to enforce the reading of the Bible in school as a religious act, because a great proportion of our people do not accept it as a specially sacred book; but, if we especially prohibit it, we are equally unjust to those who do not regard it as an injurious book. By the same rule we must prohibit the Koran, the Vedas, the Classic Mythologies, everything which has stood for revelation to any people.

And again, looking at the question in its practical bearing, in the effect upon the schools, a large number of the present teachers of the schools, who are able, faithful, and useful in their calling, are professedly Christian in their religion, and do sincerely, if ignorantly, believe the Bible to be the best of books, and the direct representation of the will and mind of God. Others hold that it is a book of great intellectual and moral merit, containing the profoundest lessons of truth, love, and holiness. Now, why should we insult these teachers by singling out this book for prohibition? What teacher with any self-respect would consent to take her school thus hampered, that she might not use the story of Joseph or Abraham in illustration, as well as that of Iphigenia or Prometheus,—that, when she saw a lesson of love to be needed, she might not hold up the example of Jesus as well as of Socrates or Buddha? The teachers who, holding in their hearts a superstitious reverence for the Bible, would yet consent to serve in schools where it was prohibited, would be likely to exercise a much more injurious influence secretly than they could by reading it openly.

Girard, in his will, forbade that any clergyman should ever enter his college. A venerable gentleman of the old school, wearing a white neck-cloth, once presented himself at the gate. "You can't enter here," said the porter. "The devil, I can't!" replied the supposed clergyman. "Go in," said the porter, entirely satisfied. And yet this college, so zealously guarded by this foolish prohibition, has been notoriously under the influence of the most sectarian Evangelicals. We do not care to keep the letter of the Bible out of the schools; we only need to keep out that spirit of intolerance which makes it a hindrance instead of a help to humanity. In school or out, the Bible, like all other books, should stand on its own merits. E. D. C.

PRAYER AND ADVERTISING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Sir,—In reference to my letter in your paper of the 26th October last, on the subject of Prayer, I beg you to allow me to say something by way of explanation. I do not wish to re-open the controversy about the efficacy or reasonableness of prayer, but only to let your readers know that I have considerably changed my opinion as to George Müller's Bristol schools.

Mr. Conway has called my attention to the Thirty-third Report of the Ashley Down Institution, from which it is apparent that George Müller's success is due to a gigantic system of *advertising*, carried out to an extent perfectly marvellous. Attached to the Schools is a "Scriptural knowledge Institution," for the circulation of Bibles and tracts, and the support or assistance of missionaries.

When we read that "more than 3,320,000 of the tracts and books were given away last year *gratuitously*," we need not be surprised at some practical results in the way of money, especially when contributors are openly urged to give, "that they may lay up treasure in heaven;" and when they have given, their letters (or extracts from them) appear in the printed Reports as decoy-ducks for the rest of the superstitious crowd.

I had no conception that these means were resorted to, and I cannot but wonder at George Müller's blindness in stating: "We have obtained from him (i. e. God) in answer to prayer, without applying to individuals for help, since the establishment of the Institution on March 5, 1834, five hundred and forty thousand pounds."

The words which I have italicized are contradicted by the Report from beginning to end. In

fact, there never was such an elaborate scheme of advertising, or one so calculated to succeed, as this.

His prayers, however, seem to have been unavailing to keep out the small pox from his orphan children; no doubt the attack brought in more contributions. But I say no more. I only wish it to be understood that, after reading George Müller's own account of his success, I no longer believe that it is so much an answer to prayer as an answer to his extremely clever and thorough method of advertising.

I am, sir, very sincerely yours.

CHARLES VOYSEY.

CAMDEN HOUSE,
DULWICH, S. E., Dec. 20, 1872.

"CHRISTIAN" TEMPERANCE.

At one of the recent Local Conferences of Unitarian churches in New England, the following resolution was offered:—

"Resolved, That, in the sense of this Conference, the drinking usages of society are opposed to the best interests of humanity and of the Church, and that we deem it the duty of every minister of our denomination to take a bold stand for the temperance reform."

On motion, this resolution was amended by substituting the word "Christian" for "bold," so that the Conference is now resolved to take a "Christian stand for the temperance reform." We are glad to know just where that Conference stands. We do not like this "glorious indefiniteness" of language which commits one to nothing but non-committalism and masterly inactivity; and so we rejoice when a whole Conference on this vital question dare say exactly what they mean. A "bold" stand, as all can see, is no stand at all, for bold is a relative term, and may mean more bold or less bold, and thus might mislead the public and the police; but the qualifying adjective "Christian" is so clear, so precise and definite, that no one can possibly be mistaken in what the Conference—say. A Christian stand must of course be a Christ-like stand on this temperance question. It cannot be understood as the stand which Christians generally take, for they generally take no particular stand. Some advocate a law against the manufacture of all intoxicating drinks, and some favor a heavy penalty against the manufacture of adulterated liquors, and some would mitigate the evil by forbidding the retail sale of liquors. Some favor the prohibition of the sale of everything between sweet elder and old Bourbon, while others would except elder, beer, and ale. Some vote prohibition for their neighbors, but secretly license themselves, or persuade their physician to recommend "regular bitters" during the spring months (some twelve or so around here). While some advocate a restricted, other persons favor a free, license, and some no law whatever on the subject; so that we cannot interpret a "Christian stand" to mean the stand which Christians take, for they are not united in standing anywhere.

Then by a "Christian" attitude toward this question we conclude that the Conference meant the stand which Jesus took. What did Jesus teach about temperance? We think we begin to get hold of something tangible and definite. We look for a temperance clause in the Sermon on the Mount; but, while we find there many blessed sort of people, we find no—"Blessed are ye who never drink any fermented or distilled liquors, for happy is the life of the temperance man, and great shall be his reward in heaven." Nothing about temperance in the teachings of Jesus. But surely he must have taught it then in his life. Was it at the marriage feast in Cana in Galilee? There the lawgiver of Christians is said to have acted as wine manufacturer on a small scale, turning twelve or fifteen firkins of water into capital wine for the wedding guests to drink. It is true that John is the only Evangelist who records this wonderful miracle, and that Biblical critics of acknowledged authority put the date of the composition of this fourth Gospel down to the middle of the second century or later. Still, as most Christians do not doubt that John wrote this gospel, and that Jesus did turn water into wine, they must at least think it is right to use wine at weddings, for the example

of Jesus has sanctioned its use there. If Jesus encouraged others to drink, and even furnished the wine, is it not probable that he drank himself? There is force in the fact that he was called a "wine-bibber;" while at the Last Supper, if we may believe the account, he drank wine, "the fruit of the vine." Then, if a "Christian stand" for the temperance reform is a Christ-like stand, we infer that the aforesaid Conference recommend wine-drinking at meals, weddings, and generally whenever one feels like taking some for the stomach's sake.

But, as we think we have at last arrived at their meaning, we find ourselves doubting after all; for we believe some of the gentlemen in that Conference are teetotallers and prohibitionists, while some Christians we know who have back-slidden, and so far departed from the example of him they profess to follow that, instead of using, as Jesus did, the "fruit of the vine," they actually use chopped raisins, soaked in water, strained and sweetened, in the communion service. One Orthodox D. D. in this city declined to preach on temperance, because "Christianity has nothing to do with temperance;" and so we find ourselves puzzled to know what these Christians mean by a Christ-like or Christian stand for the temperance reform. It is a stand which we do not understand. We feel, like Stephen Blackpool, that "it is all a muddle."

To be frank, we think that was the great charm of the expression for the Conference. "Bold" was too pronounced, definite, intelligible; but a "Christian" stand—ah! that magical word Christian is so gloriously indefinite that it defines exactly nothing, and commits the whole Conference to it.

If they had resolved to take a Mohammedan stand, their meaning could not have been mistaken; for it is well known that the Koran absolutely forbids the use of intoxicating liquors, and the Mohammedans to-day set an example which the English residents and rum-drinkers in India, and generally those who are supposed to take a "Christian stand" on the temperance question, would do well to follow. But Mohammedanism is heathenism; and think of Christians taking a "heathen" stand on any question!

Heaven knows we need a reform; and we say God-speed to every one who is laboring in any way to extirpate or mitigate one of the greatest evils in our country. But in order to work together, it is certain that we must have some more definite plan or method of work than is conveyed in the canting expression "Christian" stand; for that means anything or nothing, as you like. It is a profound problem for our sociologists to deal with—how to root up intemperance; and we will hail with joy any method which promises success. But we have become sick of meaningless resolutions, windy harangues, and humbug legislation.

W. H. S.

EVENING NOTES.

BY SIDNEY H. MORSE.

BEFORE TRINITY CHURCH was burned—one blustering Sabbath morn—a couple, strange to the city, accosted a gentleman on Washington Street: "Sir, can you inform us where Trinity Church is?" As the man hesitated, the lady speaking, said: "The place where Phillips Brooks preaches." "Phillips Brooks!" quoth the man; "never heard of him. Across there is the Boston Theatre; a little way up is the Globe; still further up is the St. James Theatre. I can tell you all about the theatres, but I never bother my head with churches."

"He's a heathen, and Boston's full of them," the lady remarked to her companion, as they passed on, seeking but not finding Trinity Church until too late.

I suppose it to be true that there are a good many "heathen" in Boston; but not all are as poorly posted as regards churches as the one the church-seeking people above mentioned were so unfortunate as to encounter. Indeed, I think them quite a church-going class. Wherever you find a preacher with ideas and of liberal tendency, there you will be pretty sure to find a large sprinkling of these so-called "heathen." They are also apt to be of the most intelligent and interested of his hearers. I judge that he is not oblivious of the fact. And I have thought that often times there come to him through these "heathen" media helpful influences of inspira-

tion and illumination. For by their presence he sets to work to see how it is with them, and his mind expands to a new truth. Appreciation is strong stimulant for preachers. However Orthodox, they soon find out that, in this "heathenish" world they have affected to despise, much of intelligence and much of the love of truth abides. One would think, too, that they apprise their flock of the fact with a certain satisfaction, as much as to say, "If you do not like these new views, there are other as good and as intelligent people who will." And often you may hear sermons preached not to the "faithful" but over their heads, being intended especially for this other class whose vision is no longer circumscribed by the old confession. And there are many "heathen" who like to listen to such discourses. Their joy in doing so is, one may guess, not unlike that recorded of the angels over sinners that repent. One does so love to have his own views seconded and shared by others! And why should these "heathen-people" not rejoice when they hear a good man and wise preach his way out of the woods towards them? And then he comes not alone: he is bringing the most intelligent part of his congregation with him! Very likely there is a touch of egotism in all this, not over agreeable; but then 'tis human nature. Everybody else feels the same way, placed in like circumstances. Because you are a "heathen"—for that reason should you feel sorry that others are moving heathen-ward? He was a shallow man, but once I heard a minister rebuke a young and zealous "heathen" thus: "I can't see how you can have the heart to spread such ideas. I should think it were enough to lose your own soul, without dragging others into the pit with you." Shallow and sad man! He did not so much as dream this young apostle of heresy had no idea of going into the "pit" himself, or of dragging any one else there. Into the pit! Is a "heathen" a fool that he does not know as a Christian which side his bread is buttered?

I HAVE BEEN LED into these reflections, by considering the fact that every church of the Protestant sort, in Boston, that is largely attended, is ministered to by a preacher of liberal and generous views. Even Dr. Fulton is not to be excepted in this count. Be his theology as blue as smoking brimstone will make it, his speech is all cordial and inspiring to the poor and friendless, and many are the colored heads that dot his large congregations in Tremont Temple. He has courage, too. It would have been policy for him to have pictured Dickens going into heaven by some special, private door. He found no such door open in his Christian Bible; and so, of course, Dickens in his opinion, having not entered the door of the church, but some other door, had gone to some other place. He said what he thought. He said, too, I believe, that the place was called "hell." Well, it was no worse to say Dickens had gone thither, than to say the same of any other man who had lived a fair sort of a life. It was a reasonable conclusion, if the Christian gospel had been rightly interpreted for ages. But it was not in keeping with modern good sense, and Dr. Fulton's honesty did not save him from being thought absurd. Dickens had but just died, which made matters worse. Independent criticism was then at fault. There were some "Independent" journals in Massachusetts which berated Horace Greeley during the campaign awfully. Greeley died. Well—they did not follow Fulton's example. Could Greeley have gone to the pit without dying, they would have declared it a fit abode for him. But he died, and they sent him to heaven. With this sort of fitting himself to the times Dr. Fulton has not to be charged. Still people like to hear a man speak his mind, be that mind great or small; and so for this reason and some others, as to numbers, he gets a good hearing.

As to the minister of the Old South Church, Dr. Manning, I think his small congregations were due not so much to the locality of the house, as his deacons appear to think, as to his manner and his matter. When I first heard of him, he was supposed to have decided liberal tendencies. Since then he has been made a Doctor of Divinity, and his prescriptions are now emphatically those of the Old School. He takes a text, and it seems as though the juice had all departed from it. Out of it Phillip Brooks would have evoked a magnificent tree clad with rich foliage and laden with fruit. But Manning deduces only Orthodox brick and mortar. His manner is precise, hard, and dry. It was cheerless enough one afternoon before the fire in that old edifice about the desecration of which so much patriotic feeling has lately found expression. The high empty pews, the dim light, the formal prayer, the unloving discourse, dwelling on the "unrighteousness of unbelief!" I have heard about the "complacency of radicals" who think they have just discovered that all the world beside is wrong, and has been from the start; but is it possible that this Christian pretence to the exclusive ownership of God and his revelations can be outdone? "We Christians believe thus and so: it is the badness of your heart that makes you believe, or try to believe, otherwise." If the discourse I heard was a sample of Dr. Manning's

regular ministrations, I do not expect that the removal of his society up town will help it to increase. He will minister to a former generation, and it is passing away. It is a real consolation to know, however, that out of his pulpit, Mr. Manning is a genial, fraternal man, in sympathy with all wise reformatory movements.

TO THE RISING GENERATION of traditionally Orthodox believers, endowed with large sympathies and a respectable fund of downright good sense, another voice is calling, if not with no uncertain note, yet with occasional notes of good omen. Park-street Church is no great distance from the Old South. Every Sunday morning it is more than filled. People sit in the aisles and windows, and often stand through the service in the rear of the pews. The congregation is largely made up of young men and women. From time to time, they carry away sentences like the following:—

"Young man, if you have got a new idea, don't think you ought to be afraid of it."

"If you have got a new idea, and think it won't re-make the Church, you are mistaken: it will; that is its mission."

"Young men, it depends on you and me to build the Church of the future. God grant that we may make a better Church than the one we were born into."

"There are two ways of looking at Christianity: one is, to regard it as a block of granite so many cubits large, on which was inscribed two thousand years ago the entire revelation God had to make to mankind; the other is, to think of it as only a germ planted two thousand years ago, a little seed that was planted, and to watch its progressive growth as a tree in history. In other words, Christianity is a continuous revelation. We know to-day more of God and more of man than was possible for any one to know two thousand years ago. God has been revealing himself and his plans and purposes constantly; and two thousand years hence our boasted light will seem but as a rush-light compared with the meridian splendor of the revelation that shall then spread over the earth. And so on while the world stands."

"God is love. Love to God is Christianity. But if you say you love God, and love not your brother man, you are a liar. Strong words, but God himself, in your Bible, thrusts them right down into your face."

"I long to hail the day when there shall be no other test but love to God and love to man."

You may be sure that it is to listen to such hopeful sentiments the rising "Orthodox" generation will go to church, if at all. Whether Mr. Murray will nourish these little grains of seed until they bear their consistent fruit remains to be seen.

NOT LONG SINCE I attended the afternoon service in Trinity Church in the absence of Mr. Brooks, and listened to a stranger. Unlike Brooks, he did not rush through the service, but seemed to hang upon the words as if he would make the most of them, pronouncing "Jesus (Christ our Lord)," in the tenderest manner. There was nothing in his appearance or his voice to make one the least hopeful of the sermon. But it was a very agreeable disappointment that was reserved for those who were present. For his text, he announced in a soft, girlish voice,—"And he had a name written that no man knew, but he himself." The sermon received the closest attention. If any had settled themselves in their high-backed pews for a comfortable nap, I think they must have postponed that happiness for that hour at least. I cannot attempt to report his words nor give the full thought of the discourse, but content myself by offering the following sentences set down from memory that day on reaching home:—

"In every truly reverent heart there is an altar reserved for the Unknown God. The Infinite, the Unknown, the revelation that is to come, for which we wait, for which we strive,—it is this that preserves our souls from death and makes life enjoyable. It is not what we know, but what we do not know, that ennobles life. The mystery that lies beyond gives the present moment its zest. Mystery is the atmosphere for the wings of hope. It is not a wall of despair: it is a house in which are many mansions. Into it from every soul there is an open door. Close that door, the soul dies. Mystery is the region man has not explored: it is his vocation evermore to enroach upon its borders. An old man had lived seventy years in his native land. He expected some day to go forth and visit other countries. The king issued an edict that no one then living in that town should ever leave it. The old man died of a broken heart. The thought that he must remain there till death made his life a burden he could not support. So even the soul claims the regions of the Infinite for its activities. We leave the past, we journey away from the present. Forth into the unknown future we take our pilgrimage as into a land we own, which we have inherited from Our Father. God is before, and not behind. Let us not imprison ourselves in the creeds, the doctrines, the revelations we have. Let us not become encrusted in our traditions. Let not

forms and ceremonies harden about us. For our journey lies before us into the land of the Unknown, and we pass on into that darkness bearing the torch of faith, lighting our pathway with the light of knowledge."

"Who would not despise himself if he believed that he fully comprehended himself? Who has not a self unknown, infinite, divine, whose acquaintance it is his immortal destiny evermore to make—a name written which the human knoweth not, but only the divine? This greater self, this largest, noblest self—the Christ life—is the privilege of all. But to know Christ, we are not to seek him in the past, in the seen, the known, the revealed; but in the tradition of what happened to the man Jesus eighteen hundred years ago. We must leave all that is recorded, even the cross itself, behind, and press forward; for Christ is before, and not behind us. Spiritual life is no copy; it is reality, a fact of character pertaining to each, original."

Had I listened to Mr. Brooks rather than to this stranger, I might have been told that faith must be planted in order to bear fruit. Its roots must find their nourishing soil in all that pertains to "the life that now is." I remember this to have been the burden of a discourse preached by him sometime since.

Literary Department.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—All books designed for review in these columns must be addressed to THE INDEX, TOLEDO, OHIO.

RECEIVED.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Board of Commissioners for Reform Schools, to the Governor of the State of Ohio, for the year 1872. Columbus: NEVINS & MYERS, State Printers, 1873.

INAUGURAL MESSAGE of JOHN J. BAGLEY, Governor of Michigan, to the Legislature, January 2, 1873. By Authority. Lansing: W. S. GEORGE & Co., State Printers and Binders, 1873.

PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC, 1873. GEO. W. CHILDS, Publisher, Philadelphia.

THE LADIES' OWN MAGAZINE, January, 1873. Chicago: M. C. BLAND & Co., 25 West Madison Street.

DIE LEHRE VON DER ZWEIFACHEN WAHRHEIT. Ein Versuch der Trennung von Theologie und Philosophie im Mittelalter. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der scholastischen Philosophie von Dr. Max Maywald. (The Doctrine of Twofold Truth: Being an Attempt to separate Theology and Philosophy in the Middle Ages. A Contribution to the History of Scholastic Philosophy, by DR. MAX MAYWALD.) Berlin, 1871. 8vo. pp. 61.

No period in the history of philosophy has hitherto received such inadequate treatment as that of the middle ages. When Hegel approached it in his lectures, he drew on, as he said, seven-league boots, in order that he might get over it as quickly as possible. His contempt for the whole scholastic period was only equalled by his ignorance of it. "Nobody can be expected to know anything of medieval philosophy from an autopsy of it," he said; "since it is as comprehensive and voluminous as it is meagre and horribly written." One needs only to glance at the "chief sources" of information concerning it which he indicates at page 123, vol. iii. of his *Geschichte der Philosophie* (2d ed.), in order to see that his knowledge of it could not have been anything but the most superficial. Following their master, the whole Hegelian school have treated scholasticism with utter disdain. Schwegler in his compendium has even improved upon the seven-league boots. He goes through the thousand years from the sixth to the sixteenth century by "lightning express," with only a side-glance now and then from the window. In the larger works of the older German historians of philosophy—Brucker, Tiedemann, Tennemann—far greater space is devoted to the middle period; there is abundant presentation of material, but with little criticism and absolutely without insight. Ritter, in his voluminous and careful history, attempted to do justice to medieval speculation, and really made a great advance in this respect upon all his predecessors; but even from him one gets only a very imperfect view of the various influences which were at work in this long age of transition from the old to the new. There are one or two late works in German on the philosophy of the middle ages, by Roman Catholic authors, but it was not to be expected that they would add much to our light. Then there are in French the volumes by MM. Rousselot, Haureau, and Munk, which are really valuable aids to the study of this subject. Much assistance may also be derived from Ueberweg's painstaking manual. In English, on the other hand, there is little that will repay the trouble of reading. Maurice's book is genial and appreciative, but, like all that author's works, it is slight and unsubstantial. Mr. Lewes has shown in the later editions of his history a remarkable waking up to the fact that in the writings of the Spanish-Arabs and the Christian Schoolmen there are things which it would be well to know about, if

the knowledge did not involve life-long devotion to the investigation of the "monstrous and lifeless shapes of a former world, having little community with the life of our own." But Mr. Lewes has not the patience for such work, and finds it difficult to conceive how any scientific mind can have.

Altogether the most important contribution to our knowledge of medieval philosophy was M. Renan's *Averroës et l'Averroïsme*; and it is in the direction of monograph upon special topics that increase of light must come. The matter is not yet ripe for treatment in the bulk. The labor is too great for any individual; therefore it must be divided; and there must be some general understanding among investigators as to the points which most need elucidation. There are some excellent hints, apparently accidentally given, in the recent editions of Mr. Lewes' history, as to the place of the speculations of the middle ages in the historical development of philosophy. When, for instance, he says that the peculiarity of this period is "the constant struggle of Reason to assert and justify her independence," and, in another place, admonishes us not to forget that "to Scholasticism we owe the emancipation of Philosophy," he indicates, almost by a stroke of genius, the main point of view from which in future the whole subject must be studied. It has hitherto been very generally regarded as a settled fact that, during the whole medieval period there was no such thing as independent philosophical research. It has been thought that in the hands of the Schoolmen philosophy was merely the bond-servant of theology; that, the limits of all investigation being fixed dogmatically beforehand, the results determined, and the whole recognized business of thought being the interpretation and justification of the doctrines of the Church, no progress in the matter of philosophy was possible. Having free play only in the form, it was inevitable that it should degenerate into mere formalistic inanities.

This is the usual theory, but, like many other still current theories, it is based upon an insufficient induction of the facts. It might, one would think, have been concluded even *a priori* that, the greater the ecclesiastical pressure in favor of uniformity of opinion, the more serious would be the reaction against it in men of powerful mind. The more violently open heresy was persecuted, the more luxuriantly heresy would grow in secret. Men who could not give direct expression to a single thought at variance with the received theology would take a sort of malicious delight in dialectic subtleties that concealed and yet exhibited the finest and bitterest irony. Mr. Ellis, in his General Preface to the Philosophical works of Lord Bacon (vol. i., p. 123, Am. ed.), calls especial attention to "the religious earnestness of Bacon's writings" as contrasted with the ironical tone of those of Galileo, "the most illustrious of his contemporaries." He says the works of the latter "are full of insincere deference to authority and of an affected disbelief in his own discoveries." But if Mr. Ellis had remembered that the very essence of Galileo's discoveries placed him in necessary antagonism to the whole dogmatic system of the Church, he might, perhaps, have hesitated before adding a laurel to his hero's crown at the expense of a man to whom that hero, to say the least, was not superior either in courage or honesty.

Irony has been the offensive weapon of a certain class of heretical thinkers in all ages; not often of the bravest and best, but very often of those who were as brave as the large element of cowardice in their composition would let them be. In this regard the present age affords a brilliant commentary upon all the preceding ones. He who has ears to hear and eyes to see knows that there are such thinkers in all the churches to-day. A delicious story is told by Matthew of Paris, in a note to Roger of Wendover's Chronicle ad A. D. 1201 (vide Bohn's ed. vol. ii., pp. 201, 202), which points both ways, in illustration both of the past and of the present. It is concerning Simon of Tournay, a professor at Paris, a man of extensive learning and great acuteness, whose theological lectures were attended by so many hearers "that the most ample palace could scarcely contain them." One day, in a public dispute concerning the Trinity, the subtlety of his arguments raised the curiosity of his audience to such a pitch that, on the next day, when the disputation was to be concluded, all the theological students of the city, "forewarned to hear so many solutions of difficult questions," flocked into his school. Simon "resolved all the aforesaid questions, inexplicable though they appeared to the audience, so plainly and elegantly, and in so Catholic a sense, that all were struck with astonishment." Some of the students who were most eager to learn wanted him to dictate his solutions to them, "which were too valuable to be lost to posterity." This request elated the professor so much that he laughed aloud, and said with eyes uplifted: "O my little Jesus, my little Jesus, how have I exalted and confirmed thy religion in this disputation! Truly, if I wished to be malicious and attack thy doctrines, I could find still more powerful arguments to weaken and impugn them." Of course, the chronicler adds

that Simon had no sooner uttered these words than he was struck dumb, and more information of like character.

But this story is especially interesting as furnishing, perhaps, the first notice that we have of the practice of teaching that a proposition may be true in theology and yet false in philosophy, and *vice versa*. Strange as it may seem to us to-day, this doctrine was the first effectual protest of free thought against the despotism of Catholic dogma. In the very next generation after Simon of Tournay, the Church began to take official notice of the lamentable errors that were taught under the garb of philosophy by men who did not dare openly to question, "Catholic truth." In the latter half of the 13th century the distinction between Catholic and philosophical truth had become quite common, especially at Paris, which was at once the great seminary of Orthodox theology and the hot-bed of heresy. In the year 1276, Etienne Tempier, Bishop of Paris, interdicted, under the direction of Pope John XXI., the teaching of certain "abominable errors," 219 in number, which he expressly said had been put forth "as true according to philosophy but not according to the Catholic faith, as though there could be two opposite truths, and as though, in opposition to the truth of Holy Writ, there could be truth in the sayings of damned Heathens." To give an idea of how far the philosophers were accustomed to go, a few of the condemned propositions may be mentioned: "God is not triune, for threeness does not consist with the highest unity—God cannot beget one like unto himself; for that which is begotten by another has a principle on which it depends. The future resurrection must not be admitted by philosophers, since it is impossible to search it out by reason.—Ecstasies and visions have no other than a natural origin.—It is impossible to refute the arguments of philosophy for the eternity of the world, except we be ready to admit that the will of the First (i. e. God) includes the impossible.—Natural philosophy, since it is based solely upon natural grounds and natural causes, is bound simply to deny the newness (*novitas*) as opposed to *eternitas* of the world.—Man must not be content with authority if he would have certainty." It is evident enough from propositions like these, that the 13th century was not without its radicalism; but there were even still bolder utterances, such as, for instance: "The knowledge of theology prevents one from knowing anything.—The Christian religion is a hindrance to learning anything else.—The philosophers alone are wise.—The discourses of the theologians are based upon fables.—There are fables and falsehood in the Christian religion as in all others." Bishop Stephen, in his interdict, calls these and like utterances "incautious." They were anything but that. They were never made without the accompanying assertion: "Of course, according to theology, this is all false." One can imagine the tone and the mien with which this ever-recurring phrase was sometimes spoken.

Here, then, as it seems to the present writer, is the key to much in medieval philosophy that has thus far never been fully understood. Here we see at once in how deeply important a sense the middle period must be regarded as a period of transition. The surprising thing about Mr. Lewes' later treatment of it is the inference, to which he compels the reader, that, because this is a transition period, it is of minor importance, while in reality it is just the transition-periods in history which are of the very greatest import, because they afford an insight into the culture-forces at work there which cannot be gained from any other source. The excellent little historical essay by Dr. Maywald, the title of which stands above, is a most suggestive glance at the influence which the doctrine that a thing may be true in theology and false in philosophy, and *vice versa*, exerted upon the independent development of thought in the middle ages, and at the part which it played in the insurrection of philosophy against the thralldom imposed upon it by the Church. The author traces back the doctrine to the teachings of Averroës, and gives a sketch of its history from the 13th to the 17th century. He also shows the intimate connection between this and the doctrine *deitribus impostoribus*, which excited such horror during these centuries, and which one might call the first rude attempt at comparative theology. If, after having given us this taste of his quality, Dr. Maywald would now go on and supplement his necessarily imperfect sketch by a complete history of the "Doctrine of Twofold Truth" in all its ramifications, he would lay the literary world under lasting obligations.

T. V.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE. His Talk with his fellow Boarders and the Reader. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872. pp. 395. [Toledo: Brown & Faunce.]

Dr. Holmes is himself an illustration of something which we find expressed as follows in the breakfast table talk reported in the volume before us: "We are getting on towards the last part of the nineteenth century. What we have gained is not so much in positive knowledge, though that is a good deal, as it is in the freedom of discussion of every subject that comes

within the range of observation and inference. How long is it since Mrs. Piozzi wrote, 'Let me hope that you will not pursue geology till it leads you into doubts destructive of all comfort in this world, and all happiness in the next?'"

The times are indeed new, and that to a degree which is revolutionary. Mrs. Piozzi would inevitably go to the Radical Club to-day, and forget both worlds in the ecstasy of following the inspiration of Bartol, and Higginson, and Weiss. Doubts do very little harm now, for the reason that beliefs are no longer very much depended on, either for comfort here or good hope of the hereafter. The universal, underlying, natural faith of man in his Maker, or in the universe, or at least in life, takes the place of beliefs, as a continent, or an island at least, takes the place of rafts, and skiffs, and steamers, and frigates. Let man alone; only emancipate him from superstition; and he has faith as easily and naturally as light shines or water runs. Dr. Holmes illustrates this entire emancipation of thought. He writes for the purpose of doing up a batch of radical thinking. The index with which the volume is furnished at once shows that this has been the author's purpose. Dr. Holmes is a keen, bold thinker; every sort of dogma is a cheat to him; he wants to clear all nonsense out of the mind, and especially the nonsense which purports to be pure and undefiled religion; and to average readers he perhaps speaks plainly enough of the faults and falsities of popular faith and practice. But for the thorough radical, or according to any high standard of free thought, he muffles and disguises and even quite suppresses his radicalism, evidently with something of Mrs. Piozzi's fear that somebody's comfort will suffer if the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is told. The only result of such hesitation is to deprive the author of permanent interest and credit. That is the one high test of a writer: does he write for truth, or for the moment? If he writes for the moment, he lasts but a moment, and that will be the case with Dr. Holmes as a thinker.

THE WOODS AND BY-WAYS OF NEW ENGLAND. By Wilson Flagg, author of "Studies in Field and Forest." With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872. pp. 442. [Toledo: Brown & Faunce.]

The peculiar interest of this volume is in the author's intelligent sympathy with Nature, and his nice delineation of numerous objects of field and forest study. There is no attempt at scientific description, and occasionally we note omissions which seem due to a popular method of study, without sufficient aid from books. But nothing of this will appear to the ordinary reader, whose pleasure is doubtless most secure in following an observer who leads what his eyes see rather than what books tell him. Mr. Flagg seems to lack no quality of a felicitous human interpreter, and his object is to awaken the heart and purify feeling, and give to character the tone of simplicity, truthfulness, and humble content which are so clearly suggested by Nature in New England fields and woods. His story fills a thick and solid, beautifully printed and bound, and exquisitely illustrated volume, embracing a description of a great variety of trees, shrubs, and vines, sketches of numerous general aspects of Nature, and thoughts on quite a range of topics suggested by out-of-doors observation and study. The whole effect is that of admirably varied and seasoned instruction from an expert in out-of-doors knowledge. More perfect harmony of the talk with the walk could not be attained, if we were going across fields, through woods, over hills, and along the streams, at the elbow of the narrator. It was unnecessary for Mr. Flagg to tell us that he has lived with Nature exclusively, and has been very happy in so doing. Nor need he have mentioned that wife and children have shared his seclusion and made his happiness that of human sympathy, not merely that of cold observation. It all shines out, like the delicious warmth of a perfect picture, from the delightful pages before us. The contrast with Thoreau's frost-work is complete. Mr. Flagg's book is full of human as well as other nature. It has ethical and religious tone, not of the cold pagan and philosophic sort, but of the humane and Christian sort. It will serve excellently as a hand-book of devotion to people who go into the woods instead of going to meeting. And any one who will give some quiet hours now and then to following these communings with Nature, in which Mr. Flagg has set down what he has seen and felt, will not fail to be made both better and happier.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Household Edition, Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872. pp. 395. [Toledo: Brown & Faunce.]

The shape and style of this complete edition of Whittier's poems, and the price (\$2.00), exactly adapt it to universal reading. And no volume ever published better deserves the honor of becoming a book of the people's faith. There is nothing between the lids of the "Holy Bible" which so consistently and continuously breathe the truest religious and Christian spirit. Only a

very few peaks and summits of Scripture rise to the level which is habitually that of the Quaker Pilgrim. If we had not learned a very false idea of inspiration, and absurdly admitted that Deity stopped coming to man nearly two thousand years ago, and never came to anybody except to a few Jews, it would be the most natural thing in the world to regard so pure and deep-sighted and rich-hearted a poet as indeed inspired to tell us in advance what are the true steps of humane and religious progress. There is no finer doctrine, no more perfect "truthing it in love," than is to be drawn from Whittier's pages. The volume which contains his poems might well be used as a Bible, in Sunday Schools for instance, both to take readings out of, and to study lessons from. In common reading it will be thus used long after the superstition of a "Holy Bible" shall have ceased to sway the religious mind.

OFF THE SKELLAGS. A Novel. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872. pp. 666. [Toledo: T. J. Brown.]

A critic recently said of Miss Ingelow: "She writes no pages on which the reader is not made to feel that an ideal of right living is the one thing to which all else must yield." This ethical radicalism is thoroughly illustrated in the handling of situations and characters in the novel before us. A more wholesome and truthful book is rarely written. The author's nature is pure and noble, and her way of telling the old, old story of life and love, of men and women and children, is worthy of all praise. The scenes and events of the tale are fresh and varied, and there is plot enough for keen interest. Some excellent drawings of character, with special truth to some present peculiarities of average experience, show that Miss Ingelow has observed faithfully, and really attempts to photograph from the human life which she has seen. In the early story of the heroine, in the account of life on the water, in the picture of a strangely composite household, in the contrasted types of mankind between which the figure of the heroine is shown, and in the result of all, there is excellent management of material, and ample ground for cordial interest.

ACENT JO'S SCRAP-BAG. Shraw! Straps. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872. pp. 226. [Toledo: Brown & Fauce.]

The capital quality of Miss Alcott's writing for young people has already made her fortune as an author, so that we have only to tell what any new book is about, and to give it a cordial welcome. This is Vol. II. out of the *Scrap-Bag*, and is in fact a volume of travels with a thread of charming story in it, and a book of as much interest to older as to younger readers. Brittany, France, Switzerland, Italy, and London are visited by Amanda, Matilda, and Lavinia, particularly Lavinia; and we are told of the haps and mishaps of the party, with just enough reference to sights and scenes to give a good color to the story. It is all in Miss Alcott's breezy, jolly style, with plenty of sense and sensibility stuffed nicely in, like plums in a pudding, and real plums of good wit and fine feeling too. The publishers have made of the volume a very pretty book.

A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF. By J. T. Trowbridge. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872. pp. 271. [T. J. Brown, Toledo.]

Mr. Trowbridge has now made two Jack Hazard books for boys, the present volume being a continuation of "Jack Hazard and His Fortunes," and capital books they are, in every particular. They hit the mark of a good impression very successfully, and they equally follow a track of constant interest just short of unhealthy excitement. In hearty fun Mr. Trowbridge is very clever, without becoming unnatural or exaggerated. The little army of readers of *Our Young Folks* have endorsed these tales of Jack Hazard's haps and mishaps, and Mr. Trowbridge will go on and give a third instalment of the appetizing narrative in *Our Young Folks* for 1873.

The latest "counterblast against tobacco" we reproduce from a health-journal of the day:—

"It is said of the cannibals that they will not eat the flesh of a tobacco chewer, it is so highly charged with the taste and odor of tobacco; and such medical students as do not chew or smoke are offended in the dissecting room by the odor which emanates from the fresh subject on the dissecting table who has been accustomed to the use of tobacco."

If every other consideration fails to touch the sensibilities of the consumer of the noxious weed, he surely will recoil from this prospect of post-mortem repulsiveness to the eminently respectable classes specified in the foregoing extract!—*Chr. Union.*

Greater is he who is above temptation than he who, being tempted, overcomes.—*A. Bronson Alcott.*

He who persecutes a good man makes war against himself and all mankind.—*Confucius.*

PHILOSOPHICAL PAPERS.

III.

BY F. E. ABBOT.

ORIGIN OF THE IDEA OF GOD.

FROM AN ARTICLE ON "THE CONDITIONED AND THE UNCONDITIONED," IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR OCTOBER, 1864.

The idea of God originates, not in the suggestions of outward Nature, but in the depths of humanity itself. The soul cannot infer God from Nature, except in virtue of what it first projects into Nature. Hence the radical defect in the argument from design; for the affirmation of an intelligent World-cause is the objective transference of a subjective consciousness. Although it may be mutilated and perhaps annihilated by the pitiless manipulations of a sceptical and aberrant logic, the idea of an All-pervading Personality is the formative nucleus of the idea of God; and this idea of personality, which finds no analogue in the world of matter, can only be generated through the soul's consciousness of selfhood. Not until this is objectified and matured into the idea of an omnipresent Self, can the argument from design become pertinent or forceful. But once posit this unconditional existence, and Nature, becoming its manifestation or visible word, pours a flood of light upon its attributes. Selfhood, therefore, or personality, is the primordial germ of the idea of God; and in the development of this idea from void personality into determinate character, the soul must still repeat its former procedure and reiterate human analogies. Human nature, therefore, is the point of departure in the search for God. The four grand elements of personality or conscious being—intelligence, will, affection, and conscience—are elevated to absolute perfection, and become the august attributes of omniscience, omnipotence, all-lovingness, and all-holiness. But conjoined with these four elements, positive in their nature, though negative in their infinity, must co-exist attributes purely negative, disallowing the four grand limitations of human existence,—cause, dependence, space, and time,—and thus constituting the awful mysteries of self-existence, absoluteness, omnipresence, and eternity. It is thus evident that, while the idea of God contains positive elements, it is more largely constituted by elements purely negative; and even these positive elements are associated with the negative idea of infinity, which, without destroying their essential nature, carries them immeasurably beyond the vastest reach of thought. To accuse such an idea, so overwhelming in its sublimity, of a degrading anthropopathism is simply to misapprehend the meaning of degradation. A community of nature between God and man is the absolute condition of religion; and, though matched with the stellar hosts which fill with resplendent beauty the bosom of infinite Time and Space, a moral nature, finite though it be, is the very culmination of the sublime. In vain would Philosophy divest her idea of God of all human attributes. Every such attempt degrades the Being she would exalt; and she must at last confess that a certain reverent outshadowing of the human upon the background of infinity yields equally the most majestic and the least inadequate idea of the Divine. When, however, it is said that human nature, in its positive aspect and freed from its restrictions, is an epitome, a copy in miniature, of the Divine, this is true only of ideal humanity, not of humanity as it exists in the distorted images we see around us. We predicate of God no positive attribute which is not essential to a perfect humanity, and no attribute which is essential to a perfect humanity can we omit in our idea of God. If, therefore, the ideal human has ever become historically real, that realization is the profoundest utterance of God; and it is the conscious or unconscious longing for such a realization which has riveted the eyes of all the ages upon the Man of Palestine. The positive attributes of God are shared by him in a measure with all his children; his negative attributes, and whatever other perfections are veiled in the blinding lustre of his incommunicable essence, are his alone. And while these inscrutable mysteries shroud the Divine radiance from human eyes, no earnest thinker need fear that the Deity vanishes in a "God understood."

But, in thus assuming a community of nature between God and man, we are at once confronted with the assertion that personality is by necessity a limitation or restriction, and that an infinite or absolute Personality is a contradiction in terms. This objection admits of a duality of form, according as the limitation is maintained to be intrinsic or extrinsic; and we cite two representative arguments taken respectively from Fichte and from Strauss:—

"This Being must be differentiated from you and the universe, and must act in the latter according to conceptions; it must therefore form conceptions, and possess personality and consciousness. But what do you mean by personality and consciousness? Do you mean that which you have found in yourself, learned to know in yourself, and have designated by this name? But that you neither do nor can think this except as limited and finite, the most cur-

sory attention to your own formation of this conception will prove to you. You therefore create this Being by the attribution of personality to a being limited, and like yourself; and you have not, as you wished to do, thought God, but only reduplicated in thought your finite self." [Fichte, *Werke*, I. 187.]

This argument is condensed into four words by Spinoza,—"*Omnia determinatio est negatio.*" But all real being must be determined; only pure Nothing can be undetermined. Even Space and Time, though cognized solely by negative characteristics, are determined in so far as differentiated from the existences they contain; but this differentiation involves no limitation of their infinity. All differentiation or distinction is determination; and if all determination is negation, that is (as here used), limitation, then the Infinite, being determinately distinguished from the finite, loses its own infinity, and is either absorbed in the finite or else vanishes into pure Nothing or Non-being. Spinoza, therefore, by the principle that all determination is limitation, reduces his own philosophy to a system of Absolute Nihilism, which is by no means his purpose. A pure Ego, therefore, by determination to thought, volition, affection, is not limited; its limitation or illimitation depends simply upon the character of this thought, volition, or affection, as perfect or imperfect. As the attribute of continuity has been shown to exist equally in infinite Space and in finite Extension, without involving *per se* quantitative finitude or infinitude, so pure personality is absolutely neutral with respect to qualitative finitude or infinitude, that is, imperfection or perfection. Imperfection admits of different degrees; absolute perfection (which is synonymous with qualitative infinity) is above the category of degree. Until, therefore, the simple and unanalyzable idea of selfhood or personality can be demonstrated to necessitate a certain degree in its determinations of intelligence, will, affection, and conscience, the assertion that personality *per se* involves intrinsic limitation remains an utterly unsubstantiated assumption. The further paradoxism, that personality, implying unity, thereby implies intrinsic limitation, is completely exposed by a simple reference to the distinction previously established between composite and incomposite unity. It is manifestly impossible to form a positive, imaginative conception of pure spirit, except under modifications of form and color, as Mr. Sears, in his "Atheism," admits; but nothing is more evident than the materialistic nature of such conceptions. To conceive the Absolute Spirit, especially, with attributes of form and color, is to be guilty of the very grossest anthropomorphism. The unity of personality is purely incomposite, being equivalent to indivisibility or simplicity; nothing is implied by it concerning limitation. If we repress over-curious imagination, and are content with the sublime deliverance of reason, that God is one God, without partition of essence, the unity of personality is no more a limitation to him than the unity of continuity is a limitation to infinite Space and Time.

The argument of Strauss varies from the foregoing argument of Fichte:—

"We know and feel ourselves to be persons only in contradistinction from other persons, like ourselves and external to us: we distinguish ourselves from them, and are thus conscious of our own finitude. Consequently the conception of personality, formed in and for the province of the finite, appears to lose all meaning when extended beyond it, and a being which finds no external analogue of itself appears also not to be a person. To speak of a personal God, or Divine personality, is seen, from this standpoint, to be a synthesis of conceptions, one of which absolutely excludes and abolishes the other. Personality is Selfhood limiting itself to a definite compass in antithesis to another, which it thereby separates from itself; Absoluteness, on the contrary, is the Encompassing, the Unlimited, which excludes nothing from itself so much as the exclusiveness latent in the conception of personality; absolute personality, consequently, is a nonentity about which nothing can be thought." [Glaubenslehre, I, 504-505.]

This argument strikingly illustrates the danger and the inconsequence of arguing from quantitative to qualitative infinity. On examining it, the prominence of spatial conceptions is very marked. The mutual exclusion which results from the plurality of objects, and the impossibility of their occupying the same space, is the covert drift of the argument. Co-existence of objects in space undoubtedly implies the finitude of the co-existents, but co-existence of personalities implies nothing as to their finitude. There is no analogy, except in a loose, metaphorical sense, between things material and things spiritual. Even admitting the validity of the analogy, Strauss illegitimately uses his data, which can be so employed as to construct a plausible argument *a priori* for the existence of a personal God. The existence of material objects being given as an immediately cognized fact, the existence of Space, its *conditio sine qua non*, is absolutely necessitated. But since material objects are finite, and Space is

infinite, the existence of the finite is demonstrative of the existence of the infinite. Now infinite Space includes finite objects, without being either limited by them or merging them in itself. Consequently, if the analogy holds good, the existence of finite personalities necessitates, as their *conditio sine qua non*, or ground of reality, the existence of an infinite Personality, which includes them and renders them possible, without either being limited by them or merging them in itself. But because we disallow the legitimacy of arguing from quantitative to qualitative infinity, we reject this plausible and seductive proof. The relation of inclusion, which is intelligible as existent between Matter and Space, is altogether meaningless when predicated of personalities; it is a mystical conception, which finds expression in the often-misinterpreted words of Paul,—"in him we live and move and have our being,"—but which philosophy can recognize solely as a figure of speech. Persons may be distinct without mutual limitation. The only attribute which can create mutual limitation between two persons is that of power or will; but while finite powers may limit each other, the statement that a limited power can limit an illimitable power is absurd on the very face of it. Hence the alleged limitation implied in the co-existence of persons is purely fictitious.

But the root of the sophism lies deeper than this. The idea of personality, according to Strauss, is a relative one, and consciousness implies a relation between at least two persons. Now it is indisputable that the Ego comes to consciousness only as opposed to a Non-Ego; but it is equally indisputable that this Non-Ego cannot be a person. We come into immediate contact with nothing but matter, which is the sole object of the senses, and through which alone other human personalities can act upon us; and matter, therefore, is the real Non-Ego which conditions consciousness. But while consciousness is conditioned on a Non-Ego, it is untrue to say that personality is conditioned on a Non-Ego; for consciousness is the reflex activity of the personality, not the personality itself. The personality remains indestructible, although consciousness may lapse into utter unconsciousness, as in a swoon. Moreover, because a consciousness which comes into existence in Time is conditioned on a Non-Ego, it is unwarrantable to say that a Consciousness which never came into existence at all, but has existed *ab æterno*, is likewise so conditioned. All that we know is, that personality is a simple, ultimate, absolute idea, not analyzable into constituent elements, nor implying *per se* any relation whatever to any other existence. Consequently, to attribute personality to God is to predicate nothing which limits in any way his absolute perfection or infinity, strictly and rationally construed.

Such are the true consequences of the doctrine that we cannot positively know infinity;—consequences which few would controvert, and which are wholly at variance with the Philosophy of the Conditioned. If Hamilton had been content to teach such a doctrine as this, by wise and self-consistent methods, thoughtful minds would have been spared the disappointment which is the sole fruit of his constructive labors. Alas for the love of paradox! Harmony is the grand secret of universal Being; there are no jarring chords in the music of the spheres. The laws of truth are severely simple, and refuse to assume the theatrical attitudes by which men would enhance their naked sublimity. The needle of human reason trembles violently on its centre at the deflections of error, prejudice, and passion; but its vibrations move through ever-lessening arcs, and perpetually approximate to a final equilibrium. Philosophy has not yet achieved a fixed point of departure, and a faultless method of advance; but when these shall have been attained, she will vindicate her own transcendent nobility, and assume her rightful rank as the Science of Sciences.

HAD HIM AT LAST.—"How much a peck for potatoes?" asked a gentleman in market on Monday morning. The price suited him, and he was about to purchase, when a thought suddenly struck him. "Wait a moment, my good woman," he said, "I fear these potatoes were picked on Sunday." "No, sir, they were not," she replied; "but to tell the truth, they grew on Sunday!"—*Investigator*.

The North German Gazette asks: "Was not a prize offered, some time ago, to any one who could discover a passage in the writings of a Jesuit father from which the maxim that 'the end consecrates the means' could be fairly deduced?" and proceeds to quote from a newly-published work the following sentence, the original of which, it affirms, is to be found in the Jesuit Edward Voit's "Theologia Moralis," published at Würzburg, in 1769, page 472: "*Qui concessus est finis, concessa etiam sunt media ad finem ordinata.*" That is, "To whom the end is permitted, the means conducing to the end are also permitted."—*The Graphic*.

That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it.—*Emerson*.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errata.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

LIBERALISM IN SALEM.

SALEM, O., Jan. 5, 1873.

At a meeting of the Independent Congregational Society of Salem, held this day, John Gordon in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved, That the Demands of Liberalism, as expressed by the editor of THE INDEX in his issue of the 4th instant, be cordially accepted and approved by this Society; and we shall continue to press those Demands in the future as we have in the past.

"Resolved, That a copy of the above resolution be subscribed by the President and Secretary of this Society, and respectfully presented to the editor of THE INDEX for publication.

M. R. ROBINSON, President.
MILLIE V. BONSALE, Secretary.

A LETTER FROM MR. DAVIS.

ORANGE, N. J., 6th Jan., 1873.

TO F. E. ABBOT, EDITOR INDEX, TOLEDO:

My Dear Sir,—It may interest you to know that I am perfectly and zealously with you in the nine "Demands of Liberalism." It is the true republican platform, means work for essential progress; and you may count upon me as thoroughly in sympathy with every such effort, by which the "approaching crisis" will be hastened, and absolute religious and political freedom secured.

Allow me to congratulate you on the enlarged INDEX. Now that Mr. Morse's *Radical* is no more, after so bravely struggling for existence, I can unrestrainedly welcome your organized and enlarged establishment.

From the first I have read your INDEX, and can only entertain gratitude for its exalted influence, and for your exertions in the cause of perfect mental and moral liberty.

Permit me a word to you concerning Spiritualism. While I advocate the "facts" as illustrative of man's spiritual nature, I totally oppose them as the elements of a new religion; and while I recognize "spiritual intercourse" as a means of converting sceptics to a belief in a future life, I utterly oppose the real or imagined utterances of spirits as an authority.

Hoping you a long life of health and prosperity, I remain truly your friend,

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

"CIRCULATING LIEN."

TO THE INDEX:—

That magnificent programme of manhood which you put forth, headed "The Demands of Liberalism," commends itself to my whole soul, and particularly the eighth section. To me that means, among other things, that "Natural Morality, Equal Rights, and Impartial Liberty" shall no longer be outraged in the matters of currency and taxes.

Whether Moses and Jesus required it or not, Natural Morality requires honest truth and the faithful fulfilment of promises, righteously made, if such fulfilment is possible. Our government, in the interest of money-grubbers, refuses to fulfil a large part of its promises, and thus obliges the people to circulate, to the great damage of their private morality, many millions of lies—very mean and mercenary lies at that.

I am quite aware that Jesus, on more than one occasion, is said to have uttered this sentence: "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." I do not by any means think it follows from this that Jesus meant to establish in his model kingdom that system of taxing the poor for the benefit of the rich which is now enforced by the government of the United States, by its custom houses and other ingenious means of indirect and partial taxation. What I say is, that any system of taxation which, by any considerable probability, makes the poor pay more in proportion to their means than the rich—and every system of indirect taxation must necessarily do this, more or less—is a violation of "equal rights," and is inconsistent with "impartial liberty;" and all the statesmen in the world may safely be defied to find any justification for it, except the above sentence in the gospels of Matthew and Luke. So far as I know, the only excuse they make for it is its convenience. This they pretend is sufficient to counterbalance its admitted injustice. But this cannot be the real reason for its existence, for convenience is tested by cost of collection, and the experience of almost every town in Massa-

chusetts demonstrates that a direct tax costs the least for collection. It is convenient only for the rich, and its existence proves that the government is not run by the people for the people, but by that part of the people who have the most, for the sake of accumulating more, at the expense of the rest. ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Boston, Jan. 5, 1873.

THE INDEX AT ANDOVER.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass., Nov. 20, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. ABBOT:—

You will be pleased, I know, to hear of an unexpected discovery I made a week or two since.

On a recent Sunday, two ladies (sisters) walked from Andover, a distance of about three miles, to attend the Unitarian Church in North Andover. On being introduced to them, I found that one of them, the elder, was thoroughly conversant with radical literature, both past and current; had been a careful reader of the *Radical*; and, above all, is now an ardent admirer of THE INDEX, and an enthusiastic supporter of its brave championship of Free Religion.

I was astonished to find that THE INDEX has a subscriber in Andover, and my astonishment is only surpassed by my hearty delight. Better than any "liberal preacher," I am sure, it will, through this intelligent and earnest interpreter, make way for "Liberty and Light" into the otherwise unbroken mists which overhang this citadel of Orthodoxy.

Already, in this same connection, there is one happy event to remark. The younger of the two sisters above mentioned, hitherto an Orthodox church-member, has resolved to withdraw from her church connection, and contemplates, as she told me, uniting with a liberal church. Although this lady thinks she can "never go so far" as her sister, still who knows where one will stop when once the old fetters are thrown off, and the mind is free to go at its own sweet will?

In this same family there is still another sister, a lady of high culture also, who in her mature life is likewise an earnest seeker after truth. This lady, for reasons which she knows how to give, and not from habitual respect for tradition,—for she is familiar with the arguments and the literature of the present controversy between Sectarianism and Freedom, on both sides,—this lady professes to occupy "strong Christian ground." Still she rejoices that the issue is so sharply made; and, although her conviction at present is that the final result will be the triumph of rational Christianity—Christianity freed from all systematic or incidental corruptions, being simply the natural religion of the man Jesus and the recognition of his religious pre-eminence—still, she is ready to advance from this position, should the developments of the controversy demand it; for her "mind moves in charity and turns upon the poles of truth."

Many, I know, will hail the day when THE INDEX is read under the very walls of the Andover Seminary (and it gets within the walls too, I believe); and doubt not the "new song" that is now put into the mouths of a few dwellers on this modern "Zion's Hill" will be sung by multitudes in the generations following.

It looks now as though religious freedom, if it gets, as it must get, a good foot-hold at length in this Orthodox nursery, will be greatly indebted to THE INDEX for effecting this early entrance.

J. H. CLIFFORD.

DIFFUSION OF FREE THOUGHT.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 27, 1872.

Perhaps the liberals of the United States may suppose that there are some places where Orthodoxy reigns supreme in this country. I once thought so; but I have traveled many thousands of miles and visited many scores of cities and towns, and have never failed to find a large sprinkling of decided and open rationalistic thinkers. Yale College, long the stronghold of Orthodoxy, contains a large proportion of avowed sceptics and rationalists. They form fully twenty-five per cent of the whole. The Scientific School classes have increased in size as well as in standing, at a rate altogether out of proportion to the other departments of the University. While the Theological School contains only ninety-eight students, the Scientific School has one hundred and seventy-five already. New Haven is probably the strongest Orthodox outpost in the country: in this house—a students' boarding-house—where I live, there are seven persons, and of them two are Orthodox, one a Deist, and four are entire sceptics. The *College Courant* has been acknowledged to be unusually able under Mr. Towne's editorial management, and for some unknown reason he has had to resign. W. H. D.

A lady of Boston, seeing among the religious notices that a clergyman would preach, "D. V.," said at once that she would go and hear him, presuming, as she did, that the subject of the course was "Dolly Varden."

TWO SIGNIFICANT SCULPTURES.—Two pieces of sculpture, of which excellent copies are not unfrequently seen, have always been very suggestive to my mind. One seems to me to represent the woman of the past and present; the other the woman of the future. Whoever looks at the bust of Clytie will recognize in it a beautiful idealization of the "clinging vine" type of woman; tender, timid, gentle and graceful, but weak; a pretty ornament, an endearing pet, but not an enterprising or a helpful companion. A man might like to have such a wife, as he would like some rare and delicate flower in his garden. To a certain extent she might be company for him, as is a faithful dog that looks into his eyes to be guided by every wish expressed there; but if he wants any interchange of thought, any sympathy in his pursuits, any helpful suggestions in an hour of trouble, he must seek them elsewhere. Classical fable tells us that Clytie was enamored of Apollo, and was metamorphosed into a sunflower, which continually turns toward that brilliant god. In the sculptured bust the petals of the coming sunflower are already seen forming around her. The moral significance, though not intended, is very instructive; for if a woman continually turns to a lord and master for guidance, the natural consequence is that she should become a vegetable existence.

About fifty years ago a very remarkable statue was dug up in the Greek island of Melos, or Milo. Whom or what the statue represented remains a subject of conjecture; but it is universally known as the Venus of Milo. Why it was decided to call it a Venus I never could imagine; for it has none of the attributes of Venus. It does not appeal to the senses, nor is it an idealization of sensuous beauty. It is grandly beautiful, but is the beauty of the soul. As Clytie represents the popular ideal of Woman in the Past and Present, the Venus of Milo represents the ideal Woman of the Future. The one is a pretty plaything, a graceful ornament; the other is companion, counsellor, and friend. The following lines by Wordsworth are as appropriate as if they had been intended for the subject:—

"I saw her, upon nearer view.

A spirit, yet a woman too;
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
The reason firm, the temperance will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To war, to comfort, to command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Of all the sculpture I have ever seen I most admire the Venus of Milo. I never cease to wonder how so much life and character could be expressed in such a colorless, hard substance as marble. There seems to be a soul within the stone, shining through it, as does a lighted lamp within a transparent shrine. A friend to whom I gave an admirable bust of this noble statue said to me soon afterward: "You have spoiled my Clytie. I used to think her so lovely and graceful; but the Venus of Milo kills her. I have been obliged to put her away in a distant corner so that she might not be extinguished by the comparison." That remark was prophetic. The true nobility of the Woman of the Future, gentle but strong, will extinguish the weak prettiness of the Woman of the Past. The much praised "clinging-vine" type of womanhood will be laid away in a corner, because it cannot stand comparison with

"The perfect woman, nobly planned,
To war, to comfort, and command."

—L. Maria Child.

BISMARCK'S LAST BATTLE.—Prince Bismarck has found a foe worthy of his steel—one that will call upon him for all his skill, and that intense power of will which seems to be his dominant characteristic. He has crossed swords with the Church of Rome. He has signified to the Papacy that within the great German Empire its rule must be subordinate to the civil authority, and that any revolt against the supreme authority of the Kaiser will be met with unsparring and unchanging severity. And with the directness which marks all his movements, and the keenness of vision which sees where to begin a battle, he has aimed his first blow at the famous Society of Jesus. A law has been promulgated banishing the Jesuits from Germany. The convents and other establishments of the Order are to be abolished, and within six months every disciple of Loyola is to find another home. It is not the first time that the Jesuits have suffered expulsion, for they have long been the terror of Kings and Princes in Europe; but the significance of this banishment of this dreaded Order is that it is the first

step in a movement which means the freedom of the great Protestant Empire of the continent from Papal interference, and from the influence of counsels which have the elevation of the Church of Rome to supreme authority in Church and State, as their chief end. It is a long and bitter contest which Bismarck has provoked. If any man in Europe can succeed he can. But Rome has millions of members, and a great array of bishops and other clergy in Germany; and even his great prowess and skill will be tasked to the utmost in the contest which has opened. It will be followed with intense interest by Protestants all over the world.—*Presbyterian.*

BABOLAIN AND HIS GRANDSON.—Having returned home, he let me go up to my room alone, and, a few minutes later, rejoined me there. He was flushed, excited, and held in his hands a little package which he opened at once. It was a white pasteboard box, full of papers, rolled one around the other. He began to unroll them with his impatient fingers, throwing down box and papers as fast as he had undone them.

"What have you there, my little fellow?" I say to him.

He was in too great a hurry to answer; but when he had finished he held out in his hand a half-franc piece and four sous.

"There are some sous for you!" said he, looking at me with his large eyes.

At first I did not know what to say—not that I was ashamed of taking alms; in the hearty simplicity with which he offered me all his fortune there was so much affection and delicacy! I took his hand in my hands, and, kissing his blonde locks, I said:—

"Thank you, George. Keep your money. You can get something with it—you can ride in the goat cart, you know."

"You don't want my sous?" said he, evidently about to cry.

"Keep your money for yourself, my dear boy—keep it."

He put his money back into his pocket without saying a word, went to the window, and looked out into the courtyard; but the glass reflected his face like a mirror. It was sad, his nostrils were swollen, and he was biting his lips to keep from crying.

"You don't deserve such kindness," I said to myself. "By your stupidity and foolish pride, you are going to make the only being in the world who loves you cry." So I said aloud:—

"George, do you still want to give me your money?" He turned round, his eyes lit with joy. "Do you want to? Very well; give it to me, my dear: it will give me great pleasure."

He threw his arms about my neck and, while smothering me with caresses, he slipped into my pocket the four sous and the little piece of silver.

"You will take good care, grandpa, not to lose them," he murmured.

I wrapped them up in the same paper, put them in the white box, and they are there, near a lock of his mother's hair and my other relics.—"Babolain," by Gustave Droz.

INFAMOUS BRUTALITY.—The Fort Scott (Kansas) Monitor relates the following story of an accident on the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad last week:

A train bound for Texas had on board a large number of travelers and emigrants, among them a lady with a little boy aged seven years, who had the ague. When about sixty miles below the State line the boy, who had been walking about the car during the evening, fell off. This was not known by the mother until the train had gone two miles, and the lady sought the conductor and asked him to back the train, which he refused to do. The lady then asked the conductor to stop the train and let her off, which the conductor also refused to do; and, in spite of her tears and entreaties, carried her down to the next station, where she was compelled to stay over night and wait for an up-train next morning. On return the boy was found. He had crawled up the embankment among the grass, and resting his curly head among the wild flowers of the prairie, and drenched with the terrific thunder storm on Friday night, he was dead.

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"I have looked over Mr. —'s novel, and think it would be an attractive feature in THE INDEX. It is very strong, and I found it very interesting. The story is remarkably well told; the characters are firmly drawn; and the religious tone of it will suit the paper well. The style is nervous and simple; the incident is varied; the development is natural. The writer has put a vast deal of thought into it, and spent great labor on it with admirable effect. My judgment may be a fault, but I think it would adorn THE INDEX. It will divide well as a serial, which will be an advantage."

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70.—A "Cut Direct" and other Experiences, too various for particularization.

71.—Is as Desultory as the one preceding it, and therefore introduced without Specification.

72.—More Boarding-House and Bohemian Details; the latter involving their own Moral.

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81.—In which John Gower's Misfortunes and the Story come to an End together.

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THE INDEX.

DRAWER 28, TOLEDO, OHIO.

A SYNOPSIS

PAUL GOWER,

BY THE AUTHOR.

"PAUL GOWER" is a story of English and American Life; the localization being pretty equally divided between both countries. It embraces some London, some (English) country life, much of New York Journalism, including the humorous and "Bohemian" side of it; travel from Canada to New Orleans; a midway transition, again, to Great Britain, and a return to the United States, where the story virtually concludes,—the closing scenes transpiring in the Virginian peninsula, during McClellan's unsuccessful campaign there in the second year of the late civil war. The whole narrative occurs in the five years preceding that event, incidentally involving much that led up to it, particularly secession-time in Charleston, South Carolina, the inside details of which are not incursions.

It is, also, in the very warp and weft of it, as heterodox, rationalistic, anti-theological novel; its main object being the exposure of the logical results of certain so-called religious opinions on the life and character of those who hold them. Its author has endeavored to show how these, often sincere and conscientious persons, are and must be, not only not the better, but the worse for their adherence to certain theological tenets, now obsolete with all advanced thinkers, but still dreadfully potent with the uninquiring and acquiescent on both sides of the Atlantic. He exhibits how these opinions poison the kindly springs of natural affection, pervert character, and are, in short, utterly mischievous and deplorable. This, the fulfilment of a long-cherished purpose, has not, he believes, suffered from not being obtruded, didactically or otherwise, but allowed to transpire naturally in the course of a novel involving more than anti-theological objects. It is emphatically a story, with a distinct and carefully wrought-out plot, kept in view from beginning to end.

Free Religious Association.

The Report in pamphlet form, of the ANNUAL MEETING of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION for 1872, can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, WM. J. POTTER, NEW BEDFORD, MASS. It contains essays by John W. Chadwick, on "LIBERTY AND THE CHURCH IN AMERICA;" by C. D. B. Mills, on the question, "DOES RELIGION REPRESENT A PERMANENT SENTIMENT OF THE HUMAN MIND, OR IS IT A PERISHABLE SUPERSTITION?" and by O. B. Frothingham, on "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY;" together with the Report of the Executive Committee, and addresses and remarks by Dr. Bartol, A. B. Alcott, Lucetta Mott, Celia Burlingame, Horace Seaver, Alexander Loos, and others. Price, 25 cents; 10 packages of five or more, 25 cents each.

WM. J. POTTER.

Secretary.

The Index.

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VOLUME 4.

TOLEDO, O., AND NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 162.

ORGANIZE!

LIBERALS OF AMERICA!

The hour for action has arrived. The cause of freedom calls upon us to combine our strength, our zeal, our efforts. These are

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and universal liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Let us boldly and with high purpose meet the duty of the hour. I submit to you the following

FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, unbecomingly the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

THEREFORE, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF

ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in —:

Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.

ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.

ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.

ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.

ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

Liberals! I pledge to you my undivided sympathies and most vigorous co-operation, both in THIS INDEX and out of it, in this work of local and national organization. Let us begin at once to lay the foundations of a great national party of freedom, which shall demand the entire secularization of our municipal, state, and national government. Send me promptly the list of officers of every Liberal League that may be formed, and a standing list of all such Leagues shall be kept in THE INDEX. Rouse, then, to the great work of freeing America from the usurpations of the Church! Make this continent from ocean to ocean sacred to human liberty! Prove that you are worthy descendants of those whose wisdom and patriotism gave us a Constitution untroubled with superstition! Shake off your slumbers, and break the chains to which you have too long lamely submitted!

Toledo, O., Jan. 1, 1873.

FRANCIS M. ABBOT.

THE BOSTON SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES FOR 1873.

LUDWIG FEUERBACH AND MODERN ATHEISM.

BY O. R. PROTHINGHAM.

FIRST LECTURE IN THE COURSE OF SIX "SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES," GIVEN IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, JANUARY 5, 1873.

The subject of this lecture is Modern Atheism. I do not mean to contrast Modern Atheism with the atheism of antiquity. Such a contrast would be barren. Atheism is always essentially the same thing. Its aspects may vary, but its substance remains unaltered by time. Atheism, as a doctrine, is simply the denial of a sentient God. It may be sensuous and material in its tone, substituting for the one controlling Mind the blind forces of Nature and ascribing to them the functions that theists ascribe to God. It may be philosophical or ideal in tone, substituting for the Supreme Conscious Mind certain vast generalizations called "Laws of Nature," and ascribing to these the operations of the visible universe. It may be what the Germans call "subjective." That is, it may substitute for the Central mind the laws of thought, and ascribe the visible universe with all its phenomena to the play of intelligence in the human brain. Or again it may be what the Germans call "objective." That is, it may substitute for the super-natural, super-human Being, a huge entity like the human race, an organized mass of existence covering continuity of space and centuries of time, and whenever or wherever it is, performing the part of Creator, Preserver, Benefactor, and Providence. But whichever aspect it assumes it is essentially the same thing, denial of a sentient God.

It is not profitable to inquire whether absolute atheism be or be not possible. Absolute atheism is not under discussion; only relative atheism, —the doctrine of a sentient God; to that alone is atheism committed. Nor is it worth while to consider whether atheism be pure negation or no. Whether it be content with simple denial, or whether it be as some affirm, a shadowy prophecy of purer theism. It may be one or the other according to circumstances.

Atheism takes its coloring from the moods and temperaments of mankind. Indian atheism differs from Greek atheism, that from Roman. The atheism of the North is unlike the atheism of the South; the atheism of the East has a different cast of expression from the atheism of the West. French atheism is one thing; German atheism is another. English atheism again is still another. There is physical atheism and atheism metaphysical—two quite different things. The atheism of the XVIII century does not correspond precisely with the atheism of the XIX. The XVIII century was metaphysical, fond of abstruse arguments, given to long disquisitions on the attributes of God, the problems of evil and misery, the conduct of Providence, the nature of the soul, the rule and regulation of the world. The XIX century is scientific—it studies facts; metaphysics are discarded as unprofitable; theology has fallen into bad repute; even philosophy is bidden come down from the clouds and lend a hand at helping move along. The XVIII century tried all problems by abstract ideas. The XIX century applies to all problems the test of correct classification. The XVIII century was revolutionary. Its distinguishing feature was a passionate uprising of the mind against the bondage of dogma. War was made, not only on the Church of Rome, but on all established religion, on all accepted creeds and traditions. It was the age pre-eminently of *ideals*. The epoch of criticism. It substituted free inquiry for blind faith, reason for authority. It called itself the Age of Reason. The searching glance fell everywhere—on all shrines, on all mysteries. Everywhere it detected a skeleton. In the XIX century this destructive work is mainly done. The

weapons of war are laid by. It is an age of rebuilding on new foundations by the help of new plans. Its spirit is generous, confiding, pacific. It aims at doing justice to ideas, beliefs, institutions, and men. It holds its opinions affirmatively whatever they may be, dislikes dogmatism whether radical or conservative, can afford to be fair, and calls in even the Samaritans to aid in rebuilding the temple of Truth.

It is but just to say that atheism has always claimed to be the friend of mankind. In the name of human welfare, it has lifted up its voice against superstition and priestcraft, those twin demons who have ruled the human mind by the despotism of ignoble fears. As a class atheists have been friends of mankind. Parker, speaking of the atheists of his own time, said: "They seem to be truth-loving and sincere persons; conscientious, just, humane, philanthropic, and modest men. They are men who mean to be just to their nature, and to their whole nature. They are commonly on the side of man as opposed to the enemies of man; on the side of the people as against a tyrant; they are, or mean to be, on the side of truth, of justice and love. I think they are much higher in their moral and religious growth than a great many men who are always saying to God, 'I go, sir,' and never stir. These are men who have made sacrifices, even, to be faithful."

This cannot be said of all atheists. It was not true of the English Hobbes, who lived at ease with the Earl of Devonshire, and probably thought a good deal more of the fine people he met under the Earl's roof than he did of the world outside, and more of his own reputation as a philosopher than he did of the well being of his fellow-men. It was not true of the French d'Holbach, who entertained the freethinkers of Paris at his brilliant table, and probably plumed himself as much on his wit as he did on his humanity. It was not true, perhaps, of Helvetius. But it was true of Diderot,—and generally it has been and is true of the class of men to which he belongs. It has been well said of the disbelief of the XVIII century: "It should be pardoned much, for it has loved much. It has greatly loved humanity." Beccaria, the author of the famous work on "Crimes and Penalties," declares that the sentiments of humanity that had been stifled in his soul by eight years of training in fanaticism had been revived by the reading of French books, and among the writers to whom he ascribes the largest share in his moral regeneration, he mentions d'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, and Hume. D'Alembert was not an atheist, though he had the name of being one, but he was the companion and, for a time, the fellow-workman of atheists. He, although timid and cautious, was a declared foe of despotism, a champion of moral equality, sworn foe of superstition and tyranny, which he pronounced the two greatest scourges of the human race. "His heart was kind," said one of his critics, "if his temper was bitter; he performed faithfully the duties of friendship and gratitude; both with devotion." Lucretius, the author of the poem on the "Nature of Things," one of the most remarkable relics of Roman literature, enters on his theme, the exposition of the atheism of Epicurus, with the passionate earnestness of a moral reformer. "His whole intellectual and moral nature," it has been not more generously than truly said, "seemed concentrated on the greatest subject of contemplation, for the greatest practical object, the reformation of the world." His abhorrence of war was profound and strange in a Roman of the imperial age. Deep was his sympathy, and sincere his pity for the miseries of the world. For himself and his fellow-men he aspired after a serene existence that was attained on earth. He sought this none the less truly because he sought it through the destruction of what men called "religion," and the removal from the human mind of the idea of a God.

Few nobler minds than Lucretius have lived, not many as noble. Still in every generation atheism has numbered honorable names, one of which I shall hope to make familiar and dear to you now. I cannot better illustrate and confirm the spirit of my opening words than by giving you some account of a man, a German of eminence enough to have been translated into English by the authoress of *Adam Bede*, *Romola*,

and *Middlemarch*,—his name Ludwig Feuerbach. He died three months ago, in poverty, not in neglect, for his countrymen here and at home were dropping on him the dew of their benevolence, and trying to cheer his solitude by testimonies of their gratitude for his emancipating thoughts. The seeds he planted in his active years became a harvest that fed him in his age—and a garden of flowers on his grave.

The story of Feuerbach's life is soon told. It was quite uneventful, and of the few incidents that compose it, none are striking enough to excite interest. One of several sons of Anselm von Feuerbach, the celebrated criminal lawyer and Counsellor of State to the King, he was born the 28th of July 1804, in Landshut, a picturesque old town of Bavaria, near Munich. He studied theology at the University of Heidelberg; but the professors there could not satisfy the young man's craving for light. From Heidelberg, at the age of twenty, he went to Berlin. There philosophy took precedence of the theology—and Ludwig wrote to his father, "I have abandoned theology, but I have not abandoned it willfully or lightly, because it was not attractive to me, but because it no longer satisfies me, because it does not give me what I crave, what I need, what I have. It is nature, from whose depths timid theology draws back—it is man, essential humanity, that I would press to my heart."

The prince of philosophers at this time was Hegel; he was at once prince, priest and prophet. In the fulness of his powers, ripe in manhood and in fame—he sat in the chair of Pichte and gave laws to the intellectual world. He would "teach philosophy to talk German as Luther had taught the Bible to do." A crowd of enthusiasts thronged about him. The scientific and literary celebrities of Berlin sat at his feet. State officials attended his lectures and professed themselves his disciples. The government provided liberally for the salary and paid the travelling expenses of this great ambassador of the mind. The old story was told again of the disciple becoming master. The philosopher became the friend of those who befriended him, the tool some say of those who lavished on him honors. It was not long before the new philosophy that was to reconstruct the mental world learned to accept the world as it existed, and lent its powerful aid to the order of things it promised to overturn. Throwing out the aphorism, "The rational is the actual, the actual is the rational," Hegel declared that natural right, morality, and even religion are properly subordinate to the State. The despotic Prussian system welcomed the great metaphysician as its apologist and defender. The Prussian government was not tardy in showing appreciation of its advocate's services.

The Church taking the hint from the State put in its claim to support from the grand potentate; it needed protection against the rationalism that was coming up. And such protection the Majesty of Hegel vouchsafed to offer. Faith and philosophy struck hands after a fashion never seen before. Orthodox professors gave in their allegiance to the man who declared that God was "in process of becoming"—and the man who declared that God was in process of becoming welcomed the Orthodox professors to his circle of disciples. He was even more Orthodox than the Orthodox; he gave the theologians new explanations of their dogmas and supplied them with arguments against their foes. Trinity, Incarnation, Atonement, Redemption—he legitimated them all to the complete satisfaction of the ecclesiastical powers.

Before things came to this pass, Ludwig Feuerbach had ceased to count himself a disciple. His quick eye perceived the drift of the speculation and his brave spirit revolted from the thrall-dom he saw impending. To him philosophy meant freedom, and when he saw it was coming in the system of its greatest living representative to mean bondage, he broke away and assumed an attitude of his own: he would acknowledge a teacher gratefully, but no master. His maiden work, "Thoughts on death and immortality," clearly indicated his revolt from the school discipline, and his famous book on "The essence of Christianity" revealed the full significance of his secession. Thenceforth he travelled his own road, and he travelled it alone. His later writings showed scarcely a trace of the systems he had run through. In style, manner of handling his material, method of developing his thought, drift of purpose, animating spirit of earnest enthusiasm, Feuerbach was all himself.

In a few years, philosophy like theology was laid aside, and the young man was ready to throw himself into the arms of natural science. But poverty forbade. He must labor for a livelihood. The one thing he understood was philosophy, and in 1823, four years after his first joyous advent to Berlin, at the age now of twenty-four he accepted a professor's chair at Erlangen and delivered lectures on logic and metaphysics to the "nest of pietists there." But it would not do. A brief trial convinced him that he was out of place as a teacher of philosophy who must teach as the management of the institution directed, and once more he shook from his feet the dust of the school room.

He retired now to Bruckberg, a lively village

in the vicinity of Aushach. There was nature enough for him, and nature his soul was hungry for. "All the abstract sciences" he said "multilicate man: natural science alone restores his integrity, makes demands on the full man, employs all the faculties, occupies the whole mind." In the seclusion of Bruckberg, he devoted himself to his studies. In quick succession writings come from him stamped with the impress of his genius, and especially distinguished by their bold advocacy of the new ideas which were kindling then in the bosom of those who most ardently hoped and most eagerly aspired. He was at this period a diligent contributor to the *Hallerische Jahrbücher*, which was the "Radical" and "Index" of his country. But this kind of literature paid its authors no better in Germany than it does elsewhere. Radicalism was never yet known to make men rich. Stones can more easily be made bread than books like his. The more ideas they contained the less they were wanted. They took bread from his mouth rather. For in consequence of them his application for a professorship was refused.

At this juncture the happy providence of wedlock came to his assistance. In 1838 the sister-in-law of the friend who had given him the peaceful asylum at Bruckberg became his wife. Now he was provided for. "Now," he cried with joy, "Now I can cherish my genius." These were happy days of industry and affection, days of writing and lecturing on his beloved themes, days likewise of practical duties. But they were destined to be few. The failure of a porcelain factory in which he was pecuniarily interested deprived him of his income, and reduced him to poverty once more. He was compelled to leave his pleasant home, and to retire to the lonely valley where he has since died, leaving wife and children behind him.

Such in brief sketch was Feuerbach's life, not an eventful one certainly. The life we are concerned with was internal, and that was far enough from being uneventful. His books are a spiritual biography. They are full of animation; they glow with enthusiasm; they surprise with novelty; unexpected turns of thought and expression occur on every page. They fairly transport the reader to new regions of the intellectual world; they open fresh views to the mental vision; introduce him to new heavens and a new earth; make him walk by the light of new constellations over territory hitherto unexplored. Let us throw a glance into this strange universe, that we may know how to think of the man who made the revelation of it. I will not attempt to carry you far, nor will I tire your eyes with too minute or too comprehensive a survey. Feuerbach wrote much. His books number ten volumes, and cover immense spaces of speculation. I shall not even weary you with a catalogue of his publications which would merely convey an idea of his productiveness, but would give no conception of his genius. With him quality is more than quantity: the key note is everything.

Though Feuerbach early abandoned theology, he was essentially a theologian. It was because he was essentially a theologian that he abandoned theology. Craving the substance, he could not concern himself most with form. He could not rest till he got at the secret of faith. His mind was serious, his thought consecrated. This change from theology to philosophy, from philosophy to natural science, indicated no secularizing process in his mind, no slackening of moral tension, no tendency to worldliness or frivolity. He simply exchanged one method of arriving at truth for another. The theological method disappointed him; the philosophical method did not meet his expectation; the method of Nature he trusted would be more satisfactory. But from each method he demanded the same result, the TRUTH. He was no sceptic except in the original sense of being a seeker. He was rather a man of faith, of faith so constant that he was not discouraged by any inadequacy of tools, or daunted by any failure of methods. He did not cease to become a divine when he ceased to call himself a student of divinity; he did not cease to be a thinker when he laid by the philosopher's garb; he did not cease to be a toiler at the problems of existence when he superintended the affairs of a factory. He never forgot himself. What he was, he was all over. What he was at the beginning, he was all through. He went to the university of Heidelberg, with the firm resolve to become a minister of religion. He said of himself at a later period, "If ever man was called and justified, to pass a judgment on religion, it was I; for I studied religion, not in books alone, nor from the records of other men's lives; I learned it from my own life."

It is in his religious writings, therefore, that we must search for the secret of this man's thought. Among these, two books are conspicuous—the "Essence of Christianity" and the "Essence of Religion." I name the works in the order of their composition. The "Essence of Christianity" was one of his earlier productions; the "Essence of Religion" was the theme of his popular lectures in Heidelberg in 1848. Let us try to read Feuerbach's soul in these two books. The task is not difficult, for Feuerbach

is a man of purpose, "a volcanic man," one of his critics calls him, as his name imports, a torrent of flame. He writes with a practical end in view, and at that end he drives with impetuosity. His style is popular; his sentences are short and simple of construction; his words are fresh. He does not address the cultivated, but the people; he appeals to the heart as well as to the intellect; out of the heart to the heart. He is theologian that he may be more genuinely prophet; philosopher that he may more intelligently preach; man of science that he may communicate more directly with natural feeling.

Let us listen to this man's thoughts about religion. I will present them in his own language, as being far more glowing as well as far more correct than any that I can frame.

The question arises: Does there exist for man aught that transcends nature and humanity? Are we justified in thinking of the absolute as distinct from these? With full and feeling conviction Feuerbach answers, No! With full and feeling conviction, I say; not idly or frigidly, with the contempt of the barren literal mind, but with an emphasis which he intended should convey the glowing assurance of faith. He was through and through humanitarian. In man he had boundless confidence and hope—for man his love was boundless. He would press to his heart humanity, the whole of it. And the wholeness, the integrity of humanity, was the thing he held close in his heart. He could not bear to see it divided, dislocated, broken in two, as in his view it had come to be through misapprehension, delusion, the trick of fancy, the jugglery of priestcraft,—its natural and its spiritual powers sundered one from the other, the mortal element in it cut off from the immortal, the human detached from the divine, a portion confined to the earth, another portion set up in heaven, one portion calling the other portion angel, spirit, deity, bending down before it in worship, praying to it, humiliating itself in its presence, trying to purchase its favor with gifts, dreading its power, asking its pardon, calling itself nothing and making itself nothing in view of the supernal glory which after all was merely a reflection of its own worthiness on the clouds. To see the man trembling and exulting at the sight of his own shadow touched Feuerbach to the soul. And, therefore, when asked if he believed in a distinct, personal, conscious God, he answered no; for he felt that whatever was given to God was taken from man, that the being called God was but man himself under another name. Why have two beings where one is sufficient? Why divide consciousness against itself? Man, Feuerbach maintained, can conceive of nothing higher than his own nature. "The absolute being of man is his own being." "The consciousness of God is the self-consciousness of man, the knowledge of God is man's self-knowledge." "God is the revealed spirit, the uttered selfhood of man." God is the commonplace book of man's deepest thoughts and experiences, the genealogical register in which he puts down the names of his dearest, holiest kindred. "The measure of intelligence is the measure of being." If these assertions imply *Atheism* it is that theological *Atheism* which the author makes it his business to proclaim in the interest of mental emancipation. If they involve *idealism*, the dissolving of all entities in thought, it is an idealism that palpitates with sympathy.

"Religion," says Feuerbach, "is the relation of man to his own inner being, as if it was another being. The divine Being is the human being, purified, freed from the limits of the individual, projected; externally contemplated and revered as another being apart from his own and yet his own. All the attributes of the divine being are human attributes." "Man—this is the secret of religion—projects his being over against himself; thinks himself, makes himself his own object, always imagining the object to be a separate being." The spectre of the Brocken, the gigantic figure before which the ignorant mountaineer flies in terror, is his own form reflected in the atmosphere of the mountain tops; the mirage of the desert which cheats the traveller with the hope of a delicious garden is the illusion of his own fancy. "Religion is the relation of man to his outward projection of himself. Herein lies its truth; its untruth consists in conceiving this outwardly projected being as *not* his, as something else, apart, foreign, even opposed to himself; this is the bitter fountain of religious fanaticism." "The end of religion is human welfare, health and happiness. God is the realized health of the soul, the perfect fulfilment of human felicity" in other words. "God as the object of religion is the fruition of the heart's desire, the unlimited self-satisfaction of feeling." Mark the depth of the author's own sense of the reality and force of this feeling; note the strength of his hold on the constitution of the living heart. It covers the walls of the universe with gigantic frescoes of the gods; the absolute itself is but one of its dreams. Now the feeling plunges down, revels in private affection, is absorbed by personal attachment; now it flies away, spreads its wings, soars, aspires, wanders in the empyrean—loses itself in oceans of light.

It is the business of reason to dispel an illusion

so fatal to humanity. "When morality is based on theology, right on divinity, the most immoral, unrighteous, scandalous things are justified and commended; religion is jealous of morality; it sucks its life blood; even love, the innermost, truest experience becomes, at the bidding of religion, a visionary thing, for religion bids us love men for God's sake; that is, love men in semblance only, in reality love God alone." "For faith sunders man from himself, instead of a natural organic unity and love, it substitutes an artificial unity." "The morality that is founded on Faith has for its criterion and principle the contradiction of nature" (supposes a strife between the different departments of the same nature); in a word, "Faith sacrifices man to God."

Do not fail to do justice here to Feuerbach's faith in the moral integrity of man, his determination that no break in the human consciousness shall occur. See how he makes solid and primitive that which is commonly made shadowy and secondary,—namely, human experience. See how the uncertain and visionary, namely, the heart's natural feeling, becomes the ground of all. See how, instead of beginning high up in the cloudy regions and feeling his way down to the earth, he plants himself firmly on the earth and builds up of concrete materials his heavenly mansions.

Religion, according to Feuerbach is a practical concern, a matter of feeling, not of speculation. The relation of man to his own ideal self which he imagines to be and calls God, is practical. His so-called God "is the heart emancipated from all bonds, released from the conditions of nature." From the contemplation of this he derives help in need, comfort in sorrow. "The clearest proof that in religion man deals simply with his own being, simply with himself, is the love which God cherishes for man, a love which is the very key of religion." How could man find peace in God, if God were a different being from himself? How could sin be a revolt against a divine being, if the divine being were not identical with the human being whom sin wounds? How could divine revelation be made to humanity if it did not proceed from human reason?

Observe the scope given to human nature in these declarations. In Feuerbach's conception it covers the whole field of divinity. If the theological deity is removed it is that a glorified human heart may be placed on his immortal throne. The heavens are not folded up and laid away like a vesture. They are flooded with the light of love. The spaces of immensity heretofore crowded with angels are not left bleak and uninhabited; man's longing and aspiration people them with smiling expressions of his hopes. Humanity comes into possession of the whole realm of intelligence and feeling. It flings itself forth into the fields of light; it communes with itself; it adores its own ideal majesty; it bows low before its own transcendent possibility. The lovely Swedenborgian poem comes again to mind:—

"To mercy, pity, peace, and love
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For mercy, pity, peace, and love
Is God our Father dear,
And mercy, pity, peace, and love
Is man, his child and care.

For mercy has a human heart,
Pity, a human face,
And love, the human form divine,
And peace, the human dress.

Thus every man in every clime
That prays in his distress
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, mercy, pity, peace.

And all must love the human form
In heaven, Turk, or Jew;
Where mercy, love, and pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too."

Feuerbach objects to religion as commonly apprehended, that it is egotistical; by sundering the natural connection between the visible human being and the spiritual world, by making man dependent on other beings than himself, by forcing him into an attitude of supplication before the invisible forms, and making it a necessity and a duty on his part to obtain all the favors from them he can, by compelling him to consider his selfhood as deriving nurture and felicity from a being not in sympathy with himself, religion begets in man the craven spirit of a suppliant and the greedy disposition of a parasite. It annihilates one portion of the human being before the other, and so instead of expanding and cultivating, narrows and mutilates. Charges of this sort Feuerbach makes with passion. Break this illusion, he says, that God is a being distinct from man,—restore the true conception that God is only a name given to the ideal nature of man himself, the personification of man's grander personality, and at once humanity straightens itself up to its full height, believes in its constitution, respects its law, trains its powers, educates its capacities, walks with uplifted countenance, enjoys the use of its faculties and pushes out towards its perfection. It becomes its own comforter, inspirer, Saviour. It holds the prophets and saints in its bosom, and

suns itself in the heavens of its own possibilities.

These things Feuerbach says over and over again in endless reiteration. He is not a diffuse writer, on the contrary he is terse. His style is pointed and brilliant; but so anxious is he that his thought shall pierce, that he keeps saying the same thing with an unwearied perseverance, which is also unwearied because so earnest. The intensity of the thought preserves the freshness of the utterance; the feeling is never monotonous.

The criticism which Feuerbach makes on religion in general bears with increased force against Christianity as the crowning form of religion. Here too I present his thought mainly in his own words, that I may present it fairly, making no apology for him, as he made none for himself, but letting him speak as he would if he were here.

Christianity had been called by its lovers, "The religion of the heart." Feuerbach accepts the definition. "Out of the heart," he says, "out of its deep necessity to do good, to live and die for mankind, out of the impulse to beneficence, which would make all happy, even the humblest and most degraded, out of the moral duty of beneficence as made compulsory on the heart, the finest elements in Christianity spring." But the religion partakes of the heart's weakness as well as of its strength. "The heart discovers nothing; it is passive, receptive, dependent." "In Christianity man retires within himself, considers himself individually as alone of essential consequence, cuts himself off from the rest of the world." "The heathen corrected their tendency to inwardness by the contemplation of the universe; they generously permitted the universe to live and live forever; the Christians betrayed their intolerance by insisting that in the interest of their spiritual life, the world should be burned up." "The Christians deified an individual." They substituted the man Jesus for the race; they disavowed culture, discouraged marriage, persuaded men to love themselves rather than their neighbors, and Christ instead of humanity. "Separation from the world, from nature, from society, has been the aim of Christianity, and this aim is literally accomplished in monachism." "Celibacy and monachism are necessary results of the supernatural extra-mundane spirit of Christianity." "Unspotted virginity is the principle of holiness, which by depreciating marriage leaves no genuine, but only an apparent sanctity." "Death is the entrance into heaven. But if death be the condition of felicity and moral perfection, then renunciation, mortification, self-crucifixion is the only law of morality." "Christianity spoils love by faith." "A love which is limited by faith is no true love; it is good only so long as faith is not compromised." "Faith makes belief in God its law; love is freedom; it condemns not even the atheist." "Faith separates God from men, therefore men from men; love identifies God with men and men with God, therefore men with men." "Faith is a merciless fire, consuming everything opposed to it. This fire of faith contemplated as an external being is the wrath of God, in other words hell." Christian love "has not conquered hell because it has not conquered faith." "It is 'Christian' love, therefore something limited and peculiar; but the essence of love is universality. While Christian love clings to its Christliness, it is a love that injures the soul of truth, a love whose narrowness conflicts with the spirit of love, an abnormal, a loveless love."

"The deepest thought and feeling of a religion appear in the conception of heaven." "Faith in the future life is only faith in the true life." "The future is the lost present, regained." "What men exclude from their heaven, they exclude from their conception of true being." "The Christian excludes from heaven life in his kind; this, therefore he excludes from his conception of true human life. In heaven he is delivered from that he would be free from here, namely, passion, his material environment, his attachment to nature."

The spirit of the religion appears in its cardinal dogmas. The incarnation imports that God is personified love, that love is divine. It imports further that love humbles itself, condescends, submits, suffers. "The doctrine of the dying God imports, that dying for others is God-like." To say that God suffers is equivalent to saying that God is a heart. A being without sorrow is a being without a heart. The mystery of the suffering God is therefore the mystery of feeling; a suffering God is a sympathetic God."

The doctrine of trinity implies that God's love has a corresponding object. "Loneliness is a necessity for thought, companionship a necessity for affection. Man can think alone, he must love in society." "God the Father is I, God the Son is Thou. I is thought, solitary. Thou is love. Thought with love and love with thought constitute the whole being." "How can God be the father of mankind (of subordinate creatures distinct from himself, if he had not in himself a subordinate being, a law." To make the family group complete a third person is necessary, and a woman, the feminine principle, was received into heaven. Motherly love is associated with the love of father and son.

The third person in the trinity is the Virgin Mother. The heart that demands a Father God, demands a Mother God. The heart that demands a God the Son, a mild, mediating being, a sensitive susceptible being, a sympathetic God, demands a mother with whom the son may live in intimate affection. The Son is all in all to the Father, the Mother is all in all to the Son. To the Son the Mother is indispensable. The Son's heart and the Mother's heart are one. "The Herrnhuters called the Holy Ghost the mother of the Saviour." "Faith in the love of God is faith in the Feminine as a divine principle." "Protestantism had no need of a woman in heaven, because it pressed a mortal woman to its heart." "The true God is the God in his fullness, a necessity where the actual life is barren. The emptier the human life, the fuller the life of God." The same act impoverishes the actual world and enriches the ideal world. The poor man only has a rich God. God springs from a sense of need. What man lacks, that his God is." The cheerless heart, wifeless, childless, loveless, dreams of God who is in himself a complete and genial society.

The mystery of the incarnate word is in like manner a reflection thrown on fancy's screen of a familiar thought. "The word is the light of the world. The word leads to all truth, unlocks all secrets, discloses the hidden, brings the distant near, makes palpable the infinite, immortalizes the transient. Man passes, the word endures; the word is life and truth; to the word all power is given; it makes the blind see, the lame walk, the sick well, the dead live. The word works miracles, the only rational wonders. The word is the gospel, the Paraklete, the comforter. To convince yourself of the divine quality of speech, imagine yourself alone and forsaken, hearing for the first time the voice of a man. Would not the voice seem to you the voice of an angel, nay, as the voice of God himself, the sound of heavenly music? The word has redeeming, atoning, beatifying, emancipating power. The sins that we confess are forgiven through the divine power of speech. The dying man departs in peace who speaks out his long kept evil secret. The forgiveness of sins lies in the acknowledgment of sins. The sorrows we talk over are lightened. Utterance subdues passion. If we are in darkness and doubt we have only to speak, and the instant we open our mouth to explain or ask explanation, the doubt and darkness disappear. Speech makes us free; speech is an act of freedom; speech is freedom. He who cannot speak is a slave. The speechless passion is the overmastering passion. Barbarism vanishes with the culture of speech. The word of God is the Godlikeness of word; it describes the true character of human speech."

Illustrations of Feuerbach's peculiar method might be multiplied indefinitely. All religion with him is pictorial; a gorgeous piece of fancy work, a brilliant dramatizing of human feelings. "Prayer is man's communion with his own heart; one part of himself addresses the other part; he speaks to his other self as God, and calls it Thou." "Miracle is a supreme wish realized, nothing more." The belief in immortality expresses man's desire not to die. Certainty of personal continuance the heart craves. The assurance must be immediate, sensible, palpable. Hence belief in the bodily resurrection of the Christ, as the only thing that can satisfy the heart's desire for an immediate knowledge of individual continuance. "He that denies the resurrection, denies the resurrection of Christ, denies Christ; but he that denies Christ denies God." The sacred history, which is a history not of events but of thoughts, closes with the resurrection, and begins with supernatural birth, thus cutting off nature at both ends. The Christian abhorred the natural processes of death, and by his miracle-working faith abolished them both. "The wifeless, childless, loveless life is the direct way to the immortal heavenly life, for heaven is simply the life that is free from nature, from sex, from society, from race, the absolutely inward life." "Faith in personal immortality is faith that distinctions of sex and race are incidental, that the individual is in himself a complete absolute being." "Faith in personal immortality is identical with faith in the personal God." "Here," say the theologians, "we are separated from God; hereafter the veil will be lifted." "The end of goodness is felicity; but the eternal life is God himself," said Augustine. "Blessedness is the Godhead, therefore every one blessed is a God," said Boethius. "The old man will be renewed in the spiritual life," said Luther; "he will be like God in life, righteousness, majesty, wisdom." "Faith in the immortality of man is faith in the divinity of man" (and inversely, faith in God is faith in the pure personality, emancipated from all limits and so made immortal); "as God is nothing but the being of man purified of whatever in thought or feeling seems to be limitation or evil, so the future is but the present freed from the same limitations."

But, enough. You take the idea. We will not stop to criticize it, or to take exceptions to it. I am here to express Feuerbach, not to refute him; to show what he thinks, feels, and is, not how he might have thought and felt to my

greater satisfaction. That he was the last prophet, the perfect seer, the final expositor of the truth, neither I, nor you, nor he, believed. But that he was a prophet and a true one, a seer and a keen-eyed one, an interpreter of truth and a searching one,—I for one believe. One man at a time; this little hour of time belongs to Feuerbach, not to his opponents.

The charge of atheism in the popular sense Feuerbach never cared to deny, but he has an answer to it that sufficiently vindicates him. "Not the attribute of the Godhead, but the Godhead of the attribute, is the first question respecting the divine being. The true theist is the man to whom the attributes of the divine being—love, wisdom, goodness—are nothing, not the man to whom the subject of the attributes is nothing. He that confesses the substance of deity is no atheist. If love and goodness are human qualities, then the essential ground of them is human."

Can you justly call a man an atheist whose faith in spiritual qualities rises even to the sublime? Can you justly call a man a materialist whose faith in thought is so enthusiastic that it glorifies the world? Feuerbach's atheism was intended to restore man to himself. His materialism was designed to prevent man's exhaling in dreams. He denied the personal immortality of the soul—yes, he did, and for the same reason that he denied the personal existence of God. He wished to preserve the integrity of existence, to make mortality immortal, to breathe the spirit of eternity with time, to compress all humanity within human limits, and get the full benefit of this life while it lasted. He was *jealous* of the future life; he begrudged every drop of feeling that was spilled over the edge of the grave and lost on the other side. This world was rich enough for him, and ought to be rich enough for anybody; and to see it neglected, misused, flouted, made him heart-sick. Is there not enough to enjoy here, enough to do, enough to win? Cannot affection be satisfied, and conscience, and aspiration? Who has exhausted this sphere? Come back you dreamers, you stragglers in the realm of fancy, you who sigh for celestial gardens, come back and make a garden at home? All you long for there may be yours here.

Like the amiable Epicurus, Feuerbach would abolish the fear of death and of that which lay beyond. "Only before death, but not in death," he says, "is death death. Death is so unreal a being that he is only when he is not, and is not when he is." "Thou callest death something, because thou dost contrast it with something that is, with that which thou thyself art."

Thus Feuerbach thought in his poverty and neglect, listening to the music of his own heart. He asked for no consolation: he made no moan. He was impatient of the argument that another life was needed to make compensation for the ills of this. The ills of this life were as sacred and salutary as anything else about it. The landscape requires the shadow; there is no peace without pain. Leave me my pain, he said.

The spirit of Bryant's *Thanatopsis* would be dear to Feuerbach:—

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
Towards the mysterious realm where each one takes
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The spirit of Feuerbach, though impetuous, was noble. "The spirit of the time," he said, "is show, not substance. Our politics, our ethics, our religion, our science, is a sham. The truth-teller is ill-mannered, therefore immoral. Truthfulness is the immorality of our age!" "My business was, and above everything is, to illumine the dark regions of religion with the torch of reason, that man at last may no longer be a sport to the hostile powers that hitherto and now avail themselves of the mystery of religion to oppress mankind. My aim has been to prove that the powers before which man crouches are creatures of his own limited, ignorant, uncultured, and timorous mind, to prove that in special the being whom man sets over against himself as a separate supernatural existence is his own being. The purpose of my writing is to make men anthropologists instead of theologians; man-lovers instead of God-lovers; students of this world instead of candidates of the next; self-reliant citizens of the earth instead of subservient and wily ministers of a celestial and terrestrial monarchy. My object is therefore anything but negative, destructive, it is positive: I deny in order to affirm. I deny the illusions of theology and religion that I may affirm the substantial being of man."

Feuerbach was the own son of the brave Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Auspach, who insisted on probing to the bottom the mysterious case of Caspar Häuser, the poor lad who was reduced to idiocy and then murdered by an undiscovered and undiscoverable hand. Persons of the highest rank were suspected of being concerned in this "crime against the life of a soul," and Paul Joseph Feuerbach, backed by the money of an English lord, fearlessly attempted to discover the secret. These conspiracies against the

life of souls his son Ludwig swore to thwart if he could. A soldier of truth, trained, equipped, fearless but circumspect too, skilled in tactics as in the use of his weapon, measuring fairly field and force and foe, he entered into the conflict for humanity without a thought of private fame or personal emolument, but with a single wish that reason and justice might prevail. To Feuerbach there was but one evil, *egotism*, and one good, *love*; that in his judgment, as in the judgment of Jesus, was "the fulfilling of the law." By egotism he meant the disposition to subordinate society to self; by love he meant the disposition to subordinate self to society. The family before the individual, the tribe before the family, the nation before the tribe, the race before the nation, humanity before the race, was his motto. He was no sentimentalist like Victor Hugo, no enthusiast like Mazzini, no fanatic like St. Just or Ferré. He appealed to no fancied "will of God" as revealed in his pet theory. He knew nothing of a "categorical imperative" which his private conscience was commissioned to represent. All acquaintance with "absolute morality" and "eternal principles of right" he disclaimed. But appreciating the power of both principles, the principle of self-preservation and the principle of social union, he felt his way through the complexities, conflicts, actions and reactions, compromises and reconciliations incident to human progress, guided neither by feeling nor by prejudice, but by reason. He was not a theorist in any interest, nor a partisan in any cause. In the technical sense he was no "socialist," for he prized the individual as much as society. In the technical sense he was no patriot, for he loved humanity more than the government of his own country. The emancipation of the people was the end he sought. He spoke warmly of the republican institutions of Switzerland, where, at one time, he thought of making his home. In the great uprising of 1848, the uprising of the people against the kings, he took a lively interest because the movement was popular in origin, drift, and purpose; its object being democratic freedom; its intent to take men out of the position of menials to heavenly and earthly monarchs and to make them free and self-reliant citizens of the world. But in the German triumph of 1849 he took no satisfaction. The share of the people in it was small. It neither began from the people, nor did it, in his judgment, meditate or serve the welfare of the people. It was a triumph of kings and kingship; it contemplated the establishment of a dynasty; it heralded the institution of an empire. The union it effected was a union for power, not for liberty and light. That the Germans in America, he wrote, should rejoice in the fulfillment, as it seemed, of their national hope, was natural. Far away in their trans-atlantic homes, they hear the glorious shoutings, but not the suppressed groans; they see the strong hand that bears aloft the banner of unity, not the heavy heel that crushes democratic aspirations; they catch the glitter of the uniform, but discern not the prison garb that the common people must put on. In the regeneration of Germany, one of Germany's noblest sons (one of its true liberators, one of its most order-loving, peace-loving, aspiring souls) found himself poorer, lonelier, more neglected than ever. No crown lighted on his head; no flower dropped into his lap.

To the cause of free thought Feuerbach rendered one service of inestimable worth. He has shown that it is consistent with a strictly irreproachable life. He himself was an unanswerable argument that the atheist is not of necessity a murderer, a liar, and a villain. If all that is said of him be true, he demonstrated the fact that an atheist may be a hero. In his youth he was pious after the old style of piety; he prayed and fasted. "Theology," he used to say, "destroyed his stomach." "His purity, sincerity, and resolution," says one of his eulogists, "are only surpassed by his modesty, his simplicity, and his goodness of heart." His scholars called him "the good Ludwig." Lively in manner, quick in feeling, impetuous in speech and gesture, vehement in temperament, as his portrait represents him (the portrait of a soldier rather than of a thinker and writer), he did not lose the power to appreciate that the world contained other people besides himself. He could smile at opinions he could not share. The God of Nature, he said, still seems a necessity to the mass of mankind. My neighbor, the miller, reasons that as the Bruckberg mill would stand still without him, so the mill of the universe would stop if there was no superintendent by. For the rest, this God of Nature is a harmless being, quite other than the dark, bloody, despotic God of the priests.

A touch of humor lighted up the austere earnestness of the man. Pointing out to a visitor the road by which he had entered Bruckberg, he said laughing, "See this road now! People call it the 'church way,' because they see the Bruckbergers travelling along it to church. But we Bruckbergers call it the 'dead way,' because we carry our dead by it to the church-yard in Grosshasbach. 'Church way' and 'dead way,'—the same thing."

Feuerbach was not insensible to the treat-

ment he received from his opponents. "I have been observant of the truth," he said, "and never of my personal interests; yet see how my enemies have pursued me with sneers and scorn, with falsehood and calumny, having no better argument;" but the treatment, while it grieved his heart, did not poison it with bitterness. His failure as a lecturer must have disappointed him in more ways than one: it cut off his livelihood, it limited his usefulness, and it hurt his pride; but he found in it material for jest. "My classes in Erlangen, the nest of pietists," he said, "dwindled at last, to three pupils. One of these shot himself, the second was stabbed in a duel, the third departed for lands unknown."

But these jesting moods were probably more frequent ten years ago than they were later. Deepening poverty, accumulating anxiety, increasing feebleness, political agitation, the convulsions of war, the wide-spread sorrow consequent on it, pushed the philosopher and humanitarian into the shadow. The blaze of military glory was felt only as it darkened in the valley where the thinker dwelt. Amid the din of arms his voice was unheard. But the hundreds whom he had helped to braver intellectual life remembered him, and hard-working hands dropped their scanty earnings into his. It is touching and impressive, the list of the contributors to the national offering to Ludwig Feuerbach. The sums were mostly small; they were given by the poor and the struggling; they were chiefly "widow's mites,"—but they told of this man's influence with the simple, thoughtful people who work their ideas into life and so test their nature. Such people are as grateful for a thought as the hungry are for bread. The humble bless the man who lifts their minds above their lot. The tolling bless the man who gives their minds repose.

Will not the day come when this kind of benefactor will be recognized, when the men who remove immaterial barriers will be hailed as the noblest of discoverers, when the men who open new realms of reason and enable humanity to enjoy the fellowship of intelligence,—will be considered benefactors of their kind, deserving of reward when living, of renown when dead? Let it not be our fault if the day does not come soon.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

POOR RELATIONS.

Paul and Ruth Gower, aged respectively seven and three years, cried no more than was natural at parting with the gaunt old grandmother, who had petted and scolded them from their earliest recollection; who was always telling stories about her former gentility and undeserved misfortunes; and who resented equally the alienation of her father's money and the conditions imposed by its inheritor upon the bestowal of her pension. She thought she ought, at least, to have been received into his house and made comfortable for the rest of her life; an arrangement which her disposition and characteristics rendered desirable on one side only: hence Mr. Blencowe's adoption of the alternative already related. He was by no means sentimental about his ex-flame, nor inclined to superfluous restitution—for, like a great many persons, his conscience hardly rose much higher than the legal standard, but it, as well as his inclination, impelled him to provide for his cousin; and he did so, not illiberally. Indeed, there is this to be said in apology for his compromise with strict justice and honesty; that, had he made over to her the whole of the ten thousand pounds he inherited from her father, she would in all probability have squandered it, or become a miser—so much was the poor soul affected by her poverty.

She was established, then, in the suburban cottage, subject to the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Gower, who became Mr. Blencowe's factors in the payment of her monthly pension, and arrogated (at least Mrs. Gower did) the right of making inquisitorial visits, which were always productive of intense acrimony on both sides. They ceased, however, on the discovery of the groundlessness of the suspicion that the poor woman "drank," in which they originated. Afterwards, Paul used to take her money to her, upon the first of each month, generally remaining for the day,—a privilege fraught with more worry than enjoyment; for though she gave him cake and wine and, indeed, crammed him with good things, she commonly wept a good deal, fretted at not obtaining letters from America, and catechized him as to all he saw, heard, and experienced in his new home. Loving the boy, she entertained the bitterest distrust and

jealousy of his grandparents,—proportionate, in fact, to their scarcely-disguised repugnance towards herself. She went but once to Thorpe Parva, on special, formal invitation, when her painful humility and as objectionable self-assertion rendered her such a nuisance that the visit was never repeated; so, in future, she only saw Ruth on the infrequent occasions when the girl came to London. Thus the intercourse between this unlucky pensioner and her cousin, as well as the children's relations, became merely nominal; and when Mr. Blencowe paid her funeral expenses, Mrs. Gower pronounced her decease "a happy release for all parties."

The homes to which the children had been removed were much superior in comfort to anything they had hitherto known, but in every other respect perfectly dissimilar—as much so as the bringing up of Paul and his sister within them. I shall address myself to them in the natural order of precedence.

The household of Paul's grandfather now comprised only himself, his wife, and two unmarried daughters; all the rest of John Gower's brothers and sisters had found homes of their own, or graves. Into the hands of his aunts, then, the early training of the boy naturally lapsed. These ladies were handsome, like most of the family, the younger being of delicate, fragile constitution, in which lurked the seeds of disease, to be developed into consumption and death while she was yet in early womanhood. Both of them might have been married, notwithstanding the seclusion in which the family dwelt, but for their father's refusal to give portions with his children: their suitors had either been too poor or not sufficiently disinterested. Extremely dissatisfied, but practically aware of the hopelessness of disputing Mr. Gower's will on this point, neither of them looked forward to old maidenhood with equanimity. They contrasted their own lives with the more agreeable ones of their married brothers and sisters; their home with those to which they sometimes fled for temporary relief from its sombre monotony; and were none the happier for the comparison.

Sharing the family conviction that their elder brother (of whom they could know but little personally, he being considerably their senior) had disgraced himself by a low marriage, the Misses Gower, though not unkindly disposed towards their nephew, certainly treated him with much less consideration than they vouchsafed towards their more fortunate little kinsfolk, who had parents and homes; and who, when they came to the house, rather startled Paul by their disregard of its grim proprieties. The boy was a poor relation, that was all. Nowhere in the world do these words mean so much—and so little—as in England.

Paul was taught by his aunts and grandmother to obey implicitly without answering; to be neat and clean and quiet as they could make him; to mind his lessons and to refer everything to the commands and opinions of his benefactors. When considered old enough, he had his regular hours of instruction and clever schoolmistresses, for his aunts were accomplished. Under the superintendence of a maid-servant, he took daily walks in the Regent's Park, being sometimes permitted to play there; though as Jane was sufficiently ill-favored and "serious" to repel all possibility of amorous advances from even the least fastidious and most enterprising of soldiers, from the adjacent barracks in Albany street, these indulgences might have occurred oftener. He was particularly careful of his deportment in returning, while passing a portion of a side-street overlooked by the back windows of Mr. Gower's house, lest somebody should be on the watch to observe him. When one of his cousins "made faces" in that direction, Paul was amazed at his temerity, and almost expected that something would happen to him.

He dined at the family-table, being tutored to sit very erect and silent, never to ask for anything, and to eat all that was put upon his plate. For sometime, his half-glass of table beer was regularly diluted for him with an equal quantity of water by one of his aunts. On Sunday afternoons he had a glass of wine (home-made) after repeating, without book, one of the psalms for the day, or a portion of it, if it were too long; a performance which came off while the seniors partook of dessert, and previous to grandpapa's and grandmama's nap, when Paul was permitted to relax his mind over Fox's Book of Martyrs or Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress (Whitfield's edition, with the illustrations so delightfully described by Charles Lamb in one of his letters), in the front-parlor. Both morning and evening he went to chapel—the "Rooms" heretofore alluded to—being studious to retain the text and to incur no rebuke for inattention or unseemly behavior.

At first the boy found all this very strange, dismal, and lonely, and regretted even the poor homes in which he had been subjected to no greater constraint than originated in the caprices of a fond though selfish old woman. The grave routine of the household, making each day the monotonous copy of its predecessor, awed and depressed him; and when the maid-servant who saw him to bed at exactly half-past eight, every night, had heard him say his prayers and taken

away his candle, he often crept out again to the window, and watched the passers-by and the people going in and out of the opposite tavern, for company. His room was a small one at the top of the house, containing some dusty anatomical casts and a phrenological head upon a disused shelf (which probably appertained to his father's student-days); also a locked-up closet, reported to have once held a skeleton, the memory of which, at first, so haunted him that the maid-servant, after many reprehensions of his groundless terrors, had to dispel them by opening it and disclosing nothing more alarming than old trunks and broken furniture. Jane occupied the back attic and always roused the boy in the morning by rapping with her knuckles upon the door and stating the time.

The discipline to which he was subject, though rigorous, was based upon a conscientious regard for his future welfare, and if strictly, not unkindly, administered. Accepting it with the docility of childhood, he was not unhappy. He revered his grandparents as the wisest and best of created beings, entertained a real affection for the old gentleman, was afraid of the old lady, thought his aunts very beautiful and very accomplished but rather severe ladies, and obeyed Jane. Only he would have liked greater liberty and more amusement, such as he saw enjoyed by his cousins, on those rare occasions when he was invited (and permitted) to visit them at the houses of their parents. Or how happy would it have been if he could have lived with his sister in Northamptonshire!

He was sent to a day-school as soon as his age warranted it, whence he came home on the first day with a black eye acquired in single combat with a smaller boy than himself. This and his subsequent experience enlarged his social horizon, and though his aunts pronounced him noisy and rude, and made disadvantageous comparisons between his past and present behavior, it did not counteract the natural healthy effect of association with those of his own age and sex. From a rather nervous, shy boy, he grew into one sensitive indeed, but neither deficient in spirit or vitality.

In spite of his aunts' opinion he was a quiet lad, fonder of reading than of out-of-doors' pleasures: he would more willingly spend his holidays in poring over books than in cricketing, bathing, or other sports with his school-fellows. This disposition (not an uncommon one in boys of his temperament) had been fostered by his comparative seclusion from youthful society. He read all the books that came in his way and longed, eagerly, for more.

It would be very easy to imagine a library better adapted to a boy's tastes than that of Mr. Gower, which consisted exclusively of "serious" books, religious magazines, sermons, and biographies,—the writings of William Huntingdon being, of course, particularly prominent—a dozen or so of volumes, appropriately printed in coarse type, on coarse paper, and half-bound in black calf, with all the curious titles in brimstone-colored letters on the backs. With the exception of a copy of Paradise Lost, Bunyan, and the Book of Martyrs before mentioned, the collection contained hardly one volume which might not have been supposed repellent of youthful curiosity: yet for lack of more palatable intellectual food, Paul applied himself to that at hand, with an appetite peculiar to his nature and with results influencing his whole future life. He was not particularly recommended to this course of study by his grandparents, though unquestionably they approved of it, and never suspected that it could be productive of any but beneficial consequences.

What those consequences were must be related hereafter in Paul's own words. I believe they are less unusual than might be supposed in boys of thoughtful disposition and nervous organization, bred up in religious families. The death of his aunt, which happened at this period, contributed towards them. Two years afterwards her sister accepted an offer of marriage from that last refuge of the unwedded, a cousin; so henceforth Paul lived alone in the old house with his grandparents.

All this time he saw but little of his sister, who was growing up under much less peculiar and more wholesome influences; indeed, at first, the children almost became strangers to each other, for though Mr. Blencowe and Mr. and Mrs. Gower were nominally friends, the intercourse between them was very limited. They accorded him that jealous respect which is not uncommon among the stricter class of nonconformists towards clergymen of the Church of England; while, though he would have pronounced them very worthy persons, he entertained the secret, inevitable conviction that dissent was disreputable, and that people who preferred going to chapel instead of church must be deficient in taste or good sense, or objectionably presumptuous in backing their own opinions against those of gentlemen who were specially appointed to know better. Mr. Huntingdon regarded as an exploded fanatic and a ruffian; and his disciple as one who ought to be orthodox, in virtue of his past connection with George the Third, his wealth, and personal appearance. So, though he generally called when in town, invited Paul to the Vicarage for a couple of

weeks every summer, and allowed Ruth to visit her grandparents (of which visits I shall speak presently), the acquaintance between the elder folks never ripened into intimacy. To do Mr. Blencowe justice, however, this was less his fault than that of the old lady and gentleman.

His Vicarage was a pretty modern antique, standing in its own grounds, and so close to the church in which he officiated (being much too fond of his duties to delegate them to a curate, though he could have afforded one), that he used to put on his surplice at home and, crossing his garden, enter the little building by the chancel-door as the bell ceased tolling. The living, a comfortable one, had been given him by a wealthy college-friend, who was lord of the manor and resided in a rather picturesque old Hall, which had once been a Priory, on the outskirts of the village—you passed it on your way to Thorpe Parva from the adjacent market-place of—. Its occupants were the gentry, if not the great folks of the vicinity, and, as such, held in proportionate respect by the clergyman, on whom they bestowed a gracious recognition, sometimes extending to an invitation to dinner. Mr. Blencowe had been vicar for the better part of half a century, and, up to the time of his adopting Ruth, had lived alone, the most inveterate of old bachelors.

[To be continued.]

LOCAL NOTICES.

FIRST INDEPENDENT SOCIETY.—The regular meetings of this Society are held at ODEON HALL, St. Clair Street, on Sunday evenings, at 7½ o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.
CAPITAL, \$100,000. SHARES EACH \$100.
The Association having assumed the publication of THE INDEX, the Directors have levied an assessment of ten per cent. on each share for the year ending Oct. 31, 1873. All future subscriptions are subject to this assessment. Not more than ten per cent. on each share can be assessed in any one year. By the original terms of subscription, the Directors are forbidden to incur any indebtedness beyond ten per cent. of the stock actually subscribed; and this provision will be strictly complied with. It is very desirable that the entire stock of the Association should be taken, and subscriptions are respectfully solicited from all friends of Free Religion.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO STOCK.
ACKNOWLEDGED previously, Nine Hundred and Sixty-Seven Shares,
W. A. THURSTON, West Newton, Mass., One Share, \$100
\$96,700
\$96,800

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending January 25, 1873.

Thos. M. Johnson	\$1.50	Mrs. Richard Switzer	\$3.00
Smith Sutherland	50	J. A. Simon	5.00
James Dods	50	Jno. Pennington	2.00
Mrs. Geo. C. Davis	1.00	Mrs. L. E. Blount	13.00
Edgar Wright	50	Asa Ryte	1.00
J. Timney	1.50	Kate J. Irish	5.00
A. F. Gray	75	C. L. Ehrenfeld	5.70
Sam'l H. Emery, Jr.	50	Marvin Chase	3.00
Wm. Shephardson	1.50	Gaylord Finney	1.00
Palaski Carter	1.00	Mrs. F. Ingraham	1.50
Almira L. Tracy	2.00	A. Bodgett	1.00
Alden B. Morse	75	Geo. Bates Lucas	5.00
H. A. Scofield	3.00	X. Phillips	5.00
J. H. Holbert	3.00	J. Glat	3.00
Chas. D. Cady	3.00	N. G. Chatterton	3.00
Wm. E. Palmeter	3.00	Jas. B. Watkins	3.00
E. S. Barrows	3.00	Avery Lamb	2.00
B. W. Pierce	3.00	A. Ervin	5.00
Chas. W. Oesting	3.00	Richard M. Lucas	5.00
Wm. Carpenter	3.25	Jno. C. Rooney	3.00
N. H. Ambler	3.00	D. C. Hastings	75
Chas. H. White	3.00	Horace Richey	1.00
D. E. Ware	3.00	C. K. Mathews	1.00
Albert P. Ware	3.00	Ruth Stibley	2.00
Edw. M. MacGraw	3.00	Mathias Nabel	3.00
J. G. Dodge	1.50	Wm. M. Justus	3.00
Jno. W. Chadwick	25.00	Fred. Looser	2.00
Freeman Brown	3.00	Helen M. Headings	3.00
Elisa S. Leggett	75	Rufus Gates	3.00
Wm. H. Lemme	75	Thos. M. Day	3.00
J. S. Ramage	75	J. B. Walters	3.00
Wm. P. Worth	85	Calvin Griswold	3.00
J. T. Kilbourn	25	B. Newland	3.00
S. H. Pratt	50	Geo. L. Corwell	3.00
W. H. Lowell	1.00	Mrs. Aaron Aldrich	3.00
A. G. Pearce	10	Harvey Grinnell	3.00
Jno. Barclay	50	R. T. Wilson	3.00
D. Mann	50	R. Wooten	75
I. J. Carney	50	Martin Stoffee	1.50
L. W. Lee	25	E. B. Rounds	3.00
Moses David	1.00	Joseph A. Stevens	3.00
W. M. Grant	20.00	Richd. M. Russell	3.00
Chas. Granger	10.00	Jacob Sprinkel	3.00
J. O. Martlo	10.00	R. J. Rogers	3.00
J. Henry Clark	10.00	W. P. Atkinson	3.00
E. B. Cole	10	Frank F. Morrill	3.00
Wm. Chestnut	25	Geo. H. Stevens	1.00
A. Eiswald	50	Melissa C. Palmer	3.00
E. E. Curtis	10	T. C. Randolph	3.00
Samuel Lydiard	10.00	Horace Reed	3.00
Warren Chase	10.00	J. C. Chatterton	3.00
Darius Lyman	3.00	Seneca Robinson	1.00
E. A. J. Chatterton	20.00	R. R. Perry	3.00
F. E. Abbot	50.00	Geo. S. Talbot	3.00
P. C. Turner	20.00	J. S. Palmer	100.00
J. C. Price	35	L. Von Hoeslingh	1.25
D. G. Towle	10	F. J. Mayer	1.00
Dyer D. Lum	20	A. A. Bartol	1.00
Joel Warren	1.50	Chas. Richardson	10.00
E. W. McKinstry	1.50	J. A. Simon	10.00
Fred. W. Klein	1.00	Mary Gifford	10.00
H. E. Burnham	3.00	Toledo Printing Co.	20.00
H. Kiest	3.00	Clara Ives	75
J. Roemer	3.00	Wm. T. Kester	1.00
L. D. Hoard	3.00	A. J. Stenbaugh	1.00
W. B. Billings	50.00	Chas. A. Miller	25
Ernst Prussner	2.00	Wm. R. Grow	25
Chas. M. Dennison	2.00	W. W. Hartzell	15
Chas. Griswold	2.00	J. W. Millisack	50
Lyman Clark	3.00	Chas. Bonnell	10.00
C. P. Burghardt	3.00	Jefferson Singer	10.00
S. L. Bailey	3.00	Henry Helaland	20
E. W. Meacham	3.00	Victor Keen	50.00
J. H. Northrup	1.00	D. S. Woodworth	25
D. Sandman	1.00	G. F. Matthes	10.00
J. D. Fanning	1.50		

The Index.

FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features, and offers an opportunity for discussions on this subject which find no fitting place in other papers. The columns of THE INDEX are open for the discussion of all questions included under its general purpose.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

BUSINESS NOTICE.—All communications without exception, on all matters pertaining to the paper, should be addressed to "THE INDEX, DRAWER 28, TOLEDO, OHIO." All cheques, drafts, and post office money orders, should be made payable to "THE INDEX ASSOCIATION." No responsibility is assumed for loss of money or neglect in the fulfilment of orders, unless these directions are STRICTLY COMPLIED WITH.

FRANKLIN KILGUS ABBOT, Editor.
 ARNOLD WALTER STEVENS, Associate Editor.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Please send all matter intended for any particular issue of THE INDEX at least a fortnight in advance of date. We shall be very greatly obliged by attention to this request.

The *Saturday Review* pronounces Dr. Bastian's *Beginnings of Life* the "most remarkable work which has appeared since Mr. Darwin took the scientific world by storm with his *Origin of Species*."

A prospectus of a new medical journal, to be called the *Medical Union*, and published by C. T. Hurlburt, 898 Broadway, New York, has been sent to us; and it is interesting from the standpoint of free religious principles. The four editors, Drs. Guernsey, Minor, Blumenthal, and Sumner, make this noble announcement: "We take the stand that the highest type of the medical profession is represented by those who call themselves PHYSICIANS, and that such sectarian denominations as 'allopathists,' 'homœopaths,' 'electrics,' &c., are unworthy of the members of a liberal profession. We shall claim it as the right and duty of every qualified member of the medical profession to use his own judgment as to the proper methods to be adopted for the cure of his patients; and in support of this position, we shall oppose all measures whose tendency is to restrict or prevent the freedom of medical opinion."

It is a cause of crocodilian grief to the *Christian Register* that certain radicals, declaring Orthodoxy to be Christianity, should profess themselves to have gone "outside" of Christianity, although they were born and bred in the unorthodox fold of Unitarianism. Many pearly tears are wasted on the occasion, and the gentle eyes of the *Register* are red with weeping over the vividly pictured pangs of these suffering gentlemen. Moved by commiseration for the sympathetic but superfluous wretchedness of our whilom gay contemporary, we hasten to mop its dewy cheeks. Let us for a moment imagine that the blue band of the solar spectrum represents the gloom of true-blue Orthodoxy, while the yellow band represents the natural sunlight of Free Religion. Between the two is the green band which very admirably represents the green theology of the *Register*. "How," pathetically sobs the *Register*, "can one who migrates from the green to the yellow conceive himself to have seceded from the blue? Oh! Oh!" Now (waiving exact scientific accuracy in the use of our illustration) we soothingly suggest that the aforesaid emigrant escapes from the region of mixed blue and yellow; and that perhaps he is so peculiarly constituted as to enjoy an abode in any color rather than in that intense verdancy which is the natural habitat and delight of the *Register*.

A WORD ABOUT THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

A gentleman wrote in a recent letter: "I think the Association discriminate against old subscribers by giving premiums only to new. I got six to eight subscribers last year, and may not be able to get a single new subscriber this year." Our friend's complaint would be entirely just, if the object of offering the premiums were anything else than to increase the subscription list. So far as desert is concerned, those staunch supporters of THE INDEX who have taken the paper from the start would unquestionably have by far the best claim to the photographs, if they were now distributed in recognition of past services rather than as an incitement to new ones. For the kind assistance rendered to the paper by the very many who have not only renewed regularly themselves, but also interested themselves in extending its circulation, it would be a pure pleasure to make the seemingly small return of a few photographs. But the aggregate cost of sending even a single one to each name now on our list would be very great,—far too great to be borne in addition to the greatly increased expenses of the enlarged paper. Very few of our old subscribers fail to renew; and there is a surprising and most gratifying heartiness in the expressions of approval, sympathy, and good will with which the letters of renewal are accompanied. There is no need of offering premiums for old subscribers; they renew because they believe in the work of THE INDEX, and want to help it on. The need exists only in the case of those who are as yet little acquainted with the paper; and it is the need alone which has made it wise to incur the heavy expense of purchasing and mailing so many thousands of photographs. Since it is impossible, therefore, to give photographs to all our old subscribers, it seems much the fairest way to treat them all alike and show favoritism to none.

It is quite safe, we are sure, to trust to the good sense and good will of our radical constituency in so plain a case as this; especially when any old subscriber can so easily obtain a complete set of the photographs and autographs by a little personal exertion. This exertion we greatly desire to secure, for the power of THE INDEX increases with every name added to the subscription list. Even when circumstances forbid this direct personal co-operation, the alternative is open of obtaining a set of photographs by simply paying in advance for three years instead of only one year. A little time in the case of those who have no money, and a little money in the case of those who have no time, will enable any old subscriber to avail himself of the premium scheme. While all this is so, is there not a misapprehension amounting even to injustice in the notion that the Association "discriminate against old subscribers?" On further reflection we believe that all will come to this conclusion; and if they will therefore take hold cheerfully to help the good cause forward by swelling the number of INDEX readers, they can greatly assist us, and obtain the photographs besides.

THE VIRTU OF BIGOTRY.

The Rev. Dr. Fowler, President of the Northwestern University, has recently preached on the "Sunday Question" to a very large congregation in the Centenary Methodist Church, in that city. The occasion of the discourse was the proposition before the Common Council to repeal the Sunday law. As is probably well known to our readers, this proposition has developed in Chicago a heat almost of volcanic intensity. But they will probably be a little startled to find that a preacher occupying so prominent a position could utter publicly such words as these with reference to the aldermen who favored a repeal of the law in question:—

"In the presence of this congregation and Almighty God, I arraign these aldermen as the murderers of the boys that shall be shot or stabbed in the next three months. If that law is repealed, my humble prayer to God is that the murdering, if it must take place, shall come to their own homes." [Applause.]

The *Inter-Ocean* gives the above as the exact words used by Dr. Fowler. The *Detroit Post* well says:—

"The painful shock which this language will

occasion in every calm mind is a marked comment upon and condemnation of it. It is charity, and doubtless only justice, to ascribe this language to 'the heat of eloquence,' the speaker really not meaning all he said. For it is morally impossible to conceive of any sane man actually kneeling down and praying God that the sons of anti-Sunday law aldermen may be murdered within the next three months, if anybody is! And it is almost equally impossible to conceive that any sane man really means, if anybody is murdered by any ruffian, to arraign the anti-Sunday law aldermen as the murderers!"

Such outbursts of bitter and violent passion as the language of Dr. Fowler expresses, and the reception of it by a large and respectable audience with "applause," are surely matters that merit more than a passing mention. It is commonly claimed that the days of persecution are ended; that the spirit that leads to it is dead; that Christianity is now the guarantee of liberty and toleration and fraternal love, even towards the sceptic and the "infidel." Yet who can doubt that, if Dr. Fowler were clothed with legal power, he would unhesitatingly use it directly against the offending aldermen? Human nature does not change; the Christian gospel does not change. What the Christian gospel did in the plenitude of its power over the human mind, it will do again if it ever regains this power. What is foolishly considered by many the result of Christian influences,—the increase of freedom, the respect for individual rights, the humanitarian effort to benefit all classes regardless of their religious beliefs, and so forth,—is in fact the self-assertion of humanity as superior to the claims of the Christian system. Yet the practical power of this system is still enormous; terribly underrated because it lies in latency till events shall stir it into action. Such fuming as Dr. Fowler's is chiefly noticeable as betraying, like the light, slender, curling cloud of smoke at the peak of Mt. Ætna, that volcanic religious forces are still active in the heart even of the nineteenth century. In this aspect his spitting of venom over the "desecration of the Sabbath" may well give color and direction to much grave and earnest meditation. It shows afresh, at least to us, that unchanging causes will produce unchanging effects: that Christianity and human nature are constant factors, working to-day as they always worked; and that, just so long as they are bound up together by the bonds of "Christian faith," he is a visionary of visionaries who dreams that mankind are safe even to-day from the desolations of fanaticism, bigotry, and impassioned credulity. There is and can be no safety for a free society that is not based and grounded on unsuperstitious intelligence and universal disregard of all supernaturalism.

AN APPEAL TO LIBERALS.

The Executive Committee of the Free Religious Association would hereby make an appeal to the liberal-minded people of America to increase the membership of the Association. This appeal is made for two reasons. First, it is a point of practical importance that the names of those persons in different parts of the country who are really in sympathy with the Association should be known. That there may be co-operation in the practical work of the Association, there must be this acquaintance. Secondly, it is important that the Association should have an increase of its funds. If all the people in America who really believe in the principles of the Association were to pay into its treasury the annual fee for membership, it would doubtless have all the funds that it needs. We cannot expect this of all. But why can we not have on its roll of membership before the Annual Meeting, the 29th of next May, as many as two thousand new names? It is safe to say that this notice will be read by at least ten thousand persons. Taking the ordinary estimate of the number of readers of each copy of every newspaper that is printed, it should be read by a much larger number than that. But we will suppose that ten thousand persons will not only glance over it, but actually read it. Of these ten thousand, certainly one fifth part must be sufficiently in sympathy with the objects of the Free Religious Association, and sufficiently able

peculiarly, to give it their active support, if they would only take the trouble to do so.

Friends, will not those of you who have not heretofore taken this trouble now take it? Certainly, it is but a small thing to ask of those who really believe in the Association, that they will send to it their names and Post-Office address and the One Dollar which is the fee for Annual Membership. Here is an organization to whose principles you assent; an organization which, through Conventions, Lectures, and Publications, is endeavoring to affect public opinion in America against the various evils of dogmatism, superstition, and sectarianism, and in favor of free, rational, humane, and joyous views of religion; an organization which imposes upon its members no test of speculative opinion or belief, but aims to promote through the free and better culture of human nature the highest interests of truth and virtue. Will you not give it your aid? Who will send us the two thousand new names?

It is desired also that all old members of the Association should renew their subscriptions. The old list of members was partially lost by the Boston fire; but we hope to be able to re-write all the old names. Names and remittances (whether of one dollar or a larger amount) may be sent to the Treasurer, R. P. Hallowell, 89 Commercial street, Boston, or to the undersigned, New Bedford, Mass.

WM. J. POTTER,

Secretary of Free Religious Association.

The above Appeal for aid to the Free Religious Association will be received, I doubt not, with responsive sympathy by a large proportion of the readers of THE INDEX. I shall wait impatiently to hear how many names and dollars are sent to Mr. Potter by way of reply to it; and if all who send in consequence of it will please mention the fact in their letters, I venture to think that Mr. Potter will record it, and by and by tell us the sum total. The Free Religious Association, or rather the individual officers of it, have given to THE INDEX most constant and generous assistance; let us try, friends, to show that THE INDEX is not ungrateful, but that its subscribers are prompt to return one good act by another. We all believe in the Association; let us all help it now, after its severe losses by the great fire. F. E. A.

SECTS AND SECTARIANISM.

The fact of sects in religious history is to be credited with a certain value. At least, the existence of sects is not by any means the worst evil that can befall religion. Better certainly the jarring, antagonistic, and even quarrelling sects of Protestantism, than the mental stagnation and accompanying uniformity of opinion which prevail in the Church of Rome as the result of its policy of repression of free inquiry. There can be no doubt that in Protestant Christendom the principle of the right of private judgment has been the great agency in the production of the numerous sects into which Protestant Christianity is divided; and, looking at the more important of these sects, the historical order in which they have appeared represents very accurately the advance of the religious sentiment to higher truth and larger liberty. Puritans, Independents, Quakers, Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, Free-will Baptists, Universalists, Unitarians,—these have all contributed something of value to the general Protestant progress, and mark successive steps in the career of organized Christianity towards fuller light and freedom. Thus much must be allowed to the value of sects in religious history; and also that they serve to some extent to keep up a healthful mental agitation on religious topics, and furnish a certain stimulus to free inquiry, even when they do not directly encourage it.

It is quite customary to attach value to sects for another reason; namely, that they represent phases and aspects of belief, all standing for some portion of truth and all suited to different natural varieties of religious temperament and susceptibility. But this argument for the usefulness of sects is apt to be pushed too far; and

rather confounds effect with cause. People as a general rule do not choose their religious faith by their natural temperament and habit of mind. I mean the mass of people do not. But it is chosen for them by their birth, education, and surroundings. It is the faith of their family, of their nation, of their race, and hence becomes theirs. National or ethnic temperament may have had something to do with moulding the faith; but individual disposition in a single generation very little. On the contrary, the faith has had more to do with shaping and coloring the individual temperament and habit of mind. It may be true that a certain mental temper will take naturally to Calvinism, and that people of a certain grade and mode of culture adapt themselves most readily to Catholicism. But it is quite as true that such a system as Calvinism helps produce the mental temper that is said to be adapted to it, and that the Catholic policy aims to keep people on that grade of culture which will make them docile and obedient subjects of the Papal Church.

I readily grant that all the sects and all the religions may be accomplishing some good; that a bad religion may be better, possibly, than none; but it does not therefore follow that people are by nature and temperament so adapted to a bad religion, that they would not be bettered by a better one. I might agree, for instance, that it is better for the Roman Catholics in this country to keep the religion which they have, and faithfully observe it, than for the same people to have no religion. But I do not, therefore, believe that this form of religion, and no other, is adapted to their condition and temperament; that none other could impress them with its power. They have, in fact, never had the opportunity to choose any other, and never will have the opportunity so long as the Catholic Church can hold them within the grasp of its chains. And to say that they are fitted by nature for no other kind of faith is to say in effect that they are fitted by nature for ignorance, superstition, mental darkness, in short, for remaining in a state of intellectual childhood: for that is the theory of the Catholic Church in respect to the mental condition of its members. The priest is Father; the Pope the infallible Father, highest of all; the layman is the submissive child. Dare we say that this is a form of faith which is the normal destiny of any human being who has come to man's estate?

So in respect to other sects of Christendom. Let us beware of the easy-going opinion which would give them an indefinite lease of life and full liberty to keep their present beliefs unchanged, on the ground that they all meet somebody's needs, and are doing some good. The question should be, Are they doing *all* the good they might do, and the *highest* good? And though they do meet the needs of people of certain conditions of temper and culture, are they educating the people into better conditions, so that their needs shall be continually advancing to a higher plane? To supply a demand may be useful, but to create a more intelligent demand is a much greater service. And there are some religious needs—the needs of the thoroughly Calvinistic temperament, for instance, of that gloomy nature which sees only in man a ruin, in earth a vale of tears, in religion a cross to be borne day and night with solemn face and funereal gait—there are imaginary religious needs like these which ought never to be supplied, but be left to starve to death; or, better, to be driven out of the mind, and their places filled with more healthy and cheerful occupants.

It is to be observed also that it is not the spirit of sectarianism that has produced the sects and given them such value as they have, but rather the Protestant spirit of free inquiry. The spirit of sectarianism holds them apart after they are formed, but does not form them. And while the sects, as being the product of the principle of the right of private judgment, have a certain worth, of the sectarian spirit which sustains the sects after they are organized and keeps them in hostile attitude to each other but little good can be said. So far from acting in conjunction with the spirit of free inquiry and independent judgment, it becomes their enemy. Not what is true and

right, but what accords with the creed and policy of the sect and is supposed to be necessary to its maintenance and aggrandizement—this is the standard of the sectarian spirit, and this is always an evil and corrupting standard of action. Coleridge well said: "Whoever begins by loving his own sect better than Christianity, and Christianity better than truth, is apt to end by loving himself better than either." W. J. P.

THE TEST OF CHARACTER.

Rev. Richard Cecil, an eminent divine of the last century, used to say that, "if a serious and moral man were to reject Christianity and to avow his reasons for doing so, it would be a trial far more dangerous to the faith of England than all the sneers of Voltaire or the sentimentality of Rousseau." It has long been pointed out that, if this type of heretics were all that was wanted, one could find plenty of them. And this is being more and more established, even by the testimony of most unwilling witnesses.

There is, for instance, Dr. Holland, editor of *Scribner's Monthly*. He is, thoroughly and heartily, an Evangelical Christian. All his sympathy is with the appointed ways of the Church, as against heretics. Personally, he is a man of uncommon rectitude and conscientiousness; and he has therefore always been classed by religious radicals as an honest and upright opponent. Yet Dr. Holland it was who wrote, in a late number of his own magazine, an essay on "Sectarian Culture" that is thoroughly admirable in spirit,—making the most frank and courageous criticisms on those of his own faith and recognizing with the heartiest cordiality those who do not share it. This is the way in which he puts his points, in respect to culture:—

"We are led to this exposition by the contemplation of a notorious fact in the literary history of the time. It is a subject of sorrow among the churches of the country that the higher literature of the day is very largely the product of men and women who have little Christian faith, or none at all. Did it ever occur to these churches, or the preachers who represent them, to ask why this is the case? Why is it that these men and women have the culture that makes their productions acceptable to the world? Why is it that they, without any organized schools to help them, or organized bodies to patronize them, produce that which is read by all schools and all bodies, and are the grudgingly acknowledged leaders in literary art? There is some sufficient reason for this, and it is not a reason that redounds to the credit of the type of Christianity which prevails. It is time to look this matter squarely and candidly in the face. These men and women are not base usurpers of a sway which by any fairly-achieved right belongs to others. They rule because they have the power to rule. They prevail because of excellence. The public are not deceived by them, nor is their pre-eminence the result of accident. Either their sympathy of humanity is better, as a basis of culture and an inspirer of thought, than the sympathy of Christianity, or the sympathy of Christianity—pure and large and catholic—does not prevail among the churches. Something is wrong somewhere; and we can find that something nowhere but in the narrowing and dwarfing influence of sectarian culture."

But he does not stop with culture. He makes the same explicit admission in respect to personal character:—

"It is also not to be denied that there are styles of character and culture only indirectly formed by Christian ideas, or influenced by them, that are extremely lovable. There are men and women who have had no conscious Christian experience, whose faith is either a negative or a most indefinite quantity, who make no public profession of piety, who do not even privately count themselves among Christians in name, yet who are nevertheless among the most amiable that we know. Their courtesy, their benevolence, their thorough integrity of character, their hearty good will manifested in all society, their toleration and charity, make them universal favorites. They ignore all sects and all religious and political differences, and become social centres sometimes for the church itself. Many Christians prefer them for companions to those who are enrolled with them on church registers, and are puzzled to know why it is that they love them more than they do those who are nominally their brethren."

Of course, Dr. Holland adheres to the belief that Christian character and culture must be the highest, and will come out superior to all other types at last; yet it is an immense admission for him to make, that the children of this world

may be not only wiser in their generation, but also nobler and sweeter than "the children of light." That he should make it not only proves the facts, but is creditable to his own eye-sight.

The stronghold of the established creeds is in their supposed indispensableness to good morals. The mother who still presents her child for baptism, who sends him to Sunday schools and requires of him his Scripture lessons, does it mainly that he may thereby be kept from vice and baseness. But the types of character that Dr. Holland describes were commonly produced by no such mechanism as this; nor will they be likely to apply it in their own households. How great is the astonishment, sometimes, to one coming out of a strict "Evangelical" household to one where no such rule prevails! No family prayers; no grace before meat; and yet the children trained in sweetness and self-devotion! Religion not a magic draught, to be gulped down at one swallow in some terrible revival, but a daily natural blessing—"reading over and over" (as Cicero defines it) the great lessons of truth and love! It is not strange that those who come for the first time into such families should, as Dr. Holland says, "prefer them for companions to those who are enrolled with them on church registers." I should think they would.

Yet I suppose that, in the Church or out of it, there is much the same variety of temperaments; and some one born and made of happier mould than others. The chief advantage of a training outside "the visible Church" is probably that, where there is less reliance on the catechism, there is more attention paid to the details of good manners and morals; just as that farmer puts on his bay-caps most carefully who has least faith in prayers against rain.

T. W. H.

METHODS OF REFORM. I.

The close relation that Free Religion bears to Social Reform is a sufficient guarantee that an occasional half-column of THE INDEX will not be regarded as misappropriated if devoted to a consideration of the methods adopted by recognized leaders of the various reforms now being urged upon society. I propose to refer briefly to the methods of promoting the cause of Woman Suffrage as illustrated by the *Woman's Journal*.

Our friends of the *Journal* believe that victory will come through political action, and for a year or more they have importuned political parties of all persuasions to recognize their claims. Assuming that this is the true policy, it is still questionable whether the attitude of the *Journal* towards the respective parties has not detracted from the moral dignity of the cause it represents, tending to remove it from the plane of righteous, religious demand, and to place it upon the level of political expediency. Independence would seem to be more effective than subservency, in the advocacy of social reform; but almost utter dependence upon the dominant party, and a resolve to support it at almost any sacrifice, have been the prominent features of the method of our friends, the editors of the *Journal*.

In the fall of 1871, they applied to the four political parties of Massachusetts for endorsement. Three out of the four, with more or less emphasis, rejected the application. They next interrogated gubernatorial candidates. The Democrat repudiated them; the Prohibitionist, in defiance of his party, made their cause his own; while the Labor Reformer pointed to his platform and said: "My party and I demand the ballot for woman." The Republican declined to respond. After this exhibit, the *Woman's Journal* threw its weight upon the side of the Republican candidate. Woman Suffrage, perhaps, was not then a political issue!

The year passed, and the Republican State Convention put a Suffrage plank into the party platform. The same convention renominated the man who had already refused to give the questions of Suffragists even "respectful consideration." Straightway the *Journal* became an advocate of his election, and announced that Woman Suffrage was "a Republican issue in Massachusetts." Election day arrived and the *Journal's* candidate, who during the canvass had

manifested a consistent indifference to the "issue," was again elected governor. From the beginning of the campaign to its close, the *Journal* abstained from criticism of its standard-bearer. After election, came the governor's message to the legislature. Compassion, if not gratitude, would have wrung from most men, at least, a passing allusion to the new party plank, to the new issue; but our recalcitrant governor remembered to forget it. The *Journal* records the fact; it announces that the message of Governor Washburn does not allude to the question of Woman Suffrage; and at last, smarting under the snub administered, it tardily lays aside its political timidity, and for the first time reproaches its whilom favorite for his culpable neglect of his "unrepresented constituents."

This record, thus condensed, sufficiently indicates the method of the *Woman's Journal*. In a second paper I shall offer my objections to it.

R. P. H.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING.

"I am Superintendent of the ——— Sunday School, and I teach the children the doctrines of the text books; but I believe what I do—please myself," said a certain gentleman of our acquaintance to a friend one day. The subsequent conversation developed the fact that this superintendent pleased to disbelieve very many things which the text-books taught as undoubted truths. It was no harm, only an amiable weakness at most, he thought, to teach children Bible errors. "The Bible teaches that God created the heaven and the earth in six days; and what's the use of my bothering my head to show them that the Bible is wrong and Lyell is right? The Scriptures teach that Adam and Eve were the first man and woman; and what's the use of my telling these sweet trusting children that this old story is only a fable, and hinting to them that perhaps we are descended from African apes? Though I don't believe that Jesus ever raised Lazarus from the grave after he had lain there four days; yet as half of my Sunday School teachers believe it, or half-believe it, and the picture illustrating that resurrection hangs up in the vestry, do you think I'm going to say to these teachers and pupils: 'I think that that miracle was never wrought by Jesus; that the story is one of those legendary accretions which incredulous and uncritical ages always gather around great names, and that this wonderful event is only recorded in the Fourth Gospel, and for that reason may be regarded as still more unhistorical and incredible?' Think you that I will shock my teachers and pupils by such revelations? No, sir! I teach them what I find in the text-books, and believe what I do—please myself."

We thought it a pity that this honorable superintendent did not possess a little more conscience, that, like Judas, he might have gone out and "hanged himself." Some of his creditors, we have been assured, would have lent the rope. What a noble example of honesty, sincerity, love of truth, devotion to it and self-sacrifice for it! How significant the Christmas mottoes in the vestry—"Feed my lambs!" "Stand up for Jesus!" and so forth. Let that superintendent write these mottoes there: "Feed my lambs—on falsehoods!" "Stand up for Jesus by sitting down and keeping quiet and comfortable." "Follow your Savior by saving your Sunday School from the knowledge of error and the spirit of inquiry!" "Blessed are they which are honored and rewarded as righteous, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!" "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set in a coal-mine cannot be hid." "Neither do men light a candle and put it in a candle-stick, but under a bushel, that it may give light to all that are in the house."

We commend these mottoes as appropriate for the Sunday Schools of all superintendents of easy conscience. Shock children! The truth never shocks them. They are ready for any story of their origin. When a little four-year old asked a sensible father of our acquaintance, "Who took care of the first baby in the world?" and the father replied that perhaps some great, good-natured, long-haired ape fed it and rocked

it to sleep, the little philosopher gave no "instinctive shudder or cry of disgust" at the contemplation of a Simian nurse and the modern idea of the ascent of man, but accepted the first chapter of Darwin as readily as most children receive the first chapter of Genesis.

If the truth shocks the grown-up children, let it shock. It may be the electric current they need to bring them to their senses; and we would recommend to our publishers of Sunday School books that they run a little more risk of shocking us by telling the plain truth. In reading one of these lately, we were forcibly reminded of an observation of Lecky's, near the close of his last brilliant chapter "On Persecution." Speaking of Catholics and most Protestants accepting their opinions on authority, he says: "They are taught certain doctrines on disputed questions as if they were unquestionable truths, when they are incapable of judging, and every influence is employed to deepen the impression." The publication referred to was the first number of "Sunday School Lessons," published in Boston by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. There is much to commend in the little monthly. It contains considerable useful information on Biblical subjects and characters, arranged in a form convenient for Sunday School instruction. On the whole the work is so good that we are sorry to find any fault with it; but there is one answer to a question in the first chapter that ought not to pass unnoticed. It is this: "When were the books contained in the New Testament written?" Answer: "During the first century of the Christian era." If the writer of that answer is not ignorant of the fact that the date of the composition of several of the books of the New Testament is assigned to the second century by some of the most celebrated Biblical critics, then he is guilty of the charge which Lecky brings against the elder Christian preachers, of "teaching certain doctrines on disputed questions as if they were unquestionable truths." It is time that teachers, preachers, and publishers stopped trying to cheat the people by concealing the truth from them. Well-informed honesty would have stated the plain and simple fact that the date of the composition of several books in the New Testament is a mooted question in many minds, and differently settled in others; stated while Dr. Tischendorf thinks it is "transparently clear that our collective gospels are to be referred back at least to the beginning of the second century or the end of the first," Dr. Davidson puts the composition of the gospels, as we have them now, Matthew to the year 100, Luke to 110, Mark to 120, and John, he thinks, could not have been written before the year 150. The question before us is not which of these great authorities is nearer the truth, but, since there are so many Bible-scholars of acknowledged erudition and authority who believe many of the books of the New Testament were written in the second century rather than the first, is it not the Sunday School publisher's duty as well as the teacher's, to inform the public and the pupils of this fact? The best lesson on honesty is an example of it. Better shock people by truth than mislead and deceive them by errors. Let publishers and teachers follow the example of our English cousins. In one of their Sunday School Teacher's Manuals the publishers say (we quote second hand): "Our object throughout has been to make our Manual as popular and easy as is compatible with thoroughly sound treatment of the subject matter; but we feel most strongly that our teachers ought no longer to be put off with science a century old; and that views of Scriptural history, theology, and criticism which are considered antiquated in our studies ought not to be offered our scholars as if they still kept their place. Any gain in simplicity and ease we should consider very dearly bought at a loss of scientific accuracy or intellectual and spiritual straightforwardness. . . . The teacher must take especial care not to let his scholars suppose that the stories and legends are historically true; for, if he does, he is not only preparing for them a very painful and perhaps dangerous shock when the time comes for them to discover that they have been misled, but is acting dishonestly

as well. No true reverence can be the fruit of want of honesty. No thought of consequences ought ever to interfere with speaking the truth. Teach children the truth from the first, and there will be no false beliefs for that truth to shock in after times. Silence is bad, but untruth is worse. Let every one teach what he believes, or else not teach at all."

Amen! Let American teachers heed these manly words. W. H. S.

LONDON LETTER.

PRAYING FOR RAIN—A SCEPTICAL METEOROLOGIST—THE MISSION PRAYER DAY—THE UN-GRATEFUL HEATHEN—A PRIME MINISTER ON PANTHEISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Sir,—The religious world seem determined that the adversaries of Christianity shall not be idle. On every side they are laying themselves open to attack, and we have enough to do to keep pace with our opportunities.

We have, as you know, been deluged with rain for some months past, and considerable damage has been done to property by the floods consequent thereon. It is also quite on the cards that our next year's harvest may suffer through the exceptional flow of waters. In this emergency the Archbishop of Canterbury calls upon the clergy to read the comical prayer "For fair weather," which stands in the Prayer Book; and His Grace is surprised to hear that many clergymen had not done so without his bidding. The prayer is so funny that I must ask leave to insert it here at length for the benefit of those who have never heard it:—

"O Almighty Lord God, who for the sin of man didst once drown all the world, except eight persons, and afterward of thy great mercy didst promise never to destroy it so again! We humbly beseech thee that, although we for our iniquities have worthily deserved a plague of rain and waters, yet upon our true repentance thou wilt send us such weather, as that we may receive the fruit of the earth in due season; and learn both by thy punishment to amend our lives, and for thy clemency to give thee praise and glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."

It would seem as if, emboldened by the recent discovery of a Chaldean record of a great flood, our bishops take perfect delight in making the people repeat their belief in the Noachian Deluge. The assumptions of this prayer are not less remarkable. It is assumed that the great rains are a calamity, and not a blessing. It is assumed that they are sent by an angry God in vengeance for our sins. It is assumed that we deserve such a calamity. It is assumed that our repentance will move the Almighty to leave off raining! Fortunately for us, the meteorologists of this century have not wrought in vain, and one of them has come forward in a letter to the *Times* to assure the Archbishop that the deluge is a great blessing; that we wanted every drop of rain that has fallen, and that we want even more still to supply the deeper wells which have run nearly dry, owing to the scanty rains of the previous five years.

Away like a vapor before the morning sun, flies all this ridiculous fuss before the magic wand of modern science. The meteorologist has spoilt all the prayers for "Fair Weather," has made a lot of shivering saints (or sinners) feel that, after all, they have not been so very wicked, and that God is not angry with this portion of mankind whom he has made so wet, and has given them for a moment a little gleam of hope that the Creator knows what he is about and knows what is best even for our future harvests. Surely this is a great gain. But what astounding folly it seems to us in this age to be carrying out into practice the lowest and most absurd aspect of prayer which the human mind ever entertained! How few are the steps, if any, which remove us from the condition of mere savages!

We had, too, a great day of Prayer for Missions; but, as Mr. Conway is sure to have written to you upon that topic, I will say little about it. To me, it is a grand confession of failure, so revolting that I have no words of scorn to cast at the ceremony. It is a matter of profound satisfaction that even "the heathen" are too wide

awake to take up with another religion about as superstitious as their own. The Jew, of course, is incorruptible, except in those rare cases of money-worship which are to be found in every race. The Mahometan is impervious to the doctrine of the Trinity. The Hindu traces too keenly the likeness between his own legends and those of the Christian; only he contrasts the nine incarnations of Vishnu with the one incarnation of Christ, and mutters, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Is that all? Deficient in sympathy!"

Negroes, for the most part, can be converted to any religion over and over again. It is exquisite fun to them to be manipulated by a priest or bishop, and to be under the pleasant excitement of divine mysteries. But that kind of success has its drawbacks, and even missionary zeal is disappointed at finding the most solemn subjects welcomed with a grin of childish mirth.

Well! so far as this praying for missionaries goes, I think it is a very good and hopeful sign that they are not forthcoming; and they are not forthcoming because the missionary work is a failure.

I enclose for your use (*ad lib.*) a clever letter written by a Shropshire rector, the Rev. J. D. La Touche, on this subject, which you may like to print in your paper.

The Mission-Prayer-Day was scarcely passed, when our Prime Minister entered the lists, and lectured the young men at Liverpool College on the subject of Pantheism.

Like Lord Hathaway, Mr. Gladstone is a dabbler in theology, and has written a work on the Church. The aim of his magnificent speech (that part of it which touched on religion) was to point out the practical identity between pantheism and atheism; then to insinuate that all free inquiry would lead to atheism; and therefore the only safeguard was in "holding fast to the faith once delivered to the saints," which included, as its "cardinal and central truths," the "Deity and Incarnation of our Blessed Lord."

Our "pride and perverseness" is keeping us from believing all the old wives' fables of antiquity, and we are "responsible to God for our belief."

You can imagine the large area thus exposed to the shafts of the adversary.

My space is exhausted, but by the next week I shall have sent you a copy of my sermon upon this celebrated Oration of Mr. Gladstone's. I was besieged by friends requesting me to preach upon it. You will see that we have plenty of work prepared for us by the champions of Christianity.

I am, sir, very sincerely yours.

CHARLES VOYSEY.

CAMDEN HOUSE,
DULWICH, S. E., Dec. 30, 1872.

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

THERE WERE NO SPARE SEATS at Horticultural Hall last Sunday afternoon. The audience was largely composed of young people. This is a new feature of a radical meeting. Unlike Professor Pepper, Col. Higginson had no "ghost scene" in reserve for the end, by which to hold his audience fast; yet only two or three left before they were dismissed. The lecture being on "The Progress and Perils of Free Thought," it may have attracted some to whom this "open secret" has not been revealed. I was told, in fact, that a large number of Orthodox people were present. But the fair spirit of the discourse must have commended itself to all. Is Col. Higginson quite right, however, in lecturing the Orthodox world because it does not now, as in former times, persecute the heretical world? He seems to regard this as an Orthodox duty. What is the burning of a few thousand bodies, to the loss of souls? He would have Christian believers take free-thinking in hand, and kill it out as they would the small-pox or any other terrible disease, since to them it is or should be the very worst evil known. This he thinks would show sincerity, consistency, courage, and a true love of souls. But the reply might be made, and I think with good reason: "Sir, you cannot goad us into further trial of persecution. We have done that enough. It works badly for us, and will for heresy. We shall not do you so great a favor." They are evidently trying to profit by experience, hoping that, if they let the evil severely alone, it will die out of itself, having only

"the husks of negation" to feed upon. The blood of heretics is the seed of free thought. Heresy-burners take the contagion in their own clothes, and carry it back into the camp of the faithful. History has thrown great light upon this fact, and it is pretty clearly seen now-a-days and understood. So I see how Orthodoxy may sincerely believe that *not* to persecute is a wiser and better method for these times than its opposite would be. A question recently discussed at Hospitalier Hall ran as follows: "Resolved that free discussion is the death of infidelity." Is that not taking the bull by the horns? I admit that this resolve may have come from a foolishly brave Christian; and, if he have brains enough, he will be pretty sure to get gored. And yet, wiser Orthodox heads are not unfrequently drawn into such freaks of herolam. The more prudent and popular way, however, is to keep *mum*. But Col. H. anticipates a time not far distant when the danger to the old faith will be so great that its adherents will jump from mumness into an activity of speech and deed quite unpleasant for all radical people not desirous of martyrdom. Well—"Sufficient unto the hour is the evil thereof." Let the emancipation of mind proceed. We will harbor no fear.

MR. ALGER SUMS UP Napoleon III. as "a conspicuous and terrible impostor;" and the *Christian Register* says that "the description ought to be inscribed on his tombstone." I heard Mr. Alger's discourse, and I could but wonder if history would not repudiate his estimate of the man as a caricature. There seems to be a mania for black pen-pictures. "Here now we have a veritable devil; let us hasten to draw our picture and our moral lesson." The man, indeed, may be no saint; but can you account for his whole career on the principle that he is pure devil? As regards Napoleon, I notice that he had friends and supporters who were eminent in intelligence and well stocked, it would seem, in moral qualities. This may prove nothing; but it shows that he was variously estimated, just as public men are with us, by clever, well-disposed people. With us, however, there is much in a name. His empire, so far as I can judge, was no more founded in blood than the present so-called Republic. And as for liberal institutions, France was never more arbitrarily governed than by the self-constituted authorities now holding governmental reins. Yet we look upon France and rejoice as though she had already escaped the ills of "personal government." I am no imperialist, but I do not like to be deluded by a mere name; neither am I over-zealous for a formal republicanism. Napoleon should have the privilege of judgment formed from a European stand-point. If we Americans cannot in some sort take our position there, our view will hardly be a true and right one. But—The Emperor is dead. "*Vive la France!*"

MR. ALGER, IN THE BEGINNING of his discourse, spoke with great force of the idea of providential men, saying that, though some were more conspicuous, every man's life was in point of fact *providential*; the serfs as much so as the emperor's. Reflecting upon his characterization of Napoleon as a "terrible failure," and upon the solemn fact that no man liveth up to the ideal; that in all history there has appeared, according to popular belief, only one "Son of God,"—I marvel as to the meaning of the term "providential," as applied to all men. To speak in the same breath of "providential men," and of "men who were failures," launches an open question, and the mind strives for a solution.

THERE ARE AT LEAST TWO WAYS of looking at the world. Whether people are born endowed with all liberty to perfect themselves according to ideal saintliness; or whether they fit into the time, linked with the past and allied to the future, living not unto themselves alone, but inevitably exhibiting the variety of features which the world in its process of evolution prescribes for their day and time. If the first supposition be true, then indeed is the history of man on the earth a very melancholy one. Failure upon failure; wilful, perverse, and altogether astounding. The "long suffering of heaven" would be a surprising reality, and "mercy" have a significance beyond human comprehension. But if the order of providence be that of evolution, then the shortcomings of mankind—ignorance, evil, sin, wretchedness—are natural attendants on progress; and wisdom, virtue, happiness, are not to be despaired of. This thought is reassuring, while the other suggests suicide, and the extinguishment of the globe. The ideal is revealed by lights and shades: and the picture, let us hope, is improved on with the progress of the ages. Failure is swallowed up in new success. And success again is swallowed by success.

BUT IS IT NOT PRESUMING a greater wisdom than is ours, to undertake to measure individuals with the exactness common in our time? Is the man so many feet in his stockings, so many inches in girth? Well, can you say what he is good for as there he stands? Do you know how he fits into his place? After all, isn't it as well

to keep more intimate company with ideas, and not let their "representatives" bother us so much? It is to be hoped that the advance of our evolution lies in the direction of a departure from this inquisitorial mood, and acute self-consciousness. Absorption in Brahma may be the bliss the Jaded Western world will yet sigh for, and be ready also to die for.

I SHALL HAVE TO RECONSIDER my favorable opinion of modern preaching, its liberal and rational tendency, if the man I unwillingly listened to recently in Dr. Kirk's church is a true specimen of any considerable class who are each Lord's day dispensing the old Gospel,—a Gospel preached, as he said, very extensively, not only fifty years but eighteen hundred years ago. He would grant for the time being that hell was not a place of brimstone on fire, but the condition of each man's conscience, with memory evermore bringing before him every thought, act, opportunity of his earth-life. The everlasting regret—remorse that would overwhelm him when it was too late to seek or effect a change, hope being lost to him forever—would constitute a punishment fearful enough. He pictured the lost soul in this agony of despair, and dwelt upon many of the things it would have to regret. It would remember, for instance, how, instead of being thankful for the Sabbath and improving its blessed privileges of worship and church-going, the day was valued chiefly as an occasion for rising late, and for eating hearty meals. Again, perhaps memory would haunt the lost sinner with the spectre of himself attending divine service only in the morning, wasting the rest of the precious one-seventh of his time in visiting or reading secular literature. What effect the preacher was producing upon the more elderly and quiet people below, I could not say; but at this point I could but notice that certain young people not far from my seat in the rear of the church were intently devouring our secular *Sunday Herald*! The whole sermon was very dismal, closing with some poetry telling of the line that runs "between God's mercy and his wrath." And the opening sentence of the prayer that followed—"O Lord, we are fearfully and wonderfully made"—seemed calculated to put one's nerves well upon their mettle. Summing up the whole subject, one is disposed to ask: "If in Hades memory is so active and produces such regrets and remorse, how would it affect our life in heaven? Shall we not remember everything there as well? And will no cause for regret or remorse appear there? Or will everything of this sort be swamped in the 'unspeakable joy' of our assured salvation?" In that world of woes souls will be smitten with a terrible remorse that can never die, according to this preacher. I think the spectacle far more sublime, far more to be regarded with satisfaction, than that of a soul saved and rejoicing in glory, when, perchance, some victim of its evil word or deed, spoken or done ere its acceptance of salvation in the earth-life, is punishing eternally in the pit of misery. But the difficulty is all got over if you let your this-world and next-world blend into each other, with the chance of repentance there as here. Then the soul, striving to do well in the future, will be competent to effect restitution as a happy sequel to its own salvation. It may rejoice in being able to *undo* and make amends for the old injuries it had done, for the "wrath of God" will not stop in dooming souls to endless pain.

SALVATION.

Into a pit
He dugged deep,
His foe to fit.
The hater felt,
In his own hell
Nor joy nor sleep.

The foe drew near;
"Quick me dispatch,
Let me die here,"
Quoth the poor man.
"A better plan
I think I catch,"

The foe replied:
"I will thee lend
A rope, fast tied
To a good arm,
Nor offer harm;
Be thou my friend!"

By the laws of Maryland, a marriage in that State is valid only when performed by a "minister of the Gospel, ordained according to the rites and ceremonies of his or her Church, or in such manner as is used and practised by the society of people called Quakers." The result of this enactment is, that Maryland Jews are obliged to begin their wedding trips without the usual ceremonies, and get married somewhere outside the State. They are naturally restive under such an absurdly unjust law, and are moving to obtain its repeal. Strangely enough, they meet with much opposition. Here is a chance for Congressional interference. If it is within the sphere of Congressional duty to forbid the refusal of rooms in hotels, and seats in churches, and graves in cemeteries to any one on account of color, it is certainly within its sphere to forbid the refusal of honorable marriage to any one on account of religious belief. Let the next Civil Rights bill guard the interests of Hebrews as well as negroes.

Literary Department.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—All books designed for review in these columns must be addressed to THE INDEX, TOLEDO, OHIO.

RECEIVED.

THE BLAZING STAR: with an Appendix treating of the Jewish Kabballa. Also a Tract on the Philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and one on New England Transcendentalism. By WILLIAM B. GREENE. Boston: A. WILLIAMS & Co. 1872.

TREATISE ON THE FIVE SENSES. By JOHN STOLTZ, M.D., Practising Physician and Surgeon, Lecturer on Physiology, Myology, Mental Training, etc. Chicago: EVENING POST PRINTING HOUSE. 1872.

DEFICIENCY IN THE SUPPLY OF MISSIONARIES. Shrewsbury: The HATOPIAN OFFICE, Pride Hill, [England.] 1872.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE VOYSEY ESTABLISHMENT FUND. Dec. 3, 1872.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. February, 1873. Boston: JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co. \$4.00.

THE GALAXY. February, 1873. New York: SHELTON & Co., 677 Broadway. \$4.00.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. February, 1873. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. \$4.00.

THE PENN MONTHLY. January, 1873. Philadelphia: 500 Walnut Street. \$2.50.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH. February, 1873. New York: S. R. WELLS. \$2.00.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE. February, 1873. Newburgh, N. Y.: S. B. WOOD & Co. \$1.00.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON. December, 1872. Kalamazoo, Mich.: LILLING BROTHERS. \$2.00.

UEBER NATIONALE ERZIEHUNG. VOM VERFASSEN DER "BRIEFE UEBER BERLINER ERZIEHUNG." (Concerning National Education. By the Author of "Letters Concerning Education in Berlin.") Leipzig, 1872. 8vo. pp. viii, 231.

DER RELIGIONSUNTERRICHT IN DEUTSCHLANDS SCHULEN. SEINE FEHLER UND SEINE VERBESSERUNG. EIN MAHNruf AN DAS DEUTSCHE VOLK, SEINE LENKER UND LEHRER. VON FRITZ SCHULTZE, DR. PHIL. (Religious Instruction in the Schools of Germany; its Defects and its Improvement. An Admonition to the German People, its Rulers and Teachers. By Fritz Schultze, Ph. D.) Jena, 1872. 8vo. pp. 80.

A remarkably lively discussion has sprung up of late in Germany, concerning the question of religious instruction in the public schools. There is a growing conviction among the more intelligent, and especially among teachers, that the present system of religious training has outlived its usefulness. It is becoming more and more apparent that it is indefensible in theory and pernicious in its results. The feeling in regard to it is one of great uneasiness, a feeling that something must be done about it, and in general great uncertainty as to what ought to be done. The utterances that have thus far gone forth in regard to it are most of them of exceedingly "uncertain sound." Very few have proposed radical remedies for the existing evil, and these few are not agreed as to which of the possible radical remedies ought to be resorted to. The anonymous author of the first of the above works, for instance, is decidedly of the opinion that for the present all religious instruction must be abolished. No other solution of the difficulty seems to him possible. He thinks that the system of public instruction will be imperfect without it, but despairs of all attempts to make it, under the present circumstances, what it ought to be. "To whom shall we, in these days, trust this difficult and delicate task?" he exclaims.

"To those Protestant and Catholic Jesuits who, on the one hand, seek to compel Science to submit again to the authority of the Church and to silly interpretations of the Bible,—on the other, hurl the mockery of the dogma of infallibility in the face of mankind in the nineteenth century,—and on both hands, subject the power of the State and the whole of civil life to their despotic commands? Or to those Orthodox zealots, those youthful Hotspurs, who by an act of will have imposed eternal silence upon their own rational thought (which they call 'taking reason captive through faith'), and at the same time by their zeal for so-called purity of doctrine, have filled their hearts with conceit and hardened them to the point of an intolerance that delights in persecution? Or to those liberal fanatics, who have been brought by the mere accident of birth or by other circumstances, into the party of opposition, and who in their way have an equally strong desire to burn those of opposite religious opinions as heretics? Or to those imaginative, poetical enthusiasts whom, indeed, the chlorotic mildness of their whole character prevents from assuming the role of fanatics, but who, in their unconquerable aversion to clear ideas and consecutive thinking, dream that they are making children more pious the more confusion and nebulous emotional humbug they crowd into their minds? Or, finally, shall we trust it even to those who themselves already possess a purer religious sentiment and also labor, so far as they are able, that a noble, free, spiritual view of re-

ligious matters, in harmony with philosophy and with all science, may break a path for itself and gain a foothold, and yet on the other hand, are always pouring this new wine into the old bottles either of untenable theories or of the traditional and official language of the pulpit, and this, too, when they must see that the best labor for fifty years past has on this very account had such comparatively little effect, and that the nation, despairing of its instructors, has for this reason principally, made so little progress in the domain of religious culture?"

It will be readily seen from the foregoing why the author deems it necessary to dispense with religious instruction in the public school, at least provisionally. Dr. Schultze is of a different opinion. He is also convinced of the necessity of such instruction to a perfect educational system. He is also uncompromisingly opposed to the present method of imparting it, and in the course of his little work gives facts enough to show that his opposition is not without reason. But he believes in the possibility of reform, and of a reform that shall be radical. During the earlier years of school he would exclude all theological teaching whatever as beyond the child's powers of comprehension. This excludes all reading either of the Bible or of any of the educational manuals of Sacred History. The first religious instruction should consist in the imparting of an elementary knowledge of the laws of nature and morals. Morals should be taught independently of all religious dogmas and of all theology, in order that moral principles may rest upon their own foundation and not lean for support upon any opinion that may be shaken in the child's later development. This is no new suggestion in the rough, on the part of the author. He goes on to specify very carefully and definitely how such instruction may be given. Want of space, however, forbids us to enter upon a more detailed description of his method. When, by the aid of instruction concerning nature, "the theoretical understanding" has been sufficiently developed, and by means of instruction in morals "the practical understanding" is also sufficiently ripe, that is to say, when the permanent nucleus of all religion, the true religious disposition, has been formed, then, and not till then, begins the instruction in theology. It is a matter of course with the author that this can not be dogmatical; it must be historical. The history of the development of religion must be taught, not merely of the Christian, but of all religions, so far as our knowledge reaches. The effect of such teaching upon the ingenious minds of children is finely delineated. They will learn how the consciousness of God has manifested itself among the most diverse people, now in nobler, now in meaner form, and also that this consciousness everywhere comes to view and is not the prerogative of any race. They will thus learn which is the highest and noblest, i. e., relatively the truest, conception of God, and that to this alone they must hold fast. They will grow spiritually and morally by such instruction, not only acquiring knowledge of men, but learning to love them.

The value of the Bible as a means of religious instruction in schools Dr. Schultze very thoroughly discusses, treating the subject from various points of view, intellectual, moral, theological, and pedagogical. Many of the so-called stories of the Bible, of which such general use is made in the teaching of children, he subjects to a very searching analysis from a moral point of view. The point having been recently raised whether a teacher with any self-respect would consent to take a school so hampered in its regulations that she could not use "the story of Joseph" in illustration, this notice shall conclude with a translation of Dr. Schultze's remarks in regard to that story. In his opinion the moral lesson of it must be wholly rejected. His analysis is as follows:—

"Jacob has twelve sons, one of whom is dearer to him than all the others. This one, Joseph, is treated with distinction and receives a coat of many colors. His brothers envy him and can not speak peaceably unto him! Joseph makes them still more hostile to him by relating two dreams to them. According to one of them they were binding sheaves, and the eleven sheaves of his brethren made obelisk to the sheaf of Joseph. The brothers think that he means by this to indicate his future dominion over them, and they 'hate him yet the more.' In the second dream, the sun, the moon, and eleven stars made obelisk to him. Now the father also gets angry and rebukes him. This story contains very little that is typical to a child. What shall a child say when it hears that a father prefers one child to the rest; when it hears how the brothers of Joseph hate him on account of it and do not speak a peaceable word to him! The preference which the father gives to Joseph could, at least, only be understood and approved by the child if actions were reported of him by which he had really excelled them. But this is by no means the case; the partiality of the father appears to be wholly arbitrary. For the reason which the Bible gives (Gen. xxxvii. 3): 'Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age'—is neither moral or intelligible to the child.

"Besides the partiality of the father, and the not very commendable discord of the brothers

there is in this story another trait which ought to be altogether wanting in a model narration. This is the superstition in regard to the infallibility of dreams, such as is found, indeed, among all barbarous nations. Joseph's dreams are taken for infallible omens of a future perilous reality, for otherwise the excitement of the brothers and the father would be unnecessary. But how, now, is a teacher to act towards a child which asks whether dreams really 'come true,' and why Israel and the brethren didn't laugh at them just as father and mother at home laugh at children's dreams? Shall the teacher confess the truth or promote superstition? The brothers resolve to kill Joseph. Kill him! Can a child, even of the most uneducated parents in our country comprehend how anybody can commit a murder merely on account of a dream and a coat! They do not murder him; they sell him. Sell him? the child will exclaim with an air of incredulity. Sell a human being! What an enormous chasm between our social and political relations and those of the ancient Hebrews, between the moral ideas of our children and of those Orientals! And yet the teacher is even expected, if possible, to laud those ancient times, in which men were so good that God himself made them personal visits.

"Furthermore: can the child, on the basis of its home-training, be expected to comprehend how the brothers could deceive their aged father and cause him the greatest sorrow by sending to him Joseph's bloody coat? Even Reuben and Judah, whom one might be inclined to hold up as models—do they not also finally join in the conspiracy? Joseph is taken to Egypt and sold to Potiphar. The latter, perceiving that God is with Joseph, makes him overseer-general, and God is thereby caused to bless the Egyptian's house 'for Joseph's sake,' so that 'the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house and in the field.' Now comes the attempt at seduction, which remains altogether incomprehensible to the child and which is intentionally obscured by the teacher. But the mind of the child must be completely bewildered when it learns that Potiphar, who was in the first instance so quick to discover that God was with Joseph, has now not the slightest notion of Joseph's innocence, but throws him into prison without further ceremony. When now the child asks: 'Why does not God protect Joseph? shall the answer be: 'It is necessary for God not to do this, for the reason that from Joseph's misfortune proceeds his later elevation?' So we are to regard mankind as the playthings of God! What a moral God he must be! And what is the cause of Joseph's elevation? His skill in the interpretation of dreams. Even though Joseph says that he does not do it himself, but God through him, this is a prevarication worthy of a juggling dream-interpreter. The dreams are afterwards fulfilled. But even before this happens, the king is fully convinced of the truth of the interpretation and without further ado makes Joseph the ruler of the country. Seven years Joseph lives full of prosperity and happiness; he marries and children are born to him. Then follow the 'seven years of famine.' Famine breaks out in Canaan also, and Jacob is compelled to send his sons (with the exception of Benjamin) to Egypt to buy corn from the store-houses. Joseph recognizes his brothers at once, but not they him. Nor does he reveal himself to them, but calls them spies and thrusts them into prison for three days. Then he releases them with the command that they go and bring their youngest brother, Benjamin. He retains Simeon as security, and with brotherly love causes him to be bound and kept in prison. The brethren reach home, find their money in their sacks, and inform their father of Joseph's demand. Jacob cries out full of sorrow: 'Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; everything is against me.' After long entreaty and after the brothers had declared that they would not go without him, the aged father lets Benjamin go with his brothers into Egypt. Joseph receives them kindly, entertains them, and causes five times as much food to be given to Benjamin as to the rest, as he discriminates in his favor generally. Still Joseph does not reveal himself. After hiding his cup in Benjamin's sack, he suffers them to depart, but soon sends his steward after them to accuse them of theft. The brothers, conscious of their innocence, offer to have their sacks searched. The cup is found in Benjamin's, and in great sorrow they return to the city. Joseph is about to retain Benjamin as a punishment, but when Judah describes the sorrow of their father, he no longer refrains from revealing himself. His first question is: 'Doth my father still live?'

"The story of Joseph generally ends [in the manuals for religious instruction in schools] with the removal of Jacob from Canaan to the land of Goshen, which has been apportioned to the Israelites by Joseph. An intelligent child from one of our families will not be able to understand how a son, who has attained to the highest posts of honor, can so completely forget his parents and brethren as Joseph did. Seven prosperous years pass away; Joseph marries and is blessed with children—he sends no news at all to his parents. Only when his brothers come does he remember them. He does not merely play tricks upon them, he treats them cruelly. He keeps

Simeon in prison while he sends the rest of them after Benjamin. His aged father might have died of old age or of grief over the demands of the stern man in Egypt. A teacher informs me that in his experience it has occurred more than once, that children have inquired: 'Why did not Joseph write to his parents at once? Or why did he not send for them immediately, instead of letting them suffer so long from hunger? What makes him prefer Benjamin to all the others?' Can the true reason be explained to the child; namely, that Joseph and Benjamin were the sons of one mother, Rachel, while the other ten were the sons of three other wives—in a word, can that polygamy which is at the bottom of all this be explained to the child? And why is not the mother mentioned? Why is it that Joseph does not concern himself at all about her? This is also a point which seems strange to children. Can the matrimonial relations of that period, the low position of woman, be made clear to the child without materially offending its far more cultivated moral sentiment?"

"In brief, the story of Joseph, which describes a condition of things that is morally far beneath our present views, can not possibly have any value as an ideal for our children. Joseph is not a pattern, he is not a moral hero who can be held up to children for imitation. He does nothing with his own power; God does everything for him. Why? Has he special merit? No; he is a mere favorite! The Bible relates much more concerning him, which affords an insight into his true character, but which is prudently omitted from the biblical histories for schools. The Egyptians are on the point of famishing. They have already given all their money to Joseph for food. He now compels them to part with their cattle. When they have nothing left but their land, he also takes this from them. Of the people themselves he makes serfs, and their fields become Pharaoh's. The people being now in his power, he distributes them over the country according to his pleasure. But what of that; he is still a moral man, a pattern for everybody; for he keeps friends with the priesthood—their fields he does not touch. How beautiful and how profoundly moral is the lesson which this one verse contains: 'Only the land of the priests bought he not!'"

T. V.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES. Sermons by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A., Incumbent of St. James', Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, London, Author of "Music and Morals," etc. New York: Holt & Williams. 1872.

This is a volume especially worthy the reading of radicals of all sorts, partly because there is so much capital radicalism in it, in a great many of its statements of fact and faith, and partly because the author is so perfectly free and candid, charitable and modest, when he is not extremely radical. He holds some things which extreme radicals have rejected; but he holds them as mere opinions of his own, confessing that he may be in error, and that more radical opinions may be correct. He is not afraid to look at, to fairly state, and to show respect to, any honest beliefs that are going in the world, whether he accepts them or not. His mind is as free from superstition as a June sky from cobwebs. He pointedly and good-naturedly rebukes the vices of Orthodoxy, which are legion; thus introducing a great deal of capital criticism into his book. He never hides a fact; never stops with half disclosing a new truth; but always makes a clean breast of all that he knows, and of the extent of his not knowing. He gets out of a world of false Orthodox pretences by candidly saying that as for himself he does not know anything whatever on these heads and does not mean to pretend, or to let his hearers assume for him, a knowledge which he does not at all possess. There is no end of letting down of Orthodoxy in the course of the volume. The structure of popular faith is taken all to pieces, and the materials laid flat on the ground. Now and then some part of these materials is declared worth saving, or at least worth seeing further about. He thinks a few of the old timbers will answer to use again; but the reader sees that he is not very anxious about even these, and would just as soon get new material throughout, if that should prove the better way. There is the least possible damage from the axe and the fire in the treatment the old building thus gets. You see that a good deal of old stuff is quietly laid aside to be burned, and that a good deal not yet designated to that fate will be cord-wood before it is timber again; but at present no conflagration is attempted. This makes a peculiarly useful book for people who are getting out of the old faith, or have recently got out of it. Possibly a hard-shell barnburner, who wants to see the old rookery of Orthodoxy reduced instantly to ashes, would not appreciate Mr. Haweis's moderate method, and would fail to see how thorough and how useful to average common people it is. But most readers, who have become radical without ceasing to have religious feeling, and who have a kindly recollection of what was once very sacred to them, will greatly enjoy the clever good sense and character with which the old faith is taken apart, and the pieces laid here and there with

"Don't know about that," "That may do again perhaps," "Looks like pretty bad dry rot in that," and "Punk, punk, there, nothing but punk and worms." The radical zealot may be sorry that no bonfire has filled the heavens with smoke, but none the less, and in fact all the more, will others see that the clear heaven has not fallen with the rafters of Orthodoxy. The next thing will come naturally—the conviction that no great harm would be done if every stick were used for kindling wood.

The topics which Mr. Haweis treats in his fourteen discourses are, "The Liberal Clergy," "The Idea of God," "The Science of God," "The Character of Christianity," "The Ethics of Christianity," "The Essence of the Bible," "The 'Doctrine' of the Bible," "Predestination, and 'The Church,'" "The Lord's Day," "Preaching," "Pleasure," "Sacrifice," and "The Law of Progress." The last sentence of the first of these sermons is this: "If, then, forgetting for one moment our morbid horror of nicknames, we are asked, 'What is Rationalism?' let us answer: Rationalism is reverence for all that is true and good in the past, thankfulness for every advancement in knowledge, willing acceptance of all the new revelations of science, and a belief in the infinite possibilities of the human soul. In three words, Rationalism means Infinite Sincerity, Infinite Aspiration, and Infinite Faith." In the fourth sermon appears this statement: "In these days thought is so rapid and many-sided that a man is unwise who pretends to make up his mind about everything upon which he is called to give an opinion. When I know very little about a thing, I say I know very little about it; and when I am in doubt about things which are fiercely discussed upon other platforms, I say I am in doubt about them; and when I know nothing at all about them, I say so. Of course this makes my teaching, such as it is, very unsatisfactory to those who want to know all about everything. There are numbers of clergymen in every sect and party who can supply that information, but I do not profess to be one of them. There are, perhaps, few who really prefer 'the malady of thought' to 'the deep slumber of a decided opinion.' Yet I will cast in my lot with these." In discoursing of the Bible Mr. Haweis expresses such sentiments as these: "The writers of the Bible were but men, and although in many cases they were highly inspired men, yet they were not any the more infallible for that. The Bible is not all God's book, nor the only book of God. God has many books. To some extent, the sacred books of all nations are his.

The Reformation is accountable for the survival and popularity of this doctrine of verbal inspiration, *alias* infallibility,—a doctrine which would have certainly expired along with Popery, had it not been found necessary to set up an infallible book in order to overturn an infallible pope." In the eighth sermon is this thrust at a very weak spot of Orthodoxy: "It is a strange thing to say with reference to the Christian religion, but it is a true thing, that it presents in its development—perhaps more than any other religion—the most abnormal indifference to truth. . . . Never was a time when there were so many religious sects in England, in Europe, in America; and yet, there is, for all that, a great neglect of the first principles of fair argument, the first principles of truth. That tendency dates far back from the very early days of the faith. In the first century there were numbers of lying biographies of Christ, and to these biographies St. Luke alludes. The first three centuries were full of myths about Christ and his disciples; as time went on, more and more fables were accumulated, and began to circle round the saints and bishops, till at last Rome found herself in possession of a vast mythology, which, like every other mythology, had some little substratum of truth in it; and then came one great reaction in favor of truth at the time of the Reformation, on which we have been living complacently ever since; and in our complacency we have once more grown as indifferent to truth as ever, and once more the voices of a new Reformation are sounding in our ears; and the sleepers will have to awake from the deep slumber of their decided opinions. But still they prefer their dream, they are closing their eyes to what they call the new and misleading lights of the age; they refuse to hear the truth when it interferes with their preconceived notions of religion; they won't let it interfere with their comfort; they won't let it interfere with their interests; they won't let it interfere with their settled opinions. Ah! There is nothing so stolid or immovable as opinions that have lived too long." At the end of his volume Mr. Haweis has put a sermon on his friend and teacher, the Broad Church theologian and preacher, Rev. F. D. Maurice, recently deceased. He ascribes Mr. Maurice's power to the fact that he united two things which are frequently separated in our day, the love of truth and enthusiasm for religion. It is in having both of these things that Mr. Haweis himself is most interesting and most useful.

E. C. T.

Religious ideas are evanescent—they rise and fall with the march of intellect.

Do to-day thy nearest duty.—Goethe.

PHILOSOPHICAL PAPERS.

V.

BY F. E. ABBOT.

THE MECHANIST AND VITALIST THEORIES.

FROM AN ARTICLE ON "PHILOSOPHICAL BIOLOGY," IN
THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
FOR OCTOBER, 1888.

The great questions of biology, considered in its philosophical aspect, are three: What is the origin of life in the first instance? What is the origin of species or the different forms of life? What are the causes of organic evolution in general? To each of these three questions two answers are given. Life is said to originate in the first instance either by natural evolution or by supernatural interposition in the course of Nature. Species are said to originate either by gradual transitions from one form to another or by the periodical introduction of absolutely new and underived forms. These unlike answers to the first two questions spring from unlike hypotheses. If consistent with itself, the development hypothesis attributes the origin of life in the first instance, and the origin of species or the various forms of life, to a natural and gradual process, while the hypothesis of special creations attributes both to supernatural volitional acts. The former epitomizes the history of the individual and of the species alike in the one word *evolution* (with its correlate, *dissolution*); the latter admits evolution in the individual, but denies it in the species, without, however, substituting anything intelligible in its place. Each hypothesis, therefore, admitting evolution as a fact more or less universal, is confronted by a third question; namely, What are the causes of organic evolution? To this third question many answers are given, which fall, nevertheless, into two general classes. The one class finds the causes of organic evolution solely in the direct or indirect action of cosmical forces external to the organism; the other class, fully recognizing the action of these external forces, finds a concurrent cause in forces which manifest themselves in the organism alone, and are therefore irreducible to known cosmical forces. Hence among biologists two great tendencies exist, which find expression in what may be designated as the mechanist and the vitalist theories. It is the recognition of the *speciality of vital phenomena*, as not accounted for solely by mechanical or physico-chemical causes, and not by any means the fanciful speculations respecting the *unknown causes of these phenomena* in which some vitalists indulge, that constitutes the essence of the vitalist theory; and it is the negation of this speciality which distinguishes the mechanist theory from it. The vitalist theory includes the mechanist theory, with the exception of this negation, affirming its affirmations, but denying its denials.

If we now inquire what relation the mechanist and vitalist theories bear to the development and special-creation theories, we find a curious reversal of natural affinities. The vitalist and special-creation theories are sometimes found associated in the supposed interest of dogmatic theology; while the mechanist and development theories are sometimes found associated in the opposite interest. But, philosophically, the vitalist theory is most closely allied to the development theory, and the mechanist theory to the theory of special creations. Regarding the evolution of the universe as a gradual change from homogeneity to heterogeneity, produced by natural forces which are at bottom diverse manifestations of a single inscrutable force, the spirit of the development theory, at least as generalized by Mr. Spencer, would seem to require the recognition of mechanical, physical, chemical, biological, psychological, sociological, and moral phenomena, as an ascending series of dynamical facts, which are reducible to unity, not by denying the essential diversity of the facts themselves, and thus ignoring the law of the series, but rather by tracing those connections of the facts which constitute them a series. If the cosmos is evolved as a universal whole by an immanent force, and not by a force operating *ab extra*, then, unless the law of evolution changes, those organized beings which exist in the cosmos as partial wholes must also be evolved by immanent forces. To place the primary cause of organic evolution outside the organism is a conception precisely analogous to the conception of a creator outside the universe,—a conception which Mr. Spencer, at least, repudiates. The spirit of the development theory manifestly allies it with the vitalist rather than with the mechanist theory. In like manner, the spirit of the special-creation theory, which regards the universe as originated by a First Cause external to the universe, not immanent in it, and which imagines each newly created species to have been in some way fashioned out of plastic materials and then vivified from without by foreign influences, would seem to be identical with the spirit of the mechanist theory, which regards the organism as only a living machine, created by the direct and indirect action of external forces alone. The special-creationist, it is true, attributes to the creative power both intelligence and will, and maintains the origination of life to be

due to miraculous intervention in the course of Nature,—an assumption which the biological mechanist declines to make. But, regarding the organism as either supernaturally created or naturally evolved by external power, both look at it as practically a manufactured machine, and the resemblance is greater than the difference. Hence, we repeat, the mechanist theory is less closely allied to the development theory than to the theory of special creations, while the vitalist theory, maintaining the natural evolution of life by the reciprocal play of external and internal forces whose manifestations cannot be classified together, alone appears to harmonize with the spirit of the development theory.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errors.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

A LETTER FROM MR. TUTTLE.

TO THE INDEX:—

In the constant meddling with State affairs, the gradual union of Church-forces, and the persistent efforts of Jesuitical schemes to make religion a corner-stone of our government, I have observed what, it seemed to me, must sooner or later culminate in a grand onslaught on the civil rights of liberals. But it did not for a moment occur to me that the attack would begin on the other side, or that a liberal, not content to be let alone for the hour, would have the hardihood to carry the war into Carthage.

Most heartily do I endorse your "Demands," and regard them as not only a declaration of rights, but of war. No longer is each reformer to wage a single-handed conflict in guerrilla fashion, but a systematic, well-ordered assault is to be made on superstition, entrenched behind moss-gray creeds and proud shrines reared by ignorance and cunning. It was said in days that are past, "A negro has no rights a white man is bound to respect;" and it has been repeated, and is at present current, that free-thinkers have no rights Churchmen are bound to respect. If they have not, theirs is the fault, and still more in the future, if they do not emphasize these demands with such strength as shall cause them to be granted, every one.

This issue is of vital consequence to every lover of liberty, whatever may be his private belief. It is a re-assertion of the fundamental doctrine of our free government. Although we may differ in our understanding of Spiritualism, here we stand on the same ground, and make common cause; and you will find Spiritualism one of your strongest and most invincible allies.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

CLEVELAND, O.

NOW IS THE TIME.

MR. ABBOT:

Dear Sir,—The following is from the Chicago Advance of January 9:—

"We cannot, therefore, judge as yet what the future will develop. If leading scientists shall continue to verge more and more towards materialism and infidelity, and shall train students and prepare text-books to propagate those views; and if the politicians (who generally care nothing for religious interests) shall place men of such principles in the professional chairs of the State universities and in charge of our high schools,—then a conflict must come which will shake the system to its foundation. And sooner or later the decision must be made judicially and at the ballot box, whether our accepted civilization, on which our schools and our laws are based, is or is not distinctively Christian."

The Advance represents the most advanced type of "Simon Pure" Orthodoxy. It accepts the results of modern science so far as it can, consistently with a fixed belief in the infallibility of the Bible, and the Deity, and authority of Christ. It is opposed to the Christian Amendment and the Bible in schools. Yet, while it is with us on these questions in a certain way, who can doubt as to where we shall find it when the supreme question is to be discussed and determined—"whether our accepted civilization is, or is not, distinctively Christian?" In the above extract we see the final drift and determination of popular Christianity. It foresees and is preparing for a tremendous, and perhaps successful, struggle to put our civilization, *judicially and by the ballot box*, upon a distinctively Christian basis; and it is from those who are apparently with us on the Bible in schools and Christian Amendment questions that, in the final crisis, we shall meet the most bitter and dangerous opposition. You have not sounded the alarm one whit too soon. Liberals must organize, and show their united strength and determination. It will be the saddest thing in all human history if our American civilization, with its splendid

possibilities, is hemmed in and retarded and finally corrupted by being put upon a distinctively Christian basis, and by having an immense superstition and tyranny wrought into its organic law. I would not oppose one's individual Christianity; I would not lay rude hands on any sacred and heart-felt belief. But when a vast Church despotism is to be imposed upon our free growth, then I am ready for the struggle to the bitter end. The Orthodox foresee the crash, and shall we not foresee it? Our better vision of God and humanity is given us that we may put it to some practical use. It must not be an individual luxury, but a universal benefit. Christianity is aggressive in support of a non-progressive idea. Shall we be idle when we have that which thrills our souls with supreme hope for mankind? We are not to dream this thing out, to trust it to the mere stream of tendency. It is to be decided, not by the poetic fancies of our imagination, but, as the Advance says, "judicially and at the ballot box." In my opinion, there is plenty of hard work before us.

Truly yours,

S. P. PUTNAM.

NORTH PLATTE, Neb.

MUSTERING.

WELLESLEY, Mass., Jan. 20, 1873.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT:

My Dear Sir:—With all my heart I second your call for the immediate organization of the friends of Liberalism in opposition to the efforts now being made to secure the Christian Amendment. The movement is one that for some time past I have felt must be inaugurated soon, if we would not see the light of religious liberty darkened into the night of religious intolerance.

You have no doubt seen the exceedingly interesting review of your "Demands of Liberalism," by Louise M. Thurston, in the Boston Commonwealth of the 18th inst. But does the author of that review know that it is not against the Christianity that "minds its own business" that these "Demands" are urged, but against the Christianity that forever encroaches upon the rights and privileges of the individual soul? I trust none of us have any desire to "wipe out all trace of its" (Christianity's) "history." We have abundant need of all the light the history of the past can give us. But we do protest against the effort to permit Christianity to repeat its own history. We know too well that the greed of bigotry knows no limit. With the history of the dark ages before us, it were a crime to look listlessly on while a fierce religious fanaticism defiantly announces its design to abrogate the guarantees of American liberty, and dictate the channels of human thought.

The American Liberal Tract Society proposes to organize at once on a basis similar to the one you propose, and you have probably seen that a like effort on the part of the Liberals of Boston is urged through the columns of the Boston Investigator. That the intelligence of the country is opposed to this measure, traitorous as it is to the very genius of our government, there can be little doubt; but, in the warfare at the ballot box toward which we are now tending with ever increasing speed, we shall need numbers no less than intelligence. In order to obtain these, our people must be led to think, to study the nature of the controversy in which they will shortly, whether willingly or unwillingly, find themselves inextricably involved. This can only be done by stating as clearly and as plainly as possible the multiplied arguments against this effort to renew that peculiar tyranny which is the legitimate offspring of Church and State, and which in its turn becomes the parent of every conceivable form of oppression. There is no need for "Free Thought" to "turn aside from its rightful path that follows after truth to fight battles with Christianity." Christianity is aggressive; and its present effort is a menace to Free Thought. Let it be permitted to entrench itself behind the Christian Amendment as a part and parcel of the national compact, and where are we? That the American people would long suffer it to remain there, I do not believe; but to cast it out, when once secured such a place, would arouse more bitterness by far (even if it should not lead to a religious war, from the frightful horrors of which we may well seek to save our country) than can ever be engendered by timely efforts to prevent its becoming so entrenched.

But pardon me for detaining you so long. I only add that for every honorable effort to prevent the success of this measure,

I am yours most faithfully,

ELIZABETH M. F. DESTON.

A QUALIFICATION.

I think we shall have a Liberal League here I should myself like your programme better if it contained a qualification of the first article exempting from taxation, say, \$3,000 of the assessed value of any building used regularly, but not exclusively, for public worship. Our little country churches sometimes do good service as places for literary and temperance lectures, concerts, singing-schools and philanthropic meetings.

F. M. HOLLAND.

BARABOO, Wis., Jan. 17, 1873.

A Prize of One Thousand Dollars.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—
Three questions have arisen in the practice of life insurance of great interest to the public:—

1. How to ascertain the proper commissions to be paid to agents, if they are paid.

2. How to assess the office or working expenses, including commissions, on the members of mutual companies.

3. How to ascertain the equitable surrender-value of a policy.

A new system, called—for want of a better name—"savings-bank life insurance," was presented by me to life insurance companies and the public about one year ago, which answers all these questions in a way radically different from that heretofore practised by any company.

The old system and the new cannot both be right. Compared with each other, on these three points, one of them is probably wholly wrong and indefensible, while the other is an approximation to the right thing.

If the new system accords with science and reason; if it is in the main and in principle just and equitable in regard to the points above named,—then the old one violates equity in regard to every one of them, and on some of the policies issued falls little if any short of obtaining money by false pretences.

There is no problem of social science more worthy of thorough discussion than this.

In the interest of policy holders, present and future, and to stimulate inquiry, always better late than never, into the possibility of improvement, I offer A PRIZE OF ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS to the writer who will first demonstrate that the old method of answering either of the three questions above is more correct, reasonable, and equitable than that given by the "Savings Bank Insurance" system proposed by me. This prize will be paid to the writer who first, within one year from this date, presents his or her demonstration to me, in print, with the certificate either of Professor Benjamin Pierce of the United States Coast Survey, or of Professor William H. C. Bartlett, Actuary of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, that in his opinion such demonstration is conclusive. And, in that case, either or both of these gentlemen shall be duly compensated by me for the trouble either or both of them may have taken in the matter.

Editors—especially aged ones who know me when I was an editor—are respectfully requested, as a personal favor, to give this an insertion. The younger ones will perhaps do it for the love they bear their own families and the public.

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

29 State street, Boston, Jan. 13, 1873.

A quaint Scotch minister was given somewhat to exaggeration in the pulpit. His clerk reminded him of its ill effects upon the congregation. He replied that he was not aware of it, and wished the clerk, the next time he did it, to give a cough by way of hint.

Soon after he was describing Samson's tying the foxes' tails together. He said, "Foxes in those days were much larger than ours, and they had tails twenty feet long."

"A-bem!" came from the clerk's desk. "That is," continued the preacher, "according to their measurement; but by our way they were fifteen feet long."

"A-bem!" louder than before.

"But as you may think this extravagant, we'll just say they were ten feet!"

"A-bem! A-bem!" still more vigorous. The parson leaned over the pulpit, and taking his finger at the clerk, said:—

"You may cough there all night long, now, I'll see take off a foot more. Would you have the foxes wild and teels at a?"

Rev Mr. Sanderson, a Baptist minister at Rome, Tenn., after praying and reading his text on a recent Sabbath, suddenly dropped dead in the pulpit. A similar death occurred in the same church ten years ago. What moral are we to draw from this?—*Boston Globe.*

The Boston Post thinks the Christian Milk Association of that city will prove failure. Likely enough. The trouble is, it possesses too much "Christian" and a little "milk."—*N. Y. Commercial.*

"Ye are the children of the devil," was a text of a divine in the morning; and the afternoon he said, "Children, obey your parents."

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Professor MAX MUELLER, of Oxford, England, in a letter to the editor published in THE INDEX for January 4, 1873, says: "That the want of a journal entirely devoted to Religion in the widest sense of the word should be felt in America,—that such a journal should have been started and powerfully supported by the best minds of your country,—is a good sign of the times. There is no such journal in England, France, or Germany, though the number of so-called religious or theological periodicals is, as you know, very large."

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"I have looked over Mr. Gower's novel, and think it would be an attractive feature in THE INDEX. It is very strong, and I found it very interesting. The story is remarkably well told; the characters are firmly drawn; and the religious tone of it will suit the paper well. The style is nervous and simple; the incident is varied; the development is natural. The writer has put a vast deal of thought into it, and spent great labor on it with admirable effect. My judgment may be at fault, but I think it would adorn THE INDEX. It will divide well as a serial, which will be an advantage."

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59.—Wherein Paul Gower and the Rev. George Bligh smoke a cigar together.

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63.—Treats of the Vicarage and Farm-house; and of the Machinations of a Wicked Woman.

64.—Shows that a Pliable Disposition may be wrought upon to Good as well as Evil Purposes.

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66.—Wherein we get rid of Mrs. Franklin for Good and All.

67.—In which the Engagement between Ruth Gower and the Rev. George Bligh comes to a perfectly natural conclusion.

68.—Contains various matters, Reflective, Rural, and Metropolitian, and concludes at Southampton.

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THE INDEX FOR 1873.

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DEVOTED TO

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THE INDEX begins its fourth volume under the most flattering auspices. Steadily working for the religious emancipation and noblest culture of humanity at large, and more immediately of the American people, it has received from the liberal public a most generous support. The capital stock of the Index Association has been subscribed nearly to the full amount of One Hundred Thousand Dollars. The circulation of the paper has more than doubled within the past year. Influential friends have given their means and their co-operation to its cause. Many of the best writers both of America and England are constant contributors to its columns. The people welcome its words, grow daily more interested in its ideas, and become daily more actively participant in the great movement it represents. From all parts of the country a continual stream of letters pours in from the old and the young, from the rich and the poor, from the lettered and the illiterate, from men and from women alike, expressing the warmest sympathy and the profoundest interest in the work it is doing.

With all this encouragement to persevere in the great cause which thus appeals to the best hopes and purposes of the people, THE INDEX for the coming year will possess increased means of influence. It is doubled in size, and must soon be more than doubled in power. It will address itself more earnestly than ever to men and women of all grades of culture who desire to share the best life and thought of the age, and to impart it even to the indifferent, the superstitious, and the enslaved. It already wields a

great influence, which must grow greater every day, as brave men and pure women flock to the standard it upholds.

In addition to its general objects, the practical object to which THE INDEX will be henceforth specially devoted is the ORGANIZATION OF THE LIBERALS OF THE COUNTRY, for the purpose of securing the more complete and consistent secularization of the political and educational institutions of the United States. The Church must give place to the Republic in the affections of the people. The last vestiges of ecclesiastical control must be wiped out of the Constitutions and Statutes of the several States, in order to bring them into harmony with the National Constitution. To accomplish this object, the Liberals must make a united demand, and present an unbroken front, and the chief practical aim of THE INDEX will be henceforth to organize a great NATIONAL PARTY OF FREEDOM. Let every one who believes in this movement give it direct aid by helping to increase the circulation of THE INDEX.

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BY THE AUTHOR.

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It is, also, in the very warp and woof of it, as heterodox, rationalistic, anti-theological novel; its main object being the exposure of the logical results of certain so-called religious opinions on the life and character of those who hold them. Its author has endeavored to show how these, often sincere and conscientious persons, are and must be, not only not the better, but the worse for their adherence to certain theological tenets, now obsolete with all advanced thinkers, but still dreadfully potential with the uninquiring and acquiescent on both sides of the Atlantic. He exhibits how these opinions poison the kindly springs of natural affection, pervert character, and are, in short, utterly mischievous and deplorable. This, the fulfillment of a long-cherished purpose, has not, he believes, suffered from not being obtruded, didactically or otherwise, but allowed to transpire naturally in the course of a novel involving more than anti-theological objects. It is emphatically a story, with a distinct and carefully wrought-out plot, kept in view from beginning to end.

Free Religious Association.

The Report in pamphlet form, of the ANNUAL MEETING of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION for 1872, can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, Wm. J. POTTER, NEW BEDFORD, MASS. It contains essays by John W. Chadwick, on "LIBERTY AND THE CHURCH IN AMERICA;" by C. D. B. Mills, on the question, "DOES RELIGION REPRESENT A PERMANENT SENTIMENT OF THE HUMAN MIND, OR IS IT A PERISHABLE SUPERSTITION?" and by O. B. Frothingham, on "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY;" together with the Report of the Executive Committee, and addresses and remarks by Dr. Bartol, A. B. Alcott, Lucretia Mott, Celia Burleigh, Horace Seaver, Alexander Loos, and others. Price, 30 cents; in packages of five or more, 25 cents each.

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VOLUME 4.

TOLEDO, O., AND NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

WHOLE No. 163.

ORGANIZE!

LIBERALS OF AMERICA!

The hour for action has arrived. The cause of freedom calls upon us to combine our strength, our zeal, our efforts. These are

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Let us boldly and with high purpose meet the duty of the hour. I submit to you the following

FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperiled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be **THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF —**.

ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in —:

Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.

ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.

ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.

ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.

ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

Liberals! I pledge to you my undivided sympathies and most vigorous co-operation, both in **THE INDEX** and out of it, in this work of local and national organization. Let us begin at once to lay the foundations of a great national party of freedom, which shall demand the entire secularization of our municipal, state, and national government. Send to me promptly the list of officers of every Liberal League that may be formed, and a standing list of all such Leagues shall be kept in **THE INDEX**. Rouse, then, to the great work of freeing America from the usurpations of the Church! Make this continent from ocean to ocean sacred to human liberty! Prove that you are worthy descendants of those whose wisdom and patriotism gave us a Constitution untainted with superstition! Shake off your slumbers, and break the chains to which you have too long tamely submitted!

Toledo, O., Jan. 1, 1873.

FRANCIS M. ABBOT.

THE BOSTON SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES FOR 1873.

THE PROGRESS AND PERILS OF FREE THOUGHT.

BY THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

SECOND LECTURE IN THE COURSE OF SIX "SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES," GIVEN IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, JANUARY 12, 1873.

It was said by one of the ablest religious writers of the last century—Rev. Richard Cecil—that if a single, serious, and moral man were to reject Christianity and to avow his reasons for doing so, it would be a trial far more dangerous to the faith of England than all the sneers of Voltaire or the sentimentality of Rousseau. The danger which good Mr. Cecil thought impossible has now come to pass. The men who impeach Christianity or renounce the name are not now the dissolute and reckless, but men of character and culture. This we know, not through their own assertions, but by the admission of those who defend the faith. Mr. Ruskin says that so utter is the infidelity of Europe, no statesman would dare, in defending a measure before Parliament or the *Corps Legislatif*, to quote from the Bible in support of his position. At the last annual meeting of the "Christian Evidence Society" in London, Lord Salisbury, the chairman, said that "the intense importance of the prevalent unbelief pressed itself on the minds of thoughtful Christians, and acquired new weight every day." They were standing in one of the most awful crises through which the intellect of Christendom had ever passed. They could point to many distinguished intellects from which all that belief had gone, in which until now the highest minds coincided." Lord Shaftesbury, following him, said that "bishops, deans, men of science, the greatest minds in literature, all avowed infidel principles. It was difficult, in fact, to find a man under the age of forty who would confess to a belief in anything at all." This refers to the cultivated classes in England. Of the uncultivated, the same Lord Shaftesbury said lately that, "of the whole mass of the working population of London, not two in a hundred go to any place of public worship."

Turning to America, we find an eminent Christian layman, Dr. J. G. Holland, calling the attention of his fellow Christians to the fact that the highest culture and the most lovable character are now more often to be sought outside the Church. We find the most influential newspaper in the world, perhaps, the *New York Independent*, met Mr. Abbot's "Demands of Liberalism," not with hostility, but with the assertions that the demands were superfluous, and the *Independent* had urged them all before. And Rev. Dr. Newman of Washington, lately keeper of the conscience of the national Senate, and now of President Grant's, made lately the following prediction, according to a Washington newspaper:—

"Within the next decade, ay, within the next five years, Christianity will be tried as it has never been tried before. There are men in England and America to-day who will bring to the assault a ripeness of scholarship, a power of intellect, and a breadth of view unequalled by the past. These assaults will continue, and there are men and women before me to-night who are destined to have their faith terribly shaken."

It is a strange thing to note, that this progress has not been made by help of favorable circumstances. Radicalism, now as always, is poor. Why should a rich man be a radical, and how can a free-thinker expect to be rich? There is in the Church no lack of riches. Her tract societies are so wealthy that the only difficulty is how to spend the money given by dying sinners for the spread of their theological opinions. Being no want of wealth, there is no lack of what wealth can always buy—the preaching of the Gospel, any gospel. In a certain sense, sincerity

is to be purchased. There are numbers of young men in the Society of Jesuits and in all societies who have been trained by the pressure of a costly organization to preach doctrines which, if left to themselves, their souls would have abhorred. We are living in a period like that described in the story of St. Thomas Aquinas. A great prelate once showed him several great basins full of ducats, and said to him: "Look here, Master Thomas, now can the Church no more say, as St. Peter said, 'Silver and gold have I not.'" "That is true," replied the saint. "Neither can she say what immediately follows, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, stand up and walk!'"

And as it is not for want of wealth that the Church loses hold, so it certainly is not for the want of preaching. The more sermons heard, it would seem, the greater the recoil from the preacher. They say in England that Bishop Blomfield, revisiting the University Chapel at Cambridge after long absence, found the same old verger whom he remembered in college days. "You have much to be grateful for," said the bishop to the old man. "I have indeed, my lord," was the answer. "I have heard every sermon that has been preached in the chapel for fifty years, and, I bless the Lord, I am a Christian still!"

It is to be noticed, too, that this progress of free thought brings no falling off of moral power or philanthropic zeal. The great reforms of the world were never stronger, and most of them sprang, to say the least, from the secular side and not from the technical Church. The temperance movement dates back, so far as I know, to a pamphlet written in 1818, by Judge Thomas Hertell, an avowed infidel; and Miss Catherine Beecher has recently stated that the sixty thousand Jews in New York stand higher in this regard than any other class of citizens. The anti-slavery reform sprang not from the Church, but from a solitary young man in Boston, now the most renowned citizen in Massachusetts, who began by appealing in vain to the Church, which afterward repudiated him in turn. Slavery was systematically defended as a Scriptural institution, which indeed it was, and its opponents have come again and again from the anti-Christian side. The first nation in Europe that abolished slavery in the colonies (France, in 1793) did in the same session abolish Christianity—and when Christianity was restored, slavery came back also. The cause of woman's rights, next on the docket for labor and trial and triumph, by the special charge of its enemies was cradled in infidelity. Many as have been the noble men in the Church who have given the cause their heartiest support, its history proves the strength of a moral reform to be in human nature itself, and not inside any catechism or ritual. If you insist on giving the name of Christianity to the whole progress of modern civilization, you may claim these reforms as Christian, but in no mere technical sense. And the reason is plain. It is not that there were worse men inside the Church, but they were pre-occupied with saving the souls of men by some doctrine or ritual, and so left it to unbelievers and secular men to look after the bodies.

The world is thus entering, with no perceptible injury, on a period of greater religious freedom. It is not to be expected that those who still honestly believe in the Christian tradition can thus slip away from it, without an effort, even if that effort is called persecution. Persecution may not make a man more lovable, but if he is a sincere Christian believer, persecution shows him to be more logical. Mr. Fox, the English statesman, said to the poet Rogers, "The only foundation for toleration is a degree of scepticism, and without it there can be none. For if a man believes in the saving of souls, he must soon think about the means, and if by cutting off one generation he can save many future ones from hell-fire, it is his duty to do it."

Accordingly, in some parts of the English-speaking world, free thought is accompanied by speaking as well as progress. In Sydney, Australia, there is still imprisoned (I suppose) a man of unimpeached personal character—Mr. William L. Jones—a member of the Royal Academy of Arts, who was convicted of the crime of blasphemy, for asserting that much of the Old Testament was false and indelicate. It was proved for the defence that Mr. Jones spoke of God

"with great reverence," and declared Jesus Christ to be "the highest and purest character known in history." Evidence as to his good moral character was ruled out; and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at hard labor, and to a fine of £200. I take the facts from the *Dubuque (Iowa) Times*, as reprinted in the *Boston Investigator*.

Such a reaction in favor of superstition might here be impossible. But when we open our newspaper and find a citizen of Brookline arrested for playing croquet on Sunday, in his own grounds, behind a hedge too high for any one but an "evangelical" detective to look through; or when, in another newspaper, we find a man shot with three bullets by a policeman, when refusing to be arrested for fishing in a brook on Sunday,—we see the germ of the same tyranny that ordered the massacre of St. Bartholomew. No doubt every man who goes into a religious meeting has a right to the protection of the police on Sunday, and so has every man innocently employed outside. It will one day seem as absurd to prohibit any one from innocent sport on Sunday, as it does now to keep a public library closed on that day. It is as easy to have a harmonious difference of opinion everywhere else as it is in Westerly, R. I.—a manufacturing town of 7,000 inhabitants, where about half the people are Seventh-Day Baptists. Go there on Saturday and you find one-half the churches, one-half the shops, and one-half the mills open and in full operation. Stay there over Sunday and you find everything open that was closed the day before, and everything that was closed, open. Nobody tries to coerce his neighbor's conscience, and the result is harmony and peace.

Another peril of free thought is in the temptations that come to many a man, in business, or in a profession, to conceal his opinion for the sake of his bread. The pathway to indifference or conformity is easier to the radical than the conservative, for no man believes that his soul's salvation is endangered by going to church; whereas many believe that they risk eternal torment by staying away from it. Baptism, and the "Lord's Supper," and saying Mass, are matters of life and death to those who believe in them, while to those who have outgrown them they are only matters of indifference. And when young men come to me, as they sometimes do, and say, "Shall I give up my situation, or shall I hold my tongue?" although I always advise them to give up their situation, I am not surprised to hear of them afterwards as deacons or vestrymen.

Yet these, after all, are trivial things. The only really serious danger of free thought is in the proposed religious amendment to the Constitution; and I am not one of those who believe that this can ever be carried. We have had a hundred years of substantial religious liberty, under a Constitution which provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion," and I am not afraid that we are going to be, as a nation, false to this. We owe our religious liberties to the fact that the great founders of our government—Washington, Jefferson, Adams—were heretics, and knew what they were doing. The Constitution declares treaties to be "the supreme law of the land;" and the most precious autograph of Washington, for those who prize religious freedom, is his signature to the treaty with Tripoli, Nov. 4, 1796: "As the government of the United States is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion; as it has, in itself, no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquility of Mussulmans, and as the said States never have entered into any war or act of hostility against any Mahometan nation—it is declared by the parties that no pretext, arising from religious opinions, shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between these two countries." In this we have the policy of Washington. On the other side we have that of the Rev. Mr. McAllister, who maintained in this very city, in behalf of the proposed "religious amendment," that "the State must have its own religion, and teach it, and, if wise, will both proclaim and support it." As between these two authorities I confess I feel safer by the side of Washington.

This good effect at least may follow from the new efforts of this reactionary party. It may lead to the withdrawal of those inconsistencies which linger in our national practice; as, the exemption of churches from taxation, and the enforced reading of the Bible in schools. These are but subordinate inconsistencies, under the Constitution, and easily repealed. Once get the proposed "religious amendment" fastened upon us, and we step back two centuries. I do not think it possible that this should happen; but I cannot forget that most people regarded the late civil war as equally impossible—and yet it came!

But after all, the chief dangers to free thought are always from within, not from without. With our best efforts we can extract but little persecution out of the present age, for either thinking freely or speaking our thought. So much the more dangerous, often. Persecution helps truth. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. But

many a man who would have made a first-class martyr makes a very poor citizen. Arrogance, obstinacy, self-conceit, often looked sublime when they went up to heaven in a funeral pyre, whereas if you had let them alone, the world would soon have grown tired of them. He who died a saint might have lived to be a bore. The worst thing that could be done with the early Christians was to condemn them "to the lions." Now the heretic may be doomed to become a lion—which is worse.

We must remember that the free-thinker who cannot talk, who cannot write, who has only power to think and to be brave and good, may be doing more for free thought than one who is logical and eloquent and base. What honest people fear in free thought is that it will end in levity and vice. They are right to dread that. We hurt our cause more by frivolousness than by bad logic. We hurt it by pettishness—growing angry at little attacks, where we ought not even to feel the arrow. We hurt it inexpressibly by conceit. There is many a brave man who is now offensive to everybody, but who, if he could only assume for five minutes a look of humility, would charm the whole human race.

Above all, the spirit of love is more important, in the long run, than any argument. "An ounce of mother," says the Spanish proverb, "is worth a pound of clergy;" and an ounce of love like a mother's is worth all the sarcasms of Voltaire's seventy volumes. Life speaks the loudest and argues the most convincingly. In a village church of New York State, the other day, they put in a new painted window, representing the first scene after the death of Jesus; and from the lips of an angel at the sepulchre come the words, "The Lord is not here." So there stands a clergyman officiating in full canonicals every Sunday, and behind him the ominous criticism (before the eyes of the whole congregation): "The Lord is not here." Let those of us who are aiming at free thought take care lest, while we are shaping assiduously our arguments or our rhetoric, some angel of our own painting should say over our shoulders, "Beware! the truth is not here."

DARWIN ON BELIEF IN GOD.

"There is no evidence that man was aboriginally endowed with the ennobling belief in the existence of an omnipotent God. On the contrary, there is ample evidence, derived not from hasty travellers, but from men who have long resided with savages, that numerous races have existed, and still exist, who have no idea of one or more gods, and who have no words in their language to express such an idea. The question is, of course, wholly distinct from the higher one, whether there exists a Creator and Ruler of the universe; and this has been answered in the affirmative by the highest intellects that have ever lived." [*Descent of Man*, vol. I., pp. 62—63.]

"The belief in God has often been advanced as not only the greatest, but the most complete of all the distinctions between man and the lower animals. It is, however, impossible to maintain that this belief is innate or instinctive in man. On the other hand, a belief in all-pervading spiritual agencies seems to be universal; and apparently follows from a considerable advance in the reasoning powers of man, and from a still greater advance in his faculties of imagination, curiosity, and wonder. I am aware that the assumed instinctive belief in God has been used by many persons as an argument for his existence. But this is a rash argument, as we should thus be compelled to believe in the existence of many cruel and malignant spirits, possessing only a little more power than man; for the belief in them is far more general than of a beneficent Deity. The idea of a universal and beneficent Creator of the universe does not seem to arise in the mind of man until he has been elevated by long-continued culture." [*Descent of Man*, vol. II., p. 377.]

The religious divisions of the entire population of India are said to be approximately as follows: Native Christians, 1,100,000; Buddhists, 3,000,000; Aborigines, 12,000,000; Hindus, 110,000,000; Mahometans, 25,000,000; Parsees, 170,000; Eurasians, 91,000; Europeans, 158,000; Jews, 10,000; Armenians, 5,000. In Bengal, with its population of 40,000,000, it is said that no more than 500,000 children are receiving any education, though certain classes are anxious to have it. Most of that which is now afforded is given through the 30,000 native schools, which are described as only better than none.

Mr. FROUDE concluded a lecture with this observation:—"But it is said that things of this sort go on in most countries where there are popular governments; that corruption, more or less of it, is a necessary condition for the working of free constitutions. If that be so, then have the destinies pronounced sentence against free constitutions. *Either liberty must cast out corruption, or corruption will destroy liberty.*"

A great man is always willing to be little.—*E. mer-*

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

He was in many respects an original, in some a type of a large class of the old school of country clergymen. A gentleman by breeding and profession, of average attainments and mediocre abilities; simple-natured and narrow-minded, in consequence of his seclusion from the world; something of a gossip and, what the villagers denominated, a "jaddle" (meaning one who fusses over trifles); he also entertained such peculiar ideas of his authority over his parishioners, and his duty towards them, high and low, as not unfrequently betrayed him into conduct which it would be difficult to avoid characterizing as other than that of a spy and petty tyrant. Thus he was accustomed to write to the Squire informing him of such misdemeanors on the part of his servants as he became acquainted with through the tattling of his own or village gossip—for instance surreptitious attendance at fairs or wakes, staying out late at nights, or not coming to church—to which they responded by hating him cordially and going to sleep in sermon-time, an offence he particularly resented; moreover he had been known to attempt to abuse his influence in the same quarter to prevent the parents of such children as went to the Methodist school (instead of the orthodox one) from renting an allotment, or chain or two of land, wherein to grow corn or vegetables. The Squire, however, generally laughed at such suggestions, unless they involved some communication about poaching, when he could be more severe than the parson desired. Illiberal from position rather than nature, Mr. Blencowe was, notwithstanding, charitable to the poor (especially when propitiated); he thought the text asserting that they should never cease from out the land a literal expression of the will of Providence. He possessed only a surface knowledge of his parishioners, and was as incapable of comprehending the terrible barbarism which underlies rural life in England as of doing anything towards remedying it. A lover of books and poetry, a bit of an antiquarian, a conscientious and, in the main, good-natured old gentleman, he performed his professional duties in the old, orthodox fashion, preached twice every Sunday (except when he administered the sacrament), and detested Ritualism. That was the only subject on which he was thoroughly in accord with Mr. and Mrs. Gower, unless I should mention a notion of the old lady's, respecting the near advent of the millennium.

When he took charge of Ruth, it was with no more benevolent intentions than of giving the child a home until he should be relieved of her by her father; in default of which he thought of educating her for a governess—perhaps promoting her to the position of village schoolmistress; which would, of course, be a decent independence for a poor relation. But the little girl was very pretty and winning, though rather wilful (in that respect taking after her father), the ladies at the Hall noticed her, and the old bachelor's heart was softened. Probably, too, his conscience put in a special plea for the child, in consideration of her dead and gone great-grandfather's money. He had nobody in the world to care for him, except his housekeeper, who henpecked him almost as much as if she had a legal title to do so. He resolved to adopt the little girl as his own, and to give her all the advantages of such a relationship.

So Ruth was brought up, in all respects, like a young lady—had a governess of her own, instead of the prospect of being one—went to a first-class school at Leamington, and in due time did credit to her training. At the age of ten she was a charming, rosy-faced little creature, full of mirth and good spirits, and possessing such large blue eyes and beautiful fair hair that even her aunts—no bad judges—allowed that she would be a beauty some day—always adding that she took after the Gowers, and that her guardian spoiled her. Indeed her extreme vivacity gave color to the assertion, for she was never so happy as when roaming and frolicking—running about the garden or orchard, surreptitiously climbing trees, or riding the ecclesiastical pony, and generally imperilling her life and limbs, and frightening her elders. But she loved her guardian dearly and soon learned how to coax and wheedle him into condoning all her tricks, and to defy the housekeeper. Perhaps Mr. Blencowe secretly admired her on the latter account, though he always shook his head and inculcated obedience. Gradually, as the girl grew up, she became virtual mistress of the vicarage and almost forgot that she had ever known any other home.

Of course, her guardian brought her up in the tenets of the Church of England; indeed, taught

her to say the thirty-nine articles by heart; and she was as orthodox as any young lady need be, having a proper sense of Mr. Blencowe's importance in the village, and, as remarked, a great affection for him. She had secretly idealized his character in the manner peculiar to loving, imaginative children, to make the usual, inevitable deduction in after years. As the old clergyman worked at his sermons, or in his garden, or trotted about the village, or dozed over the *Record* of evenings, he hardly suspected with what veneration he was regarded by the warm-hearted girl, who esteemed it a privilege to fetch his very slippers. At the same time she maintained a decidedly independent carriage towards most people and was generally considered rather haughty and intractable.

Thus, when she went to London to visit her grandparents, she held her own so successfully as to quite discomfit her aunts and Mrs. Gower in their early attempts at patronizing her; and established herself on a very different footing than her less fortunate brother. Henceforth she was received as the ward and probable heiress of Reverend Paul Blencowe rather than the daughter of John Gower. They never asked her to go to the "Rooms" on Sundays, but permitted her to attend the parish church unquestioned. Mrs. Gower took great credit for that act of toleration, remarking that she coerced nobody and could respect the conscientious convictions of others. I should have liked to see Paul take her at her word!

He soon learned to admire his sister exceedingly, which sentiment she returned with generous affection. Had they grown up together it is highly probable there might have been less liking between them; for, in such a relationship, daily intercourse is as severe a test as matrimony, and has less restraining influences. There was something romantic in their position towards one another; meeting so seldom and in homes which possessed but one common point of resemblance—they had no direct title to them. So they corresponded very punctually and made much of each other during the visits.

Their father's silence, which has already been explained to the reader, soon ceased to trouble them; by and by he became but a dim figure in Paul's memory, while Ruth's idea of him was entirely derived from fancy and what she had heard from others. Naturally, the brother and sister sometimes talked about him and, at first, indulged in day-dreams concerning his coming back and reclaiming them, but everything was vague and hypothetical and imaginary. Mr. Blencowe had his own reasons for hoping he would not return; Mr. Gower never spoke of his absent son after the first disappointment in not hearing from him; the old lady fretted and worried, and then buried her thoughts and hopes in her own bosom; the sisters were indifferent; years went and came, and it was, at length, tacitly supposed, by all but Mrs. Gower, that John must have died abroad, among strangers.

Paul's holiday-visits to Northamptonshire were the happiest periods of his life: he looked forward to them with the utmost eagerness, and always came back to London in the lowest of spirits, almost hating it, from the force of contrast. The comfortable vicarage, the beautiful, pastoral country, commonly seen in all the luxuriant pomp of summer, the old farm-houses (in one of which he made friends, to be hereafter introduced to the reader, the green fields and "unspeakable rural solitudes"—above all the kindness of people and sense of absolute freedom and independence—were ill-exchanged for town and his life in the house near the Hampstead Road. To him, Thorpe Parva was nearer heaven than other localities; a place in which care and trouble and oppression did not exist, a kind of Paradise. He drew its pretty, ivy-mantled church, the Hall, the vicarage, and the more picturesque farm-houses; explored the neighboring villages, loitered along the willow-fringed banks of the little stream (which he was delighted to find figuring in Spenser, at the marriage of the Thames and Medway), and idled away his time deliciously. Nor was it all idleness, for his elderly cousin possessed a library of a much more catholic quality than Mr. Gower, and in the words of a delightful writer already quoted, he "browsed at will on that fair and wholesome pasturage;" thereby indirectly qualifying himself for his future career. One year, the occupants of the Hall were away on the continent, when he obtained free admission to the grounds, and spent long, long, blissful mornings there, secluded among the trees, beside the stream, where the broad water-lilies lay tremulous on the surface, and now and then a shadowy pike darted athwart the dusky depths beneath; returning through the old arched gateway to the vicarage, when the pleasant old chimneys from the church-tower indicated the hour of lunch. He never cared for fishing, nor even shooting, but liked a ride on horseback; in which taste Miss Ruth cordially sympathized. Mr. Blencowe thought him a quiet, agreeable young fellow, but nothing more; and recognized him rather as the brother of his ward than in his individual capacity.

When Paul returned home after these visits—which were sometimes extended to a month—he was commonly more snubbed than usual, and

subjected to a good deal of indirect questioning, by his grandmother and aunts; who entertained no little jealousy of his temporary glimpses of freedom and felicity. Moreover, they suspected Ruth of an inclination towards spiriting her brother to resistance against lawful authority—not without reason. But, as stated, he was a peaceably-disposed youth, and circumstances were strong against him. There came, however, a time when, under the influence of a more potent passion than he had hitherto experienced, he was stimulated to what Mrs. Gower called rebellion—but we shall speak of that in a future chapter.

Ruth Gower, before she reached her seventeenth year, had fulfilled her aunts' predictions by becoming a tall, handsome girl, with great, lustrous blue eyes and such beautiful, long, curling, golden hair, that when she went to Southend, one summer, Mr. Blencowe (who affected that once quiet watering place) remonstrated against her wearing it loose after bathing, because it attracted so much admiration from the gentlemen. Ruth did as she was told, though I cannot say she felt positive satisfaction in compliance. And immediately afterwards, on their return to Northamptonshire—in fact only a month before the commencement of this history—she obtained a very serious proof of the effect of her charms on the other sex, and one which presently did something towards diminishing them, by dimming the brightness of her blue eyes, and imparting that look of sadness to her countenance which we have noticed in our first chapter—of which we shall hear more in the course of a few pages.

On his sixteenth birthday, Paul entered the office of a London architect, as pupil, for five years. He had no particular inclination towards the profession, indeed had hardly turned his thoughts in any definite direction, but it was the only alternative that presented itself besides becoming a linen-draper's assistant, to which he entertained an insuperable objection. Luckily, Mr. Blencowe heard of the opportunity, Mr. Gower thought the business "very respectable," and Mr. Bligh agreed to take him without premium. In his office, then, he had sojourned till within a month of the expiration of his articles, when the arrival of his father's letter at the house near the Hampstead Road, and the proposition therein contained, bade fair to introduce him to such a future as he had never yet speculated upon, and began this narrative.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. BLIGH RECEIVES THREE MORNING CALLS.

Mr. Samuel Bligh, a bushy-whiskered, bald-headed, deep-voiced man of sixty, attired in an easy undress of shirt, slippers, and dressing-gown, and nothing else worth mentioning, sat in his office in Soho Square, at work upon some plans and specifications, on the morning subsequent to the day upon which this history opens. He commonly did so between the hours of nine and ten A. M., dressing by easy stages, and breakfasting simultaneously. It was later at the time I present him to the reader, being past eleven, but, engrossed by his occupation, he was still *en deshabille*. He was an architect in good practice, an author, a man about town, and a man of the world—rather incongruous characters, but, in this instance, curiously combined in one person. He was, also, brother to the very high and mighty dean of a western diocese of the Church of England, and derived a considerable portion of his business from that circumstance; though—again, oddly enough—it included more which was exceedingly secular: in so much that he sometimes boasted that he had built more theatres and written more farces than any man living. The latter part of the observation, however, might admit of question.

A knock at the door induces permission to "Come in." Mr. Bligh, in undress, would have cried "come in" to the Archbishop of Canterbury, or one of his own servants, with equal nonchalance. At present it is the latter, his coachman, who hands him a card and announces "Mr. Blencowe."

"Oh? show him in! My dear Blencowe, how are you? quite an unexpected pleasure, I'm sure. Nichols, a chair!" and Mr. Bligh shook hands with his visitor very cordially, getting up from his arm-chair to do it.

The in-comer responds to the architect's salutation in a loud, cheery voice, and, seating himself, turns towards him the countenance of an aged man—seventy and upwards, at least; but very hale and fresh-colored, with that wholesome redness of complexion and tough, wiry look which is immediately suggestive of country life, and, perhaps, of competence and comfort. Mr. Blencowe was small in figure and short in stature, very aquiline-nosed and white-haired, and scrupulously-shaven; and his eyes were so bright that they glistened, like those of some blind persons, and attracted your attention almost as much as his teeth, which were conspicuously artificial, and so badly inserted, or damaged by time, that he not infrequently entangled his upper lip among them, when laughing or talking. His peculiarity of appearance was also increased by his wearing very high, old-fashioned shirt-col-

lars, cutting the lobes of his ears. He was, of course, dressed in the conventional black of a clergyman of the Church of England.

"Well," he said, crossing his extremely thin legs, throwing up one foot and laughing cheerily; "I've come up after my girl, you know—ran up last night, as usual, and slept at the Euston. I'm always fit for nothing after a railway journey—quite knocks me up till next morning. And, Bligh, I wanted to speak to you. Business first. You must positively talk to Gillingham about that stained glass window,—the way he has dawdled over it, ever since you left, is shameful. I can do nothing with him—nothing, upon my honor, and the family are quite impatient. It ought to have been finished by August. And, now, what d'ye think? I want your advice. Here's another fellow turned up—this time on the other side of the world—who wants to deprive me of my dear little Ruth! By the way"—this with a sudden access of seriousness—"have you heard anything of Mr. George?"

The architect nodded. "Yes," he said, drily. "He's in Paris—not doing any good there that I am aware of. Very foolish! very wrong-headed!—he must give in, you know, in the long run—the dean won't. A bad business, altogether."

Mr. Blencowe's face was suffused with a shade or so of deeper red, as he responded, rather sharply: "When you say that, Mr. Bligh, I am constrained to inquire whether your remark involves any reflection upon me or my ward?"

"Of course not! of course not! I was speaking generally. Don't be so peppery, my dear fellow—next thing you'll be challenging me to fight you on the first Sunday after Epiphany, like Sydney Smith's Irish parson. I'm not responsible for my brother's sentiments."

"No, but, my dear Bligh," returned Mr. Blencowe, who, as has been stated, was something of a gossip, and, besides, very much in earnest on this particular subject; "you should consider. A man cannot be too careful of his honor. I have the greatest respect for your brother's office and position; but if, as I infer, he supposes there was anything underhanded on our part in that most unfortunate affair—which has caused me more distress and anxiety than—yes—I ever experienced; to say nothing of my poor, dear girl, who, however, bears it like an angel—if, I say, this is the case, the dean does us monstrous injustice, and I am bound to protest against it on all possible occasions. 'Good name in man or woman, dear my lord!—you know the rest. He should remember we were wilfully deceived by his son, and have, perhaps, more to complain of than himself. And permit me here to say that if, as we supposed, there had been no other impediment than worldly considerations, the young man could not have made a better choice, for my girl's beauty and accomplishments would reflect credit on any station—any! I have no desire to be hard upon him, and—of course wholly irrespective of personal considerations (for your brother may be assured that we are, in our way, quite as proud as he is)—should rejoice to hear of his reconciliation with his father: still I must insist upon our entire justification. You will, I am sure, not object to bear this in mind on all convenient opportunities?"

Mr. Bligh nodded again. "It's quite understood," he said, "at least by me. I always make it a rule to avoid family quarrels—never interfere on principle. Let us drop the subject. You were saying—"

"That I wanted your advice, and about Ruth, on a very different business altogether than that we have been discussing. Bligh, I have only to comply with this letter, to relieve the dean of his apprehensions and myself of my comfort and happiness for the rest of my life."

"Oh?"

"Ruth's father wants her. Look here. Read that. I got it only yesterday."

"Can't you tell me?" asked the architect, glancing at the closely-written epistle.

"Yes. Bligh, you always remind me of the lawyer in Chaucer:—

"No wher so bovy a man as he ther 'n 'as,
And yet he semed bestler than he was."

(he repeated the lines with great enjoyment)—or of the lawyer in 'Tom Jones' who wants to divide himself into four quarters to be in several places at once. I wonder whether Fielding had read Chaucer—hardly likely—he admired Hardyknute though." Then, seeing that Mr. Bligh's attention was straying towards his papers, he returned to the subject and informed him of John Gower's application, which the reader has already heard of, in connection with Mr. Wheeler's visit to the house near the Hampstead road.

"You don't want to comply, eh?" said Mr. Bligh, when the clergyman had ended his rather lengthy explanation.

"Part with my little girl! I should think not, indeed. 'She is my goods, my chattels, and my house,' in a kinder sense than Petruccio's. I'd rather give him a thousand pounds—if I could spare the money."

"Well, write him word. A Louisiana slave-owner ought to be accustomed to such transactions."

Mr. Blencowe enjoyed this jest, if such it might be called, beyond its merits, laughing loudly and throwing himself back in his chair.

"There you go, Bligh!" he cried; "that's just like you. Do be serious and tell me what I shall say to him."

"Does the girl want to go to her father?"

"Bless you, she doesn't know a word about it—unless they've told her at Gower's—I haven't been there yet; and, you see, her father says he abstains from writing to her, at present, not wishing to do anything contrary to my inclinations. Very honorable, I'm sure." The speaker would have referred to the passage in question, had not Mr. Bligh signified, by a motion of the hand, his readiness to take it for granted. He then went on loquaciously: "My ward is the dearest and best of girls, the apple of my eye and the pride of my life; and I've never dreamed of parting with her until she should, in due course of time, come to be married; and I didn't take very readily to that idea, I promise you—but we needn't refer to that again. But if she wants to go to her father, go she shall—God forbid that I should prevent her! I hope I know my duty better. You'll observe, however, that as he left England when she was a mere child, she can't be expected to know or care very much about him, except by way of sentiment. She has lived with me nearly all her life, and I love her as well as if she were my own daughter; and I think she regards me almost as a father. Dear me! I'd no more notion of John Gower coming to life again than—the effigy of Sir Toby Edgewood and his two wives in my church. Then think of a girl, brought up as she has been, going such a voyage—and to America, my dear Bligh, to America! Let her brother go, if he likes, but spare me my one ewe lamb!"

"Hum! young Gower, eh? yes, I suppose his grandparents won't interpose any objection. You say the father seems not disinclined to accept such a compromise—at least for the present?"

"Exactly so—and there's the difficulty. The fellow puts it so modestly, talking of his obligations to me and the like, that I feel constrained to consider him as much as possible."

"Pack her off, then, and reward yourself by thinking of your own magnanimity. Candidly, I ought to advise it in my brother's interest. Miss Gower is altogether too fascinating a young lady for me to risk displeasing him by aiding and abetting to keep her in England."

Mr. Blencowe was a little piqued, notwithstanding the compliment. He had evidently come for the pleasure of talking the matter over, rather than consultation; while the architect, really not caring one straw about it (apart from the fraternal considerations he so frankly suggested), and thinking his confidence rather a bore than otherwise, only wanted to get rid of him with due civility. He resolved to do it by a *coup de main*.

"There, get along with you," he said. "You have no more idea of parting with her than of inviting me to a game of leap-frog in the Square, or of coming out in genteel comedy. You'll write him a long letter, expressing how dear she is to you, how desolate you'd be at losing her, and hinting at testamentary intentions in her favor, in the event of his not insisting upon his paternal prerogative. You'll suggest that a voyage across the Atlantic isn't to be thought of, unless under better convoy than that of a young fellow of one-and-twenty; and, after marshalling all the objections you can rake together against the project, you'll hint that the least he can do is to let it stand over until he can spare time to come and fetch her himself. And then you'll pray that the exigencies of the cotton crop may keep him employed till the Greek Kalends."

The old clergyman again indulged in one of his loud, cheery laughs, and acknowledged that he had meditated such an epistle. "It's the best thing I can do, I think," he said; "only—the objection was cut short by the knock and re-appearance of the coachman."

"Mr. Sabin wants to know if you can spare him just five minutes, sir. Not Mr. Richard—his father."

"Eh? I'm very busy, but tell him to wait." Mr. Blencowe immediately declared that he wouldn't occupy any more of his friend's valuable time at present, but look in again, and only took a quarter of an hour in returning to the subject of the stained glass window (concerning which the architect really had some professional interest) before Nichols showed him to the door; coming back with the new visitor.

We have had a glimpse of him already, at his own door in Newman street, while watching the departure of Mr. Wheeler's cab. Besides being a man of portly presence and large, jolly countenance, Mr. Sabin had an unctuous, jovial voice, in admirable keeping with his aspect, a voice possessing a natural gravitation towards a rich chuckle, and something of a Yorkshire accent. He inquired after the architect's health, and, in obedience to a nod and gesture, seats himself.

"Well, Mr. Sabin, what can I do for you this morning?"

"If you please, sir, I've come about Richard."

"Eh? What of him?" Mr. Bligh elevated his eyebrows and kept on writing.

"He talks of going to America, sir. It's very much against my wish, and his mother can't bear to hear of it; as Tom, our fourth, went

there years ago, and we've only heard of him once, and that quite accidentally."

"Hum! America, again! Didn't know you had a son there. Largo family, yours, Mr. Sabin?"

"Eight, sir—five boys and three girls. I've had my troubles with 'em and, perhaps, shouldn't be sorry if some would emigrate; but not Richard. There's no need of it."

"He's doing well, then?"

"He might if he liked, sir. Fact is he makes money too easily—idles away half his time. I see very little of him, bless you! I hope he didn't forget to thank you for that very kind notice of his picture in the *Epoch*. It ought to be of great service to him."

"Wasn't mine—Crofts did it—I was out of town—what does he want to go to America for?—thinks Yankees want to buy pictures, eh?"

"Oh, mere curiosity, love of roaming, raw notions that he'll like it—a pack of stuff and nonsense easy to get into a boy's head, hard to drive out. If you'll only be good enough to speak to him—"

"I!" interrupted Mr. Bligh, looking up over his papers. "You don't think I should have any influence over him, do you? Besides, I never give advice—never. People never take it and always hate you for offering it, unless it is just according to their own inclinations. And young men invariably think they know more than old ones."

"So they do, sir," and Sabin senior shook his head with an air of great sagacity. "Sometimes I wish Dick had stayed with you, sir. He might have been more steady."

"Wouldn't have done!—clever enough, no doubt, but couldn't stick to line and rule—not at all business-like—wouldn't have earned bread and cheese at our profession. Who's that? Come in! Come in!"

It was the senior clerk of Mr. Bligh's office with drawings and plans for that gentleman's supervision, into which task he plunged with characteristic energy; the clerk recognizing Sabin with a nod and brief salutation. "There's your son up-stairs," he observed to the artist, when his employer had finished his comments and directions.

"Eh? send him down, then," said the architect. "I'll speak to him now, if you like, though I'm convinced it'll not be of the slightest use—what do you want, Nichols?" This was addressed to the coachman, who entered for the third time, again carrying a card.

"Mr. Maberley, sir! Wants to see you. He said it was of the greatest consequence."

The architect looked annoyed, irritated, and somewhat disgusted. "I'm not at home," he answered, curtly. "I can't see anybody." And he began to dress himself.

The man lingered, as if he had inadvertently admitted the contrary of his master's assertion.

"I've to lunch with Sir Henry at one," Mr. Bligh continued, bustling about and looking at his watch; "and it wants—dear me!—only twenty minutes of that now. See after the carriage, Nichols—I'm not at home, recollect, to anybody." Reiterating his business directions to the clerk, apologizing to Sabin for his inability to spare time to see his son, again assuring him that such an interview would prove useless, and doing everything in a great hurry, the half-dressed architect was brushing his whiskers and bald head until they shone again, when the dismissed artist and clerk, in leaving the room, almost ran against another visitor,—the person announced by Nichols—that discomfited servant's face appearing in the background.

"How d'y' do, my dear Bligh?" said the intruder, showing a mouthful of ivory-white teeth and a face fringed by elaborately dyed and curled whiskers. "I must trespass upon you, but not for long—really. One moment—positively!"

"I am obliged to go out immediately." And Mr. Bligh shampooed himself with increased vigor.

"I have something of importance to communicate—something very distressing!" urged the other, who was as elaborately over-dressed as his hair; who wore a profusion of chains and rings, and whose propitiatory grin had something furtive in it—furtive and false and slinking; though he strove to appear perfectly at his ease and was ostentatiously polite—in which his demeanor contrasted remarkably with that of the architect.

"Nichols! shut the door. Now, Mr. Maberley, what is it? Be quick, if you please. I haven't a moment to spare."

"It's about my wife." And Mr. Maberley's eyes—black, shallow-looking eyes, not too willing to encounter the steady gaze of others—glanced from Mr. Bligh's profile—for that gentleman was standing sideways towards him—to the top of the architect's arm-chair, and thence to the window.

"Well?"

"It grieves me to say that she has left my house this morning—ran away from me."

"Humph! again? Where to?"

"I think—indeed I know—to Mr. Gower's. I have just been there in search of her."

"Well, and what did she say?"

"There's the difficulty!" Mr. Maberley laughed not in a pleasant manner. "I didn't see her—"

wasn't allowed to—and I've come to you as a man of the world and her ex-guardian, to ask your advice on the subject."

"Dear me!—very unpleasant, to be sure—third time I've been bothered this morning about other people's business. One would think there was a sign out, 'Advice gratis to folks in trouble with their relations.' I can't undertake anything of the kind."

"If you could only induce Mrs. Maberley to return. Think of the scandal, my dear Bligh!—the talk!—ruinous to me professionally! I acknowledge she has had some provocation; that I have my faults and may not have been quite a model husband; but we live in the world and must make allowances. She has been too precipitate."

"I'd rather not hear any particulars. What does Gower say about it? He's her uncle and should have more influence over her than I, at this time."

"Well, you know that Mr. Gower and his wife are very peculiar people—very strict in their notions; and I'm afraid—that is, I know—they side with Mrs. Maberley. In fact the old lady was so violent in her language towards me"—here the speaker grinned savagely—"that if I hadn't a great respect for her, why—"

"Sharp old lady!" said Mr. Bligh; "speaks her mind on all occasions! Rather you differed with her than I."

"Of course I could compel Mrs. Maberley to return by law," continued her husband; "but I wish to avoid scandal. So what am I to do?"

"Does she positively declare she won't come back?"

"Positively!"

"Wait a little, give her time. A married woman, in England, who has left her husband and is without money, is the most anomalous creature in the world. Everybody finds her a bore and advises her to go back; people's sympathy doesn't last, you know. Then there's the children; she'll think of them—four, aren't there? She'll come back, depend upon it!" Mr. Bligh had by this time dressed himself, and here rang the bell for Nichols and the carriage.

"If you could only make it convenient to see her," persisted Maberley, "and to mention that I very much regret the—behavior which induced her to take this rash step, and that it shall not be repeated, I shall consider myself your debtor. Your opinion, too, would have great weight with Mr. and Mrs. Gower."

"I don't know! I can't promise! Write to her!" said the architect, bustling into the passage and out at the street door, in front of which his brougham was waiting. Mr. Maberley followed, pressing his suit, and, doing the first rather hastily, he slightly jostled a tall young man with long, tawny moustache and whiskers, who had been talking to Nichols, and was smoking a cigar. In return he received such a savage push as caused him to totter and stagger, and nearly to fall headlong on the pavement.

"Why, Sabin, is that you?" asked Mr. Bligh from the cab.

"Yes, sir!" The tall young man raised his hat, and then, turning to the discomfited Maberley, demanded with much ferocity, "What the devil he meant by running against him?"

"Stop! it's a friend of mine!" cried the architect, adding a reproach to his ex-pupil for his violence, which produced not the slightest apology to Maberley, who had picked up his hat (which had been knocked off in the attack) and was grinning his anger at his assailant.

"Sabin, your father has been talking to me about you—I've not a second to spare, now, but if you'll look in at another time, I'll—"

"I'm obliged to you, sir; but my mind is quite made up on the subject. I'll not waste your time in discussing it."

"I thought so! Good day, then."

"You couldn't favor me with any letters of introduction, sir?"

"Thank Heaven I don't know a single American in the world!" With which liberal sentiment, the architect nodded a hasty farewell to Mr. Maberley, and drove off to lunch with Sir Henry.

HOW THE WORD "BOSTON" WAS MADE.—A writer in *Good News* thus incidentally mentions the curious derivation of the name Boston: "Lincolnshire, or Lindsey, as the land south of the Humber was formerly called, received the Gospel from the good Bishop Paulinus, in the seventh century. In the same century, a pious monk, known as St. Botolph, or Bot-bolp—that is, Boat-help—founded a church at a place called Y-ceanh. The town which grew up around it was called 'Botolph's Town,' contracted into Bot-olpha-ton, Bot-as-ton, and finally Boston. It was from this town that Rev. John Cotton came to America, and gave the same name to the seaport in which he settled in Massachusetts. St. Botolph, or Boat-help, is the patron saint of sailors, and the spire of his church supports, three hundred feet high in air, a lantern visible at sea for forty miles, thus both lighting the worshippers home from the stormy sea, and pointing their way to the haven of rest."

It was under the shadow of the tower of that old church Jean Ingelow was born.

SECTARIAN SCHOOLS.

[From the Sunday Morning News, Titusville, Pa.]

Universal education, supported and sustained by the united contributions of the whole people, may be justly regarded as the corner stone of our political fabric, and the palladium of our liberties. That the framers of the federal constitution jealously recognized the dangers which might result from religious interference with civil administration, is established by the unequivocal language in which they allude to the subject; and our own State is no less explicit in her declarations. We hold then that any appropriation from the public treasury, in aid of individual or sectarian schools and charities, is an unconstitutional and unauthorized disbursement of the common property of every citizen. Such, indeed, has been the concurrent opinion expressed by our earliest and latest statesmen. For, in a popular government, like our own, where the utmost latitude is accorded to freedom of thought and religious observance, there should be no partiality indulged or discrimination manifested by our law-makers towards any particular sect.

While we do not object to the establishment of institutions of learning or charity by Roman Catholics, specially devoted to the instruction and relief of members of that religious body, we do protest most earnestly against the appropriation of the public money or of the public land, to any sectarian organization, no matter what its tenets or principles. It is contrary to the genius of American institutions. We desire no approach to an alliance of Church and State. History's warning voice speaks in unmistakable tones, and bids us beware. We should be glad to see not only Pennsylvania, and every State in the Union, but their united Congress, interpose the strong arm of legislation, and settle forever this much vexed and vitally important question.

LIBERTY VS. TASTE.—A case has occurred in the Gironde which shows that a French jury understands the conditions of religious liberty. A Protestant pastor, named Steeg, the editor of a paper called the *Progrès des Communes*, was libelled last week in the Assize Court of the Gironde for outraging the Catholic religion by his publications. The language cited, in relation especially to transubstantiation, was certainly coarse, and not at all of the kind to make any impression except of disgust on Roman Catholics,—probably, it was intended rather to kindle the scorn of Protestants,—but it was precisely of the kind which most keen controversialists use in ridiculing doctrines they displease; and to have declared it unlawful and libellous would have been to close completely the mouths of those many half-educated controversialists who cannot assail their adversaries' faith without homely or even vulgar thrusts. This, for instance, was the kind of thing:—"What would the humble Son of Mary have thought if he had been told that one day the people would celebrate a festival in which a bit of dry bread put into a metal box was his body and would be worshipped as God Himself? This, however, is what is meant by the Fête Dieu." Pastor Steeg's defence was very able. He showed that in all ages Romanism had availed itself of an equal or greater license of speech in attacking its opponents, and he cited, not from M. Veuillot,—that he would not condescend to do,—but from an author (M. Auguste Nodding) stamped with especial approval for his "moderation" by Cardinal Donnet, the Archbishop of the diocese,—an author who speaks of "the Devil as the first Protestant," denounces the Reformers as "men of impure lives," and so forth. The jury wisely found M. Steeg "not guilty." To make defects of taste in controversy illegal would be to stifle everything like manly intellectual conflict.—*London Spectator of Sept. 21.*

HOW HE WAS SILENCED.—At the late meeting of the Presbytery, when the subject of Scripture was under discussion, Brother W— said early in his ministry he and another brother were conducting a meeting in which there was much religious interest. An old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until it began to interrupt the services. Brother H— said to Brother W—, "Go, stop that old man's noise." He went to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man at once became quiet. "Brother H—," asked Brother W—, "what did you say to the old man that quieted him so promptly?" Brother W— replied, "I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions!"

Here is a delicious story illustrative of the religious impotence of two sharp Yankees suddenly confronted with death. They were in a yacht on the Delaware River, in imminent danger of wreck. "Seth," said Peleg, "say a prayer." "I can't," said Seth; "I have forgotten how." "Then, let us sing a hymn," replied Peleg. "I can't," returned Seth; "I never could sing." "But, Seth, we are drowning men, and must do something religious. Let us take up a collection." And they took it up. And no doubt that is the one rememberable Anglo-Saxon doxology.

If God did not exist, it would behoove man to invent him.—*Robespierre.*

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

N. B.—Brief and pithy extracts for this column will be gratefully received. Please send marked copies.

IS IT WORTH IT?
OR,
THE GAIN AND LOSS.

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—Matt. xvi. 26.

THE GAIN.

A hurried dream of happiness,
A bubble colored bright;
A hollow, painted effigy;
A certain, blinding light;
A troubled, feverish grasping
After what seems away—
Sweet flowers madly cherished,
To wither in a day.

Lips smiling above breaking hearts;
Gay songs to hide sad tears;
Pretended friendships maddening
The world's most bitter sneers,
Much toil, and wear, and restlessness,
Dull cold and aching smart,
And dodging, in the end, there's naught
Can satisfy the heart.

THE LOSS.

To waken up among the damned;
To hear the devil's jeer;
To wallow in vile leprosy;
No thought can picture here!
Lost, Lost, the Soul! Oh, never more
A ray of light to see,
Of peace, or hope! Endless remorse,
Undying misery.

Oh, never more to get a glimpse
Of aught that's good or pure!
To see, at last, sin's loathsomeness,
Too late to find its cure!
And this for souls that heard of Christ!
Knew of His work of love;
Ah! that will be the ceaseless sting,
All other woes above!

Work out the sum—the gain, the loss—
And weigh the profit well;
Then tell the Loving One who asks,
Will you choose Christ, or HELL?
—Good Words.

THE ONLY SAVIOR FROM HELL.—Do you ask, sinner, what Jesus Christ has done for me that should so much endear Him? I answer, He has died for me; while I was yet His enemy He died for me. "Greater love than this hath no man, that a man lay down his life for his friends. But God commandeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Yes, "In His own blood He has washed us, and made us kings and priests unto God. Worthy, therefore, is the Lamb that was slain, and is alive, to receive blessing and honor." And we unto him who withholds that tribute. If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maranatha. Do you ask what Jesus has done for me? He has suffered the penalties of justice; He has quenched the fires of hell in my behalf. He flung His sacred body between me and perdition. And that is now the only panoply that shields me from those flames by which the rebel angels were consumed—the only pledge I hold that they shall not hereafter kindle on me. Do you still ask what Jesus Christ has done for me? I answer, He hath disarmed Death; He hath hallowed the sepulchre. Death was my great enemy. He was my last enemy. I dreaded death. But death is conquered. Jesus Christ hath conquered death, and plucked the wreath of triumph from the grave. He has conquered death for me; mine is the victory. Me hath He released from that dreaded iron bondage. Me hath He released that I might serve Him, love Him, rejoice in Him, praise Him evermore.—*Phil. Sunday Republic.*

TO THE SUNDAY MORNING HERALD (Syracuse, N. Y.).—In your "Religious column" of the 22d inst. appears a very irreligious article over the signature of "Friend." The writer, who is evidently an enemy to Christianity, seems very much disturbed because by the united efforts of our noble clergy, the law suppressing the public sale of spirituous liquors on the Sabbath day has been put in force. The world is becoming full of such people, who seek to destroy the sanctity of the Sabbath day by assuming that "all days are alike holy," or that none of the days of the week are to be observed as holy time—for one assertion is just as reasonable as the other. If our *Friend* will read his Holy Bible, he will find between its blessed covers a direct command to "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." God rested upon that day from his labors and was refreshed, and he sanctified it to all men—and for all time to come.

The Christian Church, with its clergy, have done many noble things, but much more remains for them to accomplish. Our present Constitution, which does not recognize Christianity, or Jesus as our Lord and Savior, is imperfect and must be amended so that we can, if necessary, legally enforce those who have no respect for God's laws, to at least desist from the publication and circulation of Radical tracts and other infidel documents that tend to unsettle and poison the young minds of our rising generation.—*Christian.*

THE JESUITS.—While the Society of Jesus is monopolizing public interest in Germany, a few statistical statements respecting it may not be out of place. The order comprises altogether twenty-two provinces, and a contingent of 8,809 members. Castilia takes the lead in point of numbers, its roll amounting to 944 members. Germany follows next, with 738. Austria has only 456. The application of the bill to Jesuits proper is practically limited to the kingdom of Prussia and the diocese of Ratisbon, in Bavaria, these being the only parts of the empire in which Jesuits are legally tolerated; and even in Ratisbon they have crept in by an evasion of the law. These figures, quoted according to Professor Von Schulte, convey a very inadequate idea of the real extent of Jesuit power; for Jesuit influence, as he points out, pervades and tinges, controls and directs, the entire clerical system in Germany, which has become a formidable organization. There are no fewer than 18,000 Roman Catholic priests in Germany, besides 11,000 members of convents. Adding to these the pupils in Catholic seminaries, the "Old Catholic" Professor computes the entire Romanist army at 50,000, led and marshalled by the Jesuits. The vigor of its growth in late years M. Von Schulte describes as marvellous. In the five cities of Breslau, Treves, Cologne, Munster, and Paderborn, alone, it amounts to 2,324, which is equivalent to the 126th inhabitant in Cologne, and the 140th in Treves. In Paderborn there is a priest, monk, or nun to every forty inhabitants. Altogether there are established in Prussia 97 monastic orders and congregations, comprising 1,060 members; 11 of these are Jesuit establishments, containing 160 members, and 5 are Redemptionist monasteries, with 69 members. The number of convents and sisterhoods recognized in Prussia is 626, with 5,586 members—i. e., 1,800 more than in 1865. Bavaria owns 71 monasteries, with 1,045 members, and 188 nunneries, with 2,563 members. What gives particular umbrage to German laymen is that most of these orders are subordinated to superiors resident in foreign countries; namely, the Dominicans, Mendicants, Jesuits, Redemptionists, Lazarists, Augustines, and Carmelites to Italians, and the Trappists, School-brethren of La Salle, Borromeus, School-sisters, and Benedictines to French.—*Exch.*

LOCAL NOTICES.

FIRST INDEPENDENT SOCIETY.—The regular meetings of this Society are held at OXFORD HALL, St. Clair Street, on Sunday evenings, at 7½ o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

CAPITAL, \$100,000. SHARES EACH \$100.
The Association having assumed the publication of THE INDEX, the Directors have levied an assessment of ten per cent. on each share for the year ending Oct. 30, 1873. All future subscriptions are subject to this assessment. Not more than ten per cent. on each share can be assessed in any one year. By the original terms of subscription, the Directors are forbidden to incur any indebtedness beyond ten per cent. of the stock actually subscribed; and this provision will be strictly complied with. It is very desirable that the entire stock of the Association should be taken, and subscriptions are respectfully solicited from all friends of Free Religion.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO STOCK.

ACKNOWLEDGED previously, Nine Hundred and Sixty-Seven Shares, \$86,700
W. A. THURSTON, West Newton, Mass., One Share, 100
\$86,800

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending February 1, 1873.

J. Landman.....	\$ 2.00	T. P. Withrop.....	1.00
Jno. F. Arnold.....	3.00	D. A. Nicholson.....	1.00
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The Index.

FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features, and offers an opportunity for discussions on this subject which find no fitting place in other papers. The columns of THE INDEX are open for the discussion of all questions included under its general purpose.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Please send all matter intended for any particular issue of THE INDEX at least a fortnight in advance of date. We shall be very greatly obliged by attention to this request.

THE FIRST LIBERAL LEAGUE.

The honor of organizing the first "Liberal League," since the call for such organizations appeared in THE INDEX, belongs (so far as we know) to the Liberals of St. Louis, Missouri. A few of them met at a private residence, on the evening of January 10, and resolved themselves into "The Liberal League of St. Louis," electing the following officers: Mrs. M. A. McCord, President; J. Gallion, Vice President; P. A. Lofgreen, Recording Secretary; Louis La Grille, Corresponding Secretary; E. K. Thomas, Treasurer.

This organization is in the spirit of direct response to the appeal so stirringly put forth, in the first number of the enlarged INDEX, by Mr. Abbot. In his temporary absence, I give it my cordial welcome, being well assured also that I speak the language at least of his own heart. May the cause of religious emancipation proceed to its final sure success! A. W. S.

FREE RELIGION AND THE YOUNG.

Every cause appealing to the enthusiasm and zeal of men for support must depend largely for its success on the rising generation. Truth does not travel with seven-leagued boots, but arrives slowly and toilfully at the goal of triumph. Few reforms, in Church or State, are so fortunate as to secure any thing like success in the same generation in which they begin. Little more than the seeds of truth can be sown to-day: the coming-to-morrow must ripen and advance those seeds to full fruition. The present generation is possessed of accumulated prejudices, hardened convictions, dogmatic views, which offer but ungenial and stubborn soil to germs of larger thought and freer faith. Established institutions and ideas proceed to their dissolution with vigorous tardiness, disputing every inch of the way, and often dying out only in the death of those who have fortified them with a life-long devotion. The present generation inherits the past; the rising generation are heirs of the future.

Free religion must bethink itself of the needs, the claims, the hopes, the capacities of the young. It must do this for its own sake and theirs. Its plain interest appears in securing them as its allies, in winning them to come forward with ready hand and firm will and buoyant spirit, to take the banner it unfurls and carry it forward on its triumphant way. To enlist the ardor of youth in its behalf would be a mighty gain. How poor would have been the plight of our nation in its late day of sore trial, had not the young life-blood of the North bounded to its rescue!

Our young men (guided indeed by many wise counsels of age) really fought the war of civil freedom through to its close, and planted the nation's flag of victory over their own monumental graves. It is a noble sight, indeed, to see elderly men and women hail with welcome and cheer with heartiness any new cause that steps out in advance of the old fixed limits of thought and custom, promising better things to come than have ever yet transpired—a sight, thank Heaven, that we are sometimes permitted to behold; but caution and conservatism are natural traits of age, while daring and enterprise are equally so of youth. Old men for counsel, young men for action. And the time for action is at hand. Another war is upon us—a war whose mutterings, and sometimes pealing thunders, have been heard all along down the ages; not a war I believe of swords, nor of mere words, but a war of ideas, of thoughts, of arguments. Petitions are to be carried, documents circulated, clubs formed; and the energetic hand and spry foot of youth will be in great demand. The enthusiasm and hopefulness of intelligent, clear-headed, aspiring young men and women infuse new life into any cause and impart to it a vigorous impulse. When age falters in the path and holds with nerveless grasp the banner of progress and reform, youth bounds forward and grapples with lusty might the drooping standard and marches in the fearless van.

Let free religion therefore look to it, that, for its own sake, for truth's sake, it wins and secures the young for its allies. Their life-blood offers the freest channel through which the spirit of the age may pour its strong and freight-full tides.

But for another reason, let free religion appeal to the young. For their sake this is necessary. Although the condition of youth is one of which we can always hope much, and prophesy much, its actual condition is sometimes sad enough. The youth of any land stand ever in need of stirring appeals from high principles and noble causes, lest they sink into deeper ruts of conformity and conservatism than those in which their fathers jog. But shall I use a needless emphasis if I say that the youth of this land especially need to be roused by such appeals? Worldliness, inanity, shallowness, frivolity, stupidity, are their doom if they be not! This country is on the high-road to materialism at a rapid pace; not speculative materialism, but practical, which is worse. Our civilization is fearfully material; the intellectual, spiritual, and moral elements in it are lamentably undeveloped. American men, for the most part, are devoted either to money-getting or office-seeking. American women, for the most part, are either vain-seekers of pleasure or uninspired toilers at household drudgery. Every year, thousands upon thousands of our finest young men are graduated from school and college into active life as mere fortune-hunters. They give their time and strength and talent to just the end of amassing wealth. And for what purpose? Not to obtain noble leisure to carry forward the cultivation of their superior faculties—the intellectual, spiritual, æsthetic, social; not to obtain enviable power to do good,—to promote benevolent, philanthropic, humanitarian causes and interests. Were these the ultimate ends of their ceaseless toil and scheming, the pursuit of wealth in their case would be ennobled and justified. But it is to quite other purposes that they devote the dawn and noonday of their lives. It is to gratify a mad passion for excitement in business speculation and gambling; to roll up the means for lavish splendor and luxurious living and costly outshining of others; or, may be, to get into their hands the instrumentalities for swaying masses and assemblies of men, for controlling corporations, municipalities, legislatures,—in other words for corrupting politics, and preparing the smooth way on which they may slide into public station, all worthless and unmeritorious for such eminence though they be. American business and politics are largely a game of "toss up—heads you win, tails I lose;" and the cunning, not the righteous, take the prizes.

And American society, in which our women and girls figure, is it not shallow and frivolous to

an alarming degree? Here, too, the mad passion for excitement reigns; the excitement of fashionable living, of pursuing pleasure, of spinning the top of existence round and round in the giddy mazes of social dissipation, until the poor victim's head is filled with light and volatile particles, and not ballast of character enough left to enable her to walk steady in any highly useful and truly happy career. Or, as wife and mother, our American woman settles down into the monotonous life of the family, losing well nigh all ambition for and interest in that other life of ideas and thoughts, whence inspiration comes to quicken and lighten duty.

This is the public and this the private life into which too many of our boys and girls are born, too many of our young men and women introduced. It is a life which drains the finest energies out of manly and womanly character, and which, were it not to be interrupted by a clarion summons to something vastly different and vastly better, would slide our rising generation downward into a degraded state of mind and morals. The late civil war was a godsend, in that in some sense it brought such a summons, as also an occasion which lifted our American society to a superior plane of thought and action, where it was kept for a time, baptized in the blood of martyrdom and in the name of liberty.

But free religion comes with a summons fuller and grander yet. It sounds the tocsin of another strife—a strife still for liberty, but now not the liberty of a race, of a nation merely, but the liberty of humanity; the liberty of the human mind and soul. Christianity, as a distinct and established form of religion, has done its best service for man; nobly done, indeed, and God be thanked for all its good. But henceforth its influence will preponderate to man's disadvantage rather than his gain. Christianity makes not the truest statement of man's actual and possible condition; it makes not the highest appeal to his human nature. It primarily appeals, not to man's self-respect, his latent natural capacity for magnanimous action, his slumbering interest in truth, his unquickenened zeal for right, his undeveloped sense of justice, his unenlightened perception of purity; it appeals rather to his selfishness and his cowardice. It tells him that he is a sinner, and that only Christ can make him anything else; that as a sinner he is hopelessly lost, now and forever; that as a follower of Christ his salvation, though post-mortem, is secure. His only alternative is hell or heaven, perdition or glory; to his fear of the one and his hope of the other it appeals, and makes the choice to turn upon the acceptance or non-acceptance of a doctrine, the observance or non-observance of a form, the performance or non-performance of a ceremony. Arbitrary rules are magnified into absolute duties, partial statements into positive truths. Thus Christianity does, in a certain sense, demoralize men; it degrades where it would improve, and darkens where it would instruct. It obfuscates the intellect, palsies the will, unhealthily stimulates the conscience. The young inherit this great legacy of crudeness, falsity, superstition, and immorality. By this process we find them manufactured into premature "saints," wearing the titles of "salvation" without the merits of character. We find scores and scores of young men and women, with their souls all nicely "saved" by the Church's most approved methods, whose characters are wholly unformed by any decent model, and whose lives are aimless, frivolous, and rapid to the last degree.

Free religion has a truer statement and a better appeal to make than all this. It comes with faith in man, first and above all things. Of man it never can despair. It makes no statement of his degradation which does not include also an announcement of his natural capacity for improvement and a prophecy of his coming perfection. It appeals to the native manhood in man, to the native womanhood in woman. It appeals to the self-respecting, brave, generous, knightly qualities in human nature; also to the gentle, tender, humble, pure, aspiring. It asks no abasement of the will, no surrender of the conscience, no disuse of the reason. It asks independence rather—utter, fearless, consistent.

It is especially adapted, in all this, to inspire youth, if it can but fairly make its appeal to them. It looks upon them with no lachrymose or morbid sentiment of anxiety, no rueful countenance of threatening or condemnation. It appeals to all in them that has natural belonging to their age; its method with them is education and development, not crucifixion or repression. It furnishes them with fair and noble ideals, lifts up before their eyes grand and glorious opportunities, invests this human life for them with unthought-of significance. It invites them to liberty; it invites them to action; it invites them to heroic enterprise. It gives them thoughts to think that are new, captivating, and inspiring; it gives them aims to cherish which are alluring to the noblest ambition.

Free religion, in short, is adapted to the needs and capacities of the young as well as of the old. It has an appeal to make which is stirring and saving alike to youth and to age. Let radical parents fear not to teach radicalism to their children. If it is truth, it will be safe for the young to know it; far safer, indeed, than to know error and falsity and superstition. It will set free their intellects—one of the prime conditions of growth into noble character; it will impart to them a new sense of the dignity of their nature, and lead them to recognize with joyful surprise their own possibilities. Let radical parents teach radicalism to their children, and then fortify such teaching with their own superior lives.

A. W. S.

AN APPEAL TO LIBERALS.

The Executive Committee of the Free Religious Association would hereby make an appeal to the liberal-minded people of America to increase the membership of the Association. This appeal is made for two reasons. First, it is a point of practical importance that the names of those persons in different parts of the country who are really in sympathy with the Association should be known. That there may be co-operation in the practical work of the Association, there must be this acquaintance. Secondly, it is important that the Association should have an increase of its funds. If all the people in America who really believe in the principles of the Association were to pay into its treasury the annual fee for membership, it would doubtless have all the funds that it needs. We cannot expect this of all. But why can we not have on its roll of membership before the Annual Meeting, the 20th of next May, as many as two thousand new names? It is safe to say that this notice will be read by at least ten thousand persons. Taking the ordinary estimate of the number of readers of each copy of every newspaper that is printed, it should be read by a much larger number than that. But we will suppose that ten thousand persons will not only glance over it, but actually read it. Of these ten thousand, certainly one fifth part must be sufficiently in sympathy with the objects of the Free Religious Association, and sufficiently able pecuniarily, to give it their active support, if they would only take the trouble to do so.

Friends, will not those of you who have not heretofore taken this trouble now take it? Certainly, it is but a small thing to ask of those who really believe in the Association, that they will send to it their names and Post-Office address and the One Dollar which is the fee for Annual Membership. Here is an organization to whose principles you assent; an organization which, through Conventions, Lectures, and Publications, is endeavoring to affect public opinion in America against the various evils of dogmatism, superstition, and sectarianism, and in favor of free, rational, humane, and joyous views of religion; an organization which imposes upon its members no test of speculative opinion or belief, but aims to promote through the free and better culture of human nature the highest interests of truth and virtue. Will you not give it your aid? Who will send us the two thousand new names?

It is desired also that all old members of the Association should renew their subscriptions. The old list of members was partially lost by the

Boston fire; but we hope to be able to re-write all the old names. Names and remittances (whether of one dollar or a larger amount) may be sent to the Treasurer, R. P. Hallowell, 89 Commercial street, Boston, or to the undersigned, New Bedford, Mass.

WM. J. POTTER,
Secretary of Free Religious Association.

The above Appeal for aid to the Free Religious Association will be received, I doubt not, with responsive sympathy by a large proportion of the readers of THE INDEX. I shall wait impatiently to hear how many names and dollars are sent to Mr. Potter by way of reply to it; and if all who send in consequence of it will please mention the fact in their letters, I venture to think that Mr. Potter will record it, and by and by tell us the sum total. The Free Religious Association, or rather the individual officers of it, have given to THE INDEX most constant and generous assistance; let us try, friends, to show that THE INDEX is not ungrateful, but that its subscribers are prompt to return one good act by another. We all believe in the Association; let us all help it now, after its severe losses by the great fire.

F. E. A.

FROTHINGHAM'S "RELIGION OF HUMANITY."

I have been waiting with eager interest for this book, because it has long seemed to me that the author was far better fitted than any one among us to formulate and systematize the thoughts that many of us hold. Certain men—often the most brilliant men—are compelled by their nature to speak for themselves only. It would be absurd to select Bartol or Weiss, for instance, to frame a statement in which many could unite. This would be to lose the peculiar power of the men, the subtlety of their thoughts, the vivacity of their sallies, the brilliant daring of their paradoxes, the freedom and originality of their methods. But Frothingham has his feet always on the earth; he knows precisely what he means to say, and says it. When it is said, he finds—so clear is his brain, and firm and consecutive his thought—that it is precisely the statement for which many are waiting, and in which many can sympathize.

It has sometimes seemed to me, on reading his printed sermons, that they suffer a little from the need of the orator to make points. An orator, in the pulpit or out of it, is constantly tempted to over-weight each important statement a little,—to over-accentuate it, in order to lodge it in the hearer's mind. An epigram or an antithesis will be remembered, where a more carefully guarded combination of statements will take no hold. Be this as it may, this book escapes this danger, and I have found but one instance where the writer has risked being seriously misunderstood for the sake of emphasis. When he says, on p. 103, "The effort to obtain human approval of conduct is incessant; it is the only effort made," he yields to the orator's danger: and, in emphasizing the importance of the human influence around us, he risks being misunderstood.

Comparing Frothingham with Parker, we feel of course a want of that full breadth of hearty humanity, that aroma of the soil, in which that great worker excelled all other men. Not that these things are wanting in the younger man—on the contrary they are always present; but in Parker they abounded and overflowed. Yet the careful student must recognize in Frothingham a more original, more continuous, and far better trained thinker. He is intellectually far closer-grained; rivets his thoughts together; whereas Parker was discursive, popular, and repeated himself profusely. More than any man in America, Frothingham occupies the middle ground between Emerson and Parker,—sharing the high literary standard of the one with the other's hearty allegiance to men and to affairs; and uniting a systematic method which is all his own.

And one thing that delights me in the book is its thoroughly genial and hopeful tone; a thing here especially admirable because it is not with the author a matter of mere temperament, but

comes by resolutely trusting and using the best side of his temperament. There are men to whom it costs nothing to be buoyant; it is written in their blood that they should see the sunny aspect of everything. But the author of this book is not moulded all of sunshine. Those who know him know that not a fact of sorrow or of sin escapes him; he has his shadowy side: with a gloomier creed or a feebleness of moral purpose, he might have been driven into cynicism or misanthropy by the resistance or the incredulity of men. As it is, his book is brave, healthful, and heroic from beginning to end. The two closing chapters are, "The Soul of Good in Things Evil," and "The Soul of Truth in Error." They will help many a sensitive and noble nature in its struggle to save itself from a relapse into Romanism, Calvinism, or that greater peril of the age—the *Saturday Review*.

"We of the Religion," to use the triumphant old phrase of the French Huguenots, are often asked for some one book which shall say what we believe, on the positive side. For one, I know no Englishman, no Frenchman, no German whose statement I could so well accept "for substance of doctrine"—if one were required to accept any—as this of Frothingham's. It is small, but it is rich, strong, weighty, fresh, original—not merely in the sense of saying new things, but of stating old things in the new light of to-day. Add to this, an admirable literary execution (note, for instance, the magnificent statement on pages 119-20, of the results of gradual divergence: "A difference of level makes Niagara." "More or less makes the antipodes"); add also an essentially humane and noble spirit,—and it is plain enough that the President of the Free Religious Association has written a book which no other among its members could have written, but of which all its members may well be proud.

T. W. H.

FREE RELIGION AND SOCIAL REFORMS.

IV.

NATIONAL SCHOOL SYSTEM.

In considering the difficulties in establishing a national public school system, I have already incidentally referred to those offered by the religious differences of our people, which nothing but a faithful adherence to the free religious principle can overcome, and to the great differences of culture and sentiment in different parts of our widely extended country. Another difficulty arises from the different conditions and needs of various classes of people. However unworthy the millennial state or a true republic, there does still exist among us a wide distinction between the rich and poor, between those looking forward to a life of ease and varied enjoyment, and those who know that hard labor for daily bread must be their portion, and that they must bend all their energies to securing material success. The lines of distinction are constantly changing, and many have the opportunity of trying both experiences. Still the distinction exists and largely affects the problem of education.

Now, it is very important that a free public school system should enlist the interest of all classes in the community, so that all shall contribute cheerfully to its support. It needs the culture and perfection of means, which the rich and refined will claim for themselves; it must have the earnestness, economy, and practical aim which is essential to the welfare of the working classes—always the largest and most important portion of the nation.

The establishment of High Schools in New England is tending towards this result, by giving such superior advantages that many wealthy persons prefer to educate their children in them; and as they soon find that those pupils who come up from the grammar schools in regular course are best prepared for the high school, the disposition to send children to the public schools is extending even down to the youngest age. But while this custom raises the character of the schools and leads to better provisions for health as well as instruction, it is possible that the programme of studies becomes sometimes ill-suited

to those who cannot look forward to a life of study or leisure.

Some high schools, for instance, are required to fit boys for college; and although but one or two in the town desire this preparation, it takes an undue proportion of the attention of the teachers, to the comparative neglect of the practical sciences. The long summer vacations, too, are very pleasant and may be made profitable to those who can spend them in travel or in pleasure, but are of very questionable advantage to those who have no resources at home, and who often acquire vagrant habits which are difficult to correct during the school term. Pupils who must leave school at an early age are not able to pursue a long course of thorough study, but the teacher should not dismiss them from her care without sowing some seeds for the future in a knowledge of the history of their country, and some taste for literature and art which will stimulate their desire for continued intellectual improvement. But the rich boy often loses as much from the luxurious habits of his home, and the want of motive for exertion, as the poor one does from limited opportunity for learning.

Another great obstacle to this desirable blending of all classes in the public schools is the want of attention to cleanliness and health among the poor. How much excuse there is for this in ill-ventilated and ill-ventilated houses, and in the high price of food, clothing, and labor, we all know; but the fact remains, that in any of the lower grades of public schools, even in our country towns where there is less excuse for it, the air of the school-room is liable to be so vitiated by the persons and clothing of the pupils, that no mother able to do otherwise is willing to expose her young children to it. No amount of care in ventilation on the part of the teacher is sufficient to overcome this evil. And yet it is important for the perfection of the National System, that its citizens should unite in it even in its earliest stages. But as each mother feels the individual care of her own children more strongly than the duty to the public good, there seems to be no remedy for this last difficulty but in the improvement and elevation of the whole people, by spreading abroad a knowledge of sanitary laws, and creating a public opinion that will demand that every child attending school shall be cleanly in person and dress. The reaction on the home life would be very beneficial.

Believing that the blending of all classes in the public schools would be as beneficial to the rich as to the poor, and that the frivolity and contempt for others engendered by exclusive, fashionable schools is more dangerous to public morals than the ignorance or rudeness of the poorer classes, and that each would benefit the other by uniting in earnest study under the care of wise teachers,—it seems to me that a national School System, open to all and adapted to all, is the goal at which we should aim; but that we shall not arrive at it the sooner for overlooking or under-estimating the obstacles in the way.

E. D. C.

METHODS OF REFORM. II.

The Labor Reform party is the only party that, in good faith, has presented Woman Suffrage as a political issue at any State election held in Massachusetts. The Suffrage plank of the Republican platform, regarded in the most favorable light, implies nothing more than good-natured indifference on the part of political managers. During the canvass that succeeded the adoption of this plank by the State Convention, it was not considered binding upon any candidate for any office high or low, and men were elected to the Legislature without the slightest reference to it. The announcement of the *Woman's Journal*, that Woman Suffrage is or ever has been a Republican issue in Massachusetts, is overwhelmingly disproved by the history of the party. And herein consists the blunder of the *Journal*. It has assumed to have a very large constituency in the ranks of the Republicans, and by its proclamations has attempted to commit a great party to a measure for which it is not prepared.

The enfranchisement of the women of this

country is a foregone conclusion, but it is a conclusion that must be reached by a method different from that of the *Journal*. It will be arrived at through the religious and political education of the people. Public opinion cannot be forced; it must be educated; and on this subject the women of America must be enlightened before we dare look for substantial victory.

Our representative *Journal* should plead the cause without concealment and without compromise; in dealing with society, with politics, and especially with the dominant religion, it should be untiringly aggressive and always thoroughly independent. I gladly pay my tribute to the ability and devotion of the *Journal*, so conspicuous in some departments; but as an advocate of Woman Suffrage, I lament the infatuation of its political direction. An independent *Journal*, it seems to me, would have thanked such republicans as honestly voted for a suffrage-plank, and condemned such as were too indifferent to oppose it. It would have exposed and denounced the empty professions of a party, and the moral recklessness of a convention, that could declare in favor of an important measure and then deliberately nominate, for the highest office of the State, a man who had proved himself unequal to expressing an opinion on the subject. The *Woman's Journal* preferred to construe the indifference of a party as an earnest of its sincerity, and the contempt of party leaders as fidelity to the new issue. Entering the political arena, it thought to capture a party—and was itself captured.

I object to the method of the *Journal* not only because it brings discredit upon the good cause, but because it is essentially a wrong method. It is based upon the principle of expediency, and sacrifices the principle of truth; that is, of absolute right. The moral tone of reformatory journalism is lowered the moment an editor subordinates his idea to political expediency. The moment he consents to modify, to postpone, or to suppress righteous judgment of a political party, especially one from which he has gained something and expects more, that moment he commences his own moral destruction. Mr. Johnson tells us that "by Hindu law, the judge who sits silent and does not deliver his real opinion, is deemed guilty of deliberate falsehood." If Christian editors were subject to Hindu law, I believe we should soon perceive a development of moral courage that would add vastly to the value and credit of American journalism.

R. P. H.

TWO RADICAL BOOKS.

Two books recently published ought not to go unnoticed by THE INDEX, as they are remarkably fine examples of a kind of literature that radicalism alone produces, and that radicalism will by and by, it is hoped, produce in larger quantity. Their author is a young Englishman of excellent ability and university training who was brave enough to flee from a clerical destiny and from certain palpable social advantages in obedience to the call of his intellect; a thing easy enough to do in America where traditions are movable and social bands elastic, but a thing not so easy to do in England where mind only leaves the ruts of routine by force of severe wrenching.

The first of these volumes, reprinted here some years ago, but still almost unknown as yet, is entitled, "The Pilgrim and the Shrine." It describes with wonderful skill, vigor, and brilliancy the outward and inward experience of a young man of education who pushes away from his double home of country and of faith, to seek his fortunes on the opposite side of the terrestrial and intellectual globe. The account of his travels by sea and land, of the customs he falls in with, the people he meets, the minds with which he finds himself in fellowship, the adventures and adventures he encounters,—has all the charm of a romance, observation and reflection being so delightfully blended in every chapter that the reader's imagination is as much entertained as his eye, his intellect as much enriched as his store of information. And the story of the mind's journey from one region of speculative thought to another is narrated with an easy grace, that makes this most delicate and subtle

portion of the book seem like the rich, natural bloom, the fresh balsamic odor of the ground over which the traveller passed. The reader is hardly aware of the processes of transition from point to point, so skilfully are the spiritual experiences blended with the natural. Mr. Maitland—for that, as his American publisher, Mr. Putnam, tells me, is his name—is so simple and rational in his methods, his purpose is so sincere, his heart so sound, his perception so true, that no gulf or crack is visible; he carries his reader round the world of belief without a jar, and brings him in cheerful spirits to his journey's end without homesickness or fatigue. He is happy in being where he is; the fresh delight in Nature, the full joy of mental freedom, the content of a healthy and busy soul being more than sufficient compensation for the spiritual flesh-pots he has left at home. "The Pilgrim and the Shrine" ought to be a favorite book with radicals, for it associates their views with knowledge, culture, elegance, wit, and imagination, disproving once for all the charge of baldness so often brought against them.

The second volume is in some respects even more remarkable than the first, though perhaps less easily interpreted. I need not say *perhaps*, for tolerably intelligent critics have failed to understand it, less through the author's fault, though, than through the cloudiness of their own perceptions. They suspected a mare's nest in it and turned their whole power of discernment on the suspected point, leaving the noble aspects of the book unnoticed. The title, "Higher Law," was not, I think, a fortunate one as it happened; for it had about it a savor which recent agitating discussions on the "Great Social Question" had made excessively offensive to refined people. It was less unpleasantly suggestive in England than here; had the author known that it would be so, he might have affixed to the American reprint a title that would have been more agreeable and equally expressive.

The story turns on the fortunes of two young married people whose personal characters as individuals and as mutually related, as modified by circumstances and determined by temperaments, are probed and exhibited with the mastery of a profoundly thoughtful and a deeply sympathetic mind. The book is a study of human character by purely rational methods, all conventional theories being put aside. The study is made on noble people in a noble style. The argument runs all the way over the uplands of the mind, where the verdure is rich, the horizon wide, the landscape varied, the air bracing, the frequent glimpse of river and hill superb; where the poisonous damps of the sunless valleys never come, and no stench from the low morasses penetrate.

The scenery of the book, natural and social, is magnificent. The old world and the new world send their attractions; the Druidical stones on Salisbury plain compete with the mountains in Mexico; life in ancient Rome and life at Silver Mine exhibit in turn the influences which opposite states of civilization exert on the mind. The chapters are if any thing too crowded with knowledge in many departments and thoughts on many themes; they must be read carefully and pondered well, but they who can appreciate their intellectual wealth will rejoice in their splendor, and they who cannot will find refuge at very frequent intervals in the warm sheltered retreats of human society.

Neither of the volumes contains the polemical passages that are common in books devoted to such high ends as these are. Though abounding in discussions, they are spontaneous, incidental, and facile, like the natural overflow of mental energy at work on favorite themes. Such books are truly emancipating in their influence; they at the same time stimulate and instruct, entertain and educate; entertain while educating and educate while entertaining. Products of a high culture, they create respect for culture; and this is one of the crying needs in America. The greatest questions are brought into disrepute by crudeness and coarseness of mind. It is only when trained and polished intellects grapple with them, that their bearing is disclosed.

O. E. F.

LONDON LETTER.

WHERE THE NEW YEAR FINDS US IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 1, 1873.

The *London Times*—which occasionally gives us an editorial written with a felicity worthy of Jeremy Taylor—closes its New Year greeting with the following sentences: "While we change, all the world changes; and as our own people at home become ripe for this or that addition to their powers or opportunities, all the nations of the world—at least, those within our pale—are advancing to that maturity which precedes a new phase, perhaps a glorious transformation. But they who are too eager for ripeness often find rottenness in its place, and have to be content with it. Let us all move on, gently, and together—at the pace, if possible, that does not kill, but yet makes a day's work. A New Year is the time to wish God-speed to all the wayfarers on the broad road of our common humanity. We would see no laggards, no wanderers, and none pushing on so impetuously as to lose all fellowship of thought and feeling. It is the world's work, not each man's own, that is to be done."

Let me now make another quotation. It is from the *Pall Mall Gazette's* farewell to 1872. Speaking of Strauss' new work for which Mr. Gladstone's denunciation has created a general demand, it says: "Strauss only says in his own dialect, and in an outspoken systematic manner, what large numbers of other people think in their hearts, and insinuate less distinctly with their lips. To take an illustration of a very different sort, look at the letters which have lately been appearing in the *Times* about prayers for fine weather. The archbishop makes a polite suggestion that such prayers ought not to be omitted under our present rainy circumstances, and he is immediately confronted by proposers of 'dilemmas for the clergy,' who say that rain is wanted and will do good in the long run, to say nothing of its relieving consumptive patients from the necessity of going to Madeira. We cannot think that we misinterpret these suggestions when we read them as oblique references to one of the great difficulties connected with the whole theory of prayer, the difficulty of knowing what to ask for if one expected to get it. To any one who has observed the signs of the times and the course of opinion, say, for a generation past, it is obvious enough that this state of mind cannot proceed further in the direction in which it has been steadily moving for several generations, without producing immense practical results of a sort which no one can distinctly predict, but which cannot be predicted, however indistinctly, without feelings of the deepest solemnity. Infinite controversy on moral and religious subjects combined with the progress of physical science, and the wide application of its methods to subjects which are not physical, have brought us to religious and moral anarchy. 'Tempus edax, tempus ferax rerum.' The year closes to-night; who knows what to-morrow will bring forth?"

The above two extracts from the ablest journals in England furnish, I think, a pretty fair mirror of the condition in which the new year of Seventy-three finds us. Hopelessly (and hopefully) unmoored from the old dry docks of Christianity, the educated world of England is resolved to move slowly, cautiously,—"gently, and altogether," as the *Times* advises,—and not set up its shrines on the first mossy or picturesque rock that rises on the sea, however labelled the "Isles of the Blest." The mind of England is not so small that it can be speedily made up. Nothing is more remarkable than to observe how few are they who are now ready to invest their new liberty in the consols of any theory. They use the method of one, and applaud the tendency of another, system; they have a friendly recognition for the Positivist, and a good word for the Secularist. But they refused to be initiated among their devotees. With all the ability associated with Conitism, very few follow it. Professor Jowett, who recently visited the Positivist "School," is said to have remarked that he found there "three per-

sous and—no God." The plain fact is that it is a part of the general revolt from the Christian scheme that all schemes are looked upon with suspicion, and the new religion when it comes will come insensibly, without observation, as coral islands are built, or as the seasons are renewed.

And yet there are many appearances around us which would enable a reactionist to write just as hopefully of the signs indicating a backward march toward the Dark Ages. Corresponding with the tendency of the liberated to become ever more free, is a tendency of the enthralled to become more entangled with the yoke of bondage. Every year the Roman Catholics become more ultramontane, the ritualists more Romanist, the orthodox dissenters more superstitious. How few see that this intenser shadow is due to the intenser light! How few see in these retrogressions the evidence that the educated have abandoned these several systems and left to the ignorant that complete control by which they are able to degrade them without further hindrance from thinkers, and make them into their own image and likeness! The advance of error in churches is in the exact ratio of the ebbing away of intelligence from them. And that advance has gone on so rapidly that it tends more and more to distil all lingering elements of culture from them. We repeatedly hear of things occurring—especially in these Christmas times—in churches, that once would have hardly been borne by their worshippers; such as the worship of the babe in its manger, by toy-representation on altars with cattle standing around, in the Catholic churches, and in both Catholic and Ritualistic the novelty of adoring certain particular parts of the wounded body of Jesus. It is the belief of the Buddhists that Buddha, when dying, bequeathed his body to be made into separate objects of adoration. These physical relics of Buddha are preserved in fine temples, chiefly in Ceylon. In London we also now see in the ritualist organ advertisements for hair shirts. Greater sanctity than in former years seems also to be attached to sacred trees and plants. I doubt if any devout Tree-worshipper among our Saxon fathers—in deference to whom the holly, mistletoe, and ivy were retained for the Yule festival—would, should he appear now on earth, feel much like a Rip Van Winkle while entering some of our churches. And perhaps he would join warmly in singing such verses as these which I take from a Christmas Carol just composed:—

"Happy, thrice happy, the glorious time,
When the holly expels with its verdure sublime
The dulness that broods like a nightmare o'er all
From the poor man's low hut to the gorgeous lit hall.
CHORUS: For the ivy-decked roof-tree bids true to our sorrow,
And our Baby-King comes with salvation to-morrow.
"Now clean be the hearth-stone and blazing the log,
No cokes from the gas-house nor turf from the bog.
The log burning bright bids the faithful remember,
That in Bethlehem's crib wept the Lord in December.
CHORUS: For the ivy-decked," etc.

Where a little more "progress" of this kind will land our retrogressives I leave you to judge. Recently there occurred our annual Day of Intercession, on which all the clergy of the Established Church held special services and prayers for the sending of more laborers into the field of Foreign Missions. The occasion was followed by a sharp discussion in the press as to why more missionaries did not come forward to keep up the work so zealously begun by Heber and others; and why those who did go among the heathen had so little success. The actual and very obvious source of the difficulty was not touched; namely, that intelligent clergymen no longer believe that the "heathen" are going to hell for lack of Christianity, and that the said "heathen" find in the Christianity brought them by the unintelligent a poor re-bash of their own exploded myths. But you may judge with what feelings the cultivated Hindus, Parsees, and Mussulmans now in our English Universities and Law Courts read along with the intercessory services for their races such rural items as the recent sale of his wife along with other furniture for 10s. by a man at Watford; and also the following, which I quote from the latest newspaper laid on my table. At Hull, Henry Jackson, drum-major to the Hull Volunteer Rifle Corps, was committed on charge of swindling a farmer named Richardson of about

thirty pounds, by pretending to cure him with magical prescriptions from India labelled, "Two Dozen Sacred Trees," the "Elixir of Life" etc.

"Remarkable superstition was brought to light to-day at the Dorset Quarter Sessions. Charles Curtis, an elderly man, of Ramplsham, was charged with obtaining money by false pretences from William and Jane Davis—a laboring couple living in the parish of Broadmayne. Davis had a son who is affected with idiosyncrasy and epilepsy. The poor man believed that some evil spirit was about the boy, and resorted to Curtis, 'he being a cunning man.' Prisoner said 'he'd see what he could do,' and obtained payment of ten shillings. In the autumn Davis went to Curtis again, and asked him 'How about the boy?' The wizard replied, 'He'll get better after a bit.' By this time Davis fancied himself possessed of an evil spirit, and prayed the pretended exorciser to deliver him also. He fancied both he and his son were overlooked by some evil person, and besought Curtis 'to take the spirit off them.' He was told it would cost some money to make him right; but he had faith. They had paid to the prisoner during the past eighteen months about £20 from their savings and earnings. He had given them no medicine, but he once told Mrs. Davis that her husband must do away with the pick he had lent to the stable-boy Trent, for 'that was the biggest part of the mischief'; accordingly Davis got the pick and buried it. So late as last Saturday Mrs. Davis took Curtis £2 4s. As to the result, Davis said his son was better, but with regard to the effect on himself he could give no satisfactory account. Superintendent Hare, of Dorchester, had heard of these proceedings, and caused prisoner to be apprehended. He was sentenced to six months' hard labor."

For a sixpence too the pagan in London may purchase Zadkiel's Almanac for 1873 which is widely circulated, and in the preface thereof read the following: "Not a day goes by without furnishing freely evidences of the power of the stars. Only now do I read of the assassination of the Governor General of India, who was stabbed twice in the back on the 8th of February this year 1872. I turn to the Ephemeris for 1822, on the 21st of February, at which time he was born; and lo! I find the Moon at noon that day in Aquarius, 28°10', and the evil Mars in close opposition to her, from Leo, 29°14', in which sign, as all astrologers know, he rules the back. Hence was he stabbed in that part of the body. (So was H. R. H. Prince Alfred—born with the evil Mars in Leo squaring the Moon—8th August 1814—and he also was shot in the back.) But there was no kind of fatality in the matter. Had he (and Mayo) been educated aright, had he understood the fundamentals of astrology, he might, and no doubt would, have escaped the fatal blow; for he never would have ventured into India when a large solar eclipse was pending, on the 22d December 1870; with the Sun, Moon, Saturn, and Venus all joined on the place of the malefic Uranus, in his nativity and in the ruling sign of India.—Zadkiel Tao Sze."

Truly said the wise Confucius to the Governor of Yih: "Make glad those who are near, and those who are distant will come. The falling of men is that they neglect their own field to dress that of others. They acquire much of others, but little of themselves." M. D. C.

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

BOSTON RADICAL CLUB.—"THE VALIDITY OF CHRISTIANITY."

There was a large gathering of friends at No. 17 Chestnut street, to hear Dr. Bartol on the above-mentioned subject. He began by saying: "There seem to be three parties in the field—Christian, extra-Christian, and anti-Christian; and these exhaust the subject"—and continued substantially as follows:—

Our religion as observed and established has a value it is impossible to increase, and to defend the inheritance to which we have a warrant—deed is our whole duty; or, this is an old, antiquated superstition, an incumbrance on our prosperity, like Turkey, the sick-man; or, it is an estate to be altered and enriched, as you put new fertilizers into your field or the modern improvements into a house,—a capital not to lie dead but changed, re-invested in a thousand forms, and run like blood in the social frame. The methodical way is not to begin squarely outside of Christianity and end with impeachments of it. For one need not refer to what he is alien from; he has no interest in a duel with it; his logic were indifference: as we are more independent of Great Britain than we were in the Revolutionary war; the Israelites were peer of the Egyptians with the Red Sea rolling be-

between; and when a religion is done you will not talk about it. Yet the destructive is not the character of any great man. Moses, Mahomet, Socrates, Buddha, Jesus, Saul,—they own the past which they come to fulfil. The window that overlooks your land after twenty years you cannot build against. Christianity is a great window. Possession is nine points of the moral law. Some twenty years ago a mouse among Boston titles brought an action against Harrison Gray Otis, whose success would have swept away a part of Beacon, Chestnut, and Mt. Vernon streets—a section perhaps big as the burned district—as a common for the poor. You cannot rip up the social system. What holds the ground has a certain right to hold it. Christianity is here as an appointed fact. The doctrine of Darwin is true of the mind and the species we belong to, as well as of animals and plants; there is a struggle for life and a survival of the fittest ideas, qualities, customs, institutions; and with what ill grace we kick at the antecedents which were the stem, and the commencements which were the root, though in deep clefts and vile mud, out of which a purity greater than Illies unfolds! The past is the ground for one foot of progress; the other is the air. Can any individual make his religious faith out of whole cloth? The architecture of the bank-swallow, the hive of the bee, is no original or sudden skill, but the triumph after ages of additions. Honor the divine and human parentage, not only in the house and head, but in the faith and temper they bequeathed you. Not only liberty and independence are their legacy, but instinct and custom too.

You would do away with Christianity. What have you to put in its place? No criticism, no negation, no philosophy, till you have persuaded society to accept and travel on the road-bed you lay, can fill the awful vacuum its sudden exile and total departure would make. Mr. Revere describes his encounter on high seas with that tremendous kind of billow rising from an earthquake or electricity, called a *bore*. But for his ship's high bulwark, the racing liquid mountain would have dashed his vessel like foam to the deep. Though a new island or continent of truth should appear as the consequence through the boiling main, what a void of distraction must attend the summary disappearance of a concrete fact like Christianity, which, with all its groundless assumptions and obsolete absurdities and every proud contribution of radical thinking, still represents in the present nations of the globe the majority by all odds of what sanctity and trust and piety and hope and zeal and love are yet in the world! Yet as the iceberg, a mile in girth, that dips from the pole, to roll and split and melt, doubtless Christianity undergoes change, is steadily assimilated and absorbed. A great swallow and digestion the whole Humanity has; nothing so big and grand in an idea, gospel, or revelation it can not take down and dispose of. Because we are appropriating the religion, getting what there is in it out into ourselves, and combining it with other things, therefore vanishes the old over-awing form. We are liquidating the draft on the human soul. Not a cent will be lost because it does not, as some stupidly insist, represent all our riches: it will accomplish its object in passing into other shapes.

There are flaws in every record, defects in all holy books. The Mosaic Law recognizes no obligation of truth; one of the ten commandments forbids false witness on the ground of injury to a neighbor, but veracity enjoined for its intrinsic beauty we do not find. And in the New Testament, with all its fine spirit, there is no doctrine of liberty on the strength of which we could unbind the captive, no emancipation but subservience proposed for woman, no rights of animals affirmed, no sentiment of temperance, no exposition of peace and war, or labor, education, or art. We are thrown upon reason and conscience, and our own hints from the Holy Ghost. Withal we take in the religion, not the religion us. It is impossible to recover the first discipleship. It is hunting for the morning star at noon-day. Christianity is not a fixture but a flow, a river of God full of water; but no two persons, far less generations, bathe in the same stream. This change is a transfiguration more glorious than amazed Peter and James and John. But Jesus is dramatized as an actor, dressed up as lay-figure, clothed with a consciousness of office, as a public functionary, with the weight of nations on his shoulders, and publishing his importance as a messiah to all time: when, I doubt not, he was as natural and familiar as any friend, and would not be a Christian or understand Christianity if he appeared now, but a loving noble person illustrating unawares all he said in what he did and was.

Christ did not unsent conscience as a go-between, so that we are saved and loved for his sake. No! If I am not saved for my own sake let me be hated and lost. For one thing I cannot give up to any assumed primogeniture, my place in the family, though I be the infant last born; and if I be a bondman and no child, I will cry out louder than "Prometheus bound" against this worse than human slavery, whose example is set by God, and say to the Almighty himself: "Give me liberty or give me death;" for, if I am not

free of the household, I will have nothing to do with the house. Why am I able so to speak? Because the soul, so long a minor or a slave, has come of age and knows that it alone, beyond all proxy or representative, is constituent and has rights Heaven is bound to respect.

The book of inspiration closed? Nay, it never opened—that infinite volume. *All flows*, said the Greek. But who shall unseal the fount of this sacred Nile? It is an everlasting flux, older than any outward thing. We call this great modern bend of the current, Christianity. Best names import! Some great soul starts every enterprise, plants the new idea. I notice that radicals, who protest loudest against leadership, never get Socrates and Jesus out of their minds. When one said he did not think he should have liked such an inquisitive man as Socrates very well, or even Jesus altogether, another answered, "He is hard to suit." The soul is hard to suit with aught below beauty invisible and without bound; yet all the great religions have had a personal origin,—none of them born of abstractions,—every one an incarnation: in my free religious neighbor's window still hang the Christmas wreaths. It is the glory of Jesus that he stood for the soul. But we are not the soul; only poor part of it, and must revolve about who is more. And yet the hard urging on us of any historic character as the only example, is profanity in the guise of piety. "Desecrated by the British in 1775-6," is the inscription on a marble tablet at the Old South Church. Does the theologian think he may violate a greater sanctuary and trample on a purer shrine, when with his invading dogmas he subjects a child's liberty to think? Not only is one's thought sacred: nothing else in the universe is. It is God to us; it is God in us. We must have our thoughts of Jesus; he must submit to that solvent which he himself has made more searching; and if we find that his verbal portrait fills not, or anyway contravenes our conception of excellence; that he is not, as Pope says,

"That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,"

—we must stand by our perception though the frame of nations and high altars of ages fall, for the voice of God, his perennial communication, must have room. Only your dam makes it rage and riot in your ruin; let it run, it will itself rear grace and safety for its banks. But it differentiates every moment its drops; no Son of God can be religious for another. Our religion must be a fresh procession. Even the glacier's particles shift in its course down the mighty gorge. Even the atoms of the rock dance. The pyramids stand, but were not to Egypt what they are to us. The Spirit says, "Behold, I make all things new."

In listening to the essay, Mrs. Cheney was reminded of a book she had just been reading, in which an artist at one time declared that the line of beauty is a curve; at another time he sees beauty only in straight lines. She thought we ought to recognize and value the *curve* of the past, and also believe in the *straight line* that leads into the new future,—as the essayist did. Still she thought there was a real demand for uncompromising statement. We are passing through a period of transition, and need all the light clear, strong, rational convictions can bring. She recalled a remark of a distinguished man who said that the reason women invented nothing was because they were too sympathetic, clinging to the past with so great a reverence. No one invented anything who did not despise the past. She did not fully endorse the sentiment, but seemed, as I thought, to find a degree of truth in it.

Mrs. Dall did not at all like the idea of *despising* any of God's manifestations, past or present. She thought all progress began with appreciation. The past was our inheritance. We were to improve upon it by first understanding it.

Mr. Morse asked if it were possible to understand the past. We had grown up out of it, and in a sense away from it. It would not be right to say we despise the past; but was it not true that all new inventions or original work came from a *forgetting* of the past, the person living rather in his vision, with face to the future? Too great a study of and reverence for past achievements had a tendency to repress original effort and leave genius satisfied with copying—as was the case with many artists who, fleeing to Rome, produced nothing better nor as good as the old. He was afraid at first that Dr. Bartol was going to put upon us the whole burden of the old Christian religion, but as he proceeded and swept out into the flowing stream of the present time, he seemed to bring us all out into the broadest light and liberty. He thought that the protest against Christianity was justified by the remark in the essay, that Jesus here now would not understand Christianity, nor accept it if he did. If Jesus would not accept it, why should we?

Mrs. Cheney spoke in regard to art. She did not think that genius could be harmed by a profound knowledge of the works of the old masters. The trouble was that the study was not faithful enough. She thought nothing so bad as a conscious effort at being original. The thing

was to do true and faithful work, and the originality would take care of itself.

Prof. Clark said that the idea that we must in any sense despise the past was unscientific. We needed a knowledge of the past that we might not waste time in repeating what had already been accomplished. If we were unacquainted with discoveries already made, we put ourselves out of the line of progress.

Mr. Garrison spoke of the great difficulty of defining Christianity. Scarcely any two persons were agreed in regard to it. It was a matter of interpretation; and with such a variety of interpretations, it could not be a universal religion. So with the Bible. What does the Bible teach? He did not agree with Dr. Bartol that those who advocated slavery were supported in that position by either the Old or New Testament. He had found them both strongly anti-slavery. But that was his interpretation; others had other interpretations. It was better to fall back upon our sense of right and wrong, upon reason, and our humanity, instead of wrangling about authorities. He had, however, regarded Christianity as simply love of God and man. Thus each succeeding age gave a broader and nobler interpretation, gradually including more and more of the race, discovering new rights and duties. And in this line lay our progress. Mr. Garrison spoke at some length, and said many good things which I regret I cannot report.

Literary Department.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—All books designed for review in these columns must be addressed to THE INDEX, TOLEDO, OHIO.

DIE SEMITISCHEN VOELKER. VERSUCH EINER CHARAKTERISTIK VON D. CHWOLSON, ORDENTLICHEM PROFESSOR AN DER KAIS. ST. PETERSBURGER UNIVERSITAET. (The Semitic Peoples. An Attempt at a Characteristic by D. Chwolson, Professor Ordinaris in the Imperial University of St. Petersburg.) Berlin, 1872. 8vo, pp. 64.

The most famous of modern works on the Semite peoples is undoubtedly M. Renan's *Histoire Générale et Système Comparé des Langues Sémitiques*. As is well known, the author did not confine himself to the discussion of problems purely philological; but announced a series of conclusions upon the general characteristics of the Semites, which were not destined to meet with a reception at all commensurate with the confidence with which they were put forth. The work no sooner appeared than it evoked opposition from various directions. It was so sweeping in its character, involving so many startling contradictions of accepted theories and, on many points, such a complete reversal of the settled estimate of scholars, that it naturally became subject to the most searching criticisms. M. Renan had taken pains to assert that the only races which were of any consequence in the history of civilization were the Aryan and the Semitic; but, unfortunately, his estimate of the peculiarities and the achievements of each of these races was such as to offend the learned representatives of both. The scholarly Semite might be willing to "lay the flattering unction to his soul" that the world would never have attained to the conception of the One God if it had not been for his ancestors; but how could he bear to be told that his kinsfolk were a *race inférieure*, utterly without capacity for the higher order of poetry, for science, philosophy, the plastic arts, or for civil life? So, on the other hand, the erudite and philosophic Aryan might well regard with complacency the mighty part which M. Renan assigned to him in the history of culture, but how could he submit to the humiliating assertion that with all his "superiority," and all his philosophical acuteness and profundity, all his powers of generalization and abstraction, he was wholly unable to arrive at the idea of the Divine Unity, and had been compelled to take it as a gift from an "inferior race"? The very position could not be otherwise regarded by the representatives of both of M. Renan's great factors in the civilization of mankind than as a declaration of war. It was not only an outrage upon the pride of race on both sides, but it was the negation of some of the surest results of philological and historical investigation.

In his brilliant paper on "Semitic Monotheism," Max Müller gave M. Renan's hypothetical religious "instinct," which had evolved the notion of the Divine Unity, a most terrible mauling. So terrible, indeed, was the havoc which he had made with it, that he was evidently seized with a kind of sorrow for what he had done. It has been playfully said that, after Kant had marched the theological and philosophical God out of the front door of his mansion of "pure reason," his trusty servant Lampe compassionately opened the back door into a little "practical" parlor, and let the old gentleman in again. Mr. Müller read M. Renan an excellent lecture on the danger of "transferring expressions from one branch of knowledge to another." He told him that the word "instinct" had its legitimate application in natural history, but

that when applied to the conscious thoughts of conscious beings," it was "strained beyond its natural capacities." He demonstrated, moreover, that the alleged monotheistic instinct of the Semitic race was inadequate to explain the phenomena of history. But, alas! in a moment of weakness, Mr. Müller allowed himself to commit the very fault for which he had reproved his opponent. He imagined himself confronted by M. Renan with the difficulties which had led him to adopt the hypothesis of a monotheistic instinct, and, forgetting what he had said about the danger of transferring expressions, he immediately proceeded to make the most dangerous of all conceivable transfers—that of the notion of "special Divine revelation" from the domain of theology to that of philology and philosophy.

Here was M. Renan's fault in a grosser and less excusable form. For while it is unquestionable that the term "instinct" has its legitimate application in natural history, it is, as Mr. Müller must have known, a matter of very great question whether the term "special Divine revelation" has any real application, i. e., whether it corresponds to any fact, even in the science from which he borrowed it.

The objections which Mr. Müller raised against the hypothesis of a monotheistic instinct were absolutely unanswerable; but when he substituted for it a special divine revelation he surrendered all the advantage of his victory, and assumed a position even less defensible than the one he had so successfully carried. He voluntarily withdrew from the impregnable fortress of positive knowledge to take up his stand in the bottomless morass of theological speculation. After all the brilliant argumentation, it turns out simply that what the prodigal Frenchman had spread out over the whole Semitic race, the chary German concentrates in a single man. The indebtedness of "the rest of mankind" is transferred from a race to a single individual. In Mr. Müller's view it is a perversion both of the language of science and of the facts of history, to talk about an entire race, with all its diversity of tribes, arriving at the notion of the Divine Unity by instinct; but perfectly scientific and unquestionably historical to aver that this notion was a gift or grace "granted to one man," after God had "tried and tempted" him and found that he could be "trusted" with it. [*Ide* "Chips," vol. I., pp. 368-369, Am. ed.] By special favor of the Deity, in consequence of "special faith" and through "special revelation," Abraham became the fountain-head of all the monotheistic religions. If this astonishing announcement were not accompanied by the grave declaration on the part of the author that he "means every word to its fullest extent," we should feel compelled to suppose that for the moment he had condescended to the "*parler enfantin* of religion," however much out of place such a *façon de parler* might be in a scientific statement. But, if Abraham is to be made to stand in this relation to the religious development of mankind, we may be pardoned for saying with Mr. Müller, "We want to know more of that man than we do." Why, however, one of the foremost representatives of modern science should have made such extraordinary assertions concerning a man of whom we can scarcely be said to have a single notice that will stand the test of historical criticism, will, perhaps, only be fully clear to minds capable of comprehending how one who, notwithstanding "the little we know of him," has been exalted to the dignity of being "*the life-spring of that faith* which was to unite all the nations of the earth, and the author of that blessing which was to come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ," can be justly dropped, in the next paragraph but one, to the rank of secondary importance in comparison with the very person (Jesus) who simply transmitted the blessing of which he (Abraham) was the author. Still, apart from all this, it must be remembered that Mr. Müller's refutation of Renan has no necessary connection with his own hypothesis. We may heartily thank him for showing that indisputable facts make it impossible to acknowledge that the Semitic race was endowed with a monotheistic instinct, without going so far in our gratitude as to accept his Abrahamic theory, which also denies to the Aryan race any part in the evolution of "the faith in the One living God." His own published researches into the religious history of the Aryan people contain indications that the theory is not broad enough to embrace all the facts, and a little special attention to the development of the monotheistic idea among the Greek poets and philosophers will put the student on his guard against making any rash admissions.

Professor Chwolson is a Semite and also a very decided opponent of the views of M. Renan concerning the Semite race. The most striking thing about his *brochure* is the exceedingly condensed style in which it is written. Out of the matter which is contained in its sixty-four pages the majority of authors would have made a respectable octavo volume without adding to the information given or to the clearness with which the arguments are presented. The first fourteen pages are devoted to a discussion of the principal theories which have been adopted to explain the diversity of historical development in the various

racés and nations of the earth. The author agrees with Buckle in rejecting the notion that either religion or laws and political institutions have been "the prime movers in human affairs." In addition to this, however, he also utterly rejects Buckle's own theory, that the nature of the soil, the situation and climate of a given country have determined the character, deeds, and destiny of the people dwelling therein. It would be interesting, if the limits of this notice permitted, to exhibit his argument on this point in detail. He certainly adduces an array of facts which cannot be explained on the above hypothesis. But it is more important to call attention to the theory which Professor Chwolson himself advances. Religion, government, soil, climate, and the like, he says, only influence "the form in which the character, whether of an individual or of a people, expresses itself;" it is the character itself which is the constant factor in the history of both individuals and races and which in the last analysis determines their whole development and destiny. The character, we are told, is innate and in its essence unchangeable; and if we want to know why one race or nation has under certain conditions developed itself thus and so, and under certain circumstances has acted thus and so, while another race or nation has under like conditions and circumstances developed itself quite differently and pursued an entirely different course of action, we must find out wherein the character of the two peoples differ. To determine with scientific precision the character of a whole race would seem to the uninitiated an arduous and delicate task, and yet Professor Chwolson is confident that it can be done. He gives us a specimen of such work in what he modestly designates as his "attempt" at a *characteristique* of the Semitic peoples.

The peculiarities of a people, it is said, are attributable to four main causes: "(1) To the quality of its intellect; (2) to that of its heart and nervous system; (3) to the relation of proportion which these bear to each other; and (4) to the manner in which its mental gifts are distributed, i. e. whether they are represented by a small number of individuals or are generously divided among the mass of the people." Under these rubrics the author proceeds to give a description of character which he assumes will apply to all the Semitic peoples. It is as follows:—

"In regard to intellect: The Semite possesses no such wealth and diversity of ideas as does the Aryan; but he has a sound, practical, one might almost say mathematical, intellect, the power of easy and quick comprehension, and an acuteness that often degenerates into hair-splitting. With such new ideas and conceptions as flow from the intellect alone the Semites have not greatly enriched mankind; but the ideas of this kind which they have once grasped, they have elaborated with the greatest subtlety and pursued to their ultimate consequences.

"In respect to the emotions and to the organization of the nervous system: The Semite possesses deep and easily excited sensibilities, and is capable of powerful emotions; he is therefore vivacious, mobile, excitable, passionate, enthusiastic, active and enterprising, flexible and plastic, easily comprehends new and strange circumstances and conditions, and accommodates himself to them without difficulty, without allowing himself to be absorbed by them.

"Concerning the relation of the qualities of heart and intellect to each other: The excitability and passionateness of the Semite are regulated by the intellect; there is in him a certain equilibrium between head and heart, which preserves them mutually from excesses. The Semite seems, therefore, to oscillate between extremes; for while in the Aryan either the intellect or the heart predominates, we find in the Semite a sharp, incisive intellect in connection with deep poetical emotional nature—reflection coupled with enthusiasm.

"With reference to the distribution of mental gifts: Among the Semites there have been comparatively fewer great men of eminent mental endowment, so-called geniuses, than among the Aryan nations; on the other hand, the masses of the people are more richly endowed among the former than among the latter; so that, if among the Semites fewer geniuses are found, there are among them proportionately more gifted individuals than among the Aryans. There are fewer obtuse and stupid persons among the former than among the latter.

"From these fundamental peculiarities of the Semites are derived the following characteristics: 1. Sobriety of intellect and lack of extravagant phantasy. 2. Sharply defined individuality of each person. 3. Depth and inwardness of the emotional nature, excitability of the same, and, as a consequence thereof, receptivity for humane ideas, inclination to benevolence, easily awakened enthusiasm for an idea, disposition to place mind, ideas, above material forces, a more spiritual conception of the external world and a tendency to idealism."

Now the palpable objection to all this is, that while it may be sufficiently accurate for the ordinary purposes of popular description and delineation, it is by the very nature of the case wanting in the absolute exactness of scientific classification. There is a subjective element in the

making up of such judgments which it is impossible to eliminate. It is quite improbable that even that same *achevé* would satisfy the requirements of all observers, and the filling up would be quite sure to vary very considerably when undertaken by different persons. So when the author informs us that from these characteristics all the manifold phenomena in the life, fortunes, institutions, and intellectual productions of the Semitic peoples can be explained, we confidently expect, before proceeding with him to make the trial, that facts will be selected, and some of them twisted, to suit the theory, and that those which cannot be made to fit into it will be quietly ignored. And so it turns out. Still, it must be admitted that, in spite of the method, the essay is extraordinarily instructive, and the *characteristique*, perhaps, in the main, quite as successful as any attempt to embrace in one picture the whole spirit and history of so many more or less divergent nationalities, as are comprised under the Semitic race, can ever hope to be. It may be remarked in conclusion that Professor Chwolson does not claim for the Semites the exclusive honor of having given to the world the idea of the Unity of God; and also that, while signaling the virtues of his people, he does not fail to note many of their faults. T. V.

PHYSICS AND POLITICS; Or, Thoughts on the application of the principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. By Walter Bagehot, Esq., Author of "The English Constitution." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873. [Toledo: Brown & Faunce.]

This is the second volume of "The International Scientific Series," a series which should go volume by volume into every radical hand in the country. It—the series—is projected on a plan which will make it a kind of Bible of Positive Knowledge for To-day. It is thoroughly adapted to the non-scientific public, yet gives the best and latest results of advanced science, and it is readable and attractive as well as instructive. Mr. Bagehot, even, who may be thought to have a dry and heavy subject, has made a very interesting book. His style is brisk, clear, vigorous; he deals with a great many interesting facts; he is as thorough a thinker, free and radical and scholarly, as any one could ask; and he touches a great many points which are of keen practical interest. One of his six chapters is on "The Age of Discussion," and in the course of it he says: "In much of Europe, and in England particularly, the influence of religion has been very different from what it was in antiquity. It has been an influence of discussion. Since Luther's time there has been a conviction, more or less rooted, that a man may by an intellectual process think out a religion for himself, and that, as the highest of all duties, he ought to do so. The influence of the political discussion, and the influence of the religious discussion, have been so long and so firmly combined, and have so effectually enforced one another, that the old notions of loyalty, and fealty, and authority, as they existed in the Middle Ages, have now over the best minds no effect." It is by such broad radical views that Mr. Bagehot makes his pages very interesting and valuable. In his first chapter he discusses matters of primitive preparation for political society, the original elements. In the second he considers the part which conflict between these elements plays. Then come two chapters on the way in which nations come into being; after which the part played by discussion in developing public progress is considered; and the work concludes with a chapter summing up the argument of the book in regard to the political pre-requisites of progress. E. C. T.

PHILOSOPHICAL PAPERS.

VI.

BY F. E. ABBOT.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

FROM AN ARTICLE ON "PHILOSOPHICAL BIOLOGY," IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, FOR OCTOBER, 1888.

Since the spontaneous-generation hypothesis simply supposes the gradual evolution of the lowest forms of life out of inorganic matter, while the special-creation hypothesis supposes the instantaneous creation of the highest forms out of the same inorganic matter, it is clear as noonday that special creation is neither more nor less than spontaneous generation in its most monstrous form. The one hypothesis harmonizes with the idea of universal law, the other glaringly contradicts it. Nor is it on philosophical grounds alone that the hypothesis of spontaneous generation rests. Regarded in a purely scientific light, it is strictly an open question. Although incapable of verification in some of its aspects, actual experiments, conducted by men of the highest scientific reputation, justify the statement, that, in other aspects, spontaneous generation may be a normal fact, even at the present time. A few words on this subject will not, we trust, be deemed out of place.

In its widest sense, *generatio requiroca*, or

"spontaneous generation," called also *spontaneité* by Duges, and *heterogenesis* by Burdach, means the coming into existence of an organized being otherwise than by parentage. The phrase is by no means intended, as vulgarly supposed, to signify fortuitous generation (Huxley, Origin of Species, p. 90, uses the word in the same manner), that is, to imply the absence of causation; it does imply that organisms of the lowest order may originate in appropriate media in other ways than by ordinary reproduction, but it also implies the action of natural causes, and the invariability of natural laws in the most vigorous sense of those words. The processes of heterogenesis, if facts, are conceived to be as truly regulated by the laws of Nature as the commonest facts of observation; there can be no more "chance" in the one case than in the other. The hypothesis of heterogenesis assumes no deviation from universal laws; whereas the hypothesis of special creations, postulating the sudden apparition, without parentage, of the most highly developed animals and plants, and that, too, confessedly by supernatural volitions, takes for granted a kind of spontaneous generation which is utterly irreconcilable with universal order. Every objection, therefore, brought against the former hypothesis tells with tenfold force against the latter. Either hypothesis is consistent with theism; the former alone is consistent with faith in the harmonious economy of the universe. Much of the popular repugnance to the doctrine of heterogenesis arises from its supposed atheistic tendencies; whereas such tendencies no more exist in this than any doctrine which implies the strict universality of natural law. Apart, however, from all theological prejudices, it encounters a formidable obstacle in the justifiable demand of science itself, that all genesis of new organisms shall be explained by parentage until genesis without parentage is proved,—that the law of homogenesis shall be assumed to be strictly universal until a complementary law of heterogenesis is experimentally established. Harvey's famous maxim, *Omne vivum ex ovo*, as amended by Charles Robin into *Omne vivum ex vivo*, and by Milne Edwards into *Tout corps vivant provient d'un corps qui vit*, unquestionably justifies the opponents of heterogenesis from the standpoint of positive science, and throws the burden of proof upon its advocates. But, looking at the question from a higher point of view, the scientific advantage seemingly gained by rejecting heterogenesis is more than offset by the greater philosophical disadvantage of not being able to explain the first origin of life without having recourse to miracle. If life ever originated without miracle, it is fairly presumable, that, under similar conditions, it so originates now. Whether the conditions are now similar or not, experiment and observation must decide. But the nebular hypothesis would necessitate the admission that there was a time when no organisms existed,—that there was a time, consequently, when a first organism appeared. This first organism must be supposed to have been naturally evolved out of inorganic matter by heterogenesis, or else to have been miraculously created by supernatural intervention,—a supposition as contrary to the spirit of positive science as it is to the spirit of philosophy. The question of the first origin of life cannot always be ignored by scientific thinkers; and when it is once fairly raised, the burden of proof is transferred to the advocates of universal homogenesis, who must explain the apparition of the first organism, which *ex hypothesi* had no parents, as best they can.

The chasm, however, between homogenesis and heterogenesis is not so wide as is commonly supposed. In the last analysis all generation is spontaneous. Throughout the entire animal kingdom, generation commences by ova, which exist as organisms prior to fecundation. Heterogenesis is not supposed to create suddenly an adult organism, but to proceed in the same way as normal ovulation, which must be itself spontaneous in the commencement. As in the tissue of the stroma an ovule spontaneously originates under appropriate conditions, so it is supposed to originate by heterogenesis in other proliferous substances. That ova, thus spontaneously originated, may develop into living individuals without the previous process of fecundation, is shown by the singular phenomena of so-called *parthenogenesis*, as illustrated in the case of certain *Lepidoptera*, in some species of which the males have never been found. Nothing more than this is supposed to take place in heterogenesis, except that the nutritive medium in which the germ originates is different. "It is surprising," says M. Pouchet, "that we should have to wait till the nineteenth century for the discovery that the initial process in both forms of generation is precisely the same." In either case, that "tendency to individuation," by which Schelling defined life, manifests itself under appropriate circumstances in the formation of a new individual. "There is, however, one fact implying that function must be regarded as taking precedence of structure. Of the lowest rhizopods, which present no distinction of parts, and nevertheless feed and grow and move about, Professor Huxley has remarked that they exhibit life without organization." Whether in homo-

genesis or heterogenesis, life must first manifest itself in the production of a germ in an appropriate medium of environment,—manifest itself without antecedent organization,—manifest itself in peculiar motions and arrangements of matter not explicable by any known causes in the environment; and the question at issue between the two hypotheses is simply this: Are previously existent organisms the only natural media productive of such germs? The modes of reproduction known as fission and gemmation (*schizoparité* and *gemmaiparité*), which are still farther removed from ordinary gamogenesis than even the phenomena of parthenogenesis, seem to stand as connecting links between the two extremes of ovarian and "equivocal" generation. Here, too, the philosopher must accept the maxim, *Natura non facit saltum*. If Mr. Darwin, in the acknowledged paucity of intermediate forms, may reasonably appeal to the "imperfection of the geological record" in behalf of the natural evolution of species, so may the heterogenist, with equal reasonableness, appeal to the imperfection of the biological record in behalf of the natural evolution of life itself. Whether the appeal is reasonable or unreasonable, it is, at least, a logical necessity of the development hypothesis in both cases.

M. Milne Edwards conveniently divides the question of spontaneous generation. Designating production by parentage as homogenesis, and production without parentage as heterogenesis, he divides the latter into the three following classes:—

1. Agensis, or the formation of a living being by the spontaneous organization of non-living matter.

2. Necrogenesis, or the formation of living beings in consequence of the dissociation of the parts of a dead organism, which, as parts, should still preserve the faculty of living, and of developing into new organic forms.

3. Xenogenesis, or the formation of living beings by the physiological action of a living organism which should transmit to them the principle of life without impressing on them its own organic characters; the new being would not be of the same nature as its parent, and would represent a different species.

We have no space to devote to the history of the hypothesis of heterogenesis, which, however, has the authority of many of the most eminent names in science, both ancient and modern; but we cannot dismiss the subject without saying that the most recent and most trustworthy experiments tend as much to confirm as to invalidate the hypothesis, on the whole. The investigations of M. Pouchet, an ardent advocate, and of M. Pasteur, an equally ardent opponent of this hypothesis, have given fresh interest to the question within the last few years. Very recently M. Donné has performed experiments which render it probable that heterogenesis is a fact; and this probability is increased by the results obtained in England by Dr. Child, and in this country by Professor Jeffries Wyman, whose reputation for accuracy and impartiality has no superior. After comparing the various degrees of temperature shown by trustworthy evidence to be compatible with organic life in various thermal springs in Nature, and concluding that 208° Fahrenheit is its extreme limit of endurance, as thus far determined by observation, Professor Wyman minutely describes a long series of delicate and ingeniously devised experiments conducted by himself for the purpose of ascertaining "how far the life of certain low kinds of organisms is either sustained or destroyed in water which has been raised to a high temperature." The most remarkable of these experiments showed that seven flasks, hermetically sealed, and containing a boiled solution of "extract of beef" (Borden's concentrated juice of beef, evaporated to a nearly solid substance, free from tissues and entirely soluble), became the seat of infusorial life after being continuously boiled for four hours,—three of the flasks on the second day, and four of them on the fourth day. If the boiling was prolonged to five hours, as was done with other flasks, no infusoria appeared. If the infusoria thus developed in hermetically sealed flasks, after prolonged boiling for four hours, came from germs or spores previously existent in the organic solution, then these germs or spores must be capable of resisting the destructive action of boiling water during that period of time; but if these germs or spores are incapable of resisting the destructive action of boiling water during so long a period, then the developed infusoria must have been generated spontaneously; that is, independently of pre-existent organisms. To determine this point, if possible, Professor Wyman instituted additional experiments. The usual signs of life manifested by infusoria being locomotion, growth, and reproduction, and initiation of the processes of fermentation or putrefaction, he inferred that "inactivity in the presence of organic material suitable for nourishment, and of air at the ordinary temperature, added to the absence of the other signs of life, must be considered as the best indication of death." Experiment showed that all motion of the vibrios ceased at about 135° Fahrenheit, and all motion of the ciliated infusoria ceased at less than 130°; and that "the solutions to which boiled infusoria were

added did not become invaded by animalcules sooner than those to which none had been added, while those to which unboiled infusoria were added were in all cases invaded at least one day, and in some two or three days, earlier." These results confirm the opinion of Spallanzani himself, perhaps the most determined opponent of heterogenesis, that the action of boiling water a little prolonged destroys the vitality, not only of developed animals and plants, but also of their eggs and seeds, and render the hypothesis of heterogenesis by far the most plausible explanation of the appearance of infusoria in organic solutions, after continuous boiling for four hours, in hermetically sealed flasks. To dismiss the whole subject of spontaneous generation, therefore, as Mr. Spencer has done, with a polite shrug of the shoulder, instead of at least honoring with his opposition a theory associated with the names of such men as Buffon, Oken, Lavoisier, Bremsler, Treviranus, Tiedemann, Burdach, J. Müller, Duges, Dujardin, Endes Deslongchamps, A. Richard, Pouchet, Joly, Donné, Professor Wyman, and Professor Owen (whom Milne Edwards calls *l'anatomiste le plus éminent que l'Angleterre possédât aujourd'hui*), does little credit to Mr. Spencer either as student of science or philosopher, especially when this theory is self-evidently a corollary from his own fundamental principles.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to detect them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

TAKING INTEREST A CRIME.

Boston, Jan. 5, 1873.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

In the course of your leading article in THE INDEX, No. 158, you make the following statement: "Usury laws, in especial, which sometimes work great detriment to the business interests of whole communities, are in fact based upon the Bible conception that it is a crime to take interest for money loaned; although the common sense of mankind rejects the notion in fact." I sometimes think that you, in your eagerness to escape the idea that a thing is true because the Bible says so, rush into the equally absurd but opposite idea that a thing is false because the Bible teaches it.

But, be that as it may, passing over the question concerning the detriment worked by usury laws, I proceed to the more important proposition, that to take interest is a crime: which it seems to me is capable of the most logical and convincing demonstration. I lay it down as a fundamental proposition, recognized by Adam Smith and all succeeding political economists of note, that labor is the creator of all artificial wealth, and that the performers of the labor are entitled to all they create. Consequently the owning by one man of more than he creates necessitates the owning by some other man of less than he creates. Therefore any man, owning property not the product or reward of his own labor nor a gift from some person who has honestly earned it, is guilty of theft,—in most cases unconsciously so, but none the less guilty. In all exchanges, either of labor or its products, the thing given must be exactly equivalent to the thing received; in other words, cost must govern price. Cost includes labor performed, sacrifices made, and risks incurred. Now, apply this principle to the transaction of lending money. What is the cost to the lender? Evidently the labor performed in conveying and receiving back the money lent, together with (in some cases) sacrifice and risk. Clearly these are the only elements in the transaction which may be legitimately considered. But interest, as ordinarily viewed, namely, as a sum of money paid to the lender in return for the benefit conferred upon the borrower, is based upon the false principle that value, in distinction from cost, is the limit of price; and it is therefore extortion. This principle, that "a thing is worth what it will bring," which lies at the bottom of interest, dividends, rents, and profit, is the whole cause of the present unjust and inequitable (not unequal) distribution of wealth. Make cost the limit of price, and you have taken a long step—yes, in my opinion, the final step—towards the long-sought solution of the social problem.

But you say "the common sense of mankind rejects the notion" that to take interest is a crime. So, a century since, it might have been said with equal truth that "the common sense of mankind rejects the notion" that chattel-slavery is anything but a just, wise, and beneficent institution. "The common sense of mankind," Mr. Editor, is not always to be relied upon. I am aware that this subject is somewhat foreign to those usually discussed in your columns; but, inasmuch as you introduced it by stating that you were in favor of a practice which seems to me so utterly at variance with the principle of justice, perhaps you will pardon me for indulging in this bit of criticism.

Yours for equity (which no existing religion inculcates),

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

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great influence, which must grow greater every day, as brave men and pure women flock to the standard it upholds.

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VOLUME 4.

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WHOLE No. 164.

ORGANIZE!

LIBERALS OF AMERICA!

The hour for action has arrived. The cause of freedom calls upon us to combine our strength, our zeal, our efforts. These are

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformable to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Let us boldly and with high purpose meet the duty of the hour. I submit to you the following

FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be **THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF —**.

ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in —: Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.

ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.

ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.

ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.

ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

Liberals! I pledge to you my undivided sympathies and most vigorous co-operation, both in **THIS INDEX** and out of it, in this work of local and national organization. Let us begin at once to lay the foundations of a great national party of freedom, which shall demand the entire secularization of our municipal, state, and national government. Send to me promptly the list of officers of every Liberal League that may be formed, and a standing list of all such Leagues shall be kept in **THIS INDEX**. Rouse, then, to the great work of freeing America from the usurpations of the Church! Make this continent from ocean to ocean sacred to human liberty! Prove that you are worthy descendants of those whose wisdom and patriotism gave us a Constitution untainted with superstition! Shake off your slumbers, and break the chains to which you have too long tamely submitted!

Toledo, O., Jan. 1, 1873.

FRANCIS F. ABBOT.

THE BOSTON SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES FOR 1873.

THE RISE OF UNITARIANISM IN NEW ENGLAND; A STORY OF EVOLUTION.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

THIRD LECTURE IN THE COURSE OF SIX "SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES," GIVEN IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, JANUARY 19, 1873.

EVOLUTION IN RELIGION.

Science has lately borrowed from the flowers a great doctrine—that of *Evolution*. Instead of "Be," the creative word now in our ears is "Become." All things *grow*. The flower is type of the universe, and the lily of the field is solving over again for us all the problems. "Consider it," said Jesus. Dimly could Jesus see how his "consider" would help to interpret all Nature and all history. Star-systems are supposed to grow from nebulae; the planet grows to shape; the races of life upon it grow from uncouth forms up to the beauty of man's stature, and mind grows in the races up to the range of human faculty; civilization grows from nation to nation; ideas grow from century to century; morals grow; religions grow. "Religions grow." It is this last hint on which we are to dwell to-day. I am to tell a story of the evolution of religion in our New England.

Take, first, two or three examples of the general fact.

In Geneva, some three hundred years ago, under Calvin's accusation, Servetus was burned at the stake for being a Unitarian. To-day, the Unitarian would be found in Calvin's pulpit.

A century later the English Presbyterians in Parliament passed a law by which teachers teaching persistently against the doctrine of the Trinity, or the Incarnation, or the body's Resurrection, or the Bible as being God's own word, should be put to death. The law never was enforced, but they prevailed to pass it.

Another hundred years passed by, and the English Presbyterians had nearly vanished into Unitarians themselves.

When the Pilgrims landed on our shore in 1620, they left on other shores no Calvinists more sturdy in the doctrines. Their "Mayflower church, the mother of us all," was almost the very first in which a break occurred in the Unitarian movement here. In 1801, a faithful Calvinistic minority withdrew, for the majority had grown to be Liberals. And many other Puritan "First Churches" in the towns of Eastern Massachusetts followed the lead.

A grander example of religious evolution than these is that of Christianity itself. Eight hundred years of traceable growth it took for the cardinal doctrines of Christianity to get their definite shapes and names. Four hundred years before the birth of Christ, four hundred years more after him. And when the idea of Christ had thus grown up in the Greek mind, through mounting Trinity and Incarnation theories, till he held the rank of Deity, and in the West the governmental Latin genius in Augustine had finally formulated the system of Original Sin and Predestination and Vicarious Atonement, then again by another gradual growth, taking fresh centuries,—the idea of a visible Church gained strength and widened its circuit, till by and by the Pope of Rome was hailed by all the lands of Western Europe as God's vicegerent on the earth. The history of the rise of Christianity is one long story of evolution. "Consider the lily, how it grew;" not miraculously, not suddenly, did the wonder of its fairness come to being, but by long, slow, gradual unfolding of ethics and ideas and institutions.

EVOLUTION DOUBLE—DECAY AND GROWTH.

Another word of previous explanation. This process of evolution is always *double*,—a decay of the old, a growth of the new. Not first one, and then the other; but the first ministers to the

second all the time. Yet in intellectual development for long periods it is the first and not the second that attracts most notice. We see the negation long before we see the affirmation. The watching minds within two hundred years, on both sides of the Christian era, were much more impressed by the decay of the old faiths than by the vision of the growing faith. And thus it always is. For one Paul shouting "glory," there are a hundred lovers of the vanishing who raise the voice of desolation.

In tracing the process, therefore, that we are to mark in New England, we must keep our eyes watchful to note two things,—that which is waning and that which is waxing; and we must expect that the wane will long seem to be the larger part of the fact.

DECAY OF "REVEALED," GROWTH OF "NATURAL" RELIGION.

And what is the general fact that we shall see? It will be plainer if I point it out beforehand. What have we seen waning everywhere since Luther's day? This: *Religion as based on authority external to human nature*,—on the Revelation, the Christ, the Bible, the Church. What have we seen waxing since that day? This: *Religion as based on human nature*,—its reason, its feelings, its moral aspirations. "Revealed Religion," so-called, constantly transforming itself into truer, grander, tenderer forms of "Natural Religion,"—that is what we have seen everywhere. The rise of Protestantism also is simply another long story of evolution. Everywhere, I say; for this rationalistic movement has been a movement of the whole Protestant mind. Escape from Rome was the achievement of the sixteenth century. To escape from the little Romes of Protestantism and secure a toleration of dissent from its established creeds became the attempt of the seventeenth century; and partial success was won, always at the price of strife and hatred, sometimes at the price of martyrdom. Then in the eighteenth century appeared the fruits of the freedom thus attained. Without much new knowledge and only a dim perception of the new historic method to help her, Reason then for the first time began to discard the dogmas of Christian Orthodoxy,—those ancient dogmas whose origin long antedated the Reformation and even the rise of the Roman supremacy.

Look round for a moment at those elder lands in that eighteenth century. Holland, richest in experience of ecclesiastical tyranny, had already long before made room at her hearth for the religious exiles of all nations. Poland had sent thither her Socinians; France had sent Descartes and the Huguenots and Bayle; and by 1700 England was sending her young Presbyterian preachers to study their divinity. For in the face of a fuming Orthodoxy a series of noble Arminian teachers, that reached back to the time when our own fathers were among the refugees, had been promoting there a spirit of tolerance and systems of theology and Bible-criticism more enlightened than could be found in any other schools of Europe. In France, Voltaire and the Encyclopedists were soon engaged in their desperate revolt from the old Church that had fastened itself again upon the land after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. In Germany, rationalism appeared early in the century at Halle, and, by its middle, the first-born of her great race of Bible-scholars were working at Leipzig and Göttingen. In Switzerland, the Genevan company of Pastors in 1705 released the candidates from the necessity of subscribing to the Helvetic Confession and the decrees of Dort, and shortly afterwards one of their Professors published, with the local applause, his disbelief in Christ's deity and the imputation of Adam's sin. In England, during this century, four results appeared. Deism, Unitarianism, the Evidential School of Christian champions defending Revelation by reason against the deists' attack, and, finally (in part created doubtless by this purely intellectual tendency), that heart-thirst among the people which gave the opportunity for Methodism.

A general movement, therefore, of the Protestant mind. New England only shared the impulse with its mother and the other elder lands.

And the movement has been vastly broader than mere Unitarianism. That is only one

among the many results. But Unitarianism by its long unbroken continuity will give us a very good conception of it as a whole.

This, then, is what in general we are to trace in New England. As a fact of growth, it will be the growth of "Reason in Religion," the increasing reliance on human nature as the only basis of religion. As a fact of decay, it will be the decay of the old doctrines of Christianity.

THE ORDER OF DECAY.

One word more. We shall find also that the order in which the Christian ideas drop away exactly reverses the order of their growth that was just now sketched. First to fade was the authority of the Church, which was the last great idea to appear in Christianity. Next, those dark dogmas of Augustine, which we know by their modern name of Calvinism,—those that concern man's practical relations to the Deity and now so shock the moral sense. Next the abstract dogmas of earlier Greek origin that concern the nature of the Deity, the relation of his own parts to each other, and so bewilder the mind that tries to realize them. And, lastly, the still earlier idea of supernatural revelation. First Rome, then Calvinism, then the theories of the Incarnation and the Trinity, and last of all the authority of the Bible and the Mediator.

THREE STAGES IN UNITARIAN GROWTH.

With Rome, however, we have nothing to do in New England. We were born after the escape from her, after the escape from the Church of England, too—were born Congregationalists in an empty land. But the successive decay of the three remaining groups of doctrine marks the three stages of the Unitarian story I am to tell. For the sake of distinctness we will put down dates. First, the Calvinism gave way to what is called Arminianism. That single process lasted till about 1750. Then the dogma of the Trinity gradually grew dim, and this special phase lasted till about 1825. Since then the authority of the revelation itself has been decaying. Of course it is not meant that lines between these "stages" can be sharply drawn. They are simply successive phases of decay in one continuous process of growth; each phase begins in the one preceding it, and finishes itself in the one that follows. Nor is it meant, of course, that all minds moved together in moving onwards. By and by thinkers were to be seen in all three stages contemporaneously—some back, some farther on, the fewest in the front.

These "stages" in the rise of Unitarianism here are no arbitrary invention. In the Unitarian movement in Old England the same three occurred in the same order; and for each one at least two generations there were needed; and as just said, each lapsed insensibly into the next. The main differences in the Unitarian history of the two countries arise from the fact that there the change took place chiefly within a tolerated body of Dissenters, while here the change went on within what was practically the Established Church; it was itself the first serious dissent. The movement here was therefore slower to begin; but, once begun, it created more unrest and came to its crisis more violently than in England. Each of the "stages" was later here than there by half a century or more. But in spite of this and of the similarity throughout, it seems to have been mostly an independent advance, native to our fathers. It began in the same general conditions of mind, and went on by the same necessities of thought towards the same results; aided, indeed, but only slightly, by the thinkers over the water.

THE STARTING-POINT—EARLY N. E. PURITANS.

How shall I draw in a few lines the picture of that Bible-Commonwealth which our fathers tried to establish in their New England Canaan?

They were men in homespun whose conversation was in heaven. They endured as seeing Him who is invisible. They looked not at the things which are seen but at things which are not seen. To few has the Eternal been so real. And therefore they were men of upright lives and dauntless hearts and unwearied hands. They framed their State as a temple and invited God to reign there over them. They inlaid his moral law into the nerve and instinct of their children, and we are what as Massachusetts men we are to-day because for fathers we had the Puritans. For all that, we could not be Puritans ourselves and keep to-day's common-sense.

Fancy a State that was a Church; its Assembly being likewise a Church-council; its voters, all Church-members, only voters because members, only citizens because saints; its first Constitution being "Moses his judicials," its second drawn up by a minister and bulwarked and illustrated with Bible-texts, its third made by another minister still aiming to shape a strict theocracy. Fancy the Bible that lies on your table regarded as a book literally full of God's own language,—Old Testament as well as New,—and every "Thus saith the Lord" therein a pattern by which the General Court of Massachusetts was to model its enactments. Fancy the meeting-house supported like the school,—and before the school or any thing else,—by public taxes; attendance required by a five-shillings fine for absence; the week-days illumined like poor planets from the Sunday; the minister, the chief

man in the town, and next to him, the deacons. Fancy the martyr-feeling common in the log-houses; and each man able to enter in to personal covenant with God like Israel of old. Fancy these members, ministers, Bible, Church, and State, all representing pure Calvinism.

The decisions of the Synod of Dordt were just freshly printed when the Mayflower Pilgrims started, and though John Robinson told them as a parting word that more truth would break out from God's Word than Luther or Calvin saw, doubtless he and they felt pretty sure it would not contradict that synod. New Englanders were in firm accord with the Westminster Confession when their English Presbyterian brethren drew it up, and approved the Savoy Confession when the Independents drew up that; and those two creeds mark a very high tide of Calvinism. Not for general religious liberty by any means did the colonists of Massachusetts Bay transform themselves from a trading-company into a Church and then transport themselves as a band of Church-exiles to the wilderness; but only for liberty to be religious themselves in their own way. For that they spent their estates, ventured their lives, left their country; and so they felt they had a right to the soil and its privileges,—a right to say on what conditions new men should come in to their partnership, and who should be kept out, lest they be involved again in the religious wreck they thought impending in their mother-land. It was "the time of sects and schisms" there. That land was full of vagrant religions begging and gesticulating for followers. And the Puritans of New England kept their holiest horror therefore for all claims of private inspiration and "inner lights." An unscriptural revelation was as bad as a bishop! Even the first generation of the settlers found out repeatedly that the State which they had fashioned as a Church and fondly hoped to keep a Church could be retained in pristine Orthodoxy only by such stern measures as had driven themselves from their old homes. Antinomians, Anabaptists, Quakers (thus were called New England's earliest Transcendentalists), and even one "Socinian" (Pynchon of Springfield) suffered exile from the exiles.

I.

FIRST STAGE OF GROWTH—CALVINISM INTO ARMINIANISM.

It was all in vain. The Age was too much for them—too vital. The first children were still young men and women when the change began.

THE ORDINANCES RELAX.

A royal mail warned our fathers to take down the church-door to their citizenship. But it was a synod of their own that took down the bars to baptism. The "Half-way Covenant," approved in 1662, was the first plain sign of Puritan relaxation. Previously church-members only could bring their children to baptism; thenceforward a milder form of allegiance was passport to the privilege.

Another period about as long passed by, and then (1707) through the influence of "the venerable Stoddard," minister at Northampton, the "unconverted" began to be admitted also to full church-membership. The word passed from pulpit to pulpit that the Communion service was intended as a *means* to regeneration, not as the symbol of its attainment. A second surrender of ancient Puritanism. Between the two surrenders the change had been most painfully remarked by those earnest for the old ideas, and the annual Election Sermons served to glass the darkening fear. For ten or fifteen years in succession the governors elect were flattered by the cry, "How is New England in danger this day to be lost! How is the good grain diminished and the chaff increased—and our wine mixed with water! Have not the people in great measure forgot their errand into the wilderness?" A special synod summoned in 1679 to build up again the walls of Zion only checked their crumbling for a little while.

The relaxing of a sacred custom makes visible to men's eyes the fact that the beliefs from which the custom grew are waning. At that some minds always start back in alarm; to others it gives a sanction for further change. And when the religious ideas are changing thus, "piety" must of necessity decline, because piety is the feeling which religious ideas generate, and can be warm only when the ideas are held as strong convictions. There was a real decline of piety in New England in the early part of the last century, and it was chiefly due to the gradual decay of those beliefs which had been so intensely vital in the Puritan's creed. While vital, they had inspired a piety that strengthened Englishmen at home to a might that overthrew the "divine right" of kings, and here had greened a handful of exiles into founders of an actual democracy. But of course these beliefs were not final truths than which Reason could never find her way to better. And at the end of a century from the time of those who first chose voluntary exile for their portion in order that Calvinism without bishops might be their creed and discipline, Reason began to move toward something better.

The second "Convention Sermon" preached before the Congregational ministers of Massa-

chusetts, in 1722—it was preached by Cotton Mather in a parlor—laments "the threatened banishment from the ministry of the truths which all real and vital piety forever lives upon." Calvinism at this time with such men as the Mather really meant the Calvinism of the creed, and not at all in Beecher's sense—or nonsense—what Calvin would have thought had he been living now and thought as we think! It stood for Predestination that *was* Predestination; for Election and Reprobation that *did* select a few for heaven and leave the multitude to endless hell; for Original Sin that was transfer of Adam's guilt to us, and a Vicarious Atonement that exchanged it a second time for Christ's righteousness. I do not think I am too precise. These were the truths "upon which real and vital piety forever lives," and which now were threatened with banishment from the churches. A few years later and the growing anti-Calvinistic tendency was known and named with the name of dread—*Arminianism*. But now the season of "the Great Awakening" was at hand.

THE GREAT AWAKENING.

The revival began with Jonathan Edwards in the Connecticut valley, and, after slackening awhile, was then brought to its crisis by Whitefield and the exhorters who upstarted in his track. Whitefield came to New England, in 1740. The churches suddenly flamed as with fire from heaven. Not that the words preached were new,—they were the doctrines of the Westminster Catechism, the same that so long had been rehearsed to closing ears. Need of the "new birth" was an old appeal; but now that cry died through the land so uttered that it wrought resurrection-miracles in the torpid parishes. Every household had a man or woman in it who had felt the touch of God and could tell the story of that touch. "Justification by faith" became an actual experience instead of a dull church formula. Hearts trembling at their helpless sinfulness first felt themselves in the hands of a justly angry God; then felt their terror give way to joy as the sacrifice of the sin-bearing Son of God rose upon the mind and filled it with that peace that signified election, that sealed those saved by the "irresistible grace." The old Calvinism was galvanized into its young vigor and its dogmas were suddenly as real to multitudes as ever they were to the forefathers. The churches filled themselves with members; not the unconverted members who sought the ordinance as a means to salvation, but those who came with glowing hearts as men saved but hardly saved to own grateful allegiance. Many who had long been members—not a few ministers even—confessed that for the first time they knew what religion meant.

The revival passed away, but not into a mere memory. Jonathan Edwards re-appeared on the field to harvest half its fruits by the success with which he combated his grandfather Stoddard's innovation, and led the churches back to their old strict terms of membership. The Evangelical sects based on the Calvinistic creeds are strong to-day with the strength then made sure to them.

ARMINIANISM.

That however was but one-half of the revival's fruit. The other half was this,—that in other minds Calvinism died the speedier death. The very sharpening of the doctrines, and the new emphasis with which the parts that most choked conscience and most strained the reason were urged, increased the revolt of reason and conscience already begun. Between the two visits of Whitefield the churches had been frightened by the invasion of itinerants whose preaching split the parishes and produced strange physical excesses of enthusiasm. And when he returned in 1745, his welcome lacked much of the admiration that had speeded the young apostle on his way five years before. Several ministerial associations and both the Colleges united in advising that the pulpits should be shut to him, and Dr. Chauncy of our First Church in Boston headed the crusade. The objections were practical rather than doctrinal, and yet they reveal divergence of doctrine also and at a very vital point,—the theory of the "New Birth,"—just the point in which a revival carries all its power.

Thus the change that had been going on before the Great Awakening was hastened by it. By the time it was over, the word of dread, "Arminian," had grown familiar. The *pro*-revival ministers called the rationalistic spirit that opposed the excitement by that name; and ever added already a word of deeper, far deeper, horror—"Socinianism!" Edwards, that valiant watchman of the times, says, in 1750, that *if* as the dangerous doctrines were before the revival, "within seven years" (i.e. from its crisis onwards) "they have made vastly greater progress than ever before in the like space," an alludes to Boston as being threatened with ruin by them. Then this religious genius, this thinker of New England, went into exile among the Stockbridge Indians, and in the quiet began to write his famous books to stem the rising tide—how vainly we shall see. While he was writing, some New Hampshire ministers improvise the catechism by leaving out the Calvinism.

In this way what I called the first stage in

rise of Unitarianism was completed, or rather completed so far as this,—that now Arminianism or anti-Calvinism was an established fact in Massachusetts. The change towards Rationalism had been long and gradual,—first crumbling away certain church-rites, then silently affecting doctrine, till towards the middle of the century, when it grew yearly into clearer recognition. The new name, however, was very vaguely used. It covered the whole new emphasis in behalf of man's free will and responsibility and power to win salvation, and in behalf of God's impartiality; and therefore covered many degrees of dissent from Calvinism. No split in the Church was thought of yet. But from this time forward the two parties constantly and consciously diverged, and watched each other. In England, we may note in passing, the same point had been reached fifty or sixty years before. There the dispute broke up the union between the Presbyterians and Congregationalists (as the Independents had come to call themselves); a union which had just been hailed with rapture—to last three years! The former party fast increased its liberality, and became the Unitarians about the very time we have touched in our New England story—the middle of the century; while the Congregationalists remained firm Calvinists. Here it was just the other way. The New England Congregationalists grew liberal, while the Presbyterians of New York and Pennsylvania were rigid, loud-tongued guardians of the Creed.

II.

SECOND STAGE—ARMINIANISM AND UNITARIANISM.

That second stage of growth we now must sketch.

Again there was a long period of silent change during which less and less was heard of the Athanasian Trinity; and again the nearer one came to Boston the more he was in the heart of the silence. Now and then some thinker in advance of his brethren broke the stillness with a slighting word; now and then some justly frightened old believer, like Edwards or Hopkins or Prof. Wigglesworth, murmured a warning. But in general the sceptics did not know what they thought,—only they knew that their ideas were not clear-cut like their fathers'. What did the Bible really say?—that was the great question now. Were the venerated doctrines really there after all? Many a Massachusetts minister, in the quiet of his study, bent over the holy book with his ten fingers between the leaves, drawing up lists of texts on this side and on that, trying to focus the rays of Bible-light into one clear word. Silent they had to be, unless they had said, "We doubt;" and that is the last thing but one that a man learns to say in religion.

THE LIBERALS' THREE WATCHWORDS.

And yet they were not wholly silent. Three special emphases grew slowly louder. The first was—*Few fundamentals* in religion. The second—*No human creed*. The third—*Only Bible* words to phrase the mysteries. The third was really only the other way of putting the second; and both these followed from the first—few fundamentals. Whatever was essential to religion must lie on the surface of the Bible where the common folk might read it, not deep within to be quarried out by scholars; and then, "Do good and live" made all the rest. So they began to think. Whatever mysteries Revelation held, faith in them was one thing; faith in fine-spun speculations drawn from them another. Could man improve on God's own language? It was asked. No human explanations of that language should be deemed essential to Christianity. So with increasing boldness the secret seekers took their stand against creeds as tests of Orthodoxy—and this stand began to mark them off as Liberals over against the Evangelicals. Those were the two party-names of the second epoch. To the former such an attitude seemed necessary, mere common sense. To the latter it seemed an indifference to Gospel-truth that was altogether misnamed by its fine name of charity. Really, it was a claim for free-thinking within the limits of Revelation.

SIGNS OF THE NEW GROWTH.

The chief sign of this new attitude was the withdrawal of the mystic doctrines from the pulpit; and when they did appear there, their careful retreat into the Bible phrases. Another was, that broad toleration was distinctly advocated in ordination and convention sermons. Another, that at ordinations in and around Boston the ministers often abstained from examining a candidate about his Orthodoxy. Another, that the books of Emlyn, Clarke, and Taylor—all English Unitarian leaders—were in circulation. Another, that the Orthodox began to be alarmed, and to grow more definite themselves, and already to charge the Liberals with evasion. Quite early a little breeze sprang up in Boston over a volume of Dr. Mayhew's sermons. Jonathan Mayhew, pastor of the West Church, was the freest man in Boston. His words much more nearly matched his thought than was common at that time among the ministers. Where they mildly opposed, he denounced creed-making; where they

practised, he strenuously urged the right and duty of private judgment; where they disbelieved, he boldly denied the doctrines of total depravity and justification by mere faith. The Boston clergy had declined to assist at his ordination. It was not for his anti-Calvinism, says his biographer—"for many of them were as anti-Calvinistic as he was; but because it was well-known that he did not believe in the Trinity." The ministers' refusal shows that they were still waiting at the Oracle; and when Mayhew in a fine-print note of his volume had flung a slur at the idea of three or four being one, they wrote lectures to vindicate Christ's divinity as well as they still were able. But this was back in '55; twenty years later they would probably have left his note alone.

Besides, Jonathan Mayhew, Dr. Chauncy of the First Church—he who had led the onset against Whitefield—and Dr. Gay of Hingham, were specially recognized as leaders in the Liberal movement. President John Adams says they—and others with them, many laymen too in all ranks of life—were Unitarians as early as 1750.

THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH.

But the first church that was willing to bear the reproach of Unitarianism was, after all, not Congregationalist but Episcopalian,—an alien in our midst—the King's Chapel; and because it was an alien, probably. The position of dissent from an established Church naturally makes men bold; and here Episcopalianism was the dissent.

The revolution was just closing when James Freeman was invited to become reader at the Chapel. He soon felt himself in perfect sympathy with the liberality all around him; but while the other ministers could change their Trinitarian doxologies to a Bible phrase, and leave out all the Athanasianism from their sermons and get ordination without signing a creed, he found his conscience constantly tripping against the dogmas in the prayer-book. The chapel proprietors loved him and were Liberals themselves, and promptly authorized him to purge the Liturgy of what he disbelieved. And then, as no bishop would lay hand on the young heretic, they gave him a Bible themselves instead, and made him the first professedly Unitarian minister, and themselves the first Unitarian church, in America.

Over in London, Mr. Lindsey, a friend of his, had just tried a similar experiment; and Freeman tells him the whole story—how he didn't venture to alter quite as much as he would have liked to, and how the public at first were shy but soon approved the change, and how Priestley's books were being read, and how many ministers had lately given up the Trinitarian doxology, and how there was only one minister in New England who openly preached "the Socinian scheme," although "there are many churches in which the worship is strictly Unitarian, and some of New England's most eminent laymen openly avow their creed." A little later, in '96, he writes: "There are a number of ministers who avow and preach their sentiments, while there are others more cautious who content themselves with leading their hearers by a course of rational but prudent sermons gradually and insensibly to embrace it. Though the latter mode is not what I entirely approve, yet it produces good effects."

SIGNS IN 1800.

Opinion was plainly ripening. When 1800 came, the Universalists had four churches in Massachusetts. The Pilgrims' Church at Plymouth was just about to break in two because a Liberal was to be settled. There were nine Congregational Churches in Boston, and in every one minister and people were deeply infected with the heresy. The Old South was probably the most Orthodox, yet Joseph Eckley, its pastor, "hesitated to affirm the entire equality of the Father and the Son." The two most important features of Boston thought at this time were the certainty of the decay not only of Calvinism but of Trinitarianism, and the vagueness of the new growth that was emerging. "He was classed with Liberals," "he avoided controversial subjects in the pulpit," "the type of his Unitarianism was unknown," "he was probably an Arian,"—such expressions abound in Sprague's account of the early Unitarian worthies of Massachusetts,—the elders who passed away between 1800 and 1825, while their younger brethren were accepting the new name and deflating their heresy. And in this on-growth from the faith of the fathers, though Boston led the way, she was by no means alone. The other large towns of Massachusetts, first-born of her Puritanism, showed a similar spectacle. Of two hundred Congregational churches east of Worcester County at this time not more than two in five were under Evangelical ministry,—says the Orthodox historian of those churches.

HOPKINSIANISM.

But perhaps the most striking sign of change after all was this fact, that the change was not confined to the Liberals. The Orthodox themselves had changed. Nearly the whole of New England Calvinism was suffering "change into something rich and strange,"—something richer at least than the harshness of old Calvinism, and

stranger because it is not so easy to understand. For twenty years past, there had really been three parties in the field,—besides the Arminians or Liberals, and the old Calvinists, a third, the "Moderate Calvinists" or "Hopkinsians" or "the Edwardsean School," as it was variously called.

This new Calvinism rose with Orthodoxy's great champion, Jonathan Edwards himself, and his pupils, Hopkins and Bellamy. A younger band of earnest men had spread it far and wide. Its advocates claimed that it was *essentially* the faith of the forefathers, but were quite as anxious also to urge its superiority. The balder features of Imputation—actual transfer of Adam's guilt and of Christ's righteousness to the sinner—were disclaimed. The Total Depravity however was as total as ever, and as innate; but now it was explained that man's natural inability to be holy, due to Adam's sin, was not "physical" but "moral" i. e., apparently man can do what he will, but he cannot will what he would. His best deeds are sinful, and he cannot will the holiness necessary to salvation till re-born by a second creative act of God. The Atonement also was still vicarious; but the warlike theory of a mere ransom effected by exchange of victims was giving way to a "governmental" theory that wore a much nobler look. The honor of God's moral government, it now was said, required that unabated penalty should follow sin, but not that the penalty should fall upon the sinner himself; therefore as Christ's self-sacrifice, the sacrifice of Deity, had satisfied the law, it made forgiveness of the actual sinner a moral possibility to God. Election also was still as truly election as ever; but in the new explanation it had shifted its place from before to after the Atonement. The Atonement, indeed, was general, designed for all; but Redemption was still "particular," and Reprobation none the less a fact: because God, in applying this universal opportunity which the Atonement gave him, chose out only whom he would, and called them only by his Holy Spirit, leaving all the others to that native inability which made destruction sure,—destruction through eternity. That he saved anybody was solely by his sovereign choice, and had he not used at all his opportunity of mercy, he still would have been just.

The character of these modifications, however slight and nominal, shows a degree of yielding to the rationalistic spirit. At least they certainly blunted the sharp points of Calvinism, and softened them into that mystic state which makes Spring-growth again possible in long-rigid dogmas. The effect was therefore partly good for Orthodoxy, for they served to keep some in the old faith who might otherwise have joined in the revolt. But it was partly bad for it, because these explanations, preached with the ardor of a new idea, served to make still more emphatic in both the old and the new forms those general doctrines that shocked so many minds and hearts.

The changed interpretations were very popular in New England. By the end of the Revolution the three parties were well marked off from one another. But as the Arminian tendencies grew more pronounced, the two schools of Orthodoxy joined forces, and the newer Hopkinsian theories gradually prevailed. Before long they built a home for themselves at Andover, and eventually they have become what is known to-day as "the New England theology," over against the older kind of Calvinism. Meanwhile in the stronghold of that older Calvinism, the Presbyterian churches outside of New England, the change had been very unpopular—and still is so. The New York and New Jersey clergy of those churches hurled many of the same hard words at New England Orthodoxy which the New England Orthodox lavished on the rising Unitarians. "The new Hopkinsian light," they said, was darkness; its "improvements" of Calvinism were nonsense, were impiety,—they led to infidelity and atheism; the New England Evangelicals taught "another gospel," whereas "the way of salvation was one," and that of course was the old Calvinistic path.

[To be continued.]

When Molière, the comic poet, died, the Archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in the consecrated ground. The king, being informed of this, sent for the archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, his majesty asked how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached. This question coming by surprise, the archbishop replied, about eight. Well, answered the king, I find there is no getting the better of your scruples; therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep, that is four feet below your consecrated ground, and let him be buried there.

Some of the early English Bibles, as Mr. Disraeli states, contain as many as 6,000 errata, which were intentional; consisting in passages interpolated and meanings forged for sectarian purposes, sometimes to sanction the new creed of a half-hatched sect, and sometimes with the intention to destroy all Scriptural authority by the suppression or omission of texts.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

IS SPENT IN MR. BLIGH'S OFFICE.

Mr. Bligh's ex-pupil stood puffing his cigar and looking at Mr. Maberley with extraordinary coolness, until that gentleman, white with rage and cowardice, slunk away; when he turned on his heel and sought the clerk's office, which he had only quitted at the senior's suggestion. I invite the reader to bear him company.

This office was in the rear of Mr. Bligh's house, across a little paved yard, having a special outlet into a court, and commanded by the architect's back windows, through which the clerks and pupils could discern the shining bald head of their employer, as he sat at work, when the door of the back parlor happened to be open. These gentlemen had an injurious tradition that the scene of their daily labors was originally a tailor's shop, which it might be supposed to resemble in virtue of its low roof, its continuous window on one side, and a broad, permanent desk, not unlike the professional board upon which the sedentary craft is wont to be practised. You ascended to it by means of a shabby staircase, deficient in balusters, many of which had been wrenched out and used for firewood; while a few holes, punctured in the pew-like casing, by the agency of a red-hot poker, allowed the approach of anybody from below to be visible above—a prudent precaution when young men are in the habit of diversifying their graver employments with fencing, boxing, and "toeing" for pots of beer. This staircase divided the office into two compartments, one tenanted by the clerks, the other by the pupils. Here the occupants in general worked, laughed, and chatted from nine in the morning till six P. M.

"No smoking allowed here!—go to the public-house!" cried the senior clerk, as Sabin emerged from the staircase. Mr. Coulton was a thin, little, elderly man, with gray hair, a long face and a good-humored, intelligent countenance; his parents had been emigrants of the first French Revolution; his grandfather one of its earliest victims. The pupils liked him considerably, respected him a little, and obeyed him as much as they pleased. He had held his present position on a not too liberal salary, for ten years. Whenever he suggested its insufficiency to provide for himself, Mrs. Coulton, and three daughters (rumored to be very pretty by the pupils), who dwelt in the remotest wilds of Kensington, and talked of leaving Mr. Bligh, that astute person invited him to dinner, or took him out for a drive in his carriage, which always induced a postponement of that intention—a fact commented upon with much sarcasm by the young gentlemen.

"Pa's going to be taken into partnership, and is practising autocrat!" shouted one of them, from the top of a high stool, which he was making revolve on one leg, using the desk as fulcrum, as Sabin threw away his cigar. The pupils called Mr. Coulton "pa" in virtue of his seniority and position, and as regularly nicknamed their principal.

"We are getting up a design for a stunning brass-plate on the front-door—Bligh and Coulton, Architects and Surveyors, and repairs neatly executed in town and country—hands taking a sight at the corners and 'Don't you wish you may get it?' in Gothic letters for a border!" adds another. In reply to which artless "chaff," Mr. Coulton only laughs, shakes his head and announces his intention of having a very different state of things in that office when he is partner.

"Will you stop our beer, pa?" "Or lock up the gloves so that we shan't spar any more?" "Or demand a doctor's certificate when we don't show up regular?" Thus pupils 1, 2, and 3. Only one of the young gentlemen articulated to Mr. Bligh was working—as he happened to be engaged on a task which it was necessary to get completed by a certain time; the others, with stools tilted against the desk, or bestriding the rickety office-chairs, were indulging in lunch, porter, and general conversation. Sabin went to the worker, Paul Gower (whom he had been talking with previous to receiving the intimation that Mr. Bligh wanted to speak to him), and leaning his arm on the desk beside his friend, asked, carelessly:—

"Whom do you think I met down stairs?"

"Your father. Coulton told us, you know."

"I don't mean the governor—bless his stupid old head for coming here to bother Sam about me!—but that scoundrel of a Maberley! Met him rushing out of the house after Bligh and nearly knocked him into the gutter instinctively. I wish he had resented it!" And the young artist related the incident, in detail, to his grati-

fied auditor. "I wonder what brought him here?" he concluded.

"I think I can guess. Mrs. Maberley came to our house, this morning, with a black eye, given her by her husband."

Sabin vented an imprecation on Mr. Bligh's recent visitor, which was more fervently echoed by Paul, who continued:—

"He had been drinking and gambling over night, and came home furious with loss and intoxication, to vent his temper on his wife, who bore it until he struck her. If you'd broken his neck, Dick, I believe my grandmother would have been reconciled to you. The old lady vows my aunt shan't go back to him. I hope she won't."

Paul, be it incidentally observed, was accustomed to call Mrs. Maberley his aunt, though she was in reality only first-cousin to his father; indeed the very same pretty cousin whom John Gower had fallen in love with, and whose loss had utterly estranged him from his parents, and exerted such a disastrous effect upon his disposition and fortunes. She had got married afterwards, and that was what had come of it.

"I can't tell you how I hate the fellow!" Paul went on. "He's a drunkard, a debauchee, and a blackguard, who dyes his hair and paints his face—actually wears rouge—and gives himself the airs of a lady-killer and a man of fashion. He married my aunt for her money and would have broken her heart long ago, if neglect and profligacy could have done it. And now he's got to beating her! She's one of those women whom everybody likes—a handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed, lady-like woman, none the less agreeable for being rather conscious of it. She was always very kind to me when I used to go to the house in my school-days. Of course I knew nothing, then, of what was going on; she kept it secret, as women will, you know, until it came out that he kept a mistress—two—was, in short, a perfect reprobate. He has been forbidden my grandfather's house for some years, though my aunt came to see us—I suppose unknown to her precious husband."

"Seen him myself in some uncommonly shy places for a married man!" said Sabin, who had heard something of the story before, from his friend, and acted upon the information in his recent behavior to Maberley. "A swell doctor, isn't he?"

"Yes, and had a good practice, once. Lives in Hanover street, Hanover Square, keeps a footman and a boy in buttons and talks about the peerage and the opera. I used to think him a tremendous swell, when I was a boy, though I never liked him. I recollect him singing at the piano, turning up his eyes, and all the women hanging on his words and thinking him a perfect darling. He has spent every penny of my aunt's fortune he could lay his hands on."

"Wasn't there some kind of a row between him and Sam—legal row I mean—about the time I left?"

"It didn't come to that. Sam was her guardian in conjunction with a great uncle of mine, who is paralytic; you have heard me speak of him. He always distrusted Maberley and got his brother to secure some of the property—a house, I think—to his daughter, so that he couldn't make ducks and drakes of it, as he did of the rest. He quarrelled with both executors about their advising his wife to withhold her consent to raising money on something else, which of course she didn't do, and threatened going to law; but afterwards ate humble pie and propitiated Sam, who never cares to be at odds with anybody; though Mr. Fletcher would have nothing to say to him. He is an old lawyer, and very like my grandmother. I dare say Maberley came here to-day to ask Sam to intercede for him with his wife."

Paul might have pursued the subject still further, though his friend did not seem particularly interested in it, as he stood leaning against the desk, spearing it with a pen-knife and looking the picture of handsome indolence; but at this juncture there occurred a general exclamation on the part of the pupils.

"Mills! old Mills is coming! Let's shy some water over him!" which practical joke would incontinently have been carried into effect, as the intended victim mounted the stairs, but for the interference of Sabin seconded by Paul Gower.

Mills taught drawing in water-colors, at a shilling a lesson, to such young gentlemen as chose to pay him that very moderate price. He had no great skill with his penell; what he possessed being of an old-fashioned order, based on the style of a deceased brother whose performances still brought good prices to the picture-dealers. Upon the reputation of this artist, "the great John Mills," as his survivor delighted to call him, the poor drawing-master principally depended for pupils. In Mr. Bligh's office he had two (besides Paul Gower) who amused themselves at his expense more than they profited by his instruction.

His appearance was the signal for a raking fire of "chaff," having endured rather than encountered which, he shook hands with Richard Sabin, taking off a very old pair of black gloves to do so.

"Anything new at home, Mills?" Inquired

the artist, who did not live at his father's house in Newman Street, whereas Mills spent the better part of his time there; being, indeed, the general friend, factotum, and follower of the Sabin family.

"N—nothing particular, sir. Y—yes there is, though. Mr. Franklin has come up from the country, with another gentleman."

"Harry Franklin, eh? Who's the other?—not his father?"

"I didn't quite catch the name, but it w—wasn't your uncle—a middle aged person, I-like a countryman. Your father was out, so I left them t-talking with the young ladies."

"Well, I'll go and see. By Jove!" and Sabin turned to Paul—"I know what Harry's come up about, and if I'm not mistaken we'll all go to America together."

"I hope we may. I shouldn't wonder, either; for his letters, of late, have been full of emigration. You know we correspond with one another."

"Won't you throw Mills over for the present, and come along with me? I was going up the river in a boat and meant to ask you. We'll take Harry, hear what he's got to say, and have a jolly afternoon of it."

Paul would have liked to accept the invitation, though less on account of the jolly afternoon, or Harry, than the chance of seeing Kate Sabin. He had, almost as a matter of course, repeated his last night's behavior and sudden departure from the garden at Kennington, and yearned for a reconciliation with his mistress, which would leave him a more complete slave to her than before. He also longed to tell her of the great news from America; how his father had written for him, and it was all but certain that he would accompany her brother Richard in his much-talked-of voyage to New York—when he carried out his intention. But though Mr. Bligh's office was, as we have seen, and as Mrs. Gower surmised, a very free-and-easy place, where the young gentlemen could get holidays almost when they liked, work *was* done in it, and Paul happened to be busy. Mills, too (whose face had assumed a feeble expression of surprise at the allusions of mutual emigration), was telegraphing at him with an air of the most conspicuous secrecy, as if he had something vastly important to communicate, in private. So Paul declined his friend's proposal, and Sabin, after interchanging a few remarks with the other pupils, sauntered away.

Then Mills unbosomed himself of what he had to relate; namely, the arrival of Mr. Jesse B. Wheeler at Kennington, in search of Paul, after the flight of the latter, and what had transpired thereupon. It was not much, though the poor drawing-master took some time in telling it. The American, inquiring for Paul, had been referred to Miss Sabin, Frank, and the narrator, when he briefly informed them of his recent visit to the house near the Hampstead Road, its object, and his desire to see the son of his friend, regretting that young man's departure and his own exigency of travel, which would, at least, postpone the accomplishment of his wish: on his return from the continent he hoped to be more fortunate. That was all—only as it appeared that Mr. Wheeler knew, or had once known something of Tom Sabin—the brother who had gone to the United States over so long ago—he was earnestly (and Mills might have added, coquettishly) entreated by Kate to oblige the family at Newman Street with a visit; and had promised so to do, conditional with his future convenience. Paul had heard as much and more, pertinent to his own affairs, at home already.

He was naturally disappointed, for his curiosity had been greatly excited, and though the alleged reason—Mr. Wheeler's promise to his father—fully accounted for his following him to Kennington, Paul could not help suspecting that he might have missed some undivulged communication. It was abominably provoking. Why had he been so unlucky, or so stupid, as to quit the garden?

But all his cross-questioning could elicit nothing further from Mills on the subject. That humble friend, indeed, presently supplied him with a reason for regretting his hasty departure, by informing him that Miss Sabin, on being joked about it, had publicly professed her entire indifference; in proof of which she had danced five times consecutively with Mr. Milfin, and exhibited even more than her usual liveliness and gayety throughout the evening.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SHABBY GENTEEL FAMILY.

Everybody knows that there are people whose characteristics are less individual than conspicuous: they have dispositions and proclivities so much in common with their kindred that to allude to them is to provoke an inevitable "Just like the Browns." Such a family resemblance was observable in the house of Sabin; various members of which have more or less to do with this history and cannot be adequately described independent of each other: wherefore propose forthwith to introduce them collectively to the reader.

Old John Sabin, its head and chief, was one of those easy-natured, improvident, kindly, un-

wise men, who, starting from any position in life, are pretty sure to pursue it on an inclined plane downwards; who never can keep money, though they can earn it; who commonly live from hand to mouth, bring up a large family anyhow, and, dying, leave their children penniless; yet are always remembered with affection and regret rarely accorded to wiser parents. He had begun prosperously as steward to a wealthy nobleman of his native county, but his incurable good-nature and a certain wrong-headed philanthropy, which impelled him to champion the interests of the tenants against those of their landlord, lost him this place and a fine salary just when his rapidly-increasing family made it most desirable for him to retain them. Then he tried other things, with every variety of want of success, until, utilizing a talent he had cultivated as an amateur, he turned painter and picture-restorer, getting a better living than might have been expected. But he was always poor, and always likely to be so; he loved company and brandy-and-water, and never could learn to take thought for the morrow: when he had a sovereign or a shilling anybody was welcome to borrow or share it. He would get delightfully merry at the taverns in the vicinity of Newman Street (where he was as well-known as his juniors; rakish young artists, who drank and smoked more than they sketched or studied, and regarded him with feelings akin to affectionate adoration. Or he would loiter over his easel for hours together, listening to the lads' talk and jokes, and laughing, like a boy amongst boys, until his jolly double chin wagged again. The heartiest, kindest, most genial of old boys, possessing an immense zest for the plausible side of life, and an especial liking for young people—who returned it, as they always do, with interest—his approbative and social qualities were so much in excess of his worldly wisdom that it might be doubted whether he had any. Almost he lacked common prudence. He was fatally popular, everybody liked but nobody respected him. I question if a more lovable man ever existed; or if a thoroughly hard and selfish one might not have proved a better husband and father.

His disposition was so cheerful, that reverses only depressed him momentarily, and so amiable that his very creditors could not be harsh with him. When he came home tipsy, Mrs. Sabin generally broke down in her attempts at scolding; he would mock her anger with burlesque penitence, or caricature it until he made her laugh at, if not with, him. There was no resisting him, she said. Once, chiefly at her solicitation, he signed the pledge of total abstinence from all kinds of intoxicating liquors for six months (by way of experiment), and even took the chair at a temperance-meeting with great effect; but nothing came of it beyond the loss of ten pounds borrowed from him by a rascally lecturer, who abused a good cause to his own selfish ends, and accelerated John Sabin's relapse into his former habits. He was constitutionally incorrigible.

It was no laughing matter, however, for the poor wife. Originally a kind, cordial soul, who had become querulous and taken to Calvinistic-Methodism, she had striven awhile and then succumbed to circumstances. She knew that her husband's abilities might have kept the family in comparative comfort and out of debt, whereas it lived but from day to day, in the shiftiest manner, and sometimes experienced a pecuniary crisis only to be got over by application in a quarter which I shall mention directly; she felt that her children had hardly turned out satisfactorily; but what could she do, lacking sufficient force of character to supply the want of it in John Sabin? So the boys and girls had grown up after their natural bias, unchecked by parental restraint and almost untrained, exhibiting in various degrees one of those strong family likenesses in disposition and character already alluded to.

This was especially the case with the sons; they were all more or less good-looking and—with one exception—careless, improvident, and self-indulgent. The daughters had developed less unfavorably. Women are naturally better than men, besides their opportunities for evil are comparatively limited. A girl bred up in an English family of average morality must be very perverse, or foolish, or artful, or all three, to get into any kind of serious mischief. Now the Sabin, though lax in discipline, always had an uncommonly good opinion of themselves; which conceit, for want of a better restraining principle, operated beneficially—not but what the eldest daughter had experienced a very narrow escape, as will transpire presently. Let me speak of both sons and daughters in their natural order of sequence.

[To be continued.]

A minister once told Wendell Phillips that, if his business in life was to save the negroes, he ought to go South where they were, and do it. "That is worth thinking of," replied Phillips. "And what is your business in life?" "To save men from hell," replied the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business," rejoined Phillips.

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

N. B.—Brief and pithy extracts for this column will be gratefully received. Please send marked copies.

THE PENALTY FOR MURDER.—The Holy Bible is not only a guide-book for salvation, and a history of God's dealings with man, but is also a code of laws. These laws are explicit and practical, and are the true basis for human jurisprudence. Among these statutes stands conspicuous the one relative to the crime of murder. It was given to Noah at his departure from the ark, when the world was about to be re-peopled anew. In connection with the command to be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth with inhabitants, a solemn interdiction was laid upon the taking of life, and to prevent it this law was enacted: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." This law binds every son of Noah, and is as authoritative as the Bible itself. The early settlers of this country observed it sacredly; but of late years it has fallen into neglect.

In the Tombs there are at this moment twenty-two men confined on the charge of murder, and it is said that there is not one of them who does not expect an acquittal. Our citizens are becoming alarmed; life is becoming unsafe. What is to be done? We must go back to the Old Book whose injunctions we have disobeyed, and must put every wilful murderer to death. Our humanitarian doctrines will not stand. The fiery tempers of the human heart are too strong for them. We do not exhort a return to the Bible principle; we must return to it, or New York will become uninhabitable.—N. Y. Union Advocate.

INSURE YOUR SOUL.—The matter of insurance has assumed a prime importance in the minds of all business men during the last few weeks. The standing of the companies in which policies are secured will be scrutinized as never before. Merchants feel the importance of really obtaining the insurance for which they pay their annual premiums. They will cheerfully devote larger sums to this object if they can feel a sense of repose as to the abilities of the underwriters who take their risks. The only criticism that has been made upon the course of the firms that have been unable, on account of the fire, to meet their engagements in full, is that they were not adequately insured. Over a million, in some instances, have been risked with only insurance upon one-third of it.

It is impossible to escape the moral of this perilous lesson. It is not impertinence, even in this hour of sore temporal distress, kindly and earnestly to inquire in reference to the provision which our readers have made for the certain and solemn realities just before them. What is their assurance in view of the positive contingency of death, but a short space in advance of them? Have they lately examined their policies? Is the whole risk positively covered? Is the Divine seal stamped upon the spiritual record?—Zion's Herald.

WHAT BECAME OF HIM?—At another time, an infidel collier came to laugh at him. But God's word, "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," received a terrible illustration in this man. On Monday, when he went to his work, he said he had heard Weaver say that before next Saturday night some one there would be dead, and if not in Christ would be damned. He said he would take notice, and, if there was no one dead, he would go and tell Weaver that he was a liar. The man to whom he spoke said it might be himself; but he replied, "No danger: I shall live to be an old man." He died that day.—Good Words.

CAUSE AND EFFECT?—Another terrible instance of the danger of delay occurred at the same time. A working-man in Liverpool came to the meetings at Brunswick Hall, and a Christian man pressed him to decide for the Lord. He said, "I'll come again." On the Saturday following, his master, who was a believer, said, "Now I hope you'll decide to be on the Lord's side." "Not to-day," said he; "I'm going to Brunswick Hall to-morrow night, and I shall decide then." He received his money and went away. When he got home he opened the door, and with his hand yet on the latch he fell forward into his own house, dead.—Good Words.

REVIVALS.—And revivals are especially needed, that sinners may be converted and saved. This is a matter of amazing interest. They should be saved now. Their services are needed in Zion. And if not brought to Christ, they must perish forever.—Morning Star (Dec. 18, 1872).

BOWING TO JESUS.—Bring men face to face with the Savior, and impress them that history, the age and reason, as well as the Bible and the Church, demand an answer to the question, "What think ye of Christ?" and, unless they struggle conscience, they must bow at the throne of Jesus.—Gospel Echo.

"You sit as God, holding no form of creed," I overheard a lady say to a gentleman with whom she was conversing earnestly in the cars.

"No; I sit as man, believing what is, doing what is to do, ready to learn the truth, but not willing to shout Eureka! and shut my eyes to all that may follow. I cannot comprehend the merit there is in professing a blind faith, or asserting that 'what I believe to-day I shall always believe'—in other words, assert the infallibility of myself or my teachers, or both; for alas! I have proven these teachers and myself to be so fallible!"—Rural New Yorker.

Even the great reformer, Dr. Martin Luther, was so unable to comprehend the new discovery [Copernican] that he came forward as a bitter opponent of Copernicus, and expresses himself with regard to him as follows in his "Table-Talk": "The fool wishes to upset the whole art of Astronomy. But, as Holy Scripture shows, Joshua commanded the sun and not the earth to stand still."—Büchner.

Jedediah Burchard, once preaching a revival sermon, was interrupted by the entrance of Aaron Burr. "Here comes one," said the revivalist, "against whom I, even, will testify in the Day of Judgment." "Yes, sir," said Burr, "In fifty years of criminal practice I have always found the greatest rascal turn State's evidence."

A YOUNG ECONOMIST.—A couple of householders of moderate means were one day discussing the high price of coal, and calculating the cost of keeping up their two fires.

"Father!" said a little boy who sat near, "if it costs so much to keep up two fires, how much it must cost to keep up the fires of hell!"

LOCAL NOTICES.

FIRST INDEPENDENT SOCIETY.—The regular meetings of this Society are held at OGDON HALL, St. Clair Street, on Sunday evenings, at 7½ o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

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SHARES EACH \$100.

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The Index.

FEBRUARY 15, 1878.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonise it with the Bible. It recognises no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilised world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features, and offers an opportunity for discussions on this subject which find no fitting place in other papers.

The columns of THE INDEX are open for the discussion of all questions included under its general purpose.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Please send all matter intended for any particular issue of THE INDEX at least a fortnight in advance of date. We shall be very greatly obliged by attention to this request.

"BETWEEN TWO HAY-STACKS."

After the first prospectus of THE INDEX had been issued in November, 1869, we were apprised of the existence of another paper of the same name, published in Milwaukee,—the advocate of a peculiarly ranting species of Evangelicism. This sheet, probably displeased with the new associations that began to gather about its name, some months ago changed it to "The Christian Statesman." But it has only jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. This newly adopted name belonged already to the Philadelphia paper which is so zealously, and we must add ably, devoted to the cause of the proposed Christian Amendment to the United States Constitution. So far, however, is the Milwaukee paper from sympathizing with this project, that it devotes the chief article of its issue for January 8th to making a few pointed suggestions to the legislature of Wisconsin, now in session; especially "to abolish the law exempting the property of religious and certain other societies from taxation," and "to put an effectual stop to the evil practice of appropriating public money to institutions over which the State does not possess entire control" (with special reference to Catholic institutions). Would it not now be a good plan for our Milwaukee contemporary to change its name back again to the old one, and thus express its evident approbation of the "Demands of Liberalism"?

Seriously, we are very glad to see any journal urging in good earnest the taxation of Church property, and the abolition of all other relics of Church-and-State amalgamation. There are a great many Protestants whose Christianity is a great deal nearer to Free Religion than it is to Roman Catholicism, which are the only positions logically tenable on Church-and-State issues. If this were not the fact, we should have little hope of seeing the final accomplishment of the purification of our government from all ecclesiasticism. Let these issues be made plain, and the thorough-going liberals will be joined by a great host of allies. Protestantism will by and by divide itself between "Rome and Reason" politically, as it is already doing theologically. The Christianizers are headed directly towards the Pope, while the reluctant Evangelicals are headed directly towards the Liberal League. Let the question once come to its decision, and the scales will fall from millions of eyes. It will then suddenly become evident that America is too far gone in free thought to continue much longer her adhesion to a dying religion. Her innermost faith is of the future, not of the past.

CULTURE AND ORTHODOXY.

Does free religion promote a higher and finer mental growth than Orthodoxy? I sincerely believe it does. Liberty is the condition of progress. The partisan can never learn the truth. He only who is free, who puts away all prejudice, who vows to follow truth at all hazards to present convictions,—only he grows really wise with time and thought and study. A truly liberal education can be attained but by a truly liberal mind. Those of our young men and women who by any means or from any motive are induced to "join the Church," and to abide continuously by its doctrines, are really trapped into a sort of intellectual nunnery and led to take the veil which blinds their mental sight. Let us hope that they will all sometime and somehow escape! And, in the meantime, let us who are outside assist to hasten their deliverance by every fair argument and kind persuasion, bringing truth and love to the rescue, and gradually levelling the walls which now so closely and so sadly immure them.

In connection with the foregoing, I offer the following extract from a letter in reply to one from a mother asking counsel from the writer of this to her son, in the matter of pursuing a course of reading. The inducement for printing it here is the same as that which prompted it to be written in the first instance—the hope that it may suggest something profitable to consider.

"You ask me to suggest a course of reading for —. For several reasons, this is a difficult thing to do, though I should be very glad to do it, or to help him to select his own course. But I fear, would hardly be interested in what I should propose, albeit I would not propose anything partisan or narrow. Culture—self-culture—with him ought not to be the work of one or two years, but the work of a life-time; he ought to be willing it should be the work of a life-time. But, to be candid, I must say that any one who is determinedly Orthodox, Evangelical, cannot be cultured in any broad, thorough, large sense. This might seem to — narrow and partisan in me to say; but I say it simply because I believe it and know it to be true. The acceptance of the popular, prevalent Orthodox doctrines prejudices one necessarily against much of the very finest, choicest, and best literature of the world. The noblest, ablest thought of all ages is un-Orthodox, un-Evangelical, and leads the mind in a direction right away from what is considered by the Church sound doctrine. This explains why all, or nearly all, the best cultured people—the most thoughtful, the most studious, the most extensively read—are liberal or radical. I am willing you should tell — what I say; because I say it in true love to him, and with the deepest interest in his welfare. His own minister (Baptist though he is) told me himself, that he had never been able to reconcile Orthodox doctrines with the best literature of the world; with the freest, most thorough enlightenment he had been able to obtain from books and thoughtful study. Just so far as men and women are thoroughly intelligent, truly enlightened, they cease to be Orthodox. — cannot take hold of the best books in any department of literature, without coming at once into the midst of thickest heresies. He knows himself, and does not need to have me tell him, that all the classics are non-Christian—they know nothing of 'Christ and him crucified.' The finest books of philosophy are heretical, so far as doctrinal Christianity is concerned. Des Cartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, even Hegel—none of these are 'sound'; if he should follow out their logic, it would lead him away from Orthodoxy. So in history. Hum, Gibbon, Buckle, Prescott, Froude—they and many other of our very best historians are dangerous reading for any one who means to be true to the Church. Most of the finest poetry is also saturated with the spirit of free thought. He cannot find a finer poem, in many respects, a hundred years old, than Lessing's 'Nathan The Wise'; yet if he reads it and admires it, his Orthodoxy is in danger. So too, if he reads Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, and our modern poets. No more can he read the great essayists without having his belief in Evangelicism confounded. No young man ought to consider himself cultured until he has read and re-read Carlyle and Emerson; but both of these are slayers of Orthodox convictions. As to scientific books,—they are openly, necessarily, inevitably opposed to all the prominent Evangelical notions, cutting them up root and branch. Nobody can be scientific and Orthodox at the same time.

In view of all these facts—and facts they are indisputably—how can I advise — as to a good course of reading, without putting into his hands the very knife with which he will cut the throat of his Orthodox faith? I love him, for your sake and for his own, and would be glad to serve him; but I cannot help him in this way

without frankly telling him that I should be leading him away from all the great Church doctrines he now hugs to his heart. I tell him plainly, sincerely, kindly, that he cannot take up any wide, thorough course of study, without making up his mind that, in following the leadings of the truth as it shall gradually dawn upon him, he will if necessary (and it will be necessary) break with and give up the old Orthodox notions. The best minds of the world have shaken or are shaking them off; the best thought of the world, as expressed in every department of literature, is marching steadily in the opposite direction. Let — ponder on what I say; for, I repeat it again, I say it as his real and true friend."

A. W. S.

"NO RELIGIOUS PREFERENCES."

I often think that our religious radicals underestimate the work they are doing, and the amount of latent radicalism in the community at large. They test their own strength by the number who attend some radical meeting on Sunday; whereas the census should really include those who do not go to meeting at all. Nor should we estimate the progress of liberal thought by the number who belong to any political or religious or irreligious association, but by the number who simply say, when asked, that they have no religious preferences at all.

For instance, there has just appeared in Maine a pamphlet describing and classifying the members of the legislature of that State. The religious statistics are as follows:—

In the Senate: no religious preferences, 6; Universalist, 6; Congregationalist, 5; Free Baptist, 4; Baptist, 2; Liberal, 2; Unitarian, 1; Methodist, 1; Orthodox, 1; Episcopal, 1. Total, 29.

In the House: no religious preferences, 30; Congregationalist, 29; Universalist, 17; Free Baptist, 13; Methodist, 12; Liberal, 8; Unitarian, 7; Roman Catholic, 2; Episcopalian, 1; Orthodox, 1; Christian, 1; Spiritualist, 1. Total, 139.

Now when we consider under how strong a pressure every public man is put, to declare himself a member of some powerful sect, and how little such avowal costs; when we consider that the sects which most largely prevail in the State of Maine (as seen in this table) are of a comparatively mild type, and not very exacting,—it is certainly remarkable that, even under these circumstances, so many should disclaim all sectarian connection, and the largest following should be under the banner of "no religious preferences."

Of course it is not to be claimed that all those who thus reported themselves have left the Church as distinctly as if they had called themselves "Liberal." Some have possibly revolted from the Church altogether, others from the churches (in the plural form); while others only wish to be tolerant of all or popular with all. Nevertheless, the fact is clear, that they refused to be counted as belonging to any sect; and I confess that this is, to my mind, interesting and important.

Let us therefore carry the analysis a little farther, as follows; including the whole Legislature, both Senate and House:—

1.—"No religious preferences" (including "Liberals" and Spiritualists).....	67
2.—Progressive sects (Universalists and Unitarians).....	31
3.—Conservative Protestant sects (including the "Christian").....	38
4.—Roman Catholics.....	2
	138

It will be seen that the conservative Protestant sects have, as such, barely a working majority in the Maine Legislature. They not only check each other, but they are held in check by the rest, including the great body who have "no religious preferences." It is also to be remembered that many of those classed as Congregationalists, Baptists, &c., are really more liberal than many classed with the more progressive sects; just as Henry Ward Beecher is more truly liberal than Dr. Bellows or Dr. Miner. From all this it is evident, that religious freedom—at least, up to the present point—is likely to be tolerably safe in the State of Maine, under this Legislature, or indeed under any of its successors. For as these men were chosen without reference to any theological issue, they represent with some fairness what future Legislatures are likely to be.

There is another moral to be drawn; namely

that it is best for a man to stand by his colors, and define himself as he is. The whole liberal body is the stronger, throughout America, for every one of those Maine men who had the courage to put himself down as a "Liberal," or a Spiritualist, or even as a man without religious preferences, in that Legislature. It would have been so easy for each one to class himself as a Baptist, because his wife had lately been baptized,—or a Congregationalist, because he still paid taxes on the family pew! But these statistics, as they stand, confirm the belief which I for one have long held, that the popular religious organization is coming to be as much a shell as the Southern Confederacy turned out to be; and that what it chiefly needs, everywhere, is a Sherman to ride straight through it.

T. W. H.

BEECHER ON ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

I have received a letter from a Methodist clergyman, who thinks that in my discourse on "The Doctrine of Hell and Modern Orthodoxy" (printed in THE INDEX of November 30), I have done great injustice to Henry Ward Beecher, by representing him as heretical on the doctrine of everlasting punishment. What I said was this: After speaking of Mrs. Stowe as having openly proclaimed war upon the belief in everlasting punishment, I said that Mr. Beecher "stands no whit behind her in tacitly, if not openly, teaching the same heresy."

It is so difficult to pin Mr. Beecher to any theological statement that it would, perhaps, have been more discreet, if I had left the reference to him as it was originally written and spoken, which was that he "hardly falls behind." Instead of that he "stands no whit behind." But while looking over the manuscript for the press, some recent very vigorous utterances of Beecher against the doctrine of Election, in connection with eternal retribution, were so ringing in my ears that what I had written of him seemed tame, and I made the slight change of phraseology, because for the time the stronger language seemed more truly to indicate his position. But my correspondent refers me to a passage in one of Mr. Beecher's sermons, in which, as he thinks, Mr. Beecher clearly affirms his belief in the doctrine in question, and on the authority of the teachings of Jesus. The passage is in the sermon on Future Punishment, in the fifth volume of Mr. Beecher's published discourses. The first part of the sermon is devoted to showing the very changes that have in late years been taking place in Orthodox sentiment concerning this doctrine to which I referred in my discourse, and to a summary of various beliefs which are held about a future state without any attempt either to affirm or refute them. It is easy, however, to see that Mr. Beecher would allow the fullest freedom of thought on the subject, and that his sympathies incline to the milder views which he has delineated. He in fact says so. But then he comes to a statement of the doctrine as it is contained in the words of Jesus, and closes the statement with the following passages:—

"There is the plain simple statement of Jesus Christ. I cannot get around that, nor get over it. There it is. I have nothing to say. I cannot fathom the matter. A child can ask me questions that I cannot answer. I find my soul aching. As it were drops of blood flow for tears. But, after all, I do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. And I do not believe he would deceive me, nor deceive you. And if you ask me for the reason for the faith that is in me, I simply say this:—'Jesus says so'—that is all."

This passage, after my attention was called to it, I remembered to have seen when first printed, though it had slipped from my mind. I am very ready however to bring it to the notice of all who read my discourse, and to ask them to let it modify my declaration concerning Beecher as much as they think it ought to do it. But, for myself, even if the passage had been in my mind, I think it would not have much affected my opinion of Mr. Beecher's position on this doctrine. For what is the purport of the passage, especially when read in connection with the whole sermon, but this,—that Mr. Beecher himself, appealing to arguments furnished by his own reason and heart, would not believe in eternal punishment. He only accepts it, because "Jesus says so," without attempting either to fathom the

doctrine or to vindicate it. We do not here, then, have the authority of Beecher for the doctrine, but that of Jesus. It is plain that Beecher, were he free from the authority of Jesus, would deny the doctrine.

Nor does Mr. Beecher, even on the authority of Jesus, think it important to preach the doctrine of everlasting punishment as a very vital part of his faith. He is too much in the habit of composing sermons out of material furnished by his own observation, experience, and thought, to find much time for a doctrine which rests with him solely on the authority of the New Testament, and which his own reason and heart, acting freely, would not endorse. My correspondent admits that "he does not make much use of the doctrine," and Mr. Beecher says of himself, in the discourse under notice, that he preaches most from the doctrine of God's love, and does not know "what the scope of that love is, nor where it would logically lead." But he is sure that love must be supreme, and "must bring everything right in the end." He therefore preaches, he says, "without qualification, and almost without limitation, on that side;" and whenever he feels called upon to preach the other side, he confesses he is like a surgeon, undertaking a most painful duty, and that "it makes his heart sick to do it." So much, indeed, does Mr. Beecher emphasize the love of God and the disciplinary and remedial nature of all retributive pain, that impartial readers or hearers of his sermons would agree, I think, that the general tenor of his preaching is rather against the doctrine of eternal punishment than for it. Nor am I sure, even after reading this sermon on Future Punishment, that he might not explain the teaching of Jesus as many Unitarians do, by giving them a rhetorical rather than a dogmatical construction. It is noticeable that in his account of what Jesus preached on this subject, Mr. Beecher does not use the word "everlasting" to indicate the main point in his teaching. The stress is put on the *terribleness* of the future danger to be escaped from, not on its *duration*. But whatever Beecher might add in explanation of this point, it is, at least, certain that he does not regard the belief in the doctrine of eternal punishment as a very essential belief, and that he would by no means limit ecclesiastical fellowship by it. And this is sufficient for the argument of that part of my discourse where reference was made to him, the reference being simply for the purpose of showing the change that is going on in the midst of Orthodoxy in respect to this doctrine.

Another fact has lately come under my notice indicating the same thing. In a Massachusetts city with which I am well acquainted there are three Orthodox Congregational Societies. One of them has been regarded as specially upholding a very strict type of Orthodoxy. This Church has recently settled a new minister. The candidate, on his examination before the ordaining council, expressed his conviction that there would be another probation after this life. Yet the Council voted to assent to his ordination and the society accepted him. Mr. Beecher was not one of this council, nor was this precisely a question of *everlasting* retribution; but it was a kindred heresy, and no one can doubt on which side he would have voted, had he been present. For has he not, within a few months, most vigorously urged a contribution in his society in behalf of the minister whom a council declined to ordain in North Adams, because he could not believe in eternal punishment, but who has found a poor Church in the West that wants to hear him? On the whole, then, I conclude that Mr. Beecher himself would not think that any serious injustice had been done him, by representing him as *tacitly* if not *openly* throwing the weight of his teaching against the doctrine of an *eternal* hell.

W. J. P.

Experience seldom teaches any one but him who has had it. Wisdom is not bought by proxy.

Thackeray said that his parents were rich, but respectable.

Marvin says, "Do not fear to be singular and do not aim to be odd."

SALVATION FREE.

It must be that we have just awakened from a Rip Van Winkle sleep. We have been rubbing our eyes and trying to recall the past,—and have partly succeeded. We have a distinct remembrance that the *Independent* was once an Orthodox weekly, and that Orthodox Christians did not believe in universal salvation. We are sure of this; as positive as we are that our dog's name was 'Schneider. But yesterday a gust of wind blew a stray copy of the *Independent* into our face, and for the first time awakened us to the fact, that that paper, which was once the organ, exponent, and defender of Orthodoxy, is now preaching universalism, the salvation of all souls through Christ Jesus. The heresy we refer to may be found in the issue of December 28, in the Christmas editorial. No wonder the pope put this paper on the "Index Expurgatorius;" but where are our good old Protestant inquisitors? Of course the writer makes a thrust at "modern infidelity;" but he wouldn't hurt any one for all the world! He would beg pardon if his rapier should chance to draw blood. See how he does it:—

"The delism of the day is, much of it, very cowardly. Ashamed to stand on its own merits, it cloaks itself with a name that has gained renown. We admire the courage of Francis E. Abbot, of Toledo, who says, 'I do not acknowledge Jesus or any other man as my master; and therefore I renounce the name Christian.' It is not in odium that we reclaim the name of Christian from those who have no right to it. Many of them we respect. They may be loved and noble men. They may not see as we see [parenthetical induction!]. What brings conviction to us does not, perhaps (for we will not judge) cannot, bring conviction to them. We believe that salvation came through Christ, and it may be (for we would not dogmatize nor limit God) that he may save through the cross those who honestly seek after God, even though, for some reason, they could not see him in Christ; even as other pre-Christian worthies—Abraham and David, Socrates and Plato—in the same way found life through their faith in that God who is recognized in the very name of delism."

The italics are ours. If this is not very near old-fashioned Universalism, then we are blind to distinctions. If Socrates and Plato may be saved in the name of delism, and *all* may be saved who "honestly seek after God," though "they may not see as we see,"—then, pray, who is not going to be saved?

Would it not be well for the editor of the *Independent* to imitate what he so much admires in the editor of THE INDEX? If "courage" demands that all renounce the name Christian who do not acknowledge Jesus as master, as the *Independent* thinks, does not the same courage demand that any man who believes that "all may be saved who honestly seek after God, though they may not see as he sees," shall renounce the name "Orthodox"? No doubt some of the delism of the day is very cowardly, as this Orthodox editor says; but neither is there any doubt that some of the Orthodoxy of the day is very cowardly. It also cloaks a new faith in "a name that has gained renown." We heartily rejoice to see that the editor of the *Independent* is so much of a Universalist; but would he not exhibit a little more courage, if not honesty, if he would do what Mr. Abbot does—boldly renounce what he is presumed to believe but does not?

Or, may we be mistaken, after all? While we have slept, the old *Independent* perhaps has sold out to the Universalists, and Bowen has given place to Ballou! Certainly if this is modern Orthodoxy, we have drifted far from the days of Edwards, who wrote on the "Punishment of the wicked," and "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," and who preached that "God holds sinners in his hands over the mouth of hell as so many spiders;" and from another writer who assures us that "the damned are packed like brick in a kiln, so bound that they cannot move a limb nor even an eyelid, and God shall blow the fires of hell through them forever and ever." We do still find occasionally some man—like Spurgeon—who still preaches literal damnation in a literal hell; but except revival preachers we are happy to believe that such teachers are rare. The modern Orthodox hell seems to be shut up, and the tide of emigration

has set in the other direction. Apparently the Independent thinks that heaven and hell are about what good old Father Taylor thought. "I tell you," said he, "they are so near together that myriads of souls to-day don't know which they are in." Such a hell is not a very bad place to go to; it is simply a place of "eternal uneasiness," as one kind-hearted preacher described its torments.

The fact of it is that, with most of the modern Orthodox, there is no hell to speak of, and "salvation's free," as their song says. We think a little more courage would lead many of them—editors and preachers and people—from free salvation to free religion. W. H. S.

LONDON LETTER.

ECCLIASTICAL LAW SUITS—WHAT THEY SETTLE OR UNSETTLE—DR. TEMPLE, THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Sir,—I do not know what amount of religious pugnacity may prevail in America, but you can hardly have more than we have now in Great Britain. By a pleasing fiction it is supposed that an ecclesiastical law suit, though very expensive, has the beneficial result of settling some vexed question and restoring peace. There never was a greater delusion. Every fresh decision leads to further animosity, and the Privy Council has barely time to pronounce a judgment before some new appeal is laid at its door.

The Gorham case was followed by an abortive action against Archdeacon Denison, who got out of his trouble by a fluke. The *Essays and Reviews* case was followed by a series of attacks on Bishop Colenso, which however never reached the desired end—the trial of his opinions. Then came a more successful attack upon myself, which instead of silencing rationalism had the effect of bringing out into greater distinctness the heretical utterances of certain clergy whom I have left still safe and snug in their benefices. One of them rose in his pulpit the Sunday after my condemnation, and the gist of his sermon was this: "I quite agree with Voysey, but I mean to stay where I am. Come and turn me out if you like." Soon after this event, which has done a world of good, there followed two judgments on Purohas and Bennett, the latter giving a decided triumph to the ritualists.

Now mark what follows. The ritualists are now going in for a prosecution of the Evangelists. Emboldened by the Bennett judgment, and reckoning on the aid of Sir Robert Phillimore in the Privy Council, the sacerdotal and sacramentarian party are about to indict the Rev. Geo. Porter, vicar of St. Leonard, Exeter, on a charge of heresy. Mr. Porter is no rabid Protestant, nor extreme Calvinist; but he has a wholesome horror of priestcraft with its confessional, and other abominations. He has also a healthy contempt for the jugglery and incantations by which the sacerdotalists *hocus* the people and beguile many silly women. He therefore preached a sermon on "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," denouncing the mystical character of the rite, and showing that it was only and purely commemorative. This of course he might have done on rational grounds; but in a moment of inspiration, he seized upon the idea of doing his work in the exact method laid down as his rule by the laws of the Church of England. Instead of mere common sense, he used the Bible as his weapon. He drew all his arguments from Scripture and antiquity, thus satisfying the claims of his position, and turning his adversaries' weapons against themselves.

Considering the issue now in prospect, Mr. Porter is to be congratulated upon his selection of method and upon the fact that he is, consequently, almost certain to be acquitted. I wonder when the bishops and privy councillors will acknowledge what they surely must have seen already; namely, that in such disputes, both parties are right. The Bible and the prayer-book are very counterparts of each other in the matter of heterogeneous and contradictory doctrines. The ritualist and the Evangelical alike can find ample support for their respective views. If in one place it is most clearly written that the "Lord's Supper" is simply a commemorative

rite, in another place it is as clearly written down as a piece of magic. It is only a question of a little more or a little less weight on one side or the other. Then again, if the Bible be considerably on Mr. Porter's side, which no doubt it is, he can be knocked over by the prayer-book; and if his adversaries can be repelled by the Articles, they can have at him again with the Service and the Rubrics.

It is very encouraging to know that the laity in and around Exeter strongly support Mr. Porter, and that his congregation has considerably increased since the attacks made upon him by the ritualists. The *Daily Western Times*—a very able paper—has twice given his sermon in its columns *verbatim*.

In the midst of the row there appears a curious but indispensable figure—the fugitive Dr. Temple, Bishop of Exeter. This noble man, after withdrawing his harmless essay from the companionship of the other valuable *Essays and Reviews*, in consequence of the indignities to which it exposed him in convocation and elsewhere, goes like a penitent to the Upper House and asks the dear bishops to forgive him this time and he will never do it again!

This bishop, of course, is applied to for the legal permission to institute proceedings against Mr. Porter, and instantly consents. I do not wonder. The bishop cannot be blamed for the act itself; but I do wonder that he had not a word of good counsel to offer the belligerents; that he did not say, as he might have done with much episcopal grace: "Sirs, ye are brethren, why do ye wrong one to another?" No; all he said was to this effect, though not in these words: "You may go to law if you please, but I'll back Porter to win."

There is another pretty quarrel in the North, in the Presbytery of Dundee; but I must defer that subject till my next letter.

I am, sir, very sincerely yours.

CHARLES VOYSEY.

CAMDEN HOUSE,
DULWICH, S. E., Jan. 15, 1873.

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

CONSISTENCY IN LITTLE THINGS is a rare jewel. So one is glad when it appears, and likes to speak of it. Cambridge divinity students want to "preach the gospel" as often as may be during the entire term of their study, and re-enforce their "petition" with letters from distinguished clergymen. Mr. Wm. J. Potter's response approves the "subject matter" of the petition, but states that he "cannot sign the paper, because I cannot, without some mental reservation, call myself a minister of the gospel." One need not go out of his way to proclaim what he can or cannot do; but when opportunities come up *pat*, like this one, it is a real service the outspoken word performs.

BOSTON HAS A "LIBERAL LEAGUE," the organization of which I suppose will be duly reported in THE INDEX. As one part of the business of these Leagues will undoubtedly be the circulation of pointed and telling "tracts" (I wish there was a better word), I venture to suggest to those whom it may concern, that C. K. Whipple has at least three different short discussions pertaining to the general subject of Church and State, which would do admirable service. He has a few thousand for gratuitous distribution. He tells me he will forward them to any League, if applied to, asking only a remuneration sufficient to cover the postage. But he *should have more*, that he may be able to continue their publication and supply a large demand.

THE SECOND RADICAL CLUB of this city is having a pleasant and profitable time this winter. There are two meetings each month, which are largely attended. It proposes for itself no work beyond that of essays and conversation. For one, I am quite content with this; for it is *seed-sowing*, or, better, *thought-suggesting*;—and, though our eyes behold not the harvest, my faith in human nature and in the force and power of ideas to mould and shape it assures me that the work so begun is not likely to go amiss. To hasten it beyond its natural, spontaneous growth is practically to abandon it: somewhat else may be accomplished of an outward significance, but surely not, I opine, the liberty of souls.

Think to build a party new,
Freedom's battle fight and win?
Win the battle—win and lose;
Mid the conflict's roar and din,
Freedom real sinks from view;

Ever is the substance spoiled,
Ever is the victor foiled:
Freedom each in peace doth choose.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY, which began with Theodore Parker's ministry in Boston, and which since his death has maintained a rather dubious and doubtful existence,—ever, if we may credit *Zion's Herald*, on the point of dissolution,—is proving at length that it has these many years been neither dead nor asleep. Persistent and patient, it begins now to see its way to a home of its own, and to look forward to a long and useful career. Its new building, to be called the Parker Memorial, is so far advanced that the first floor—which is designed ultimately to furnish rooms for the Parker Fraternity—will be in readiness for the meetings of the society in May. The hall for the society is to be on the second floor, and will seat from 800 to 1,000. In October there is to be a great fair to raise funds. Already the plans are being perfected, and it is expected that this enterprise will prove a great success. When all is accomplished, and the whole building is put in order, then the society will settle a pastor, let will not require him to prepare a weekly discourse. The same plan in operation now will still prevail to some extent, and different speakers will occasionally be engaged. This winter, the society has heard John Weiss (who speaks on the first Sunday in every month), Samuel Johnson, Samuel Longfellow, O. B. Frothingham, William C. Gannett, John W. Chadwick, Rowland Connor, Celia Burleigh, and others. A society that has the wit to choose food of such excellent quality can not be far from the kingdom,—if, indeed, there be any virtue in intellectual and spiritual diet!

TO GET MONEY TO WORK WITH! Ah, many and devious are the ways! Some good people of a certain town in Tennessee wished to repair their grave-yard; and, taking the gauge of their brethren and sisters, to discern what would be most likely to *take*, proposed a grand public dance! How often doth the end well justify the means! In the case of the Boston Y. M. C. A., the means proposed are both novel and pleasing. We are to have a "Bazaar of all Nations," and the proceeds are to pay the debts of the above named Association. At a meeting recently held, the project was discussed and explained. The exhibition will take place in May and continue twenty days. The merchandise to be sold is to be "immense." The following report of the meeting, from a morning paper, conveys something of the idea:—

"After prayer by Mr. Russell Sturgis, Jr., president of the Association, Mr. Franklin W. Smith proceeded to explain at some length the proposed plan. Around the walls of the room were hung designs of the various kinds of architecture which prevail in ten or twelve different nationalities of the world, and which it is proposed to reproduce in Music Hall, on as large and complete a scale as possible. A large canvas, showing how Music Hall, under the proposed plan, would be metamorphosed into a street, with houses of all nations at the sides and end, was displayed in full view of the audience. Mr. Smith, after explaining the various designs, which were executed by Messrs. H. Floyd Faulkner and George R. Clarke, designers, proceeded to show how broad arcades were to run underneath all these specimens of architecture, how appropriate articles of merchandise would be for sale at every point, and how Music Hall seemed almost to have been expressly designed for the 'Bazaar of all nations' which it is proposed there to hold."

Why doesn't some energetic radical "cudgel his brains" and show how we may "raise the wind"? Without much cudgeling some one might propose—might he not?—a very great national — for the illustration and propagation, say, of Darwin's development theory. Couldn't specimen copies of all things and creatures be brought from all the ends of the earth and placed before all eyes in their natural order? All gaps could be filled with the showman's eloquence; and—but I forbear from going beyond this simple hint, which to the wise will I trust be all-sufficient.

WE HAVE NOT HAD Mr. Weiss' Shakspearian lectures in Boston yet, and we are waiting anxiously. Rumor rates them very high. And, thanks to the bit of "persecution" he has received at the hands of the New York Y. M. C. A., their fame has spread, and he is likely to be in demand for the rest of the season.

AND THE LITTLE ROW Laird Collier got up at the Chicago Conference, when Mr. Weiss was reading his "Act of Faith"—I wonder if, indeed, we are drifting into trouble all around! But Collier's performance seems from this distance hardly gentlemanly. The report goes that, being sick and unable to read himself, he invited Weiss to take his place; and then broke in upon his reading, unwilling to sit and listen to such talk! I doubt if that was just the thing for a "Liberal Christian" to do. The damage to Weiss, however, is not reported to be great.

Literary Department.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—All books designed for review in these columns must be addressed to THE INDEX, TOLEDO, OHIO.

GOTT IM LICHT DER NATURWISSENSCHAFTEN. STUDIEN UEBER GOTT, WELT, UNSTERBLICHKEIT. VON PHILIPP SPILLER. (God in the Light of the Natural Sciences. Studies concerning God, the Universe, and Immortality. By Philip Spiller.) Berlin, 1873. 8vo. pp. viii, 120.

The object of this book is stated by the author in the following language:—

"There sits the bereaved wife beside the grave of her husband! Close to him lie the earthly remains of her dear child. Her thoughts are petrified; she is scarcely conscious; all she experiences is feeling; only a single ray of hope animates her, only one consolation lights up the dullness of her eyes—meeting again in the other world! There is a God, a Being who rules the universe and who has planted Love in the heart of Nature. Nature strips off her winter clothing, and all creeping things awake from their torpor and rise up from Mother Earth into newness of life and newness of joy. And Man, the noblest of all terrestrial beings, can it be that with the death of the body he ceases to exist altogether? Impossible. Even the rude troglodytes of primitive ages put into the graves of the dead utensils of stone, weapons, and food, so that at the future awakening they would have by them those things which were most necessary. The soul, the spirit, this intangible something, which in life was often so powerful both in building and in destroying, sometimes blessing, sometimes annihilating whole nations,—can this when it forsakes the body cease to be? This is not thinkable. There is an incomprehensible Being above us who rules the world and who will also regulate our activity in the 'next life.'"

"God, World, Future Life! These are the highest conceptions which can occupy our mind. But there has never been among mankind any agreement, or any real clearness of thought, concerning them; on the contrary, they have given occasion to the bitterest conflicts, and even in our day still exercise a disturbing influence; and yet there can be but one truth concerning them. The following treatise is intended as a contribution towards finding this truth."

The conclusions to which the author comes at the close of his investigation, it is, perhaps, also best to state in his own words. They are as follows:—

"God is a material substance, infinite in space and eternal (i. e. uncreated and indestructible) in time; namely—the *Cosmical Ether*."

"This is indeed the soul of the world, since in virtue of its very nature it forms the material atoms, which float in space, into bodies, according to definite laws; imparts to them orderly motions; enters into such intimate reciprocal action with their atoms, that it not only organizes but also animates them, and thus makes them capable (although for each separate individuality only transitorily) of living participation in the cosmical process."

"Our God possesses, therefore, the attributes which are ascribed to him in the better religious creeds: he is a *spirit* in so far as he is not a body; he is *omnipresent*, for he occupies infinite space, penetrates every body, and surrounds every atom; he is *omnipotent*, for not a single atom can escape his active influence; he is the *creator* of heaven (i. e. of all celestial bodies) and of earth with all its creatures; he also created us human beings and breathed into us living souls, for he organized the materials to this end and entered into vital co-operation with them; he is in this sense also the *preserver* and *nourisher* of his creatures, which are essentially producers (plants) and consumers (animals); he *governs* the universe with permanent power according to unchangeable rational laws from eternity to eternity, because he is infinite and eternal; he is *all-wise*, for he works only according to strict rational laws; he is *just*, because he never departs from these laws, and punishes only those who act in disobedience to the rational laws which he has dictated; he *never errs* (and is therefore alone *infallible*), because he administers these laws without self-consciousness and without any purpose in view." (pp. 119, 120.)

"In the whole of Nature there is an ascending gradation, the result of gradual development. From unorganized matter there is an advance to that which is organized in the simplest form, where organization consists for the time being only in atomic or molecular attraction. From the formation of crystals, which are found already in the masses of the primitive rocks, there is an advance to chemical attraction; by this means arises the primitive organic substance, protoplasm; then come the moneres, then simple cells, then the simplest vegetable and animal forms consisting of cells, with gradually ascending vital, psychical, and logical powers, which in man reach their culmination. But there is everywhere only a difference of degree; no other even between animal and man; for, everywhere the same formative power is at work, and even the embryonic cell is vitalized and animated by

the cosmical ether. The animal already manifests hatred and love, sorrow and joy, pain and pleasure, and gratitude also; it has experiences, compares, infers, and thus shows traces of thought; it has its languages of gesture and sound, builds dwellings for itself which are often more artistic than those of man, educates its young, loves and chastises them; it is capable of culture, especially through intercourse with man; it has not only domestic life but also forms associations, often with admirable arrangements. Enough! In respect to the soul, too, there is only a difference of degree between beast and man." (p. 104.)

"It is clear, that with the cessation of the vital play of the material atoms in our body, i. e., with the cessation of organic activity in the body, or with death, the particular or individual soul-life, immanent therein, ceases also: the resonance of the material atoms of the organic body to the vibrations of the cosmical ether has disappeared with their return to stable equilibrium, and the former vibrations of the atoms of the brain die away and vanish in the soul of the world. Thus the continued personal existence even of the spirit is not to be thought of; although there is a harmonious uniform continuance of all highly developed spirits who find themselves at one with the eternally true laws of the universe. It is the very giving up, then, of our selfish egotism which affords a hope for the future of a cosmical process tending ever more and more to perfection. The more we enter into connection with the changing phenomena of the external world, the more we endeavor to find out the law which governs them and to make it our intellectual property,—the higher our organization in body, soul, and spirit will become, the more perfect will be the harmony of our soul with the soul of the universe, and the sooner we shall attain to eternal life." (p. 116.)

However much one might be inclined to doubt it at first sight, this is all sober earnest; and the writer is not a mere literary cobweb-spinner, but the author of various works on physical science of acknowledged worth. Certainly this view of the universe must be very consoling to the bereaved wife and mother whom the writer has in view at the beginning of his undertaking.

BIBEL-LEXIKON. REALWORTERBUCH ZUM HANDBEGRUEN FÜR GEISTLICHE UND GEMEINDEGLIEDER. HERAUSGEGEBEN VON KIRCHENRATH PROF. DR. DANIEL SCHENKEL. Vierter Band. LABAN—PRUEFUNG. (Bible Lexicon. A Cyclopædia for the use of Clergymen and Laymen. Edited by Dr. Daniel Schenkel, Professor and Ecclesiastical Councillor. Fourth volume. L. to P. inclusive.) Leipzig, 1872. Large 8vo. pp. 637.

This is the only Bible Dictionary in existence on which the student can rely for anything like accurate information concerning the present state of knowledge and criticism in regard to the various subjects connected with the study of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. The names of such contributors as Hitzig, Lipsius, Noeldke, Reuss, Schrader, Holtzmann, Pritzsche, Hausmann, Schweizer, Roskoff, Keim, Mangold, Merx, Dlestel, Gass, are a sufficient guarantee as to the thoroughly scientific and impartial character of the work. It would be easy to name half a dozen articles in each of the volumes which have thus far appeared, any one of which is worth more than the price of the whole volume. Holtzmann's articles on the Gospels, of which there are three in the present volume, may be mentioned as especially valuable. His article on "John" is a masterpiece of condensation and clearness. The article on "Paul," by Professor Hausmann, covers thirty-five pages and is an admirable presentation of the various questions connected with the career and works of the great apostle to the Gentiles.

If only some English or American publishing house could be found liberal enough to issue a translation of the whole work, it would place both students and the general reading public under lasting obligations. T. V.

STUDIES IN POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY. By J. C. Shairp, author of "Culture and Religion." New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press. 1872.

The studies contained in this volume are four in number, and they relate to Wordsworth as the poet and prophet of Nature; to Coleridge as a thinker of ideal things; to Keble as a poet who tried to carry the love of Nature and of high ideals into ecclesiasticalism; and to "the moral motive power," which is the force underlying true religion and good life. Mr. Shairp writes with a love of truth, of moral good, and of humanity, and with a charity, good sense, and depth of liberal sympathy and insight, which must command for him the hearty interest of all earnest and excellent minds. He takes a fair middle course between theological dogmatism on the one side and materialistic dogmatism on the other, and presents in a very candid manner the claims of idealism as a philosophy of things which are beyond sight and touch. The fourfold plea which his four essays make may not convince the strict positivist, who insists upon stopping short where the senses stop, and who feels

contempt for exercises of mind which look beyond proof; but they will certainly interest every sympathetic thinker, every one who has a feeling of human interest with his fellows, even if he cannot go with them in opinion. At least the materialist should carefully examine idealism in its best illustrations; for these men of great genius, from Plato to Coleridge, are positive facts of human history, and worthy of study and appreciation. It is as a study of idealism that Mr. Shairp's essays are of particular value. Those on Wordsworth, the poet of idealism, and on Coleridge, the philosopher of idealism, are the larger half of the book, and are of greatest interest. Keble is treated as a saintly example of idealism, and the closing essay shows the ground of conscience and its evolution into an apprehension of Infinite Law and Absolute Being.

If the studious reader will carefully and candidly look through the essay on Wordsworth, he will see the grounds on which it is claimed, and we think justly, that the whole mind of man means more than positive knowledge, and that it is a narrow limitation to insist that the senses only are to be trusted, and that poetry and prophecy are the folly of mere dreamers. We would suggest to any mere scientist who thinks that positive knowledge alone is worth while, that he compare Mr. Shairp's study of Wordsworth with Dr. Gladstone's account of that prince of scientists, Michael Faraday, in the little book ["Michael Faraday," by J. H. Gladstone, a small and cheap volume which every radical should read] on that subject, published by Harper Brothers, and also with Dr. Tyndall's essay on the use of the imagination in science, which may be seen in Tyndall's "Fragments of Science." In the first edition of Tyndall's essay the "imagination" was spoken of in a very striking passage, and in the second edition this power was called "the seeking intellect." In this high sense imagination is really the greatest power of the mind, for science as well as for religion, and the reader of Faraday's life will easily see that the greatness of Faraday was far more due to his sagacious imagination, his good guessing of Nature's secrets, his getting an idea correctly beforehand, than it was to his testing and proving of ideas. Without good imagination science is commonplace, keeps to the beaten track, or gets ahead only by happening on discoveries. The men who write "excelsior" on the banner of science have to be idealists, guessers, great users of imagination. They are positive idealists, starting from ideas of what may be, and then testing, if possible, and proving what is. But if tests are not found, and proof eludes them, they no less hold on to what seem sound ideas, and hope to sometime prove them true. And they hold on with zeal and confidence, admitting, of course, that it is opinion only which they cherish, and that they have not reached knowledge. Charles Darwin is the great positive idealist of modern times. The great idea which he has advanced cannot be positively tested and proved; it can only be rendered highly probable; and not long since the strict positivists of the French Academy refused to honor Darwin because he dealt so much in ideas which he did not prove to sight and touch—to positive knowledge. Such positivism would have told Columbus to sit down contented upon soil which his feet knew, instead of going to look for the world which he imagined might be found on the other side of the globe. By such positivism the search for truth, the holding of ideas before testing and proving them, is absurdly cut off. It is small science, a narrow and barren science, which thus limits man. Great and fruitful science has wings of imagination, of thought, of ideas, of wide outlook and forelooking, and of prophetic expectation and affirmation. In this sense Wordsworth was right when he said that "poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science," and that imagination in its highest use is but another name for "absolute power, clearest insight, reason in her most exalted mood." This imagination, Wordsworth claimed, is the parent of love, of what may be called feeling intellect, by which we see delight in objects. It is plain to see that Faraday had all this power, as well as the power which concerns itself with positive knowledge, and that the highest perfection of mind in him, and his greatest gift for science, lay in this very thing which commonplace positivism sneers at as mere dreaming. Poor dreaming very few may be capable of. But the good dreaming is no less one of the greatest positive facts of human nature, in Darwin and Faraday no less than in Wordsworth and Shakespeare. The right thing is to secure discipline of the seeking and feeling intellect, so as to guess well; it is very narrow and stupid to sneer at guessing at all. There is a high divination of genius, under great inspiration, which is the greatest attainment of man. Sir William Thomson has remarked, with reference to certain magnetic phenomena, that "Faraday, without mathematical divination, the result of the mathematical investigation; and, what has proved of infinite value to the mathematicians themselves, he has given them an artio-

ulate language in which to express their results. Indeed the whole language of the magnetic field and 'lines of force' is Faraday's. It must be said for the mathematicians that they greedily accepted, and have ever since been most zealous in using, it to the best advantage." Here Faraday's power to form ideas which he had not proved was found so sure and fruitful of truth, that he really did more and better than the mere positivists, who proved each step as they took it.

Now the true use of the mind in religion is just this which was illustrated in Faraday—sagacious forming of ideas, which are beyond our proving, and yet are so highly probable that we may be strongly persuaded of them, and may hold them with deep and fervent conviction, spite of the fact that to positively test and prove them exceeds our powers. The claim that these ideas are any more than ideal convictions, that for instance they have been proved by miracle, is illegitimate and fraudulent, for the reason that the proving power of the alleged miracle is not itself proved and never can be. We may guess that a particular fact is a miracle, and is intended as a proof to us of something, but we cannot carry our idea to any positive test or find any real proof of it. Therefore we falsify facts if we claim that religious ideas constitute knowledge. We can truthfully claim only this—that they are legitimate as mere ideas; that disciplined minds can be trusted to form such unprovable ideas; and that it is the highest gift of genius to form these ideas. By repeated efforts to balance the mind for this exercise, to look again with new care where many have looked before, and to make ideal convictions an exact prolongation, as nearly as possible, of the truths and suggestions of positive knowledge, it seems certain that the thinker, either as poet or as philosopher, may have prophetic discernment, to no small extent, of truths which we cannot here prove, and which perhaps it may be meant that we should never prove, but should forever discern as ideas, stars in the inaccessible heaven of infinite existence. Hence we may concede the truth of Mr. Shairp's plea, one point of which he states in these words: "The truth seems to be that the outward world, which to commonplace minds is no more than a piece of dead mechanism, is in reality full of a vast all-pervading life, which is very mysterious. Not to be grasped by the formulas of science, this life is apprehended mainly by the imagination, and by those men most deeply in whom imagination is most ample and profound. Possessing this faculty, larger in measure, and more genuine in quality, than any man since Shakespeare, Wordsworth felt with proportionate intensity the life which fills all Nature." It is with much justice also that Mr. Shairp, in summing up, lays emphasis upon these two points in Wordsworth—"the wondrous depth of his feeling for the domestic affections, and more especially for the constancy of them," and his place and work as "a leader in that greatest movement of modern times—care for our humbler brethren; his part being, not to help them in their sufferings, but to make us reverence them for what they are, what they have in common with us, or in greater measure than ourselves."

Mr. Shairp's essay on Coleridge is an excellent account of the man, his mind, and his ideas, and of the part that he played in liberalizing and deepening current religious ideas. In the following sentences a summary statement of this is given. "All he wrote was in the interests of man's higher nature, true to his best aspirations. The one effort of all his works was to build up truth from the spiritual side. He brought all his transcendent powers of intellect to the help of the heart and soul and spirit of man against the tyranny of the understanding, that understanding which ever strives to limit truth within its generalizations from sense, and rejects whatever refuses to square with these. This side of philosophy, as it is the deepest, is also the most difficult to build up."

To conclude our view of the drift of Mr. Shairp's very liberal studies, we will cite a short passage from the last essay of the volume.

"Putting then all these converging lines of thought together, we see that they meet in the conviction that there is behind ourselves, and all the things we see and know, a Mind, a Reason, a Will, like to our own, only incomprehensibly greater, of which will and reason the moral law is the truest and most adequate exponent we have. Not that these lines, any or all of them, are to be taken as proofs demonstrating the existence of God. That is truth, I believe, incapable of scientific demonstration. The notion of God seems to be, as Coleridge has well expressed it, essential to the human mind, not derived from reasonings, but as a matter of fact actually called forth into distinct consciousness mainly by the conscience." E. C. T.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HAREM. By Mrs. Anna H. Leonowens, author of "The English Governess at the Siamese Court." Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873. [Told: Bailey & Eager.]

Mrs. Leonowens has told, in her two books now before the public, a story which it is to be wished that all Christians might be made to

read. Her picture of the mixed barbarism and culture of the court of Siam is as full of instruction as it is of thrilling interest. What this was we may perhaps most readily judge by recalling a few words of the preface to her first book, published two years ago, when she said: "I was thankful to find, even in this citadel of Buddhism, men, and above all women, who were 'lovely in their lives,' who, amid infinite difficulties, in the bosom of a most corrupt society, and enslaved to a capricious and often cruel will, yet devoted themselves to an earnest search after truth. On the other hand, I have to confess with sorrow and shame, how far we, with all our boasted enlightenment, fall short in true nobility and piety of some of our 'benighted' sisters of the East. With many of them, Love, Truth, and Wisdom are not mere synonyms, but 'living gods,' for whom they long with lively ardor, and, when found, embrace with joy." A dark land, in short, yet not without pure illustrations of the best virtue possible to man; showing that it is not in race nor in religion, but in the equal capacities of our common nature, that men and women—Christian or infidel, Buddhist or Moslem—become as lights shining in a dark place. It is this lesson which is reflected from such narratives as these of Mrs. Leonowens, and which makes them of peculiar importance for Christian reading. In her first book was given her chief narrative of what she saw and learned while acting as an English teacher to the children of the King. In the volume now published, she weaves into a second narrative a number of most thrilling sketches and stories, all of which record facts that either came under her own eye or were known to her by trustworthy report. The intensity of interest which some of these stories excite is really painful; more harrowing recitals could hardly be found. Other parts of the narrative reflect as strongly the happier aspects of the drama of human life in that strange land, and some are as pure in their disclosure of the sanctities of heart and life which come of religion under its best form as any records of character ever written, or as striking in their illustration of supposed miracle as any part of the Christian legend. There is a story of a noble young girl, rescued from a terrible doom by a providence singularly supernatural, and apparently at the will of a wonderful saint, and as the price of the self-immolation of the girl's father at the altar of their god, the whole of which may be instructively compared with any of the Biblical stories of prophecy and miracle. The saint in this story was a solitary old man, who had spent forty years of his life-time forgetful of friends, affections, food, sleep, and almost of existence in his contemplations of the mystery of things beyond, and that still greater mystery called life. His friends had endeavored by every artifice, the allurements of beauty and every other imaginable gratification, to divert him from his resolution, and now he had gained a great fame as "the sainted priest of heaven." Prodigious stories were afloat about him. Born of noble parents, he had from his early youth practiced an asceticism so rigorous and severe that it had prepared him, it was thought, for his supernatural mission. It was not only alleged, but it was believed, that at the sound of his inspired voice the dead arose and walked, the sick were healed; that diseases vanished at the touch of his hand; sinners were converted by his simple admonition; wild beasts and serpents were obedient to his word; and that in his moments of ecstasy he floated in the air before the eyes of his disciples, passed through stone walls and barred gates, and, in fact, could do whatsoever he willed. This is the identical story everywhere told, from the earliest savage times, of the power gained by those who thus devote peculiar natures to the passions and ecstasies of religion; and what is true in one case may be true in another. In the present case, a vile old Grand Duke wanted to secure for his harem a beautiful girl; and at the same time the duke's son, who was of better nature, hoped to save her from his father's clutches, and make her his wife. To effect his purpose, the Grand Duke had compelled the girl's father to sell her to him; and to make the girl consent he had threatened the father with death, because, in her defence, he had struck the captain of the royal guard. In a horror of anguish, the son of the duke resorted to the saintly old priest, who had seen the maiden once while on a pilgrimage, when she daily brought him food and washed his feet. "She filled my heart," said the old man, "with a fragrance which is all-abiding. But," he added in an undertone, "death carries off a man who is gathering flowers, as a flood sweeps away a sleeping village. He in whom the desire for the ineffable has sprung up, whose thoughts are not bewildered by love,—he is borne on the stream of immortality; he will stand face to face with the Infinite." Then drawing towards him one of his mysterious, sacred books, after he had heard the young man's story, he placed the book on his head, and with his hands spread out to heaven, he gradually moved his body to and fro, until his gyrations became rapid and grotesque, uttering strange prayers and incantations. After a short time he began to prophesy, and said, in fitful spasms: "Thy father's days are numbered; the long night for him is at hand; fear not, this

mountain flower will blossom in spring-time on thy bosom." Meanwhile, the girl's father had seen a vision in his cell, and read, in luminous characters on the soft cloud which floated before his eyes in the vision, the words: "Sell not thy daughter to the duke." The father refused, therefore, when the completion of the sale came on, and only by ordering the old man tried for his life did the duke secure the girl, a voluntary sacrifice to save her father. As the day and evening passed, the beautiful girl had been prepared by the female slaves, and was finally left alone in a lofty tower of the palace to await the monster who had her in his power. As the night goes on, her old father, distracted with grief, finds access to one of the shrines of the duke's palace, and there offers his own heart's blood to buy the divine wrath for the spoiler of his child's happiness. Some god verily accepted the victim's blood. When the vile old duke, drunk with English brandy, mounts to the chamber of the summer tower, he is no sooner in the presence of the crouching maiden than he stumbles, falls headlong heavily, and strikes his beastly countenance with fatal violence on a massive gold spittoon. The maiden springs for her life across his prostrate form, flies to hide herself by a water tank on the lower floor of the palace, is found and befriended by the duchess, and does in good time become the young duke's wife; and he resigns his rank and removes to the country to secure domestic happiness. He has become a convert to the Catholic faith, but she remains true to the gods who accepted her father's death and saved her from a fate worse than death. But over the images of her own gods she has placed those of her husband—Jesus and the Virgin. A picture from a photograph shows her sitting by her child's cradle, an image of womanly goodness; while behind her stand the emblems of two religions, and the golden pagoda in which rest the ashes of her father. Mrs. Leonowens says of her in conclusion: "Loving everything in her purity, worshipping everything in her humility, morning and evening she raises her eyes and her heart from those sombre old gods of hers to the tender ones of her husband; and this quiet pagan city has never before been lighted up with such a gleam of heaven upon earth, as when her evening prayer bursts into song:—

"To thee are all my acts, my days,
And all my love, and all my praise,
My food, my gifts, my sacrifice,
And all my helplessness, and cries.
Dávée! leave my spirit free,
And thy poor soul bequeath to me
Unhealed. Let me in thine essence share,
Let me dwell in thee forever,
And thou, O Dávée! dwell in me."

It was to this Dávée that her father offered his life, plunging a knife into his heart at Dávée's altar. The cottage where the young ex-duke lives with his mother and his wife, far from the state and splendor which he inherited, is surrounded by the quiet and peace and beauty of country life, among grand old trees. The young mother's chamber, where the household gods are, has a European cradle in it, but unused, while the baby-boy lies in a rude crib with a mystic Hindu triform suspended over it. Such is sacred association to the human heart.

There is another touching instance of the catholicity of the Buddhist faith. A pagan mother's daughter, who had become a Catholic, was dying, and she cried to her mother: "Mother, dear mother, pray to P'hra Jesu that he shut not the heavenly gates upon me." The strong love of the mother conquers her pagan scruples, and with her head on the bosom of her dying child she prays to a god in whom she has not believed: "O thou who art called P'hra Jesu, free my child from sin. O forgive her, sacred One! She has loved thee to the last. She believes in none but thee. Be thou her God, and shut not. O shut not thy heavenly gates upon her, even though they shut her out forever from my sorrowing heart and eyes." That is far holier than Christian love. Buddhism has in fact not near so much vulgar heathenism and diabolism in it as average Christianity. It vastly excels in breadth of sympathy. The dying girl in this story has a vision as she passes away, at which she cries out: "O mother, mother, I see P'hra Jesu and P'hra Buddha! P'hra Jesu is above and P'hra Buddha is below; and the two mothers, Marie and Mala (mother of the Buddha) are sitting side by side, and they are all smiling and calling me upward, upward."

In one of the women of the king's harem Mrs. Leonowens found a person of whom she says: "Her aim was to find out all things that are pure, noble, brave, and good, and to adopt them, whether Pagan or Christian in their origin; and to leave dogmas, creeds, and doctrines, to those who were inclined to them by temperament." This woman said of her image-worship: "Say not of me that I worship the golden image up there, but the Great One who sent me my teacher Buddha, that he might be the guide and the light of my life." This is better than the Christian idea; for the Christians worship their teacher as very God in himself. She broke down distinction between the two religions in the following proposal to her English friend: "Let us promise one another that whenever you pray to P'hra Jesu, you will call him Buddha,

the Enlightened One; and I, when I pray to my Buddha, will call him Phra Jesu Karuna,—the tender and sacred Jesus,—for surely these are only different names for the one and the same God."

The young king of Siam has ordained the abolition of slavery and perfect freedom in religion, decreeing that each individual may investigate and conclude for himself; and earnestly advising inquiry and not to be governed by fears or by selfish hopes, and that no one shall at all harm another on account of religion.

E. C. T.

PHILOSOPHICAL PAPERS. VII.

BY F. E. ANNOT.

THE TWO BIOLOGICAL SCHOOLS.

FROM AN ARTICLE ON "PHILOSOPHICAL BIOLOGY," IN
THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
FOR OCTOBER, 1888.

A still more striking illustration of the same necessity, inherent in biology, of recognizing an order of phenomena distinct in kind from all phenomena of the inorganic world, and therefore inexplicable by purely mechanical or physico-chemical causes, occurs in a recent essay by one of the most eminent physiologists of France, M. Claude Bernard, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for December 15, 1887, and entitled *Le Problème de la Physiologie Générale*. The essay is at once so interesting in itself and so germane to our subject, that we hope to be pardoned for making somewhat copious extracts from its pages in the following translation. M. Bernard, referring to the two antagonistic schools of physiologists (*les physiologistes animistes ou vitalistes et les physiologistes chimistes physico-mécaniciens*), declines to identify himself with either; but it will be noticed, that, in his desire to be impartial, he involves himself in contradiction by adopting each of the two opposing theories.

"The phenomena of life are as rigorously and as absolutely determined as those of the mineral kingdom. I admit, that, considered in their various forms of manifestation and in their essential nature, they possess, at the same time, a speciality of form which distinguishes them as phenomena of life, and a generality of law which assimilates them with all the other phenomena of the cosmos. In other words, I recognize in all vital phenomena special processes of manifestation; but, at the same time, I regard them also as all derived from the ordinary general laws of mechanics and chemical physics. There are, in fact, in living organisms anatomical apparatuses or organic tools which are peculiar to them, and cannot be imitated outside of them; but nevertheless the phenomena manifested by these organs or living tissues have nothing special either in their nature or in the laws which govern them. That is a proposition which the progress of the physico-chemical sciences demonstrates more and more clearly every day, by showing that the phenomena which take place in living bodies can equally take place externally to the organism in the mineral kingdom. . . . In the living being, I repeat, the chemical phenomena are realized by means of vital processes and of organic chemical re-agents which are created by histological evolution, and which are consequently special to the organism and inimitable by the chemist. In the mechanical or physical order, vital phenomena are equally indistinguishable from mechanical or physical phenomena in general, except by the instruments which manifest them. The muscles, the nerves, the organs of sense, are only mechanical implements peculiar to living beings. In reality, therefore, general physics, chemistry, and mechanics include all the manifestations of Nature, organic as well as inorganic. All the phenomena which appear in a living body obey laws external to it, so that it might be said that all the manifestations of life consist of phenomena derived, as to their nature, from the external cosmos, but possessing a special morphology in the sense that they are exhibited under characteristic form, and by means of special physiological instruments. In the physico-chemical relation, life is only a special mode of the general phenomena of Nature; it originates nothing, it borrows its forces from the exterior world, and does but vary their manifestations in countless ways. Might it not even be added, that intelligence itself, whose phenomena mark the highest expression of life, is revealed externally to living beings in the harmony of the laws of the universe? But nowhere else than in living beings is it translated by instruments which manifest it to us under the form of sensibility and will. Thus would be found realized the ancient thought, that the living organism is a microcosm which reflects in itself the macrocosm.

"From what precedes," continues M. Bernard, "it evidently follows that the physiologist, the chemist, and the physicist have only, in reality, to consider phenomena of the same nature, which must be analyzed and studied by the same method, and reduced to the same general laws. The physiologist, however, has to deal

with peculiar processes which inhere in organized matter, and hence constitute the special object of his studies. . . . The physicist and the chemist explain phenomena by the properties of the inorganic elements. The physiologist must in like manner investigate in the living being the organic elements in which functions are localized, and determine the conditions of vital activity in those elements on which he can act. The organic elements of living bodies are the anatomical or histological elements into which our organs and tissues are decomposable. Science has shown that a living body, however complex, is always constituted by the union of a greater or less number of elementary microscopic organisms, whose various vital properties manifest the different functions of the entire organism. Hence it follows that each function must have its corresponding organic element, and the object of general physiology is accurately to analyze the complex functional mechanisms in order to reduce them to their special vital elements. It is thus that the phenomena of sensibility and of motion are explained by the properties of the nervous and muscular elements,—that the phenomena of respiration and secretion are deduced from the properties of the respiratory elements of the blood and from the properties of the glandular and epithelial elements. The organic elements of living beings, which generally present themselves under the different forms of fibres or microscopic cells, are the true concealed springs of the living machine. They are mutually associated and combined to form the tissues, the organs, and the apparatuses which constitute the wheel-work of the vital mechanisms. There is, moreover, in every living organism a true internal environment in which the anatomical elements discharge their special functions and pass through all the phases of their existence. The organized or living matter which constitutes the histological elements has no more spontaneity than inorganic or mineral matter; for both require, in order to manifest their properties, the influence of external stimuli. The spontaneity of living bodies is only apparent. . . . It is absolutely the same agents or the same influences which excite the properties both of organic and inorganic matter. . . . Vital mechanisms, like non-vital mechanisms, are passive. Both simply express or manifest the idea which has conceived and created them. . . . The animal organism is in reality only a living machine, which works according to the ordinary laws of mechanics and chemical physics, by means of particular processes which are special to the vital instruments constituted by organized matter."

Having thus determined the general relations of biology to mechanics and chemical physics, M. Bernard proceeds to explain the phenomena of organic evolution and renovation.

"The evolution and nutrition of a new being are veritable organic creations which take place under our eyes. . . . Living bodies are unstable compounds which are unceasingly disorganized under the cosmical influences that surround them; they live only on this condition; and organs composed of living matter are used up and destroyed precisely like organs composed of inert matter. In order that life, therefore, should continue, it is necessary that the organized matter which forms the histological elements should be constantly renewed in proportion as it is decomposed; so that we may regard the cause of life as really residing in the organizing force (*la puissance d'organisation*) which creates the living machine and repairs its incessant losses. The ancient animist and vitalist physiologists clearly perceived this double aspect of vital phenomena. For this reason they held that an interior principle of life, which was the creative or regenerative principle, found itself in conflict with the exterior physico-chemical forces which destroy the organism. Nevertheless, if the exterior physico-chemical influences are the causes of death, or the disorganization of living matter, that does not mean, as the vitalists have believed, that there is an incompatibility between the phenomena of life and the physico-chemical phenomena: there is, on the contrary, a perfect and necessary harmony; for the causes which destroy organized matter are those which make it live, that is, manifest its properties. Neither does it prove that there is a combat or conflict between two opposite principles,—one of life, which resists, and another of death, which attacks, and always ends by being victorious. In a word, there are not in living bodies two orders of forces separate and opposed by the nature of their phenomena, the one creating organized matter with its characteristic properties, the other destroying it through its vital manifestations; there are only histological elements which all act and develop (*fonctionnent éolutivelement*) according to the same law.

"We know that there are muscular, nervous, and glandular elements, which subserve the manifestations of sensibility, motion, and secretion. There are likewise ovaric and plasmatic elements, which have the property of creating new beings, and sustaining the vital mechanisms by nutrition; but these creative and nutritive elements, like the rest, are used up and perish in discharging their functions, which themselves

supply the conditions of an incessant renovation. Thus in the play of a passive machine, the workmen get tired and equally expend their strength whether they toil in constructing and repairing the wheel-work of the machine, or whether they toil in applying it to practical uses. The phenomena of organogenesis or organic creation are, then, neither more nor less mysterious for the physiologists than all the others. They reside in specialized histological elements, and have their physico-chemical conditions of existence well determined. The element of organic creation of living beings is a microscopic cellule, the ovule or germ. This element is undoubtedly the most marvellous of all, for we see that it has for its function the production of an entire organism. Phenomena ever under our eyes cease to astonish; as Montaigne says, *L'habitude en ôte l'étrangeté*. Nevertheless, what is there more extraordinary than this organic creation in which we assist, and how can we connect it with properties inherent in the matter which constitutes the egg? When general physiology would give an account of the muscular force, for instance, it proves that a contractile substance comes to act directly in virtue of properties inherent in its physical or chemical constitution; but when the problem concerns an organic evolution which is in the future, we are far enough from comprehending this property of matter. The egg is a becoming; it represents a sort of organic formula that turns up the being from which it proceeds, and of which it has preserved, as it were, the developmental memory (*le souvenir évolutif*). The phenomena of organic creation of living beings seem to me quite of a nature to demonstrate an idea which I have already indicated; namely, that matter does not generate the phenomena which it manifests. It is only the substratum, and does absolutely nothing but give to phenomena their conditions of manifestation,—the sole intermediary by which the physiologist can act on the phenomena of life. Hence these phenomena must be subjected to a rigorous and absolute determinism, which constitutes the fundamental principle of all the experimental sciences. The egg or germ is a powerful centre of nutritive action, and, as such, supplies the conditions for the realization of a creative idea (*une idée créatrice*), which is transmitted by hereditary or organic tradition (*tradition organique*). . . . When we observe the evolution or the creation of a living being in the egg, we see clearly that its organization is the result of a pre-conceived law of organogenesis (*une loi organogénétique préexistante d'après une idée préconçue*), which is transmitted by organic tradition from one being to another. We might find in the experimental study of the phenomena of histogenesis and of organization the justification of the words of Goethe, who compares Nature to a great artist. . . . This is not all. This creative or organizing force (*cette puissance créatrice ou organisatrice*) not only exists at the dawn of life in the egg, the embryo, or the foetus, but continues its operations in the adult by presiding over the manifestations of vital phenomena; for it is this which supports by nutrition, and renews without cessation, the matter and the properties of the organic elements of the living machine. Nutrition, then, is nothing but the continuance and gradual exhaustion of this generative force (*cette puissance génératrice*). Hence under the name of *organotrophic* phenomena must be included all the phenomena of organization and organic nutrition or secretion in the embryo, the foetus, and the adult, since they are always governed by one and the same law. The surrounding physico-chemical conditions control the vital manifestations of the germ or ovule, like those of all the other organic elements. . . . Life is a first cause, which escapes us like all first causes, and experimental science has nothing to do with it; but all vital manifestations, from simple muscular contraction to the expression of intelligence, and the appearance of the organic creative idea, have in living beings well-determined physico-chemical conditions, which we can understand, and upon which we can act in order to control the phenomena over which the histological elements preside. . . . By modifying the internal nutritive media, and taking organized matter, as it were, in the nascent state, we may hope to change the direction of its development, and thus its final organic expression. In a word, there is no reason why we should not thus produce new organic species, just as we create new mineral species; that is, cause to appear organic forms which virtually exist in the laws of organogenesis, but which Nature has not yet realized."

On the one hand, M. Bernard sanctions the mechanist theory by denying all speciality in vital phenomena as to their nature and the laws that govern them, by deriving them exclusively from the general laws of mechanics and chemical physics, and by admitting in them no force not "borrowed" from the external world. The speciality of form and process which they manifest is not, of course, to be denied on any theory; and this M. Bernard admits. But, on the other hand, when he comes to consider the peculiarly vital phenomena of organogenesis and organotrophy, which he himself makes co-extensive with the phenomena of organization, nutrition,

and secretion, whether manifested in the embryo, the fetus, or the adult, he abandons the mechanist for the vitalist theory, by recognizing a special law (*la loi organogénique*) and a special force (*la puissance d'organisation, la puissance créatrice ou organisatrice ou génératrice, l'idée créatrice ou évolutive, l'idée créatrice organique*) which are neither mechanical nor physico-chemical. The same truth which Mr. Spencer is "compelled" and has "no alternative but" to recognize, and which therefore necessitates his theory of "organic polarity," necessitates a kindred theory in the essay of M. Bernard. But it is no essential part of the vitalist theory, as intimated by the latter, that there should be assumed a conflict or antagonism between the cosmic and the vital forces. This assumption, expressed in the well-known definition of Bichat, "Life is the sum of the functions by which Death is resisted," is no essential part of the vitalist theory as held by its most enlightened advocates. The vitalist theory teaches that life is the resultant of cosmic and vital forces acting in unison under fit conditions, and not a highly complex manifestation of merely cosmic forces,—that there is that in biological phenomena which constitutes them a class by themselves, and forbids the attempt to classify them with purely mechanical or physico-chemical phenomena. What these forces are in themselves we do not know; but if it is philosophical to attribute unlike effects to unlike causes, we are justified in insisting that essential differences shall not be blurred or ignored for the sake of constructing a symmetrical system. Hence we advocate the vitalist theory, not out of regard for any dogmatic or theological tenets which may be supposed to be favored by it, but solely out of regard for positive science and sound philosophy; and we find no better statement of its essential principles than is contained in the words of Mr. Lewes: "All that we are entitled to say is this: there is a *speciality* about vital phenomena, arising from the peculiarity and complexity of the conditions which determine them; and this speciality must warn us against reasoning about them as if they were *not* special, were in all respects like inorganic phenomena; this speciality, in short, suggests the necessity of studying them in themselves, and not as if they belonged to the general phenomena of physics and chemistry, invaluable as the knowledge of these latter must always be as a means of exploration." "In every vital process physical and chemical laws are implied, and the knowledge of these becomes indispensable; but over and above these laws, there are the specific laws of life, which cannot be deduced from physics and chemistry."

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errors.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

CORSETS VERSUS BRAINS.

The effort that is being made to secure the co-education of the sexes has called forth some statements from learned male physicians concerning the physical and mental condition of women which, if true, would necessarily defeat this reform. The position these men take is that the women of America are rapidly degenerating into feeble, nervous beings, entirely unfit to perform the functions that nature demands of their sex; and that the chief cause of this degeneracy is the mental strain that is suffered in high schools and colleges over Greek and Latin and Mathematical lessons. They claim that the nervous energy spent in acquiring these studies is a loss to physical functions that need this stimulus to fulfil the proper growth and development of the body. They believe, therefore, that it is impossible to bring the two sexes together under the same school régime, because of the irregular course of study with which girls must be favored.

Such is the theory of physicians, and such is the amen that comes from the "Head" of Harvard, and is echoed and re-echoed by every man that opposes this educational reform, whether honestly or otherwise I will not judge.

That we see a large class of women weak and enervated, going about with one foot in the grave, and the other close after, is a fact too true to be denied; but that these women are the female students of society, or ever were studious when girls, is not a fact. On the contrary, they are the feeblest and laziest-minded women, so far as books or ideas are concerned, that we meet. They are the women that have done the tight lacing, the padding, and painting, and frizzling—that have been the rounds of night-parties and dances, and indulged in late suppers, and been through all the excitement of society—that have disobeyed every physical, and heaven only knows how many moral, laws, because they have never learned what they are. These women are in the hands of physicians, many of them passed over when girls by their mamma's,

who reported their infirmities to proceed from study in the high and normal school: a gentle way to get rid of the truth.

On the other hand we have a host of strong, healthy-minded, and healthy-bodied women, such as the Livermores, Stones, Stantons, and Anthony's—women that have done more mental labor than the other class all put together: yet they are ripening into a healthy middle age, with no appearance of needing physicians to heal any nervous diseases contracted by their herculean mental labors. The medical man knows nothing about this class of women. Undoubtedly, if he had occasion for examining their healthy constitutions as minutely as he now does the feeble ones, he would change his opinion, and report that hard study is as good for woman as for man. But that any scientific mind should attempt to pronounce upon woman's fitness or unfitness for a course of study, or should pretend to say how much she can endure, or when and how, whether she can follow the same school curriculum with man or not, seems the height of folly, and only to be laughed at by all sensible people. One can almost doubt the sincerity of any man who does this in the face of woman in her present pinched, laced, padded, hooped, weighted, painted, and tortured condition of body. How is it possible for a physician to estimate what a woman might do with her mind, so long as she is unable to eat with her body naturally, walk with it, breathe with it, or use it in any way without physical suffering? I can but believe these men are honest; but I am forced, in conferring this confidence, to accuse them of the blindest ignorance and stupidity concerning the dress and habits of women. The saying is that one woman can make fools of half a dozen men: so it must be true that all our physicians are terribly imposed upon by their female patients.

A few days ago, I stepped into a large corset manufactory that is carried on by a woman. I told her I was interested to know what women and children wear in this line, and asked to see her wares from the least unto the greatest. She began by showing me the tiniest article I ever saw in the shape of a corset, saying that was for babies. Then she brought forward another grade, and still another, and so on, till I think she must have shown me fifteen or twenty different sized corset moulds, in which she runs the female forms that get into her hands. She informed me that all the genteel waists I should meet on the fashionable streets of the city she made; that the mothers brought their daughters in infancy to her, and that she passed them through the whole course of moulds till they were ready for the real French corset, when she considered them finished and perfect.

Yesterday, I visited the first class in one of our city girls' grammar schools, consisting of forty-two pupils. I had five questions on a slip of paper, that I asked permission of the teacher to put to the girls:—

First—"How many of you wear corsets?"

Answer—"Twenty-one." I asked them to stretch their arms as high as they could over their heads. In every instance it was hard work, and in most cases impossible, to get them above a right angle at the shoulders.

Second question—"How many of you wear your skirts resting entirely upon your hips, with no shoulder straps or waists to support them?"

Answer—"Thirty."

Third question—"How many wear false hair?"

Answer—"Four."

Fourth question—"How many wear tight boots?"

Answer—"None" (which I doubted).

Fifth question—"How many do not wear flannels?"

Answer—"Eighteen."

I went across the hall to a boys' class corresponding in grade, consisting of forty-four pupils. I asked for the number of boys without flannels, and found only six.

Of course one hundred per cent. were without corsets, or weight upon hips, or tight boots, or false hair. Every boy could raise his arms in a straight line with his body, as far as he could reach, with perfect ease. Here we find the pupils in one class improperly dressed, incapable of breathing freely, weighted with clothes upon sensitive parts of the body, and when in the air chilled with the cold; and these are the girls. The whole of the boys are properly dressed, free, and comfortable. But both classes are required to do the same mental work. The girls must perform it with all this added burden, if performed at all; and in the end, without doubt, fifty per cent. of them will be broken in health, and pass into the physician's hands. Their mamma's will inform him that hard study is the cause, and he will record mental work as fatal to the constitution of woman, and co-education of the sexes to be downright murder to the female sex.

Now it is evident from this testimony, that women must begin a reform in dress, before they can hope to secure a higher education.

Girls are not fit to enter Harvard or Yale, till they have put their bodies into comfortable, healthy apparel. Men know this, though they will not admit it to be the cause of the feebleness of woman. They will persist in laying it to brain work, when it only belongs to corset-

lacing and like female torture; and will keep Harvard shut to the end of time. But women can change all this. Let every woman in the land who has a daughter in school remove her corsets; put on thick flannels, warm stockings, and thick boots; lighten her clothes; take off all chignons, and let her have just as much out-of-door exercise as the boys, and of the same sort if she choose it. This done, in less than a year our school-rooms will be full of blooming-checked, sun-and-wind tanned, healthy girls, learning their lessons with perfect ease. The doctor's theories about special female brain tissue, and female mental incapacity, and female physical weakness, will all gently float away, with the rest of the nonsense about woman, and never be heard of again.

LOUISE S. HOTCHKISS.

BOSTON, Dec. 26, 1872.

RELIGIOUSLY CONSISTENT, AT LEAST.

During the last presidential contest, Governor Gratz Brown, whose name was second on the Liberal Republican ticket, when he was charged at New Haven with putting too much brandy into his lobster sauce in the hot month of July, defended himself by protesting that he had been a total-abstinence man for thirty years, "*off and on.*" But in regard to his religious views and policy, we must give him the credit of being more consistent.

In his famous letter to the National Reform Association, of which Judge Strong of the United States Supreme Court is president, and which aims to insert into the Constitution a theological creed whose provisions shall be carried out by Congress, he endorses this religious movement with much zeal; and although, during the late campaign, the radicals among the Liberal Republicans tried hard to get rid of it by saying that A told B that C had told D that Governor Brown was *opposed* to the "amendment" in question, and signed that letter without knowing its contents on account of being sick at the time, *he himself has never said so to the public.* There stands his letter approving of the project and pledging his support and co-operation, and not a line or syllable of it has he ever revoked.

To show how dangerous it would have been to elect Gratz Brown to the Vice Presidency when he was thus pledged, I refer to his recent course as Governor of Missouri. Warren Chase, who was a member of the Electoral College of Missouri, and is an excellent man and the western editor or correspondent of the *Banner of Light*, with headquarters at St. Louis, in that paper of the 25th January gives a brief account of Missouri politics; from which it appears that the State of Missouri in her Constitution has taken an advanced position in regard to taxing all property as *property*, whether owned by the churches or not. This is the policy advocated by THE INDEX, the New York Independent, and a number of other papers, and commends itself to every good citizen as wise and just. But Gov. Brown has recently proposed to the legislature to change this provision of the Constitution of Missouri, and to exempt church property in that State from taxation! Had the Greeley ticket been elected, and were Gratz Brown now, by the death of his chief, president elect of the United States, can any one doubt that his power as president would be used during his administration to help on the cause of the religious amendment? His fealty to that cause, as evinced in his letter, is confirmed by his recent suggestion to the legislature, and is an earnest of what he would do as president of the United States. He has read the history of the Church to poor purpose who has not discerned that when a religious conviction seizes a man and he feels it a duty, at the peril of his soul's salvation, to do a certain thing,—whether to stand naked on the top of a pillar for years, as Simon Stylites did, or honor God by converting the government into an engine for suppressing heresy,—*he will do it.*

But does some one say, "Let us be charitable, and let bygones be bygones"? No, sir! Let us be just. The words, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," are not what Rufus Choate pronounced the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence to be—"a mere glittering generality." So long as I am on top of the ground, I will keep a lynx-eye upon and expose any man over thirty years of age and under sixty, who is laboring to put these religious tests into the Constitution. The greenness of youth, or the imbecility of age, may palliate such conduct; but for a man of mature years and understanding to join the "holy alliance" against the rights of man is a sin, either of selfishness or ignorance, which the American people ought never to forgive. The advocates of this measure are indeed earnest, and so is

SENEX.

Superstition and miracle, it is true, vanish before the new natural philosophy; but not the greatest miracle, the self-consistent universe! Knowledge is never a clog to the freest thought; it can only give new wings to the imagination.—*Schaaffhausen.*

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OF

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"I have looked over Mr. ———'s novel, and think it would be an attractive feature in THE INDEX. It is very strong, and I found it very interesting. The story is remarkably well told; the characters are firmly drawn; and the religious tone of it will suit the paper well. The style is nervous and simple; the incident is varied; the development is natural. The writer has put a vast deal of thought into it, and spent great labor on it with admirable effect. My judgment may be at fault, but I think it would adorn THE INDEX. It will divide well as a serial, which will be an advantage."

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CHAP.

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- 69.—New York again. And what Paul did and heard there.
- 70.—A "Cut Direct" and other Experiences, too various for particularization.
- 71.—Is as Desultory as the one preceding it, and therefore introduced without Specification.
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THE INDEX FOR 1873.

THE INDEX.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

FREE RELIGION.

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THE INDEX begins its fourth volume under the most flattering auspices. Steadily working for the religious emancipation and noblest culture of humanity at large, and more immediately of the American people, it has received from the liberal public a most generous support. The capital stock of the Index Association has been subscribed nearly to the full amount of One Hundred Thousand Dollars. The circulation of the paper has more than doubled within the past year. Influential friends have given their means and their co-operation to its cause. Many of the best writers both of America and England are constant contributors to its columns. The people welcome its words, grow daily more interested in its ideas, and become daily more actively participant in the great movement it represents. From all parts of the country a continual stream of letters pours in from the old and the young, from the rich and the poor, from the lettered and the illiterate, from men and from women alike, expressing the warmest sympathy and the profoundest interest in the work it is doing.

With all this encouragement to persevere in the great cause which thus appeals to the best hopes and purposes of the people, THE INDEX for the coming year will possess increased means of influence. It is doubled in size, and must soon be more than doubled in power. It will address itself more earnestly than ever to men and women of all grades of culture who desire to share the best life and thought of the age, and to impart it even to the indifferent, the superstitious, and the enslaved. It already wields a

great influence, which must grow greater every day, as brave men and pure women flock to the standard it upholds.

In addition to its general objects, the practical object to which THE INDEX will be henceforth specially devoted is the ORGANIZATION OF THE LIBERALS OF THE COUNTRY, for the purpose of securing the more complete and consistent secularization of the political and educational institutions of the United States. The Church must give place to the Republic in the affections of the people. The last vestiges of ecclesiastical control must be wiped out of the Constitutions and Statutes of the several States, in order to bring them into harmony with the National Constitution. To accomplish this object, the Liberals must make a united demand, and present an unbroken front, and the chief practical aim of THE INDEX will be henceforth to organize a great NATIONAL PARTY OF FREEDOM. Let every one who believes in this movement give it direct aid by helping to increase the circulation of THE INDEX.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The publication of a valuable leading paper or essay of a thoughtful character, in each issue, will continue to be one of the most marked features of THE INDEX.

Regular editorial contributions will continue to be furnished by the well-known eminent writers who have already done so much to give to THE INDEX its present high position. Mr. CONWAY and Mr. VOYSEY have kindly consented to furnish every week alternately a LONDON LETTER containing matters of general interest to radical readers.

A new LITERARY DEPARTMENT, embracing book notices and reviews by writers of the first excellence, will be specially acceptable to the readers of THE INDEX, and supply a want which has been keenly felt. Rev. THOMAS VICKERS, of Cincinnati, and Rev. EDWARD C. TOWNE, of New Haven, will write regularly for this department; and their names are a sufficient guarantee that it will be characterized by scholarship and ability.

Every issue of THE INDEX will also contain a Boston letter from Mr. SIDNEY H. MORSE, late editor of the RADICAL, whose EVENING RADICAL will be found one of the most attractive features of the paper. Other interesting correspondence, communications, extracts from valuable books and periodicals, and miscellaneous articles, will also be published; and such improvements will be made from time to time as circumstances shall render possible.

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A SYNOPSIS

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BY THE AUTHOR.

"PAUL GOWER" is a Story of English and American Life; the localization being pretty equally divided between both countries. It embraces some London, some (English) country life, much of New York Journalism, including the humorous and "Bohemian" side of it; travel from Canada to New Orleans; a midway transition, again, to Great Britain, and a return to the United States, where the story virtually concludes,—the closing scenes transpiring in the Virginian peninsula, during McClellan's unsuccessful campaign there in the second year of the late civil war. The whole narrative occurs in the five years preceding that event, incidentally involving much that led up to it, particularly secession-time in Charleston, South Carolina, the inside details of which are not in-curious.

It is, also, in the very warp and weft of it, as heterodox, rationalistic, anti-theological novel; its main object being the exposure of the logical results of certain so-called religious opinions on the life and character of those who hold them. Its author has endeavored to show how there, often sincere and conscientious persons, are and must be, not only not the better, but the worse for their adherence to certain theological tenets, now obsolete with all advanced thinkers, but still dreadfully potent with the unquitting and acquiescent on both sides of the Atlantic. He exhibits how these opinions poison the kindly springs of natural affection, pervert character, and are, in short, utterly mischievous and deplorable. This, the fulfillment of a long-cherished purpose, has not, he believes, suffered from not being introduced, dialectically or otherwise, but allowed to transpire naturally in the course of a novel involving more than anti-theological objects. It is emphatically a story, with a distinct and carefully wrought-out plot, kept in view from beginning to end.

Free Religious Association.

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VOLUME 4.

TOLEDO, O., AND NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

WHOLE No. 165.

ORGANIZE!

LIBERALS OF AMERICA!

The hour for action has arrived. The cause of freedom calls upon us to combine our strength, our zeal, our efforts. These are

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformable to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Let us boldly and with high purpose meet the duty of the hour. I submit to you the following

FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF ———.

ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in:—

Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.

ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.

ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.

ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.

ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

Liberals! I pledge to you my undivided sympathies and most vigorous co-operation, both in THE INDEX and out of it, in this work of local and national organization. Let us begin at once to lay the foundations of a great national party of freedom, which shall demand the entire secularization of our municipal, state, and national government. Send me promptly the list of officers of every Liberal League that may be formed, and a standing list of all such Leagues shall be kept in THE INDEX. Rouse, then, to the great work of freeing America from the usurpations of the Church! Make this conflict from ocean to ocean sacred to human liberty! Prove that you are worthy descendants of those whose wisdom and patriotism gave us a Constitution untainted with superstition! Shake off your slumbers, and break the chains to which you have too long tamely submitted!

Toledo, O., Jan. 1, 1873.

FRANCIS B. ABBOT.

THE BOSTON SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES FOR 1873.

THE RISE OF UNITARIANISM IN NEW ENGLAND: A STORY OF EVOLUTION.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

THIRD LECTURE IN THE COURSE OF SIX "SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES," GIVEN IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, JANUARY 10, 1873.

[Concluded.]

THE CRISIS NEAR—1805-1815.

And now in our story we approach the time when the hard words began to be hurled at the pushing Liberals.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

Young Channing had just come to Boston and had hardly made his second round of parish calls when certain Orthodox men leaped to their feet with indignation. Not at Channing yet, but because Harvard College had appointed Henry Ware to the vacant professorship of Divinity. Harvard College—founded by the fathers "for Christ and the Church"! Henry Ware—one of the silent brotherhood indeed, but known to be Arminian, suspected of being Arian! And in a chair established by the terms of the old bequest for a man who was to be "sound or Orthodox"! It was too true. The Liberals had already firm possession of the College; and this was one of those cases that always must seem unjust, and be unjust, to the neighbors who inherit the old faith in its pristine purity,—or rather, least unchanged from pristine purity. Such cases must arise until people believe in "religious evolution," and in their requests allow for Nature's fact of growth. The Liberals had possession of the College, but they had obtained it by no intrigue. The College had descended from the first trust along the line of Massachusetts culture. By that title, at the beginning of the century, the Liberals held it fast. Only a few years after Ware's election, they called Kirkland from the Church in Summer Street to be its President—Kirkland, one of the most outspoken of the Boston brethren; and he soon organized a Liberal Divinity School.

THE LIBERAL MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

The magazines afford best tracking ground for those who would follow from this time the movement of thought. There was a Club then in Boston in which much of the younger Liberal intellect was concentrated,—the Anthology Club. The names in our story are growing now familiar. William Emerson (father of the son), Buckminster, Thacher, Tuckerman, and Kirkland—Gardiner, too, of Trinity Church—were among its minister-members, with certain lawyers and physicians before their fame, whose names have long been reverent memories to us,—and among them two whose faces time-worn still bless Boston streets. Choice spirits were they all,—so choice that the ladies of Boston village did not invite company on the Anthology evening, because the Club meeting had their rarest gentlemen. This Club had a literary magazine, and this magazine was the first of that five-linked chain of Liberal magazines of which *Old and New* is last. Its theological attitude was definite in its anti-Calvinism, but non-committal about the Trinity. Now and then a sharp article against the Orthodox appeared; as when Thacher wrote about the Andover School just established with a creed skillfully drawn up to smooth the differences between the old and the new Calvinism,—a creed which "it is solemnly enjoined shall forever remain entirely and identically the same, without the least alteration, addition, or diminution," and be repeated anew by the professors every five years. He reported the charge of evasion which the Evangelicals were now pressing against the Liberals. "This we believe," he said, "to be the first instance on record of a creed being origi-

nally formed with a designed ambiguity of meaning, with the express intention of permitting men of different opinions to sign it."

But in 1812 a bolder Review succeeded it,—the *General Repository*, edited by Andrews Norton, then a young man who was born to be a "defender of the faith." He took *non temere, non timide* for his motto and boldly wrote for his first article a "Defence of Liberal Christianity." A small but able band of scholars helped him, Edward Everett among them; and together the rational, the historical, and the Scriptural arguments against the Trinity were set plainly forth. Like all radical magazines however, the *Anthology* and *Repository* were "caviare to the general," and each New Year's day the editors had to hug themselves before the public over the quality that they said made good the lacking quantity of favor. Channing and some friends wanted a different tone from Norton's, and the *Christian Disciple* was next born. "Speaking the truth in love" was its motto; and Noah Worcester—the author of *Bible News*, but soon to win his title of "Apostle of Peace"—was its editor. But the *Disciple* was too tame for those stirring times (for now the "controversy" had begun), and it languished until it changed its editor and its tone and stood for some ideas as well as a holy spirit.

In other ways also the heresy was taking shape and size,—taking everything except a name. Books were written—notably that "Bible News of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost"—which startled all New England and ruffled circles where reasons against the Trinity had never broken in before. Emerson and Buckminster printed a hymn-book which had Pope's universal prayer in it; and, worse than this, an improved version of the New Testament was re-printed here, garnished with Unitarian notes by its English editors. The Orthodox saw in its welcome the worst of omens, and Dr. Mason, a Presbyterian divine of New York, described it as "the amended Bible which the Iscariot bands of professed Christianity are laboring to thrust into the hands of the simple,—straining into the cup of salvation the venom of Socinian blasphemy." Through the annual convention sermons, also, the heresy flowed and ebbed. One year the "few fundamentals" would be pointed out to the assembled ministers; by the next, the sea of charity had shrunk away and all the old rocks stood bare again.

THE ORTHODOX MUSTER.

Meanwhile, in these dozen years of rapid liberal growth, the Orthodox were far from idle. Eyes were opened, troops were marching, the muster before the onset had begun. Dr. Morse of Charlestown—be of the Geography—was the first Orthodox champion to take the field and strive to rally the Puritan feeling round "the faith once delivered to the saints." He set up a magazine too—*The Panoplist*—that proved a doughty man-at-arms, confronting each liberal encroachment, watching on the walls of Zion, and challenging the suspected heretics to declare themselves. The Andover School in 1808 made another strong barrier; and the next year Park Street Church was built, professedly to give asylum to high Orthodoxy in the midst of the enemy. Two or three country ministers lost their pulpits in Connecticut and New Hampshire, where Orthodoxy's hand was stronger than in Massachusetts. Then certain Evangelicals near Boston began to decline exchanges with their liberal brethren, and caused much hurt feeling thereby. Two or three church-breaks occurred; and then came a proposition which filled the Boston men with indignation. Connecticut had crushed out the germ of heresy by her consociations, and the Presbyterians by their Synods and Assembly. And now a plan was strenuously urged by Dr. Morse and his friends, to set up similar ecclesiastical tribunals in Massachusetts; but for that our Congregationalists were not ready. Massachusetts owes much to that escape.

THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD.

The crisis was close at hand. No name but "Liberal or Rational Christianity" was acknowledged by the Boston ministers; but it was known through the city and the State that they thought things they did not preach and had no

objection to each other's parlor-heresies. "It is the prevailing idea all over the United States, that the clergy of Boston are little better than deists," writes Buckminster, one of their number, in 1809. Country parsons and strangers visiting Boston would attend the churches, or listen at the "Association-meetings" or the "Thursday lecture" or the College Commencement, with ears wary for the ambushed heresy; and sometimes would compare notes afterwards, or tell at country firesides that they had heard a service with no word of Christ's divinity or his atonement in it. But it was seldom or never possible to say they had heard denial of these doctrines.

Their refusal of the Unitarian name was one thing—this silence was another. For refusing that name there was a special and good reason. It was already appropriated by their English brethren and commonly identified with their Socinian, i. e., *humanitarian* view of Christ,—a view which few in New England had at that time reached. The great majority were of the Arian type: Christ to them was a being between God and man—higher than all archangels. They felt it would be a great injustice and untruth if they should be confounded with the followers of Priestley. So when the Orthodox called Dr. Ware at his election a Unitarian, his friends could truly say it was a calumny; and five years later Thacher could call that name "a flower of rhetoric."

But that since 1800, at least, there was a *conscious silence* about their thought, after that thought was pretty definite, there can be no doubt. The quick side-taking when the issue was forced showed the real ripeness of opinion. Channing and Thacher expressly admitted the silence and defended it; other Liberals admitted and excused it; still others admitted and rebuked it. It was the universal impression of the Orthodox, the common talk among them. The charge of "concealment" was afterwards denied; but when the Orthodox for ten years had been restlessly questioning, the silence practically was concealment. The motives for it were and may be variously construed. It was attributed to self-denial, Christian charity, prudence, policy, temporizing, cowardice, hypocrisy. Individuals—e. g., Channing and Thacher—were most certainly free from all stain of cowardice or hypocrisy. All perhaps were not. But Channing's principle of avoiding controversy because the points denied seemed to them of little moment, while religious controversy was most direful in its consequences,—this was doubtless the deepest motive with them all. The older men especially would feel that motive strongly. They saw that clear statement on certain points would make a bitter schism in the Church, and could not bear the thought. So that a most curious phenomenon was seen in the religious world: these rationalizers, and not the Orthodox with their plenary inspiration, were the men seen clinging to the letter and calling loudly *they* were the Bible-men! These freer-thinkers were standing as the advocates of *vague* thinking, while the Orthodox were the defenders of the right to think distinctly in religion!

The silence in those later years was not only an error, but an error (I think) of that kind which impugns the moral standard of the men who make it,—though it did not necessarily involve hypocrisy; i. e., dishonesty according to the standard which they sincerely held. A very real distinction. To that extent the Orthodox were right in their charge of concealment. Our fathers—the Unitarians before Unitarianism—chose the double, the esoteric and exoteric, way. The error exposed them to the ignominy of a forced disclosure. It should be remembered as a warning by their spiritual descendants in all sects, by all men and parties who are thinking forward,—a warning that the Liberal of the day should be as distinct in thought as he can be, and as open in word as the most bigoted bigot. *Clearer statement possible is the only true statement in religion*,—a duty, and the source of all new vision. Our world is not yet so used to free inquiry that we have fully learned the ethics of the process.

THE DISCLOSURE—1815.

An indignant friend and an indignant foe joined hands in bringing on the crisis. The friend lived across the water—Belsham, a London Unitarian of the extreme Priestley school, and vexed in his soul that the American brethren were so slow of tongue. In writing the life of Lindsey—James Freeman's friend—he accordingly put in a long chapter about them, citing Freeman's old letters and adding fresh ones just received from Boston,—all courteously betraying the non-committal policy. Dr. Morse rubbed his hands. That was what he wanted. Out came that chapter in a pamphlet; and straightway his *Panoplist* hailed it as the most important publication of the day. It was indeed. It was a fire-brand, and the Review was wind to it. The churches started up and watched to see what would happen. The Review had made three points. (1) The New England heretics shared Belsham's low views of Christ and mutilated the New Testament as he did. (2) The ministers who led the way in this apostasy were

systematic hypocrites. (3) All Christian fellowship must therefore be denied them.

The Liberals *could* not keep silence now. But who should be their spokesman?

Channing then was thirty-five years old. Look at the beautiful face in Alston's portrait of him then, while the light of his great thought was dawning on him, before the eyes gazed so widely and the lips were set. He had been a quiet minister, making those calls, preaching his twice a day, not often going to the Anthology Club, but getting known as one who made men feel religious. Sad and indignant, Channing answered the attack. He admitted the Unitarianism, using that word in its broad sense, unconfined to Belsham's view of Christ. Opinions differed he said among them as to Christ. "To think with Belsham was no crime." But, as a fact, few did. For himself he had always scrupulously avoided every expression that might seem to acknowledge the Trinity; and, when asked in conversation, had explicitly avowed dissent. He admitted, justified, glorified, the *pulpit-silence* about the Unitarianism. The charge of hypocrisy was a slander. "We preach precisely as if no such doctrine as the Trinity had ever been known." No doctrine was more abstract or perplexing, so apt to gender strife. "We all of us think it best to preach what we esteem to be the truth, and to say very little about (speculative) error." About Calvinism, had they not been also silent? Yet they were well-known anti-Calvinists, and no preaching was more easy or more popular than attacks upon its dogmas,—and they deemed its errors far more injurious than any about Christ's person. "And yet the name Calvinist has never, I presume, been uttered by us in the pulpit." Not hypocrisy, but self-denial rather. And then, with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, he deprecated the threatened break in the Church.

A second champion now stepped forward in behalf of Orthodoxy—Samuel Worcester, brother of the one who wrote the *Bible News* and now was editing the *Disciple* for the Liberals. To and fro the letters went till each had three in print. This was the first set debate in the Unitarian controversy, and as such turned less on the proof and disproof of the doctrines (that came later), than on the importance of the doctrines doubted as a ground for denying Christian fellowship. Must the sacred old New England Church now break in two? Were the Liberals "un-Christian" because un-Trinitarian? "A solemn, infinitely important question," Channing calls it. Channing insisted that the differences were like the differences between the two schools of Calvinism; they were not fundamental. Worcester insisted that they were: that was all; but that was final. Channing said the Bible was vague about the nature of Christ and the way of the Atonement, and that therefore the Liberals were vague "because we are faithful;" only one belief was needful for the Christian name,—that "Jesus is the Christ." The Bible vague about Christ's essential divinity and the propitiatory sacrifice! cried Worcester. The Liberals indifferent about these things! Why, "set these aside and what but Natural Religion is left?"

THE NEW NAME NECESSARY.

And was not the Church-break necessary? Were not the Orthodox right? Of course not right in confounding "Church" fellowship with Christian fellowship, and like popes denying the name "Christian" to those who conscientiously appealed to a common Bible; but right in gathering up what they thought the plain Bible meanings into plainer words—the "human creeds" so-called. Right were they to say to the Liberals: "It cannot be wrong to think clearly in religion; and since our clear thinking shows us as the basis of salvation what you deny as even fact; since in your eyes we hold monstrosities of belief and in our eyes you hold monstrosities of unbelief,—then we are really two and not one, and you must go by yourselves and be a Church apart from us." It is a general question. We are much afraid of such disfellowshippings. New forms appear at last in every evolution-process—distinct new forms. Otherwise no growth. New sects must be; new names are sometimes necessary in religion. Ideas by growing on do grow apart. Why not recognize the fact? Recognize also that it comes about *by* growth; and then you know that the inner intimacy, the deeper unity, is not and never can be broken from the lowest form to the highest transformation. That is the glory of the evolution-thought applied to religion. Being interpreted, it says: Inner fellowship *cannot* be disowned; and "sects," the outer disfellowship, ought not to be.

At last, then, the heresy was out! Its veil was torn off; a name was forced upon it; and the schism had begun. It was the year 1815. The long, slow process that had quietly gone on since 1750—two full generations—had reached its crisis. Sides were quickly taken, though not without protests against the new name and the necessity of schism; and the two Churches, no longer two parties of one Church, drew off from one another.

THE UNITARIAN CONTROVERSY.

From this time, my story grows familiar; and as I only care to trace the fact of a "flow of faith," of an *unbroken rise* of thought up to the point where we are to-day, it will move more rapidly.

Some among you must remember the stormy twenty years that followed the acceptance of the Unitarian name—the years from 1815 to 1835; at which time the new sect had fairly won its position in the Christian Church. They were the years of its controversy with the Orthodox and of inner organization.

Channing still kept the leader's place; and once, twice, thrice, his plain, strong words served to draw the fresh attacks. But he left the defence to other hands. His own main work was to be constructive,—to unfold the doctrine of the divinity of human nature. Nothing that he wrote of a controversial nature remains unpublished, no single sermon, says his biographer; which shows how very little of a controversialist he really was in spite of his fame of leadership. He soon recognized that the break must be, whatever were the consequences; and in 1819, his Baltimore sermon defining Unitarianism made a sensation greater probably than any other sermon ever preached in America before or since. Men now saw what it was,—that its stand was taken squarely on the Bible, and its weapons would be very largely Bible-texts. Revelation, miracles, apostolic authority, the Christ, were all there. God's unity against his Trinity, human ability against Calvinism, were established on that basis. But the revelation was interpreted with a strangely daring reason which insisted that itself also was from God; and that the Christ, whatever his rank or whatever his death accomplished, was not God,—was not God-man. They saw too that no shred of Calvinism was left; that Unitarians *could* not see how a little lovable child could be "totally depraved," how moral responsibility *could* consist with "born depravity" of any sort, or "election" with God's impartial goodness, or "vicarious atonement" with God's justice, or "irresistible grace" with man's free will. These negations were what Unitarianism chiefly meant to its advocates. Its affirmations were whatever was left in revelation and religion when these were taken away. It was a Bible-faith, but yet a protest of reason against unreason, of the moral sense against inhumanity in religion,—a protest of the mind and heart of the nineteenth century against the mind and heart of the past. Words henceforth were hardly strong enough to express the differences which four years before had seemed "not fundamental."

When they heard the echoes of this sermon, two professors at Andover buckled on their armor, and the two at Harvard stood to meet them: Stuart against Norton on the dogma of the Trinity; Woods against Ware on the doctrines of Calvinism. The two debates are the classics of the controversy. Dry reading now they make. But what they wrote was little and was mild compared with what was written by others long before the twenty years were over. Boston, New York, Baltimore, and Princeton—city-ministers, country-parsons, and laymen; editors and pamphleteers, even children—took part in print. Both sides were violent, for each had a sacred cause in charge: one, salvation; the other, liberty; and both, the gospel,—and each felt misrepresented and abused.

Meanwhile, church-breakings went on in a hundred villages; and as the law decided that the parishioners, and not the mere church "members," made the Church, the meeting-house and funds and ancient name usually remained with the heretics, because they were in majority; while the lot of exile fell to the faithful Orthodox. No wonder the feeling grew bitter and more bitter, as neighborhoods and even families were thus divided against themselves.

ORGANIZATION.

The new sect organized itself. The American Unitarian Association was formed. The new papers sprang up. Tracts fluttered. The *Disciple* became the *Examiner*, and was very demonstrative and bold at first in its examinations and other magazines appeared. The Divinity School was re-organized and the brick hall in the damp meadow was built for it. Various benevolent societies were planned, and Unitarianism entered on that active life of philanthropy which has made its name so honorable. A large part of the intellect and culture and wealth at influence of the State had adopted its opinion. The distinguished laymen much more than the ministers made the early triumph. For in Boston it seemed to be a triumph. The position it gave was no hardship here to be in the country it sometimes was a hardship; on side of New England the early Unitarians were in small ways martyrs.

THE CHECK.

But about 1825 a check began to be felt, and Orthodox revival set in in Boston. It was not what as in early Protestantism. The Catholic became zealous in their Jesuits,—became partially reformed, at Trent; and Protestant proved less satisfactory, less inspiring, than

been hoped. So in New England. Lyman Beecher came to Boston, and his presence meant fire. The shattered ranks closed up. He brought the "Spirit of the Pilgrims" in his heart and put it in a magazine thus christened. New tactics also in regard to the dogmas were adopted. So modified was the Orthodoxy now put forward, that the old evasion seemed almost to have shifted owners. It became as hard to tell where the Orthodox mind really was as fifteen years before it had been to discover a Liberal's thought. Twice the Unitarians had to prove to it that Calvinism, according to Calvin and his apostles, and the creeds and the fathers, did mean, in spite of all denials, the horrors which all now were willing to repudiate. The charge was admissible, but it did not seem fair to appeal to old phrases and ignore it.

UNITARIANISM COLD.

What helped the Orthodox revival again was the seeming coldness and meagreness of Unitarianism. Its zeal had been warm for some negations. But the positive thought, the positive influence—by that it must stand. It made public-spirited citizens, dutiful lives. But it did not touch hearts, excite enthusiasm. Even its sister Universalism was better off by one grand inspiration. Its preaching abounded in common-sense and dulness. Said Channing himself a few years later: "Unitarianism was a protest of the understanding against absurd dogmas, rather than the work of deep religious principle. It does not work deeply, it does not strike living springs in the soul." "Not that it had no positive ideas; it had. And to some they seemed positive and grand enough to inspire most earnest piety. In their light, a human being was in every way a being more beautiful than had been thought,—born from a nobler past and to a nobler destiny, with nobler germs within him and a kinder Providence around him. They made a rational religious system possible which cultured minds could accept and gentle hearts be grateful for. And yet with all this added dignity and beauty, to very many persons the Unitarian affirmations seemed—and to very many they ever since have seemed—meagre and cold and barren. Man was better, God was more friendly; and yet their theory of the universe almost seemed to hold the two apart, not bring them close—real Father to real child. The God-reality, the God-nearness, the God-touch (albeit awful) which the abandoned doctrines had and which all faiths must have to have might with men,—they lacked. A mediator seemed indeed more useful than ever. And they had one—a being sent by God; perhaps human, perhaps more than that; and attested as his special messenger by miracles and resurrection. His mission was to reveal correct religious ideas and add motives to morality, by teaching as facts the Unity and Fatherhood of God, and Immortality for man. He was to be our assurer of that which reason and the light of Nature made almost but not quite sure, our example, our intercessor, and our future judge. His death might or might not have had some unique and mystical connection with the forgiveness of our sins. But he had never redeemed us by the infinite self-sacrifices. For these ideas, so shorn of unreason, so shorn of power, the Unitarians had given up the God who stood on earth and bore our nature. For these the great love-spectacle set between the heavens and the earth had vanished.

What was the matter with Unitarianism? It was cramped by a belief—its remaining belief in revelation. While that clung, the old glory had departed and the new glory could not freely enter.

UNITARIANISM—REASON IN REVELATION.

What we called the second stage in the history of its growth is closed. The first found Calvinism giving way to Arminianism. The Westminster creed decayed, while the growth was the corresponding emphasis on man's reason and conscience as interpreters of universal right. This second has showed us the Calvinism wholly vanishing, and the doctrines of a Trinity and a Vicarious Atonement vanishing with it, while Reason has learned to trust herself richly as interpreter of Revelation. Not Reason in Religion yet, but Reason in Revelation—that was Unitarianism's real value; what it stands for. The early Unitarians were a "Free Religious Association" within Bible-limits. "Free inquiry" to this extent was as truly their principle as our own. To this extent: and who could declare the measure thereof? The great worth of the Bible to them was really its vagueness,—the room they thereby got for thinking far under cover. They themselves recognized this as their principle and were very proud of it, though they did not see whither it would lead them. The Orthodox were right. Dr. Worcester, Stuart, and the others were true prophets when they said that Unitarianism would go on necessarily to pure Rationalism, to nothing but Natural Religion. The popular gibe was true,—"It is a half-way house to infidelity." Yes; infidelity to the Revelation, which is fidelity to human nature and to reason. It would come to that at last. That was its destiny, its nobleness, its mission.

III.

THIRD STAGE—UNITARIANISM INTO NATURAL RELIGION. FOUR CAUSES.

Therefore, if one should seek the causes of the third stage of growth,—that which led onwards now from Unitarianism to "Natural Religion," still in its growth to-day,—he would find no secret; for this early Unitarian rationalism would first and foremost meet his eye with the burden of the future in it. If he asked a second cause, he still would find it on the Unitarian ground,—the splendid emphasis of Channing on the worth of human nature. This was the sublime idea which has made him a star in the American firmament. It is his own word: "My one sublime idea, which has given me unity of mind—the greatness, the divinity of the soul." Hence all his love of liberty. Hence all his plans for social regeneration. Hence the meanest man to him was an immortal and brought thoughts of grandeur. Listen to his characteristic sentences. "All minds are of one family," he said, thinking of Christ and God. "Yes, Christ, though so far above us, is still one of us; is only an illustration of the capacity which we all possess," he writes. "The minister is a fellow-worker with Christ and angels," was a favorite thought with him. "Each man should feel the greatness of his own spirit,—that it is so great as to justify all the mighty operations of Christianity, were there no other spirit which needed redemption." (There is transcendental humility for us!) "The noblest use of travelling is to discern more of the godlike in the human." "The truths I have insisted on are written not from tradition but from deep conviction; may I not say from inspiration? I mean nothing miraculous. Does not God speak in us all?" (Is it Channing, or Emerson, or Parker, who says it; Federal Street Church or Brook Farm?) And he scrupled not to say of Reason in Revelation: "The truth is, and it ought not to be denied, that our ultimate reliance is and must be on our own reason." "I am surer that my rational nature is from God than that any book is an expression of his will." These were the characteristic, not the exceptional, emphases in all the latter part of Channing's life, while his interest in the mere sect of Unitarianism was waning and his influence was sinking deep and spreading far. And who can doubt the "flow of faith," or wonder from what unknown skies Transcendentalism lit in Boston brains? It climbed there from the soil.

But other influences mingled with Channing's. And still once more we must render due to Unitarians. Channing never gave up miracles and perhaps never said Christ was a mere man. He did not like the "mere" way of putting any greatness. But while "all minds were of one family" to him, other thinkers, and they not low in Unitarian rank, had said that word. It is hard to tell how many of our fathers were Arians or of Arian type; how many were Humanitarians. Stuart said to Channing, as early as '19, "The younger men are nearly all outstripping you." Even Prof. Ware, in the private lectures at the Divinity School, was soon teaching or rather saying, that to himself Christ seemed a man. The protesting note-books of the students show it. There were doubtless several like him; and more every year. Probably few over forty years old at the time of the disclosure in 1815 died other than Arians. Probably few under forty then who did not grow doubtful, or certain the other way.

One other influence there was, and this alone was alien. It was the foreign literature which now began to be read—deep words of Kant, and Goethe, and Jacobi; broad-viewed words of Cousin and Constant; intoxicating words of Coleridge, and Carlyle, and Fourier. These came like wind and sunshine to the transcendental growths that were already sprouting in New England soil. They were most important to that growth, but by furnishing ready-made forms of thought and phraseology. Even of life, they seemed to be still more important than (I suspect) they were. And they made it easy to dub it German infidelity and French atheism.

TWO SCHOOLS OF UNITARIANISM.

Now these four influences (three being from Unitarianism itself—its early principle of free inquiry, Channing's "dignity of human nature," and the growing recognition that Christ was a brother-man) joined to make the Unitarian mind diverge within itself. Two schools of thought grew evident: one based as of old on Locke's philosophy of sense and externality; the other more on Kant's philosophy of primal intuitions. Two schools of Bible criticism also showed themselves, attached respectively to these contrasted philosophies. One accepted the fact of external revelation easily; accepted the mediating messenger and his miracles most sincerely; and said to reason, "Thus far and no farther." The other scanned first the Old Testament and then the New, with growing scepticism. The miracles faded from the pages or seemed to blur them. Inconsistencies and immoralities multiplied along the chapters. Moses could not have written the Pentateuch. The Prophets did not mean the babe of Bethlehem. The miracles of Jesus, were they or were they not a fact? That was

what the ministers were pondering and the Boston maidens were discussing, about 1839. It seemed as if Strauss's book had blown out the whole gospel light in puffing the miracles away as myth.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

Perhaps the first sure sign of the change thus wrought was, that Mr. Emerson changed his parish. He left Hanover Street and took the world. A few years later he came back within the circle and reported to the Divinity boys at Harvard what wonders he had found within. His theme was *the Soul*. His contrast was the Church and its religion based on externality and another's word. Listen to the inward oracle and you shall hear the stars sing close beside you! Be dutiful, and the Duty in the universe is full of you! "In how many churches, tell me, is man made sensible that he is an infinite soul; that the earth and heavens are passing into his mind; that he is drinking forever the soul of God?" It sounded like an echo of Channing's thought, attuned to a finer and a farther rhythm, as if it had in some way really mingled with the music of the spheres. Presently, Boston hushed itself to listen to his lectures. Then the *Dial* began to tell the hour of eternity, and the "Over-Soul" drew near. Near at least it drew to the charmed circles who sat and talked with rapt looks in certain parlors, and in that wondrous family near by on which the public gazed with curious smiles to see what poets and Plato's kindred knew about farming.

UNITARIANISM CONSERVES ITSELF.

Of course there was re-action. Of course there was a controversy, though rather on the question about miracles than over these sky-born thoughts. The soul could not be exactly controverted,—over-soul or soul within; and yet it could not very plainly baffle in its own defence. Not that it was unwilling to speak. It marks the really great advance that free thought had made within the generation, that there was in this third stage no "silent brotherhood." The word came forth as soon as the thought went in—*sometimes before*; and men wondered what the would-be sky-born might portend. This gave the men of miracles and logic laughter, or would have given laughter had they not been utterly sincere in their own reverence; and therefore the whole tendency gave them fear. Henry Ware, the younger and the saint, rebuked Mr. Emerson's address; and Norton, the veteran of the former advance, roused himself against the new one, calling it "the latest form of infidelity." Some moved on, the younger men especially; accepting impulses from the new thought where they could not greet it heartily. But as a denomination, the Unitarians said, mostly, No. Channing was much disappointed with them; and this should be remembered when people speak of "Channing Unitarianism." His life just covered the early phase of the new growth, and in the last two or three years of his life he often wrote: "I am little of a Unitarian," none at all as a sectarian. "The Unitarian body seems to be forsaking its first love,—its liberality, its respect for the rights of individual judgment, its separation of the essential from the unessential in Christianity. I have felt for years that it must undergo important developments. It began as a protest against the rejection of reason. It pledged itself to progress as its life and end; but it has gradually grown stationary, and now we have a Unitarian Orthodoxy." "Perhaps," he added, "this is not to be wondered at or deplored; for all reforming bodies seem doomed to stop in order to keep the ground which they have gained. They become conservative, and out of them must spring new reformers to be persecuted generally by the old."

THEODORE PARKER.

It was a kind of prophecy. When the growth had extended a little farther, and Theodore Parker in his country study began to print his Bible criticisms and give the American extract of the German thought, and to deny the miracles, and call Christ distinctly our brother-man, our lofty self, and at South Boston pointed out what was transient and what permanent in Christianity,—then the Boston ministers recoiled. Parker found his basis of religion in simple intuition, and called his religion the Absolute. They said Christianity,—Natural Religion, miracles, Christ's authority. Could these latter be denied and Christian fellowship maintained? They doubted—they thought not; these were part of the essentials, the "fundamentals," to use the old word. By almost all, the fellowship was practically denied. Those who did not deny it, to-day are "named and known by that hour's feat." But Revelation being essential to the feast, and miracles necessary to make the Revelation most, was the fellowship rightly or wrongly refused by them? This is again the question. Again I should answer, *Rightly*. They were doing as the Orthodox had done to them while they protested; it was a limitation of their old principle tested; it was a limitation of their old principle of free inquiry, to be sure. But they had always sincerely meant that limitation. They had never stood for Reason outside of Revelation. That was a really new issue. *Rightly*, therefore; for now as in that elder case men had a right to clear-cut their thought and a duty to be loyal to

the thought's demand. The growth again required a new name in religion, and probably was hastened by that free recognition of the need.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Parker popularized Transcendentalism, and applied the logical reason to its vision. That was his work—the Paul-work after the Christ-work. It was the first attempt in this country to systematize Natural Religion. I need not sketch his influence on young ministers and on the public, churching as well as unchurching, or the growth of thought since his time; because no one doubts his connection with ourselves, or the fact (I hope) that there has been further growth. Yet his essential emphases are ours to-day. The differences are due to the great light that more science and more historic criticism and the comparative study of religions have been pouring in upon us since his eyes were closed. Science now is turning theologian,—rather turning prophet of religion, as she was in younger days when Genesis was written and the myths composed. She boldly enters into her own and proffers aid. Not sole, not chief, is she; but first of all assistants. She purges the Bible, and the stars shine there all the clearer. She confesses ignorance before the mighty mysteries, but points to Unity and Evolution everywhere. She questions "intuition," and yet is already reconciling intuition with experience in that hint of "derivation" which gathers in the fact of each. She questions "spirit," "person;" and yet by all this new emphasis on evolution is showing how mind grows in matter through the ages, and how the two, if not two, are a One which is both.

Unitarianism feels the influence of science, and is becoming live and liberal again. Spiritualism is partly a child of science. The radicals are only those who try to be most loyal to her. Liberal Orthodoxy is perhaps of all her child of promise. (When will the thinkers cease to remind us of that "silent brotherhood" of early Unitarians?) Science to-day is entering the primary schools. What will have become of the Bible-dogmas as Bible-dogmas, two generations hence?

THE RESULTS AND THE PROMISE.

At last then I have reached the end of my long story of the three stages of growth in our New England Unitarianism. Throughout, it is a movement of Reason into Religion; and the general results of its entrance have been these:—

The old doctrines of Christianity—those born in classic and petrified in mediæval thought—are all discarded; but the truth that lived in each is living still and growing on our recognition. The Bible ceases to be of any external authority in religion, but becomes a most noble witness to the fact that human nature is itself religious. Christ is regarded as mere man, but the glory of "mere manhood" is seen to be as yet but dimly guessed.

And thus the so-called "Christian revelation" resolves itself into a "Natural Religion," that is exalted by all the truth and life and inspirations that have borne the other name. By this last character our present vision differs from the early deism which was its dim, rough prophecy; and from the ancient thought of classic heathenism, that noble vision kindred to our own. To us, the Revelation's higher contents, that gospel of the love of persons, that Christ's life and influence, the risen moral sanctities of Christianity,—to us they all belong; and the very beliefs themselves in Christs and Revelations are seen to be creations of man's religious spontaneity, and each dogma a gesture towards some truth. The "supernatural" in them has vanished, vanished to become nobler ideas of Nature and the human.

It is a story of evolution; of transfiguration. And still there is transition to forms better. "Consider the lily, how it grows."

Therefore we cannot help thinking that another blossom is preparing in the stem Religiousness, which will by and by be known by a new name; and that again that which has been good will be destroyed by being fulfilled in something better. What is the better? A higher Unitarianism, a better Orthodoxy. Why go from one to the other to find truth, when truth owns both and disowns either as herself? What better? Only old glory again expanded, deepened, spiritualized, by doing away with veils and limitations.

A nearer God. A more essential unity of each in all and all in each. "Our Father within" becomes the prayer-thought to interpret "Our Father in the heavens;" and so the Presence in our prayer abides with us in life, the natural and inevitable Friend.

A larger Providence,—whose purpose no one Lord, or Church, or heaven, or hell interprets.

Larger facts of incarnation and inspiration,—facts that hold you and me, and hold the Christs in natural outcome and so as prophecy of other Christs to come; and offer larger Bibles with many fresh lips and old to tell its parables, beatitudes, and psalms.

Truer statements of those mighty laws, of which the other Christian dogmas encircling Christ and Adam are poor early versions, quaint and earnest; that law misnamed "original sin," by which mind and disposition are inherited and

the race wins its instincts through the generations; and that grand law of "vicarious atonement" which rules in every home and village, and moulds the nations' histories and makes the race one brotherhood,—the law by which each man is ever bearing others' burdens and sharing out his own, expiating others' sins and radiating retribution.

What will the better be? By the recognition of these large, firm laws, a heavier moral responsibility, and so a readier partly, and so a larger freedom and a quickened progress and brighter hopes and an ever ripening joy!

This is to be not a Christian; that is, to be more than a Christian,—if pure Natural Religion drops, as it probably will, all christening whatsoever. Think not that a new faith ever comes to destroy the old, save by fulfilling it; and remember,—those who fear and those who, not fearing, yet look forward to some loneliness,—that "if that which be done away is glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious." And then one deeper thought; to keep us humble, trustful and very humble, whatever we may think:—

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O God, art more than they.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of Reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But waster!"

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by P. E. Annot, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OR

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

John, the first-born and the exception recently alluded to, had rescued himself from the family tendencies by his own superior energy and tenacity of purpose. He, in part, escaped the ruinous paternal indulgence, which scarcely set in till after his juvenility; and, contriving to get himself decently educated, apprenticed himself to the law, which he studied with so much perseverance and ability as to both deserve and secure the success which, at the date of the commencement of this story, rendered him the pride and glory of the Sabinas. To be sure, it was not achieved immediately, and early friends of the family remembered his dropping in upon them on Saturday evenings to borrow half-sovereigns, or even smaller sums, with more frequency than was agreeable. But these were by-gones: at the period of our novel, he was a solicitor in good practice, married and eminently respectable; the standing rebuke of his brothers' shiftness, and their frequent resource during impecuniosity. He had a house in Bedford Square, an office in Gray's Inn, and clerks and pupils, with whom Kate and a younger sister flirted prodigiously whenever they got an opportunity. When her brother came to Newman Street, it was always a special occasion, in honor of which the household assumed an aspect of extemporized order absolutely comical, when contrasted with its normal condition. John Sabin senior had an immense respect for his prosperous son and namesake; he liked to quote his opinions, and talked about him to friends and acquaintances with a familiarity which disappeared in his presence: indeed the old man stood somewhat in awe of his junior, with whom his habits could scarcely find favor—besides he commonly wanted to borrow five pounds whenever they met. A worthy and not unkindly person, the lawyer would willingly have tried to uplift the fallen fortunes of the family, had he not, very reasonably, despaired of success. That into which he had married was rich, and proportionately looked up to by the Sabinas, who privately disparaged the Thomtons as "stuck-up" people but courted their notice. Paul Gower had once incurred Kate's serious displeasure by denominating them the "swell-friends of the family." Indeed, he suspected her of setting her cap at young Fred Thornton, John's brother-in-law, who kept his brougham and tiger, had chambers in the Albany, and was a man of fashion. (There was a horrid legend extant that she, in conjunction with a female friend, had once visited him at the chambers in question; but it appertained to the period before Paul's introduction to the Sabinas, and he resolutely ignored it.) Ultimately this gentleman, in conjunction with another person (to be introduced in the next paragraph), wrought the downfall of his relative and involved him in bankruptcy, when John's self-esteem sunk with his fortunes, and he underwent a curious decline towards brandy-and-water and paternal indulgences. But this is, of course, anticipatory; at present he is rigidly respectable.

The second son, Arthur, was the black sheep of the family. Having sown a most plentiful crop of wild oats on land, he, perhaps by way of trying the facilities afforded by another element, ran away to sea, whence he returned, after an absence of half-a-dozen years, to become a nuisance to everybody. For a time he lived at Newman Street, and with him, in an equivocal, surreptitious relation, which was certainly not wedlock, the ex-wife or widow of a maritime comrade; a lean, hard-working woman who only seemed to lack matrimony to render her respectable. She supplied the place of mother to a chubby boy of six, Arthur's child by a legitimate wife, who had died during her husband's absence at sea. Expelled from the household in consequence of a grand row and mutiny instituted by Kate—who even left home for a week and took refuge with a married sister at Somers Town, in protest against Mrs. Wornum—the pair shifted their lodgings, but were still tolerated as visitors and recognized in a left-handed manner by all the family, of which the child was a great pet and favorite. How Arthur Sabin got a living it would be difficult to say; having flown over many dubious professions, he appeared to have settled only in that of sponge and general hanger-on to his father and brothers—with the ultimate result, to John, already intimated.

Lucy, the married sister and third-born, had all but eloped with a copper-plate engraver, who became her husband, not before it was high time. Since then, Mr. Ball had beaten her once or twice, and she had once quitted him temporarily; but, all things considered, they lived together pretty amicably. She was a chatty, agreeable person, with a fair share of the family good looks, who often gave Kate good advice against flirtation, which her sister received with more impatience than profit; also, she was mother to a pretty girl of eight, for whom Paul Gower used to draw caricatures.

Of the expatriation of Tom Sabin we have heard already, from his father; but the old painter did not think it necessary to inform Mr. Bligh that his son's departure from England was rendered imperative by his having signed another man's name to a bill; nor that Tom had been recognized as the bar-tender of a New York liquor saloon; nor yet that he had subsequently changed his name and turned actor. Beyond these particulars, obtained from a travelling acquaintance, and the fact that Tom had once remitted a photograph representing himself with an American wife and children, very little was known of this member of the family.

The next surviving Sabin (there had been intervening ones, who died in their infancy, on which I may congratulate the reader) were Richard and Kate; in describing whom I shall use some latitude, for reasons already mentioned.

Richard, commonly called Dick Sabin, was three years older than his sister, being eight and twenty; and a decidedly handsome fellow, six feet high, and broad-shouldered and large-limbed in proportion: he would have made a guardsman or "swell," after the late John Leech's pattern, though he generally went very plainly, indeed, carelessly dressed; always however looking like a gentleman, he was so cool, self-possessed, and unaffected. He had curly, tawny hair, large gray eyes, which seemed darker than they were, in contrast with his eyelashes and eye-brows, a strong, solid, aquiline nose, and great, white teeth in a largish mouth, over the corners of which descended a long moustache, ending in ample whiskers. His manner was so reserved that people commonly thought him rather conceited at first and fancied that he gave himself airs of superiority over them; but with his friends and intimates he was prodigiously popular. His disposition rendered this inevitable, for his character was only another version of his father's, with modern developments.

As easy-natured and improvident as the old man, like him Dick possessed in perfection all those agreeable qualities which may exist in the absence of moral worth or sterling integrity. He was essentially what has come to be generally recognized as a Bohemian, taking that title to mean an artist or professional person with whom the serious responsibilities of life are quite secondary to immediate self-indulgence. An unmatchable loafer (we have no English equivalent for the word, and it is virtually naturalized), he could do everything of a social character to admiration, and that in a cool, nonchalant manner which bettered the performance. He was so companionable that his very presence satisfied; you could sit with him without feeling the necessity for much conversation—though, when he chose, he could hold his own with the liveliest. He rarely offered advice or criticism, or cared to say a disagreeable thing to anybody, unless provoked to it, or betrayed by his sense of humor; though he not unfrequently made himself amends for his reticence behind the backs of those whose habits or opinions conflicted with his own. Arragating the largest liberty in both, he rather justified his friends' faults than tolerated them, and resented interference in either case, on principle. He had been known to relieve a beggar "because he drank, and because it must be such an infernal thing to want gin when

you were used to it." He never seemed to be in a hurry, and lavished money, when he had it, as freely as his leisure. His whole life had been an attempt to dispense with the difficult virtues (which happen to be all the important ones), substituting in their stead such as are easy to practice, and popular.

I do not suppose that he did this deliberately; probably there was in him the amount of latent self-deception common to most of us; but he certainly knew better. He was shrewd enough to have recognized a higher standard of conduct, and had sufficient ability to have lived up to it; but he wanted the resolution: his better qualities were neutralized by his carelessness and prodigality. So whenever he descended to discuss the question (which was but seldom), he pretended to ignore the necessity for anything beyond general good intentions and a performance dictated by his own inclinations or convenience. He would talk very humorously on the subject; less frequently however convincing his creditors than those who were naturally disposed towards his way of thinking among his "friends of Bohemia."

With that remarkable "back-slim suburb to the cities of literature and art," Dick Sabin was curiously familiar. He knew it and its ways, and they suited him; and he had an unusually large acquaintance with its promiscuous population, whether literary, artistic, or nondescript, male or female, good, bad, and indifferent; from the "clever fellows of rising reputation and ladies of none," down to the very camp-followers and hangers-on—ruffish, drunken, disreputable, sharking, sponging scamps, who seemed to live on tobacco, dressed themselves like caricatures by Gavarni, told objectionable stories, danced the *Chaloupe* or the *Caneen*, and sang blackguard songs from the extinct London night-house or *Quartier Latin*. He was anything but exclusive as to his acquaintances, though his friends were of his own choosing: with both he wasted so much of his time that it would be difficult to say how he had contrived to qualify himself for a profession demanding so much energy, industry, and self-devotion; but there are born artists and Richard Sabin was one of them. Working only by fits and starts, or when spurred by necessity, and always putting off his tasks until the last minute, he yet drew with remarkable skill and dexterity illustrations to books, newspapers, and periodicals, anything that came to hand, but preferably subjects of a comic nature—his labors of the easel being exceptional to his staple employments. Of course he earned less than men with half his talents, and occupied but a dubious position among his craft, who find punctuality quite as valuable in art as in other matters: they talked of what he might do, if he liked, and shook their heads when he was mentioned. But nearly everybody thought him a delightful fellow. It is a question if he would have drawn anything but caricatures of his friends and acquaintances, if he had possessed money enough to loaf through life at his own pleasure.

Had Paul Gower (who admired his friend of all men) been asked to depict the object of his affections at the period of which I write, he would certainly have produced a much more flattering portrait of Kate Sabin than the one I am about to attempt; though, some years afterwards, he might have admitted the likeness, with perhaps a twinge of sadness at the recollection of his youthful ideal. We all think tenderly of our first-love, however badly she may have used us, in fulfilling her inevitable destiny of jilting us for somebody else.

I have spoken of Kate's face and figure already; it remains only to describe her disposition and character. She had not been very much spoiled by the consciousness of her beauty and popularity, though her behaviour afforded frequent reason for doubting it. She was really good-natured and kind-hearted; not ungenerous, except when her vanity came into play, and no more affected than a pretty, uninformed young woman, accustomed to a good deal of promiscuous admiration and living in a shifty home and dubious sphere of society, must be. I say uninformed, notwithstanding her indisputable cleverness, which she owed rather to her natural intelligence and quickness of parts than to an education limited to twelve months at a Kennington boarding-school (in the garden of which, by the way, we first made her acquaintance). This culture, scanty as it was, improved by her feminine tact, would have enabled her to pass muster in better society than any she had known, or was likely to know, barring the improbability of a marriage above her station. She could sing and dance, and behave as becomingly in a drawing-room as if she had never entered a kitchen, nor cooked a dinner, nor made pies and puddings, nor dabbled in the suds during a family wash; with all of which labors her industrious fingers were as familiar as with the keys of her pianoforte—though she liked the latter better. Indeed the hap-and-scramble system, or want of one, prevalent in the Newman Street household compelled the girls (Kate and a younger sister) to undertake most of the work ordinarily devolving on servants; hence what accomplishments they possessed, beyond those acquired at school, had been picked up intuitively. They betrayed

this by overdoing their pretensions and being extremely sensitive to criticism. A spice of wilfulness, inherent in Kate's Yorkshire blood, sometimes led her to the verge of rudeness, but she was not vulgar—or very rarely so. Her father had once been almost a gentleman, and the tradition of this in the family—it was little more—showed through its queerest makeshifts and reverses. None of its members, except John, saw it as it really was, and he had come to regard its normal Micawberisms as a sort of fatality. All the rest spoke of each other with immense consideration (except when they quarrelled); while Kate and her sister would have done battle any day with anybody who had dared to question the family respectability.

A natural coquette, whose flirtations were only limited by her opportunities, vain, fickle, and approbative, Kate Sabin was yet capable of real feeling and faulty from want of thought, rather than want of heart: had she understood herself, and possessed the self-respect that comes of that knowledge, she might have been as good as she was handsome. To any man, not much above her own position in life, and of reasonable matrimonial expectations, who had fallen in love with and married her, incontinently repudiating all her relations, she would probably have sobered down into an excellent wife—only the opportunity hadn't occurred, for most of her admirers were provokingly ineligible. Perhaps she flirted all the more eagerly on that account. If Fred Thornton had proposed, Paul's chance would certainly have counted for very little; while all the family would indubitably have backed the former. Improvident people are not less worldly than others, though they commonly affect a cheap disparagement of social position, on the well-known fox-and-grapes principle; indeed, their chronic impecuniosity renders them peculiarly sensitive to the influence of money. And Kate wanted to be married, like other young women.

She had no more sentiment than was almost inevitable to age, sex, and nationality; loved admiration above all things, and was not at all particular as to its quality, as Paul could not help knowing. She preferred music to reading, and both played and sang brilliantly, her voice being an unusually pure and sweet contralto, which her lover thought the most exquisite in the world. When she came home from boarding-school and performed in the Newman Street front-parlor, quite a little crowd collected outside, on the pavement, to listen. She had two or three show-pieces, chief among which was "Weber's Last Waltz," but excelled in such simple songs as "Wapping Old Stairs," "Long, long ago," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and some of Moore's Irish Melodies—songs which one seldom hears now-a-days, the more the pity. Long afterwards, when years and the Atlantic lay between them, Paul remembered Kate's warbling these ditties and sighed to think that her voice was changed, wondering how it would affect him then. As to her dancing (in which, like all healthy, natural young women, she delighted), he disapproved of it, and suffered torments when she waltzed. Paul couldn't dance very well himself, and had a harrowing consciousness of the fact.

I shall explain his relations to her in a future chapter, and leave Kate's remaining characteristics to develop themselves in the course of this story; we may also dismiss the two undescribed members of the family in a couple of sentences. Frank Sabin we have seen already; he was a good-looking scapegrace and daredevil, the plague of the household; while his twin-sister Elizabeth—ordinarily nicknamed Tib, or Tibby—emulated her brother in mischief and Kate in coquetry. These two sometimes worried Paul without mercy, but were ordinarily his very good friends.

Such was the Sabin family. If old Mrs. Gower had known as much about it as is contained in this chapter, she might have objected to Paul's visits to Newman Street even more strenuously than she did already.

PUTTING IT TO VOTE.—To any man who, besides intellectual tastes, has an interest in the great drifts and currents of modern society, one of the eminent satisfactions presented by life in London is that which the great city furnishes in its innumerable associations of marked people—especially in its Clubs. Club life of all descriptions is greatly developing there of late, both in extent and in importance. Among the Clubs which have recently come into being in London is one based on the very unique and admirable idea of enabling extremes to meet. Starting with the thought that, in the truly civilized state, even the widest differences of opinion constitute no valid reason why people should nickname or throttle one another, it proceeds to the conclusion that an occasional friendly union, in the same room, for free and polite conversation, of persons who represent the most opposite views in politics, theology, and philosophy, would be an advantage to all concerned. Of course, it is indispensable to the success of such a Club that all its members should be alike in one particular—namely, in social culture; that is, that each should be truly civilized, able to listen fairly to ideas that he does not accept, and able candidly

to state his own. Chaucer drew the portrait of the ideal member of such a Club when he said of his Oxford scholar,—

"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teache."

Our readers can judge of the character of this Club, and of the royal discussions which they must have, when we tell them that it regularly brings together such men as Dr. Newman, Archbishop Manning, Dr. Pusey, Mr. Gladstone, Maurice, Huxley, Mill, Lewes, Bishop Wilberforce, and Mr. Holyoke—namely, Catholics, High Churchmen, Broad Churchmen, Dissenters, Come-Outers, Infidels, Positivists, Materialists, Spiritualists, and Atheists. With reference to this Club an amusing story has been going the rounds of conversation in London during the past few months. The question for discussion on one occasion was this: "Is there a God?" Mr. Gladstone was very anxious to be present and take a part in the debate; but, being detained in the House of Commons, he did not reach the Club-room until the company was breaking up. Meeting at the door his friend, Mr. Glyn, the Liberal "whip" of the House, who naturally takes a professional view of even theological discussions, Mr. Gladstone asked him "how the debate had turned out." "Oh, very well," replied the whip; "God had a pretty fair majority!"—*Independent*.

A teacher in a public school was lately showing a lady some small cards she had to give her little scholars of five or six years old, as Rewards of Merit. Within their ornamented borders were passages like these: "By grace are ye saved through faith;" "Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again;" "Christ is in you the hope of glory;" "The Mediator of the new covenant;" "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us;" and so forth. On the lady's asking if she supposed the little things would understand the mottoes, the teacher replied, "Oh no, not now; but they will have them stored up in their minds till they do."

LOCAL NOTICES.

FIRST INDEPENDENT SOCIETY.—The regular meetings of this Society are held at ODEON HALL, St. Clair Street, on Sunday evenings, at 7½ o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

CAPITAL, \$100,000. SHARES EACH \$100.

The Association having assumed the publication of THE INDEX, the Directors have levied an assessment of ten per cent. on each share for the year ending Oct. 30, 1874. All future subscriptions are subject to this assessment. Not more than ten per cent. on each share can be assessed in any one year. By the original terms of subscription the Directors are forbidden to incur any indebtedness beyond ten per cent. of the stock actually subscribed; and this provision will be strictly complied with. It is very desirable that the entire stock of the Association should be taken, and subscriptions are respectfully solicited from all friends of Free Religion.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO STOCK.

ACKNOWLEDGED previously, Nine Hundred and Sixty-Seven Shares, \$96,700.
W. A. TUCKERMAN, West Newton, Mass., One Share, 100
\$96,800

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending February 15, 1874.			
Frank S. Billings	\$ 2 00	Robt. Law	1 83
Joshua H. Underway	1 00	A. M. Clark	3 00
Wm. Corning	1 00	Clarence Vail	1 50
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Cyrus Powers	1 00	Preston Day	75
W. W. Allen	1 00	J. H. Harlow	3 00
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H. O. Warner	3 00	Wm. A. Abbott	3 00
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C. M. Tyler	1 50	Jas. W. White	30 00
R. H. Curran	1 50	Geo. Hoadley	20 00
Mrs. S. F. Blackall	1 50	Nelson Newland	10
Laura Ramsdell	1 50	J. L. Swayze	5 00
Harriet Belding	75	Henry White	10 00
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Fred Federlen	1 50	C. S. Willey	10
Rabbi Samson Falk	1 00	B. W. Wendt	25
Frederick Verel	1 50	Geo. W. Robinson	10 00
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Geo. N. Newhall	3 00	S. W. Norris	25
A. H. Newton	2 00	Elizabeth Colt	25
Beriah Green	2 00	Frank Cheney	3 00
H. Gilliland	75	Mrs. C. E. Serrill	1 00
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Ellisha Burdick	3 00	J. B. Ford	3 00
Geo. H. Stone	3 00	Mrs. N. L. M. Tucker	75
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H. Conner	3 00	Marion Martin	75
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The Index.

FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right, and believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features, and offers an opportunity for discussions on this subject which find no fitting place in other papers.

The columns of THE INDEX are open for the discussion of all questions included under its general purpose.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

BUSINESS NOTICE.—All communications without exception, on all matters pertaining to the paper, should be addressed to "THE INDEX, DRAWERS, TOLEDO, OHIO." All charges, drafts, and post office money orders, should be made payable to "THE INDEX ASSOCIATION." No responsibility is assumed for loss of money or neglect in the fulfillment of orders, unless these directions are STRICTLY COMPLIED WITH.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Please send all matter intended for any particular issue of THE INDEX at least a fortnight in advance of date. We shall be very greatly obliged by attention to this request.

John Milton, though a Puritan (and the greatest of his day), was an Independent of the sternest type, and believed that "the administrative and legislative power should be lodged in the individual church and that there should be no superior court." Hence he denounced the rising school of Presbyterianism, with its consolidated ecclesiastical government, declaring that—

"New Presbyterian is but Old Priest writ large."

In the last issue of THE INDEX (February 15) an advertisement was inserted by mistake, during our temporary absence, which contained an announcement of advertising rates for THE INDEX. The announcement was premature, and is hereby recalled. In the press of business attendant upon the enlargement of the paper, permanent advertising rates have not yet been fixed by the Directors of the Index Association. When this is done, a proper announcement will be made.

It was announced last October that Judge Thurman would address the people of Zanesville, Ohio, on the political issues of the time. But on the day appointed it was found that Music Hall, the largest and only available hall in the place, was already occupied by the advocates of the Christian Amendment to the United States Constitution; and notwithstanding urgent requests and offers of money, the Senator was unable to persuade the "reformers" to waive their right to the hall.

Mr. W. R. Greg, author of the well-known *Creed of Christendom*, is described rather felicitously by the literary critic of the *Academy* as "a sceptic who cherishes some articles of faith which he knows to be uncertain;" and his latest book, just published in London with the title *Enigmas of Life*, is mentioned as "showing in a convenient compass how much—or how little—can be done in the way of constructive speculation without a foundation of fixed scientific principles." There is a beautiful delicacy and tenderness in Mr. Greg's writings, combined with entire courage and a transparent devotion to principle. He is one of the noblest knights of the new chivalry, who leave home and all its attractions to wander off in search of the Holy Grail of truth. Yet one feels very keenly the lack of a scientific rule in this search, all the more because so much moral and mental heroism is displayed in the attempt to dispense with it. Let us look steadfastly and with hope to the future of human intelligence, sure that science shall yet consummate itself by giving a fixed foundation of human knowledge to the sublimest sentiments of the human heart.

WILL FREE RELIGION HAVE SUNDAY SCHOOLS?

In one of the many letters that stream continually into this office from north, south, east, and west,—from old and young, from man and woman,—I find the following passage which serves very well as a text for what I wish now to say. The writer incidentally remarks: "I am anxious to see some plan for conducting a liberal Sunday School. I think it absolutely necessary that we (Liberals) have some systematic method of instructing our children, and that we see to it immediately that they be brought together each Sunday, at least, and taught those sound principles of morality which are the only useful part of all religions. We are neglecting our duty to our children by not having some general understanding amongst us that they shall and must be taught according to some well-considered and unsectarian plan."

This suggests the pertinent and imminent inquiry, Will free religion have Sunday-schools? In other words, Shall we who are liberals of the free religious order have any consenting method of imparting our liberalism to our children? We accept free religion, I suppose, because we heartily believe that it furnishes to us the best method and the best attitude whereby and wherein to become successful learners of the truth. Shall we desire that our children shall receive from us, or be helped by us to gain for themselves, this best method and attitude? This only is the simple question. Mark, it is not whether we shall desire or strive to impart to the young any set or specific form of doctrines. No thorough liberal has any such doctrines. He has no doctrine or belief to which he clings with determined tenacity; none around which he has built the least sign of any fence. All his faiths are utterly out of doors,—out in the open weather of God, subject to all the rain and drouth, the sun and frost, the storm and calm that wise Nature sends; subject to every change of mental climate, to all the material and spiritual influences that flow from the four quarters of the globe. Therefore nothing in the shape of dogmas have radicals to impart to their children; no fixed and settled doctrines have they to teach the young. Only a mental method, a mental attitude; only a wise, broad, fair, candid, catholic spirit,—only this is the legacy that true radicals have to bequeath to those who come after them.

But Heaven grant that they have so much as this to bestow! And, having this, shall earth or heaven hinder them from bestowing it? Have we radicals no estate which we wish our children to inherit? Would we desire them to go forth from our roof, as from the old land of bondage where we and our fathers once dwelt, to wander painfully or wildly through many wildernesses in order to come to any fair outlook on the promised land of truth? The chances are, if we put into their hands no divining rod from our experience, furnish them with no brave ideal for leader, that they will find seas impassable and rocks obdurate; that they will be swooped down upon and captured by predatory bands of Orthodoxy,—or, weary and frightened with inquiry and search, will long for and return to the old flesh-pots of superstition. Though we are out of doors with our faith, have we yet no temple, no worship? Behold the dome of the Infinite over our heads, bright with the stars and planets, the suns and systems, of eternal truth streaming upon us light and heat, glory, beauty, and inspiration! Behold the finite broadening all around us, within whose scope is life and duty and present opportunity to pursue our ideal and fulfil our aim, whose limits yet we have never found and know not but they slope off with all our hopes and possibilities deathless into the Infinite! The Universe is our temple; and the True, the Beautiful, the Good, are the adorable Godhead we worship!

Is not this a religion we have to teach our children? And shall we suffer it in our hands to be fruitful only of negations? Thrilling affirmations arise from it, could we only see and feel them! In our keeping shall we allow such a religion to grow cold and to become unclothed of beauty and grace? No historic or traditional re-

ligion is so full of warmth and glow as free religion, none blushes with half so many lasting charms and attractions. Shall we permit it to go forth that we as radicals have only doubts to suggest, only insoluble problems to propose? The fact is, that only those who have adopted the scientific method in religion have anything like knowledge for the basis of their belief, or are given to feel that the path they tread is every day bristling with fresh and firm convictions. But are we willing to allow it to be generally understood that what knowledge and conviction we have gained lead only to atheism in religion and materialism in philosophy? Let those admit this who will or who must. Honesty shuts the mouth of criticism. In free religion each is free to come or to go to whatsoever conclusions are to him inevitable, without losing the fellowship and the respect of his co-thinkers and seekers. But for one I am not slow to say, that until the *must* shall come to me the *will* is not likely to be present to believe in atheism or materialism. Nor do I believe that the sure sweep and tendency of modern free religious thinking is in this direction. Our children, I am convinced, are not reserved for this result of our thought. The high faith possesses me, that our daring explorers into the polar regions of scepticism will eventually find a passage into an open sea and clean around the utmost verge of denial, so as to be able to connect life with immortality and to find the warm heart of Love as well as the strong hand of Law present everywhere.

Yes: we have something positive to teach our children, something noble and beautiful to invite them to. We will teach them to love Truth, to worship Beauty, to be and do Good. And so long as we and they are social beings, we shall need to impart to them this instruction by social methods. To do it wholly by home instruction will not be possible. Free Religion, in order to meet all the wants of man, must have its free Worship, its free spiritual Cultus, its free Sunday Meeting for the young as well as the old. This it must furnish, or in the end be weighed in the balance and found wanting. With all its gettings may it get understanding—understanding of the true nature and wants of man; for the religion which is to stand, is to be built upon man, by man, and for man.

It was not my purpose now to suggest any "plan" for the organization or conduct of radical Sunday-schools, but only to consider the question whether there could be or should be such. I believe both that there can be and that there ought to be. There is the need of them in the social-religious nature of our children; and there is the possibility of them in the fact that free religion furnishes ample contents for such instruction.

A. W. S.

INSIDE OR OUTSIDE.

A friend of mine once went upon the staff of a certain influential newspaper; and I said to another correspondent of the same paper that I was glad, for the new-comer, being a strong man, would modify the paper and make it more valuable. "No!" said the other; "a newspaper is stronger than a man; and you will see that this paper will modify him more than he will change it." And so it proved.

If a newspaper thus insensibly modifies those who belong to it, so does a sect or a church. So long as a man remains inside, he can no more ignore the influence around him, than a man can ignore a malaria; his perceptive organs may not recognize it, but every drop of his blood feels it all the time. The longer I live, the less faith I have in reforming any superstition from the inside. An organized superstition is always stronger than a man, till the man stands out from it. Remain in the Roman Catholic Church for instance, and talk reform as boldly as you will,—the Church is stronger than you are and will mould you more than you can change it. Leave it, and you are strong, until you surrender yourself into the hand of some feeble church, less Holy, less Catholic, but scarcely less exacting. Even the most progressive Christian sect is like a French revolutionary party, which is apt to end

by re-establishing the throne, if it can, and sitting on it.

I can remember when the Unitarian and Universalist bodies in America were aggressive and reformatory organizations, at least in their avowed attitude, if not in their real principles. If they were declared to be outside of the great Evangelical body, they joyfully accepted the attitude, and said "Certainly! so much the better." Now their whole attitude is beseeching and apologetic. The Universalist editors complain that they are not included in the Christian Associations, when they too believe in the atonement and the divinity of Christ. Dr. Bellows boasts that in a circle of Evangelical people, the other day, he was the only man who stoutly believed in the miraculous birth of Jesus! The highest laurels of a Unitarian or Universalist minister are now attained when he is allowed to exchange with some Methodist or Congregational "brother," or sit among the recognized clergy at some Evangelical festival.

But if it is thus desirable to be almost Evangelical,—to come so near it that the Congregationalist or the Advance can hardly see the distinction,—why is it not better to be quite Evangelical, and done with it? Why spend money and brains and energy in keeping up so slight a distinction? Is it worth having Associations and Conventions and all sorts of elaborate machinery, merely that Dr. Bellows may keep up a little separate popedom of his own, where he can believe in the miraculous conception and be happy? Why should he not go into the Evangelical Alliance with all the other Protestant popelets, and have a good time of it?

I knew a wit who used to declare that nothing was so good as turtle-soup, except mock-turtle. But I confess my sympathies are more with the Huntingtons and Osgoods and Hepworths, who after years of mock-turtle—still putting a good face upon the matter all this time and vowing, like the Marchioness over her lemon-peel and water, that "if you make believe very hard, it's quite nice!"—finally make a strike for the real article, and live upon the flesh pots of Egypt ever after.

There is something debilitating in the very air of a sect; and the sects in which this is most apparent are naturally those which are smallest, newest and least self-asserting. But the widest name among them all—that of "Christian"—is itself debilitating, after one has outgrown the possibility of seeing in Jesus anything but a man. This is, in these days, the turning-point of every one's religious attitude, and must be settled long before we get to those profounder problems of Prayer and Creation and Immortality which the sciences of the day would force upon us. Before we can think, to any purpose, on those or any other matters, we must settle the preliminary question whether we have a right to think for ourselves at all. If we call ourselves "Christians," we have no such right, because we must always ask first, "What did Christ think?" The most radical Christian sects can go but little farther than the most conservative; and will soon lose the original vigor of their protest. It is not because they are organizations that they are debilitating, but because they are organizations founded on the memory of a mortal man, instead of on the Eternal Truth. While such are the organizations, we are better off outside.

T. W. H.

THE INDEX AND THE F. R. A.

If the relation between THE INDEX and the Free Religious Association has not been hitherto understood, the fault can not be imputed either to the editor of the former or the secretary of the latter. But it is likely to be understood better since the attitude recently taken by the paper. The call for organized action against palpable abuses is the natural and necessary result of the editor's first public declaration, that Christianity is a gigantic system of oppression, the overthrow of which is as important to the welfare of a republican society as was the abolition of chattel slavery. He announced early his determination to work for that end, and he is doing it with all the forces at his command. THE INDEX is his or-

gan, as the *Liberator* was the organ of Mr. Garrison. It is a battle cry and a sword. It summons earnest men to a great conflict with an armed foe; earnest men respond to the call as they did to that of the strong anti-slavery champion. Money came in from the tolling and the poor. Those who feel themselves to be victims of oppression, and those who pity the sufferings that such victims endure, rally to the crusader's standard. THE INDEX is sustained because it means work.

The Free Religious Association has thus far kept itself within the intellectual, one may even say the speculative, sphere. It has projected no operations looking towards practical reform in the religious usages and institutions of the community. It has formed no league, it has inaugurated no agitation. Its aim has been to present the case of free versus sectarian religion in open discussions before public meetings. It has had no organs for the one reason, among others, that it had no use for organs in the usual acceptance of the term. The spirit of organization did not belong to it. It was afraid of doing too much lest it should become a sect, and commit itself to ways its very existence pledged it against. It was persuaded that there was by far too much doing, and was anxious that men should keep hands off rather than lay hands on. Give all opinions a fair chance! was its motto, so far as it had one. Room for the intellect; fair play for the mind! was its cry. It made war on nothing but the principle that prevented faiths from meeting on equal terms, comparing notes, cancelling claims, forming alliances, strengthening sympathies, arranging combinations. It made war on no religion, called no faith foe.

Such a position was difficult to explain and difficult to keep. The general public was not interested in it. The elements of popularity were all wanting. There was nothing in its call to stir the blood, kindle enthusiasm, or awaken interest. Its treasury easily held all the money that came in; it is not straining the truth to say that it might have held more without brimming over. The Association made its appeal to thoughtful, earnest, and somewhat cultivated minds, who could enjoy wide views and were interested in ideas and loved to be active at the speculative centres of reform; and such minds are apt to be contemplative rather than practical in external ways. If it had been in possession of larger material resources, it might have accomplished a good deal more in legitimate and characteristic directions; it would have held more conventions, printed more pamphlets, published or at all events assisted in the publication of books, lent aid to instrumentalities that were pushing its own projects in different parts of the country. For the want of funds it has been seriously crippled, to an extent that has made the justification of itself impossible. If it had been rich, it would have been much more difficult to hold its position than it has been, for then it would have been tempted to undertakings that might have compromised its essential principle. From that danger poverty has delivered it.

Whether it will be wiser hereafter for the Free Religious Association to abandon its original purpose and take the field actively as a spiritual emancipation society, striking in with the editor of THE INDEX as a religious-reform organization, it is not worth while here to consider. This is for the managers of the Association to decide. While the position remains as it has been and is, much of the criticism on the Association, passed by people who complain of its inefficiency, backwardness, and dulness of moral perception, is misplaced. The managers carry out the intentions of the organization as their means allow. If their means were increased, they would do much more. That they cannot accomplish all they desire is to be regretted, for such work as they do is good, honest work, valuable in the department of knowledge and thought directly, and valuable indirectly in the department of usage and institution. THE INDEX and the Free Religious Association work for the same ends though on different lines; they approach the same centre though from opposite points. Each needs its particular friends and co-adjutors; and yet in a general sense the

friends of either are the friends of both. It is a fair question whether each does not require the other to perform thoroughly the great task of effecting a deep-seated religious reformation.

O. B. F.

CASES AND METHODS OF HEALING.

A very interesting collection of essays is that entitled, "*Médecine et Médecins, par E. Littré, de l'Institut et de l'Académie de Médecine.*" M. Littré is a medical amateur well known to physicians as the compiler of a valuable medical dictionary. Two or three of the first essays have a remote bearing on theology, by their discussion of those cures effected by means claimed to be supernatural. In treating these warmly disputed themes, M. Littré happily unites the severe method and searching analysis of a scientific positivist with the tender poetic reverence for the religious sensibilities of past ages. He gives valuable hints of the relation between science, based on experiment, and the instinctive feelings of humanity which have often secured a beneficial result without understanding the means which produced it. We are interested in his pathological study of the time-revered demon of Socrates, and of the modern mysteries of spirit-rappings and table-turnings.

But the most interesting of these analyses is that of the cures effected by touching the bones of St. Louis, which he entitles, *Un Fragment de Médecine Rétrospective*. These phenomena occurred in the year 1282, and M. Littré analyzes the evidence of their existence and shows it to be as complete as any that we could reasonably expect for occurrences so remote. There is even the best of all proofs of the sincerity of the narrators; namely, that they relate circumstances not at all favorable to the miraculous theory of these cures, but perfectly in harmony with a rational explanation of them. One author quotes the old account of several cases of a similar character; and, analyzing the symptoms, shows them to be perfectly in accordance with the known laws of medicine, as instances of the rupture of certain pathological attachments which prevented the free use of the limbs, which rupture was caused by a strong mental impression. All the subsequent symptoms of continued debility and imperfect action coincide with this view of the case.

But now comes an interesting question. Since this act of faith was necessary to the cure—for the mere wish of the patient was plainly not sufficient—what means has science at its command to replace these methods which it does not accept as rational? Can we educate our generation to such faith in the curative forces of Nature, that such effects can be produced without any superstitious belief? We all know that many such cures of bed-ridden patients have been made by sudden fright or the necessity for unusual exertion. But until the scientific physician can find means under his control to influence the will and through it the muscles as powerfully as superstitious faith does, will not the public, both enlightened as well as ignorant, resort to all those irregular and absurd methods of cure which in their abuse work out great evil in the community?

That the prospect is not hopeless, a case which occurred within a year in a hospital will serve to show. A young woman had kept her bed, without apparently sufficient physical cause, for some time, and when urged to exert herself would reply, "Don't you think I would get up if I could, when I have myself to support, and my dear old mother dependent on me?" Here seemed *moral* motive enough; yet it was not sufficient to move the muscles. By the help of ladies interested in her case, she was placed under the care of a well educated woman physician, in a woman's hospital. Mild tonics and friction were administered, and after a little time she was gently but firmly commanded to rise and walk. She protested in vain; the order was imperative. She rose and walked across the room. Her walks were gradually increased, until she went out into the street and finally walked half a mile. Returning in summer to her country home, her power of will seemed again to fail her; and she applied anew at the hospital to be

put under the same control which had proved so beneficial to her.

With a more thorough knowledge of the higher functions of life, which must result from free, intelligent study of all the forces of Nature, will there not come to us a faith in the constant laws of Nature which are only the methods of Divine Power, which will be as potent to heal and bless as faith in miraculous and abnormal powers has ever been? E. D. C.

LONDON LETTER.

THE DEAD EMPEROR—REAL CAUSE OF HIS DEATH—THE NEMESIS OF A FAITHLESS LIFE AND OF MURDERED HEARTS OVERTAKES HIM AT LAST.

LONDON, Jan. 16, 1873.

There is a story told by the Persian poet Nizami—of the twelfth century—of two physicians who dwelt in the same house, and who from being friends became enemies. As the feud grew deadly, one of these physicians prepared a draught which, though nectar to taste and sight, was a fatal poison. This he sent to his antagonist, who, thinking it a sign of returning affection, drank it. Meanwhile, the other, wishing really to win back his rival, sent him a rare and beautiful flower. The physician who had received the draught and drank it, feeling that he was poisoned, used an antidote and recovered. "He burnt like the moth but found his wings again." Of this recovery, however, the intended murderer knew nothing when he received the flower. This he smelt; but, learning that it was sent by his antagonist, concluded that its fragrance was fatal. Conscience-stricken, he swooned and died of affrighted imagination under the breath of an innocent flower. The poet adds: "Of all the many-colored flowers that grow in the garden of the world, only one hath such potency—the red drop from a wronged heart."

There is reason to believe that Napoleon III.—after escaping the bullets so often aimed at him—has at last died of simple terror. By this time, you have no doubt read in America the conflicting statements and arguments which the eminent medical men who had charge of the case, and other distinguished physicians, have laid before the public. It has been the conclusion of these high authorities, that the operations performed by Sir Henry Thompson were skilful beyond precedent, and that a successful issue might naturally have been expected. The death, merely as the result of either the calculus or the operation, could not, it is confidently affirmed, have occurred naturally as it did or when it did take place. But there have been other facts freely asserted in well-informed private circles, which have not been published. If these facts be true—as I believe them to be—those "political considerations" which so continually invested this man with falsities during his life have also shrouded him in death. It is affirmed that, after the operation alluded to, the Emperor was so much better that on the very morning of his death, and only two hours before that event, he arose from his bed without assistance, and without aid returned to it. The surgeons, finding him so much better when they arrived, thought it a fit time to propose another operation. So soon as this proposal was made to him, Napoleon became livid with terror; his pulse sank, his heart declined, and he died.

The portrait which Kinglake has drawn of Louis Napoleon in the Crimea—turning pallid and fairly green with fear—is that which his adherents have always dreaded most. That portrait was furbished up again, before the public eye, after the cowering surrender at Sedan. That of the two most distinguished descendants of Napoleon I., one during the Franco-German war (Prince Napoleon) should have sought a retreat in Italy, and the other, after climbing to a throne over massacred human beings, should have died of terror at the thought of two minutes of agony, is a conclusion that Bonapartism will never allow to be formed in the public mind if it can be prevented. But, fortunately for the truth, physicians are as jealous for their reputation as imperialists. Hence we find that the

Lancet, in an article which is certainly in part inspired by Sir Henry Thompson, says: "To a patient with a weak heart and poisoned blood, few things are more dangerously depressing than the endurance of severe physical pain and the expectation of a succession of aggravations of it by surgical operations." The italics are mine. It is to be remembered that we have the testimony of Professor Lee, of Paris, that in July, 1870, the danger was recognized, but "political considerations" prevented its being mentioned to the emperor; and that we have the testimony of Sir Henry Thompson that in October last the patient refused to permit a painful examination which, had it been then made, might probably have saved his life.

Now this is the condition to which a *coup d'état* and twenty years of cruel despotism had reduced a naturally courageous man. None can doubt that the invader of Strasbourg and of Boulogne was a brave man. None can doubt that the revolutionist of the Carbonari, who fought for Italian freedom, was a man of courage. Whence then this faintness? But one flower hath such deadly potency, says Nizami—"the red drop from a wronged heart." Many "red drops" from murdered hearts were the flowers of death scattered around this man. Kinglake relates the story that, on the night before the famous 2d of December, one of the conspirators against the Republic shrank from action; but General Fleury "got into a room alone with the man who wanted to hang back, and then, locking the door and drawing a pistol, stood and threatened his agitated friend with instant death if he still refused to go on." It is believed that this shrinking conspirator was Louis Napoleon himself. Conscience had already begun its work; but, the noble fear of doing wrong conquered, there was left only that ignoble fear which could never again act without reference to a possible pistol held at his head, or at that of his dynasty.

I once heard Mazzini say, that the chief power of Louis Napoleon to hold France down through such a length of time lay in the long experience he had gone through as one of the very class with which he had mainly to deal as a despot. He had been, like them, a republican and an insurrectionist; he knew their watchwords, their aims, their secrets, their hiding places; above all he knew their weaknesses, and just how he might tempt this one and that one to sell his soul and betray his friends and their cause. This graduation from the slums of New York to the Tuilleries represented certainly immense resources; and it is known that in the subversion of the Republic he was the plotter, the skilful schemer, of every detail. But, if the true life of this man is ever written, it will, I suspect, be shown that among the victims that fell on that day of massacre there was slain also, in his own better nature, a man who might have been a romantic, if not a heroic, figure in Europe. Some of your readers may have got hold of that wild romance entitled "Rumor," written by the Jewess who lived in the family of Disraeli, until her death—Elizabeth Shepherd. In it Louis Napoleon figures under the name of "Porphyris;" and it is a subtly-drawn picture with, I believe, much truth in it. We see him there in his dismal London lodging with an engraving before him representing the Paris of his vision—Paris grown into paradise. One feels that he is looking upon a transcendentalist, on whom some Black Crook fairy has thrown a spell that he must move on all fours. There is a very interesting book in German also, Riehl's *Wanderungen*, in which the early days of Louis Napoleon are really described. There we find that he was, while studying at Augsburg and Hofwyl, a fair specimen of a German student fond of poetry, claiming to be an idealist and especially devoted to Schiller's works. (That same Schiller who wrote, "Follow the dreams of thy youth!") But the Black Crook waves her wand,—it bears the name "Napoleon" on it,—and all the visions for man, all the dreams, become mere tinsel framing the face of one man—himself. Europe gave itself to be his pedestal for near a score of years; so much all honorable hearts must with shame confess sitting beside France in her sackcloth

and ashes. But let it be also set down by all recording angels, that, under sentence of Europe, Emperor and Empire are seated up in the wall of a little Catholic church of Chiselhurst village.

M. D. C.

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

OCCASIONALLY, for five or six years, a little sheet called *The Communist* has been coming to my address. It is printed in St. Louis. The publisher seems to have had no easy time in keeping it alive; and one reading it might exclaim: "What a hopeless task!" But, says the editor: "No; the principle of Communism is right and therefore must prevail." Not to admire the simple faith of such people would be impossible. For one, I care little how insane their project may appear: that they are such willing captives of an idea, and so cheerfully sacrifice time and means, and pocket the world's opprobrium, is to my mind their title to great respect; and if I find myself turning away from their often times disagreeable, nasal-toned harping on their to them all-absorbing theme, not infrequently I check myself and say, "What; can you not suffer a little for the sake of sincerity, if nothing more?" It is more pleasing perhaps to read this little sheet than it would be to listen to the man himself. His appeal for a "Community" is all earnestness, and he seems not to feel a ray of doubt falling on his project from repeated discouragements. The standing impossibility I see in the way of success is the getting hold of real saints: for sinners will quarrel. Communism would seem to require a wonderful self-forgetting. And the history of such attempts as I have read make the fact of failure almost a certainty. But aside from the possibility or impossibility of the scheme, there is a prior objection. Who desires, or ought to desire, the practical extinction of his own individuality? To "own all things in common," is much like a whole family eating soup out of one bowl. To be sure the several members might satisfy hunger, and keep themselves fat and happy. But isolation, privacy, private ownership of self and outfit, is essential to a self-respecting individuality. The tenacity with which most people cling to their own tooth-brush suggests a principle which has indefinite applications.

TURNING OVER another little sheet which lies on my table—*The Word*—I find a no less earnest advocacy of social reform from a directly opposite view. Not Communism but individualism. Mr. E. H. Heywood conducts this journal at Princeton, Mass. *The Word* favors the abolition of speculative income, of woman's slavery, and war government; regards all claims to property, not founded on a labor title, as morally void, and asserts the free use of land to be the inalienable privilege of every human being: one having the right to own or sell only his service impressed upon it. Not by restrictive methods, but through freedom and reciprocity, *The Word* seeks the extinction of interest, rent, dividends, and profit, except as they represent work done; the abolition of railway, telegraphic, banking, trades-union, and other corporations charging more than actual cost for values furnished, and the repudiation of all so-called debts, the principal whereof has been paid in the form of interest. In this number of *The Word* there is a translation of Henri de St. Simon's Parable, in which, "on the supposition that France were to-day to lose three thousand men most competent in learning, science, art, commerce, and the mechanical trades, it is said she would then be a body without a soul. On the contrary, should all the nobility, officers of the crown, cabinet ministers, marshals, cardinals, archbishops, judges of courts, and the ten thousand of French subjects who live the most sumptuously on their revenues," die, the loss would "occasion a grief that would be sentimental only," for there would be no real evil to be apprehended, as it would be no real evil to fill the places vacated. I have not space in which to follow all the intimations of the sweeping revolution in social life which this little sheet contains. I find, however, that it has quite a constituency of young and old, all of whom have a most royal yet good-natured contempt for our civilized Christendom, which Josiah Warren is pleased to call "civilized cannibalism." It fills in the corners with sentences like this: "Theology is the art of talking about what nobody knows."—*Brougham*.

TO ENTER THOROUGHLY into anti-theological atmosphere, one has but to take up the *Investigator*. But the copy I have before me contains a piece of news that is rather startling, and I know not now but Thomas Paine and the old *Investigator* will suddenly rise into general respectability. Is it possible that the "De'il" is after these out-and-out infidels in genuine Orthodox fashion? At any rate, here comes a bequest of land by a man in California valued at one hundred thousand dollars. "Paine Hall" is to be completed, and infidel publications and lec-

tures are to abound. Well, I don't feel sorry, for one. But I say, may "infidelity" as courageously bear prosperity as it has done adversity! If the evil old One has really an eye upon Mendum, Seaver, and company, let him be cheated!

Just as I had settled into the belief that Woodhull and Claflin were pretty effectually muzzled and off the stage for years to come, their proscribed weekly comes to my address and proves to be as bold and defiant as ever. I have not followed up the facts in regard to the seizure of this periodical by the government, but I certainly have been suspicious of its action. As near as I can make out, it will be a very free construction of the law if the charge of "obscenity" made against Woodhull and Claflin is sustained. Mrs. Woodhull writes: "The well-known law of obscenity is that a thing must be obscene upon its face; that is, it must be an obscene picture, or there must be words in and of themselves obscene. Against this well-established construction of law the representative of the United States Government offered the new construction—that anything, be it book, paper, or what not, that in the opinion of the government tended to demoralization, was obscene, and it was the duty of the government officials to suppress them." If this be true, the decision to be rendered has an important bearing upon what we call the "liberty of the press" generally. If government is to decide what is "demoralizing," rather than what is "obscene," the case wears a new aspect. The desire to "Christianize Indians" may spread to include some who are not Indians. No timid shrinking from Mrs. Woodhull's "free love" should blind any one to the real merits of the case. It is not long since government decided that a publication called *The Monthly Voice*, published somewhere in New Jersey, was not of sufficient importance to be transmitted free, and the poor editor had to increase his poverty by paying postage. Had government a right to do this thing? I think not. It was, however few there were to lament the loss of *The Monthly Voice*, in point of law a high-handed outrage. So let the subject have full and impartial consideration.

THE PROSECUTION OF WOODHULL, CLAPLIN, & Co. appears to be creating a re-action in their favor. Here in Boston a strong feeling is arising in protest against the shutting of Mrs. Woodhull out of Music Hall. As it was said of Parker, so her friends are taking up the cry, "She shall be heard in Boston." And I doubt not that at no distant day they will carry their point. For one I trust they will. *Let her be heard!* If her doctrines are pernicious, will not the public discover it as well as our worthy mayor? Isn't that our hope, our trust, our sheet-anchor? Music Hall locked up for one night preaches a doctrine worse than all the Woodhulls could proclaim in a century. Why is the hall refused? "Because a woman wants to go there and say something bad." Immediately the imagination of a whole country is at work, and a bad picture, the worst possible, is painted and passes current as the text of the "new gospel." Well; is the effect the less disastrous? I think the lady better be left to speak for herself, and if she have no foot-hold on the moral conscience of the people, she will most certainly fall through and disappear. In a republic there is nothing so fatal as fear. America expects every man and woman to think freely and decide well. If she doesn't, more's the pity.

MR. ANNOT has had a very cordial reception in Boston the last week; speaking twice for the Parker Society, at several League meetings, at the Second Radical Club, and giving his lecture in the Horticultural Hall course. His discourse on "Individualism" created a real enthusiasm. Very good reports were printed in the morning papers. If *THE INDEX* were large enough, I should like from time to time to send many such slips for its columns.

OUR PUBLIC LIBRARY—the reading room—was open Sunday afternoon and evening. The question is settled. Puritan Boston has outgrown the traditional Sunday.

A well-known Connecticut clergyman had a deacon who insisted upon leading the singing at the prayer-meetings. He was a great blunderer, and he sang all the sad and melancholy tunes he could think of. The hymn was given out—

"I love to steal a while away."
The deacon began, "I love to steal," to *Mear*, where he broke down. He started with *Dundee*—"I love to steal." The third time he commenced and broke down; when the pastor arose and gravely said: "I am sorry for our brother's propensity. Will some brother pray?"

The time is approaching when it will be generally perceived that, so far from science being opposed to religion, true religion is, without science, impossible.—*Sir J. Lubbock.*

New ideas do not gain ground at once, and there is a tendency in our mind to resist new convictions as long as we can.—*Max Müller.*

Literary Department.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—All books designed for review in these columns must be addressed to *THE INDEX*, TOLEDO, OHIO.

GESCHICHTE DES DEUTSCHEN VOLKSSCHULWESENS VON KARL STRACK. (History of the Elementary Schools in Germany, by Karl Strack.) Gutersloh, 1872. 8vo. pp. v. 488.

The history of the common school system of Germany is of great importance to all persons who desire to become thoroughly acquainted with the historical connection of public schools with the Christian Church, and with the process of emancipation from that connection. To those who have not the time to read and inwardly digest the classical book of Dr. Heppel on this subject, in five volumes, the above volume will render most excellent service. It is not only condensation of the labors of Heppel and others, but contains also the fruits of independent investigation. Some idea of the character of the work may be formed from the general heads under which the material is arranged. There is a preliminary chapter on German Schools before the Reformation; then follow six chapters on what the author designates as the first period: "The Age of the Reformation," then six chapters on the second period: "The Dominion of Orthodoxy," and finally seventeen chapters on the period of "The Decline of Religious and Ecclesiastical Influence," which extends from 1740 to the present time.

The character of the schools in Germany was in the beginning purely and exclusively ecclesiastical. The main interest which the Reformers, who were all zealous for the instruction of the people, had in the lower or so-called German or People's Schools, was the outgrowth of their desire to propagate and preserve what they regarded as pure religious doctrine. An extract from the School Ordinance of Nordhausen, issued in the year 1583, will give an insight into the whole system, as originally constituted. It reads as follows: "As the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, all our scholars are to suffer themselves to be so educated that they may know God aright, fear him and love him; that they may be heartily and in true faith devoted to the true religion, which is founded upon the Scriptures; that they may know the main points of our Christian doctrine, from Luther's catechism and books in harmony with it; that they may diligently call upon God, never neglect or despise the daily prayer before and after the lessons, nor ever during the same disturb others by laughing, talking, or in any other manner, each one repenting his prayers aloud, with devotion, and in a standing position. They are to avoid, as is becoming, all blasphemy, cursing, swearing, imprecation of evil, contempt of divine service, Epicurean speaking, and all ridiculous misuse of the Bible or passages therefrom. They shall always walk two by two modestly into church, taking the places assigned them by the teachers, and go out in like manner. When they are in church, they shall diligently and devoutly sing and listen to the sermon, shall mark the contents thereof, writing down the principal points; at the name of God or Christ take off their caps and bow; not talk, sleep, run, laugh, nor come too late, nor go out before the close." In many cases it was expressly directed that the Catechism should be "beaten into" the children (*eingebäuet*).

All other studies, even in the higher schools, were subservient to the study of religion, and they were all pursued from the religious point of view. Melancthon, for example, recommended the study of history on the following grounds: "1. Because God in his immeasurable goodness had revealed himself and willed that these revelations should be written down; 2. In order that the books of the prophets might be better understood; 3. For the purpose of correctly estimating the most important ecclesiastical controversies; and 4. Because by this means one was enabled to compare the history of the Church of God with the history of non-Christian peoples." It was his opinion that "in the history of the heathen manifestations of the divine wrath were everywhere to be seen, while in the history of the Christian Church there were, besides the out-breakings of wrath, exhibitions of divine grace." Even the mathematics were treated from a religious point of view. "Arithmetic," said a teacher in the Magdalenum at Breslau, "is useful in prayer; for when we pray, we pray to the true God. Now it is arithmetic which makes us acquainted with the words 'three' and 'one.' Again, we speak of the first, second, and third person in the trinity—also words which arithmetic teaches us to understand. Mathematics teaches us to count the years, and that from the creation of the world. If this can be done, the world must have been created; and thus the assertion of the pagan Aristotle that the world is eternal is refuted." Notwithstanding all this the same authority was of opinion that it was even possible to sin against arithmetic, for the reason that David had sinned in numbering the people.

In all the sums it was the universal custom to take the examples from the Bible. In a book by Lucas Lessius may be found, for instance, the

following example in Division: "If it would have taken 200 pennyworth of bread to feed the 5000, how much bread would each one have received?" So in Multiplication: "If at the marriage in Cana each of the stone water-pots held 2 measures, how much did they all contain? How much if each held 3 or 4 measures? If we estimate each measure at 30 cans, how many cans of wine did the Lord furnish to the wedding guests?" Under the Rule of Three the same example comes up again, and the cost of the wine is calculated. Suetonius, prebendary at Breslau, used so many examples from the Bible in his large work on arithmetic, that the index of the passages cited filled 48 pages. An idea of the character of the school-books used in the seventeenth century may be gathered from their titles. A fair example of a large class of them is the following, by Joh. Cyriacus Höfer: "The Heavenly Way, or How a child can learn in 24 Lessons to escape Hell and attain to eternal bliss: containing 735 Questions and Answers, in which all the Articles of the Christian Doctrine are comprehended."

It ought to be said in regard to the Rev. Mr. Strack, that he himself is a School Commissioner and that he has no sympathy whatever with the attempt now making in Germany to separate the schools entirely from the jurisdiction of the Church. This fact, however, has not prevented him from giving a faithful and, on the whole, impartial delineation of the process by which the school has outgrown the tutelage of the clergy.

T. V.

PROTESTANTEN-BIBEL NEUEN TESTAMENTES. HERAUSGEGEBEN VON DR. PAUL WILH. SCHMIDT UND DR. FRANZ VON HOLTENDORFF. ERSTE HÄFTE. (Protestant's Bible of the New Testament. Edited by Dr. Paul Wilhelm Schmidt and Dr. Franz von Holtendorff. First Half.) Leipzig, 1872. 8vo pp. xxxi, 488.

The publication of this work is an exceedingly important undertaking. It is an attempt to place the results of the critical study of the books of the New Testament before the general reading public. The work comprises the text of Luther revised, with brief exegetical foot-notes, a general introduction to the whole, and special introductions to each of the separate books. The names of the contributors of the different articles and comments are as follows: General Introduction and the epistles to the Thessalonians, by Dr. Schmidt; the Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and the epistles to the Ephesians, Colossians, and to Philemon, by Prof. Holtzman of Heidelberg; the Gospel according to John and the epistles of John by Oberpfarrer Späth, of Oldenburg; the Acts of the Apostles by Prof. Ziegler, of Berlin; the epistle to the Romans, together with a general introduction to the Pauline epistles, by Prof. Lipsius, of Jena; the epistles to the Corinthians by the Rev. Dr. Lang, of Zürich; the epistle to the Galatians by Prof. Holsten, of Bern; the epistles to the Philippians, and that of James, by Prof. Bruch, of Strassburg; the letters to Timothy and Titus by Prof. Pfeiderer, of Jena; the epistles of Peter and Jude, and that to the Hebrews, by Prof. Hilgenfeld of Jena; the Apocalypse, by Dr. Krenkel of Dresden. Some of these gentlemen are known as of the first rank among Biblical critics, and they are all of them members of the liberal "Protestant Union" of Germany. A more extended notice of the work itself shall be reserved until the concluding portion is received. Meanwhile it may be safely recommended to all who are seeking light concerning the composition and character of the New Testament writings.

T. V.

MYTHS AND MYTHMAKERS: Old Tales and Superstitions Interpreted by Comparative Mythology. By John Fiske, M. A., LL. B. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873. [Toledo: Bailey & Eager.]

This volume consists of seven essays written separately and hardly intended to make a book, with organic connection and logical order. The essays taken as they were produced, and here reprinted, are both interesting and instructive; and if we can have nothing better on so important a subject, we may take this volume as very good indeed. But it cannot be doubted that Mr. Fiske, if he had started anew after making these studies, and had produced in consecutive order seven new essays on Myths and Myth-makers, would have done both himself and his subject far greater justice than in the volume before us, which he very justly calls a "somewhat rambling and unsystematic series of papers," which "touch briefly upon a great many of the most important points in the study of mythology." For popular reading, and to open the subject, this answers a very good purpose, and we can only wish the volume a very wide circulation; and can promise that it will entertain its readers, and will furnish them with a great deal of useful knowledge of the matter of mythology. Nevertheless, to have done full justice to the subject, and to his own knowledge of it, Mr. Fiske should have taken a new start where this volume stops, and unfolded in regular order the steps of myth-making. His last chapter, written

two years later than the others, is now the one that should be read first, because in it is given, though hardly with distinctness and definiteness enough, the key to the subject. It is a chapter suggested by Mr. E. B. Tylor's "truly great and thoroughly entertaining" work on "Primitive Culture," and it brings out Mr. Tylor's explanation of the "spiritualistic" foundation of mythology and of primitive religion, yet does not sufficiently elucidate this, nor adequately point out its importance. For instance, Mr. Fiske, on the second page of this chapter, speaks of "detecting the hidden meaning of many a legend in which the powers of Nature are represented in the guise of living and thinking persons," as if "the secret of the myth-making tendency itself" were the thinking of the powers of Nature as personal beings. He goes on, in the same strain, to allude to "that primitive style of thinking to which it seemed quite natural that the sun should be an unerring archer," etc.; as though the sun's rays suggested arrows, and that an archer, and so the sun was thought of as a personal being. And in a note Mr. Fiske strongly declares that "the facts concerning primitive culture" show that "the dawn was originally regarded as a person." And on the eighth page of the chapter, Mr. Fiske again undertakes to make a start by saying: "Let us first note the ease with which the barbaric or uncultivated mind reaches all manner of apparently fanciful conclusions through reckless reasonings from analogy." But thus far the secret is not yet told; myth-making is not yet explained. It is only when savage experience of dreams and visions and trances is spoken of that we reach the real starting-point of mythology. Mr. Fiske sees this, but he does not make it plain enough, and he ought to have put it at the beginning of his book instead of at the end.

Mr. Tylor explains in an admirable manner the natural savage thought of ghost-souls, suggested universally by dreams. This ghost-soul was the first idea of a soul or spirit, and it is a universal idea of all races, as universal as sleeping and dreaming. The savage dreamer sees this *other self* of himself and his friends, and believes in it because he sees it. He sees also in dreams, the ghost-images of animals and of inanimate objects, and thus gives to everything a ghost-soul. This ghost-soul—of the sun, for example, or the lightning—be naturally makes like a human or animal ghost-soul; and in that way he comes to see in the objects of Nature living and personal ghost-souls. The blue heaven, for instance, he gives a ghost-soul to; and from calling the heaven the Father-heaven, he comes to thinking of the Father-heaven's ghost-soul as the *Father in heaven*. The theological term "Holy Ghost," and the theological idea of God as "personal," are survivals of this savage way of thinking. Mr. Fiske justly remarks that on the idea of the *other self*, or ghost-soul, seen in dreams, "is based the great mass of crude inference which constitutes the primitive man's philosophy of Nature;" and that "thus arises the belief in an ever-present world of souls or ghosts." Mr. Fiske also repeats Mr. Tylor's assertion that, in this sense of faith in spirits and another world (a world of spirits), no tribe of mankind has ever been found destitute of a religion. As Mr. Fiske puts it: "The existence of some tribe or tribes of savages wholly destitute of religious belief has often been hastily asserted and as often called in question. But there is no question that, while many savages are unable to frame a conception so general as that of godhood, on the other hand no tribe has ever been found so low in the scale of intelligence as not to have framed the conception of ghosts or spiritual personalities, capable of being angered, propitiated, or conjured with."

At the very end of his book Mr. Fiske has this passage, with reference to Mr. Tylor's study of mythology: "I think we have already reached a very satisfactory explanation of the genesis of mythology. Since the essential characteristic of a myth is, that it is an attempt to explain some natural phenomenon by endowing with human feelings and capacities the senseless factors in the phenomenon; and since it has here been shown how uncultured man, by the best use he can make of his rude common sense, must inevitably come, and has invariably come, to regard all objects as endowed with souls, and all Nature as peopled with supra-human entities shaped after the general pattern of the human soul,—I am inclined to suspect that we have got very near to the root of the whole matter." This is true; only it puts the cart before the horse. There is no such thing in the case as an attempt to endow senseless objects with human feelings. It comes to supposing that *in* senseless objects is a soul which is like a human or animal soul; but there is no such thing as an attempt to "endow" these objects with souls. The savage mind begins with an idea of human souls, as ghosts of the visible man, material after a fashion, but capable of almost any adaptation to form and place and circumstances. He then infers, as naturally as possible, that every object he sees has such a soul. Mr. Fiske speaks as if the savage tried to imagine a soul in a natural object, and thus gave it what he after all knew or might know it did not possess. That is not the case at all. The savage is as good a Positi-

vist as Comte, or Mill, or Mr. Fiske. He rests his philosophy on induction from positive facts; and believes, not because he imagines, but because he thinks he knows. The phenomena of dreams are as real as possible to him, and the idea of human and animal ghost-souls, which he gets by what he positively sees in his dreams, is applied by him to explain natural objects without any help whatever from the endowing power of the imagination. It is a regular part of all savage life to cultivate dreaming, and trances, and visions. Necessity constantly imposes upon savages the long experience of fatigue and fasting which promotes dreaming dreams, and seeing visions, and having trances. Finding out the method, the use of it is voluntarily resorted to, and powerful drugs are culled in to aid the operation. Thus all the phenomena of our "spiritualism" are as familiar to savages always and everywhere as book-learning is to us. And on these phenomena they build a vast inductive philosophy of the universe, and a system of faith and practice. But the ground of the whole is the simple and natural doctrine of souls or ghosts; first of human beings and animals, and then of all other objects, up to the grandest objects or appearances of Nature; ending with the ghost-soul of the Father-heaven bending over us, which thus becomes a good Spirit-Father, or Father in heaven.

In thus bringing out, somewhat more distinctly than Mr. Fiske does, the exact way in which myths have started as stories of the souls of things, we do not detract at all from the value of Mr. Fiske's interesting essays. We but make the starting-point plainer; all the rest is amply satisfactory. A great number of facts are crowded into Mr. Fiske's pages, and explanations of their significance are clearly given. By careful study of these facts and suggestions, it will be made apparent to what an extent the vast growth of mythology was perfectly natural and served a great purpose in the education of the race; and how a great deal that we now believe is a survival from savage mythology, or a suggestion of truth which man reached in the first instance by the aid of mythology. The idea that originally the race had a revelation, and high knowledge based upon it, is forever swept away by these studies of the history of human ideas,—their rise under a system of mythology, their slow development, and their present marks of this development and origin. That man began very low, and has gained all that he now has by the natural use of his faculties, is one of the firmest conclusions of modern research. And comparison of all the myths of various races and peoples proves that the great subject of these stories has been the objects and appearances connected with sun and sky,—the heaven and its objects and changes. Sun-myths are the gospels of mythology; and numberless stories are traced back to some one of these sun-myths, as the reader of Mr. Fiske's volume will find clearly shown.

E. C. T.

PHILOSOPHICAL PAPERS.

VIII.

BY F. E. ABBOT.

THEISM AND EVOLUTION.

FROM AN ARTICLE ON "PHILOSOPHICAL BIOLOGY," IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, FOR OCTOBER, 1888.

The attempt of Mr. Spencer to put a mechanical interpretation upon all phenomena renders his assumption of universal comprehensiveness singularly inappropriate. The radical oneness of his philosophy becomes more and more apparent in proportion as it is unfolded. Aiming to formulate all phenomena as merely incidents in the redistributions of matter and motion, and thus to reduce them all to the operation of a single law deducible from the persistence of force, it betrays the narrowness of its fundamental idea more and more plainly in proportion to the increasing speciality of the phenomena it would explain. The persistence of force and the convertibility of its various forms are one thing; the actual identity of these forms is quite another thing. Philosophy requires the recognition of differences as well as of resemblances. The success or failure of Mr. Spencer's whole system turns on the answer which must be given to a very simple question,—whether mechanics, physics, chemistry, biology, psychology, sociology, ethics, rest on classes of facts respectively so unlike as to give rise to unlike classes of conceptions, or whether the class of facts on which mechanics rests can be regarded as furnishing all the conceptions necessary to the explication of all the other sciences. By going outside of mechanics to devise a theory of "organic polarity" Mr. Spencer has himself answered this question adversely to the claims of his own system. Clearly, each science has its own peculiar conceptions, derived from observation of peculiar facts; and the only scientific course is to avoid confusion of one class with another. The different sciences relate to phenomena which are intrinsically so dissimilar as not to admit of formulation in terms of any one science; to seek thus to formulate them is sheer waste of ingenu-

ity and labor. In its attempt, therefore, to achieve the impossible lies the fatal weakness, the fundamental and irremediable mistake, of the entire "Synthetic Philosophy." That this estimate is justified by the spirit of positive science, and justifies in turn our inability to echo the unintelligent, because indiscriminating, praise which has been lavished on this philosophy by enthusiastic admirers, will appear by the following excellent canon, stated by a well-known disciple of Auguste Comte, and ably illustrated by him in the case of Liebig's chemical theory of food: "Never attempt to solve the problems of one science by the order of conceptions peculiar to another." We should have found less to criticize in Mr. Spencer's two volumes, if he had not attempted to solve the problems of biology by the order of conceptions peculiar to mechanics.

In Mr. Spencer's judgment of the general relative value of the two hypotheses of special creation and natural development we entirely acquiesce. But we think him quite mistaken in supposing that there is anything in the development theory at all irreconcilable with enlightened theism. In some form or other, gradual evolution in unbroken continuity is more and more widely assented to, as a probably true theory of the history of life on the earth. The philosophy, however, which is to rationalize and unify the phenomena of universal organic evolution must go deeper than Mr. Spencer has gone. Even waiving all objections to his "law of evolution," it remains true that the utmost he has done is to establish a general formula. But mere generalization of facts is the function of science, not of philosophy. If philosophy is possible at all, it must explain generalization by unity of cause. The questions, therefore, which must be answered by a genuine philosophy of evolution are, whether *real causation* can be known at all, and, if so, what are the *real causes* of evolution as a continuous process. Of these questions Mr. Spencer has given no adequate discussion; nor do we propose here to discuss them. But so much as this may be said. The more completely the process of organic evolution can be traced in detail, its obscurities dispelled, and its perfect unity brought to view; the more widely its relations to the general course of inorganic phenomena can be detected in their subtle ramifications; the more plainly the universe is shown to be permeated by unvarying, harmonious, and all-inclusive law,—so much the more does the entire system of Nature become admirably intelligible, and so much the greater becomes the probability of its origination in intelligence. If we grant to Mr. Spencer the demonstration of his thesis, that the "law of evolution" regulates all phenomena, he must grant in return that this is the best conceivable proof of Infinite Intelligence; for the cosmos becomes at once the embodiment of an omnipresent idea. If, as science advances, it continually discovers new adaptations and uniformities in Nature, then, although it may not be able to render a reason for everything, so many things are perpetually coming to light for which it can render a reason, that it becomes a fair induction to conclude that everywhere a reason exists. The stronger the evidence, therefore, that law is universal, and that universal law is intelligible, so much the stronger is the presumption that intelligence is Nature's root. When teleology is made to mean the direct and confident assignment of this or that motive for this or that natural adaptation, it may well be ridiculed as the bastard offspring of ignorance and conceit; but if it means only the supposition of omnipresent reason as the probable secret of omnipresent order, ignorance and conceit alone will ridicule it. The rationalist, far from imposing on Nature his own ways, is quite content to study reverently the ways of Nature; and, instead of "figuring to himself the production of the world and its inhabitants by a 'Great Artificer,'" as Mr. Spencer unintentionally caricatures theism, neither permits his imagination to deceive him with gross analogies, nor hesitates to accept with docility whatever science shall prove as to the true character of natural laws. But he is assuredly not so entangled in purely mechanical conceptions as to be incapacitated for rising to any higher idea of Infinite Intelligence than that of a Great Mechanic. Perceiving that mind is the noblest outcome of Nature, he sees in Nature itself the expression of that which is not less, but more, than mind,—the self-utterance of that which is not below him, but eternally and infinitely above; and in this supreme conviction he finds the open secret of the universe.

A clergyman at a recent Baptist Sunday-School convention said that he was called to the bedside of an old lady who expressed her dislike of the minister who had been visiting her, "because," she said, "he only bent one knee when he prayed, and the Bible says 'every knee shall bow.'"—*Independent*.

A young man in San Francisco found an old deacon he knew "bucking the tiger" in a gambling hell. "What," he exclaimed, "deacon, you here?" "Yes," was the reply, "I am bound to break down this evil institution."

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errors.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

FREE RELIGION AND SOCIAL REFORM.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Dear Friend,—Allow one who has read with great interest, and for the most part approval, your series of articles on the above subject, a brief criticism. Nothing could be finer than your thoroughly radical statements concerning the fundamental ideas of free religion; but it seems to me you fail to do justice to, if indeed you do not entirely misunderstand, the spirit of reforms.

You begin, for example, with a very complete definition of the object of all social reform as being "the amelioration and perfection of human life, by human means, here and now, and the prevention of all preventable evils by the removal of their causes." No reformer can find fault with that. But you proceed to say, that "modern reform, having no method applicable to all abuses, fritters itself away in playing at cross purposes with itself." "Too many reforms," say you, "are the defeat of reform." On the contrary, I am unable to see any of this clashing of which you speak, and am happy in seeing, as I think I do, that all good reforms, even when they know it not, help each other and altogether help free religion as free religion helps or should help them. Take two instances.

You say, "The social-evil reform endeavors to get rid of prostitution, while the free-love reform aims directly to increase it under a disguise." Here you do a great injustice to the free-love reform, and in so doing make a seeming antagonism. There may be people advocating free love who mean by it to increase prostitution; but I most earnestly affirm that the real, essential philosophy of the movement aims to make the relation of the sexes purer and truer than they have ever been and to decrease prostitution. That cannot be love which is not founded on freedom, and that love which is truly free is as far above promiscuity—nay, as far above the present status of marriage, which often is simply legalized prostitution—as is the eternal truth itself above falsehood. Now if this is so,—and there is neither time nor space at present to argue it at length,—this movement, instead of being antagonistic to, is strongly in sympathy with, the social-evil reform; and both, though working in different channels, have the same end in view.

Again, you say: "The peace reform proposes to abolish war, while the labor reform fomenta an antagonism between capital and labor, of which social war would be the natural outcome." Pardon me, but the man who makes such a statement as that cannot understand the labor movement. People used to say the abolitionists would cause a war between the North and South, and when the war came they were held responsible for it; but in truth they were only the engineers and firemen who pointed out the dangerous walls and sounded the alarm—the prophets who foretold, the wise philosophers who would have prevented. So here, labor reform is the abolitionist who tells of the slavery of poverty, of the unnatural and therefore unsafe social system which is every day making trouble between capital and labor more and more probable, more and more inevitable. It says, "Establish justice between man and man, secure through the working of natural causes a more equal distribution of wealth, that the antagonism between capital and labor may cease, and both live as brothers in harmony." Could anything be more consistent with the objects of the peace movement than this? Peace could not exist long in a nation of slave-owners. Neither can it exist long in a nation of labor-owners. Man must own himself and have a fair share of the good things of the world as well as of its duties, be he capitalist or laborer. This is the demand of justice, and justice is the foundation stone of peace. So we might go through with all the reforms.

The mistake you make (is it not?) is this,—that you hold the reforms responsible for the weakness of individual reformers. This course, I need hardly say, would be likely to kill any great idea that ever got a hearing. Must we not in justice ask rather, concerning each reform, Has it a philosophy? and judge it by that. For example, you say the labor reform relies on trades-unions as the sure means of redressing the wrongs of laborers; that these oppress all independent men who refuse to join them, exclude women from membership, perpetuate injustice towards the Chinese, and so forth. How unfair a statement! Suppose some labor reformers do rely on trades-unions, some trades-unions oppress independent men, exclude women; suppose they all do it,—does it therefore follow that the labor movement is narrow, extravagant, and unworthy of confidence? If you study its underlying idea, its philosophy, you will find that it

means an entire re-organization of the existing social system; and how? Why, through the peaceful operation of natural causes; not by force, not by oppression, not by the exclusion of woman. The brains and heart of the movement—and they are what will finally prevail in this as in everything else—work for equity in all the relations of labor and capital, for women as for men, for Chinaman as for the native. Is that narrow? Is that an object unworthy the sympathy of, or in any way antagonistic to, the peace and free religious movements? But, you say, this and all other reforms are perpetually interfering with the natural order of things by legislation. Now what is proper legislation in behalf of a true reform? Simply this. The brute force, or shrewd cunning, of some men has enabled them to get the upper hand of some others, not so strong and shrewd, whom they have deprived of their natural right to that liberty which is essential to the broad education of which you treat so ably, or in other words to the fullest possible development of all their faculties. In so far as these their weaker brethren are concerned, therefore, they have suspended the operation of a natural law. Just here the reform steps in and proposes certain legislation. What is it? Why, it is society saying to these robbers of the rights of others, Hands off! It is the State exercising its trust, I had almost said its only legitimate function, that of protecting all its citizens in the largest liberty necessary to a full development of all their faculties.

You lay down with much clearness the four great fundamental ideas of free religion and then say, that the true origin of genuine reformatory movement must be sought in conscious or unconscious faith in them. It seems to me that it is so sought now, usually in unconscious faith. You say elsewhere, that all attempts to reform special evils must be brought to the test of these great ideas. Most certainly they must be; and, spite of all the weaknesses of their advocates, most certainly will a majority of them stand the test.

What then is the true relation of free religion and social reform? It seems to me most thoroughly friendly. Free religion is the grand super-structure in which each true reform is a separate apartment; or perhaps better still, it is the life-giving sap in the tree of true living, of which reforms are the twigs and branches. True, if the sap is stopped the twigs die; but I cannot help thinking that the tree will be less beautiful if you cut them off, supposing that all it needs is sap. By the presence and beauty of the twigs, I would detect the quality of the inward vital force. Free religion is fundamental. Reforms are outgrowths of its cardinal principles. Let them recognize their mutual dependence, work harmoniously together, and we shall travel faster than could otherwise be the case towards that essential wholeness of humanity which each in its way would serve.

Yours in the spirit which would seek truth, lead where it may.

F. A. HICKLEY.

RESULT OF CHURCH-GOING.

MR. ABBOT:—

I have felt an interest in understanding the tone of thought and feeling pervading the different churches around me, and have lately made quite a circuit in my attendance upon their services. They are all, I think, fair specimens of Orthodox and Unitarian denominations. The effect upon me has been an oppressive sense of their bondage to established and unquestioned beliefs, and of their crying need of the "Liberty and Light," and the practical stimulus and warmth, of "Free Religion." In formalism, superstition, and a species of idolatry, they impress me as differing in degree only from Catholicism or Paganism. Evidently, with minister and people, there is the principle, "if not having the feeling, to act as though they had." There is the formal reading of passages which, falling upon the ear for the ten thousandth time, have ceased to make any impression; the studiously bowed head; the solemn tones, and the dwelling upon stirring themes as verities, for the truth of which no satisfactory evidence can be given. The teachings seem almost fruitless, as it respects man's relations to this world; and, as the hearers go away, the question arises, What are they the better for all they have heard? In one instance, to be sure, where the discourse was in advocacy of church-going, one argument used was, that it made a man more respectable, enabled him to get a better position in business, and thus helped him to get on in the world more prosperously!

In the Unitarian Church, the impression produced differed from that of the Orthodox only in being less emphasized. Arguing in behalf of Christianity, it was said that some might be so elevated into the regions of absolute truth, so near the Father of all, that no need was felt of a Mediator; but that to the most of persons, suffering from a sense of errors, short-comings, and sins, the want was felt, and the Lordship and Leadership of Jesus Christ needed. The belief was expressed, that many of those who took their stand outside of Christianity were real Christians in spirit and aims, and were uncon-

sciously indebted to Christianity for what they were; and it was confessed that they were doing more to carry forward Christian principles than most persons in the Unitarian body.

A. H.

AN EVENING WITH THE POSITIVISTS.

"Let us eat freely of the herb that produces sublime dreams," says an ancient Indian proverb. And so, believing that whatever of substantial benefit the philosophy of Comte may be destined to confer upon the world, it does at least nourish in its disciples the faculty of noble dreaming, we accompanied a friend on the first Saturday evening of the New Year, to a pleasant social meeting of the "New York Positivists." It was held in the pleasant parlors of an up-town house; parlors of which I may say in passing, that they bear abundant evidence that the tastes of their occupants do not run in prescribed conventional grooves. "I should know the people here were Positivists, or Platonists, or Pythagoreans, or something," was the whispered comment of a lady upon entering the rooms. It does not come about by accident when carpets are cabalistic, when tables suggest Petra and Pompeii, when gas-lights convey ideas, when pictures and *bijouterie* make you turn back to them again, yearning to read their whole secret; when the *tout ensemble* is unique and pronounced, without being in the smallest degree obtrusive or overdone.

Between thirty and forty people had assembled, perhaps half of whom were members of the society. After an invocation offered by the leader, to the "great spirit of Humanity," a sweet little babe—the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Croly—was presented to the society, christened Alice Carey, and dedicated in a few tender and solemn words to the service of the same august Humanity. Christening is the first of the nine social sacraments by which Positivists at different times assume and renew their allegiance to the Deity they serve. Toasts followed next, and were responded to by the members in short speeches,—all excellent, all stimulating to the moral sense, some rich in conceptions of beauty and ideality, some strong in practical suggestions. To report even a moiety of the good things said would require more space than THE INDEX could spare. Mrs. Croly's paper was a pithy and sensible response to a sentiment upon Domestic Service. In these days of invention, when domestic service is so simplified, lightened, and refined, there is no reason why women of culture should not find pleasure in giving it the attention it deserves, thus removing the friction and jar always caused in a household by incompetent service. A fine reading from Shakspere, by Professor Lyman, agreeably varied the proceedings, as did also the recitation of Sydney Dobell's tearful poem, "How's my Boy?" by a blue-eyed young positivist in short dress and hair—Miss Minnie Croly.

From Mr. Elderkin's response to the sentiment, "The New Priests—philosophers, men of science, and artists," we quote a few passages. After a statement that the Biblical traditions had lost their power over intelligent men and women, he adds:—

"The transcendental metaphysics of those who would retain the old form, giving words and ceremonies a new interpretation, takes no hold upon the people. There is a deficiency of substance, a subjective indefiniteness in their new interpretations of Christianity, which defeat all efforts to make it popular." "Although there is a quasi-allegiance to the old theological order, there is beneath it a governing power derived from another order of thought and action. The same instincts which impel a man east overboard to seek dry land for his feet, are impelling those who have been wrecked in the theological galleons to throw themselves upon the grounds of realized knowledge." "When the supposititious *unknown quantity*, which has so muddled all attempts at a rational organization of society, shall have been eliminated from men's minds, and it shall be recognized that we have only to deal with man and his environment, we may then hope for measures directly adapted to elevate the condition of the race." "All functions which co-operate in the elevation of man will be regenerated. Reason, imagination, and feeling will be brought into union. Science, poetry, and art will be devoted to the study and celebration of humanity. Science will acquire a position of unparalleled importance, as the sole means by which we come to know the Great Being, of which the present generation of men is but a continuation in time, and of which individuals are but infinitesimal organs."

At twelve o'clock a delicate feast of fruits supplemented the feast of reason; two or three more short speeches followed, in one of which Mr. Croly considered the relations of Capital and Labor; then a fervently uttered benediction closed this most enjoyable re-union.

There is something contagious in the earnestness of these people. Not that they make a parade of their enthusiasm, or that they seek to proselytize. On the contrary, they especially deprecate hasty and unripe conversions. They do not seek that their ideas shall pierce the world's consciousness from without, but rather penetrate

it from within. "You cannot believe in a day or a week," they say. "It will seem hollow and shallow at first. Only time and culture lead us to see that there is nothing in the world but continuous man." The objective world is to them a bundle of relations, appearances, phenomena. We have no conception of it, they say, except as an exhibition of the forms of our own consciousness.

All this is far from being a captivating creed to the masses. And we are inclined to believe that few embrace it, or will for some years to come, save those upon whose lives the cold shadows of older theologies have fallen with exceptional gloom. But it is something to be drawn aside from the everlasting clamor about Rights, and shut in alone with thoughts of Duty. It is something to look calmly in the face of death, believing that time and space, being only a form of our thinking, will cease to exist for us when we die. It is surely better to believe that no life can be rightly and fully lived here, while the expectation of another exists, than to trust too much to a future existence for righting the wrongs and amending the neglects of this. It is better to strive to abide by the difficult motto, "Live for others and live without concealment," than to be too selfishly absorbed in one's own business, even though that business be the supposed "saving" of one's immortal soul.

The attitude of other materialists, at present, towards Positivism, reminds one of that of the bewildered school-men in the exquisite ballad, "Year Two Thousand and Ninety-nine." Gathering about the uncommunicative "goose-girl" who had retired into the hills to "watch the slow atoms fall from the grists of God," they question her:—

"Is it No, is it Yes?
Is it That, or is it This?
Labor or Idleness?"

And still the answer came:—

"—Meekly and low:
Not Thus, and not So,
Neither Yes nor No,
But, 'Come into God and see!'"

HELEN B. BOSTWICK.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1873.

SCIENTIFIC INQUIRIES.

EDITOR OF INDEX:—

Please allow us to ask your scientific contributors the following question:—

Heat and cold, acting and re-acting on each other, seem to be equal partners and the common parents of all phenomena. Heat transforms the opaque into the transparent; cold reproduces the opaque from the transparent; water is converted into steam by heat, and steam to water by cold; and life in all its relations and conditions seems to be the effect of the reciprocal action of these two elements. The question we would ask is this: Are they *principles* or *agents*? If principles, does it not reduce the undulating theory to an absolute certainty; the reversion of the rule proving its correctness, the reaction balancing the action? If agents, from what source is their power of action derived?

Respectfully yours,
J. TINNEY.

WESTFIELD, N. Y.

TAKE IT BACK, BROTHER MORSE.

It is unfortunate that your "Evening Notes" should introduce themselves with such a damaging assumption (see THE INDEX of Jan. 4); and I cannot doubt that the revelations of "type and daylight" did at once, as you said they sometimes might, make you ashamed. Is it possible you consider your time and judgment of so much more value than those of the readers of THE INDEX, that you can deliberately print there your most hasty and uncultured thoughts, and even warn the readers beforehand that you intend to do so? The need of an organ for deliberate and careful utterance is so pressing, that THE INDEX has had to double its capacity. Its space is not yet so cheap that it needs padding of that kind. Will not many accept the estimate you make of your "Notes," and so pass them by as thoughts that will not live over night? If all readers do not so decide, it is because they have learned that at times something worthy falls from your pen, and so will seek it.

Had you not better write a new introduction, and start again on a sounder principle? Take time to look at the "Notes" by daylight; those that you then think are worth the postage, the labor, and the printer's ink, the reader will more confidently give his time to. The age and the cause THE INDEX seeks, we must all be agreed, are not served by random and thoughtless utterances. Is it not so? And is it not generally true that thoughts which are not worth a little elaboration, and a single exercise of judgment, are not worth their space in its crowded, earnest columns? E. C. L. B.

KEOKUK, Jan. 8.

[The readers of THE INDEX, I think, will by this time unanimously vote that Mr. Morse's "Notes" have thoroughly vindicated themselves from the modest disparagement which he made

of them in the beginning. They have proved themselves to be "Notes" upon which there is little or no discount; and our friend "E. C. L. B." is now, doubtless, entirely willing to accept them as good currency."—A. W. S.]

"THE HEAD AND THE HEART."

In an article under the above caption, in THE INDEX of 28 December, Mr. Stevens speaks a few kind and earnest words in regard to science acknowledging the full place occupied by the heart in things religious. Now with all modesty it seems to me Mr. S. adopts a certain feeling prevalent among Christians, that religion must in a certain sense be of the heart. Things religious are either theoretic, or actual facts in the life of humanity. Indeed, are they not entirely of the mind? For instance, a person arrives at some new idea in regard to his relation to the laws of God, or Nature, moral or physical. At first, they are simply ideas; like an image suspended in mid-air, they are outside the person's actual life: he doubts or believes, examines the evidences and doubts again,—but still the idea remains as we might say suspended. Finally, by thought and careful watching, the person sees his idea connected with the actual facts of his daily life—in short, it becomes a fact to him. The first part of his experience is theoretic; the latter and the future become his actual life. But has not all been of the head, the intellect? I think this word heart is used too loosely. What is the heart? It is the *blood engine* of the body. Now while an idea of the mind does have an influence on the action of the heart, it is yet no part of the heart. Admitting the one is necessary to the other, still the heart may and does exist independent of much of any mind.

In conclusion, is not the scientific method going to have just the opposite effect to that inferred as its tendency by Mr. S.? Has not the so-called Religion of the Heart had a tendency to make religious things rather a suspended image outside the man; and is it not the tendency of science to cut the strings and drop them into the actual life of every one?

FRANK S. BILLINGS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 9, 1873.

THE MISSION OF SCIENCE.

[Letter from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to the New Yorkers banqueting Professor Tyndall.]

BOSTON, Jan. 23, 1873.

My Dear Sir,—I regret that it is not in my power to be present at the dinner which is to be given to our distinguished visitor. I have had great pleasure in meeting him and in listening to him while he was with us in Boston, and I should be most happy if I could join in the testimonial of respect you propose to offer him. We cannot over-estimate our debt to the men who give their lives to the sincere study of Nature. They are becoming more and more our leaders in this morning twilight of knowledge, this period of transition, when the eye is getting the better of the ear, the reason of the imagination, our trust in the established order of the universe of those terrors of the supernatural out of which have been forged the chains of thought and the weapons of tyranny. The mists are thick enough round us still, but we begin, under their guidance, to see the paths before us and to feel the firm ground on which we can place our feet. That we are not castaways upon our hungry planet, but rightful and royal heirs to all its possibilities; that we are framed, not to crouch, but to stand; not to shriek to the forces of Nature, but to command them; that the supreme source of order cannot be afraid of us or jealous lest we learn too much of the outer world in which we live, or of the inner world which lives in us,—all this is beginning to be felt as an element of the atmospheric intelligence of our time.

We cannot live to-day on the oxydated beliefs of the past. Faith is a bankrupt, and her accounts are under strict examination to determine what assets remain to be distributed among the impoverished souls that are her creditors. Science is attacking all she can lay hold of for the benefit of our common humanity and adding to it the new-born wealth she has created.

What quarrel can we have with the men who are restoring the human mind to the place from which a false humility has too long degraded it? Strange that those who find no term too opprobrious to apply to themselves and their sinful fellow-creatures, should borrow the Athanasian vocabulary to shrivel up the innocent hypothesis than man may possibly be entitled to quarter his coat with the ancestral bearings of one of the most intelligent of mammals. Strange that the homilist, who thinks nothing of calling a man a worm, should abuse the naturalist who suggests that the founder of the human family may perhaps have been an ascidian! The suggestion of the precatory ordeal as a test of supernatural interference with natural laws may have jarred upon those feelings of reverence which are never to be treated lightly. Yet we cannot but remember that this same ordeal was appealed to by one of

the greatest of the Hebrew prophets, and sanctioned by a direct response from heaven.

We have with us one of those students of Nature whom the Inquisition would have delighted to burn, and the conclaves and councils would have gloried to anathematize. These are the oracles, the prophets of to-day. They are teaching us not merely the order of the heavenly movements, the constitution of the solar and the stellar atmospheres, the succession of geological changes, the stratification of the successive layers of humanity, the transformations of matter, the Proteus of Lord Bacon's essay, the vibrations of imponderable media, the metempsychosis of force, but something more than any specialized knowledge—to look for truth at first hand, and not be afraid of it when we have found it. In place of the record based upon that delusive maxim, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, which meant nothing but a tolerably constant and regular majority vote, modern science appeals to the facts of Nature capable of direct universal and perpetual verification. The opposition it meets with is only the friction that accompanies all movements, and the obliquity it encounters is only the squeak of friction.

We can trust the apostles of the new movement to take care of themselves, and we need not fear that any belief which is fit to live will ever die. All opinions disproved by the facts of to-day must certainly yield to that subtle process of interstitial decay and renovation by which the intellectual life of mankind is born again from generation to generation almost without knowing it. But we may be perfectly sure that there is not anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth, which can contradict the evidence that there is something higher than the firmament, and more stable than the solid continents, and deeper than the unbounded depths of the ocean—the law above all laws, which shows our reason what we ought to be, and commands our will in the authoritative accents of duty.

"Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens by Thee are fresh and strong."

I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

PROF. A. M. MAYER. O. W. HOLMES.

CHRIST AND BEER.—The usual weekly family gathering in the Plymouth lecture-room was largely attended last evening. After the ordinary opening exercises Mr. Beecher said: "I will read a note which I have received." He then read as follows: "Will you please remember in your prayers just for one night a poor little music-teacher in the oil regions? Ask that her petition may be heard and answered, and that she may possess that peace which has thus far been sought in vain. Praying seems to her like trying to send a telegram to a friend without understanding the art of telegraphing. One may try, but if the operator does not render assistance, the message, however important, would not reach its destination."

In relation to this Mr. Beecher remarked: "That's a good figure anyhow. I think myself a great deal of praying is like a person drumming on a telegraph instrument without the least idea of what they are doing; but even at that there is somebody at the other end who knows that somebody is trying to do something." He then continued at length, explaining the nature and importance of prayer, holding that we should pray always and for ourselves, and those who prayed oftenest were the least skeptical as to their prayers being answered.

Brother Holliday differed from Mr. Beecher somewhat as to asking other people to pray for us. He had gone repeatedly to an old colored woman to ask her to pray for him when he needed help in any special emergency, and had always found comfort.

Mr. Beecher responded that in some cases, when one knew a person living very near to Christ, it might be well to ask that person's prayers in his behalf; but he had such a superabounding faith in the love of Christ that to ask anybody to pray for him seemed a superfluity. When he was in Stratford-on-Avon he went into a large brewery, and the brewer showed him an immense vat of beer, with a spigot nearly as large as a beer cask itself, and the great vat contains as much beer as half that lecture room would hold that had been there for two years ripening, and the idea came over him that if he should bring a tumbler there and try to get a glass of beer out of that spigot how he would be drenched in beer, and have to swim for it; and he felt just so about the great stream of Christ's love—that it was boundless, and no man could try to get ever so little without being drowned in it.—*New York World.*

A young servant girl from an almshouse, who was noted for her want of appreciation of truth and honesty, came, in her Sunday-school studies, to the word conscience. Her teacher asked her if she knew what it meant. "Yes," she replied, "I have heard it was a still, small voice;" and then naively added, "but I never heard it."

DIED UNBAPTIZED.—Mrs Ella Gertrude O'Neill, wife of the deceased, testified: I reside at No. 50 West Thirty-second-st.; deceased was my husband; I accompanied him to an office in Pine-st., last Monday, and left it with him; there was no disturbance there; we left the room together, I being a little in advance; Mrs. Folk and her sister, Mr. Dupignac, my husband, and myself left the office in company; Mrs. Folk and her sister went first, Mr. Dupignac next, and my husband last; when we reached the head of the stairs we were all close together; the door of Judge Sutherland's office opened, and the murderer of my husband came forth; myself and the others proceeded down stairs in the order I have mentioned; I was about half way down the stairs, I think, when the first shot was fired; I caught hold of the banister, rushed to the foot of the stairs, and immediately the second shot was fired; I heard it whiz by my head, on the right hand side; after the second shot had been fired, my husband turned, facing his murderer; I think he advanced a step or two; I advanced, also, and caught hold of his right arm; as I did so I looked up the stairs; the murderer of my husband, also advancing, fired the fatal shot; I saw it come, and it lodged in my husband's right breast; my husband then walked a few steps and leaned against the banister, turning to me he grasped his chest and said, "I'm shot; that ball hit me; King did it; call the doctor;" he then walked with me into an adjoining office and sat down in a chair; for fear that the man would escape, I rushed out of the office; a crowd had assembled; I said, "Where is that man? Have they arrested him?" People said, "Who? what?—where?" I said, "James C. King; he has shot my husband; arrest him—the man with the light overcoat;" it was all said in a few seconds; I returned to my husband and found him sinking rapidly; I then, with the assistance of some kind gentlemen, placed him upon the floor; a coat was put under his head; he seemed relieved for a moment or two, and then one of the gentlemen at his side told me that it was of no use, that he could not live, that he was dying. I remembered nothing for a few moments; the first I remember a priest was there; he asked me if I was a Catholic; I told him I was; he asked if my husband was one; I told him no; he asked me if my husband had ever made known any desire to become a Catholic; I said he had; he asked me if he should baptize him; I told him yes; the question was asked my husband if he wished to be baptized, he raised his eyebrows and breathed his last.

PROVIDENTIALLY DIRECTED.—Among the attendants at a late Methodist Conference was a very beautiful and intelligent looking young lady, who drew the admiring gaze of many eyes, particularly eyes masculine, always on the lookout for feminine faces. During the intermission at noon, a spruce young minister stepped up to the presiding elder, and said, with an air of secrecy,—

"Did you observe the young lady who sat by the first pillar on the left?"

"Yes," said the elder; "what of her?"

"Why," said the young man, "I feel impressed that the Lord desires me to take that lady for my wife. I think she would make a good companion and helpmeet in the work of the ministry."

The elder, as a good Christian ought, had nothing to object. But in a few moments another candidate for ministerial efforts and honors, and for the name of husband, came confidentially to make known a like impression regarding the same identical young lady.

"You had better wait awhile. It is not best to be too hasty in determining the source of such impressions," said the prudent elder. And he said well, for hardly were the steps of the second youth cold at his side, ere a third approached with the same story; and while the worthy confidant still marvelled, a fourth drew near with the question,—

"Did you notice the fine, noble-looking woman on your left?"

"Yes," cried the swelling elder.

"Well, sir," went on the fourth victim of this unsuspecting girl, "it is strongly borne in upon my mind that it is the will of the Lord that I should make proposals to that lady. He has impressed me that she is to be my wife."

The elder could hold in no longer.

"Impossible! impossible!" he exclaimed, in an excited tone: "the Lord never could have intended that four men should marry that one woman!"—*Groton (Mass.) Public Spirit.*

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BY THE AUTHOR.

"PAUL GOWER" is a Story of English and American Life; the localisation being pretty equally divided between both countries. It embraces some London, some (English) country life, much of New York journalism, including the humorous and "Bohemian" side of it; travel from Canada to New Orleans; a midway transition, again, to Great Britain, and a return to the United States, where the story virtually concludes,—the closing scenes transpiring in the Virginian peninsula, during McClellan's unsuccessful campaign there in the second year of the late civil war. The whole narrative occurs in the five years preceding that event, incidentally involving much that led up to it, particularly secession-time in Charleston, South Carolina, the inside details of which are not in-curious.

It is, also, in the very warp and weft of it, an heterodox, rationalistic, anti-theological novel; its main object being the exposure of the logical results of certain so-called religious opinions on the life and character of those who hold them. Its author has endeavored to show how these, often sincere and conscientious persons, are and must be, not only not the better, but the worse for their adherence to certain theological tenets, now obsolete with all advanced thinkers, but still dreadfully potential with the uninquiring and acquiescent on both sides of the Atlantic. He exhibits how these opinions poison the kindly springs of natural affection, pervert character, and are, in short, utterly mischievous and deplorable. This, the fulfilment of a long-cherished purpose, has not, he believes, suffered from not being obtruded, didactically or otherwise, but allowed to transpire naturally in the course of a novel involving more than anti-theological objects. It is emphatically a story, with a distinct and carefully wrought-out plot, kept in view from beginning to end.

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The Report in pamphlet form, of the ANNUAL MEETING of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION of 1872, can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, Wm. J. POTTER, New Bedford, Mass. contains essays by John W. Chadwick, on "L'ÉVÊQUE ET LA CHURCH IN AMERICA;" by C. D. Mills, on the question, "DOES RELIGION RESIST A PERMANENT SENTIMENT OF THE HUMAN MIND, OR IS IT A FENESTRABLE SUPERSTITION?" and by O. B. Frothingham, on "THE LIEBOW OF HUMANITY;" together with the report of the Executive Committee, and addresses and remarks by Dr. Bartol, A. B. Al Lucretia Mott, Celia Burleigh, Horace M. Alexander Loe, and others. Price, 35 cent packages of five or more, 35 cents each.

WM. J. POTTER,

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VOLUME 4.

TOLEDO, O., AND NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1873.

WHOLE No. 166.

ORGANIZE!

LIBERALS OF AMERICA!

The hour for action has arrived. The cause of freedom calls upon us to combine our strength, our zeal, our efforts. These are

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governor of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Let us boldly and with high purpose meet the duty of the hour. I submit to you the following

FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

- ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF ———.
- ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in ———. Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.
- ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.
- ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.
- ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.
- ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.
- ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

Liberals! I pledge to you my undivided sympathies and most vigorous co-operation, both in THE INDEX and out of it, in this work of local and national organization. Let us begin at once to lay the foundations of a great national party of freedom, which shall demand the entire secularization of our municipal, state, and national government. Send to me promptly the list of officers of every Liberal League that may be formed, and a standing list of all such Leagues shall be kept in THE INDEX. Hence, then, to the great work of freeing America from the usurpations of the Church! Make this continent from ocean to ocean sacred to human liberty! Prove that you are worthy descendants of those whose wisdom and patriotism gave us a Constitution unshaken by superstition! Shake off your slumbers, and break the chains to which you have too long tamely submitted!

Toledo, O., Jan. 1, 1873.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—M. A. McLeod, President; J. Gallion, Vice President; P. A. Lofgreen, L. La Grille, Secretaries; E. K. Thomas, Treasurer.

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THE BOSTON SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES FOR 1873.

ZOROASTER AND THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT PERSIANS.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

FOURTH LECTURE IN THE COURSE OF SIX "SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES," GIVEN IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, JANUARY 20, 1873.

It will never be possible, it would seem, for the student of comparative theology to understand the ancient religion of Persia so well as that of India. Not but that that religion has its living votaries, who are quite confident that they know its history from the most ancient times. Not but that these votaries have their sacred scriptures corresponding to the Vedas and the Institutes of the Brahmans, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, and the Christian's Bible. But the living votaries of Parseeism are but a feeble remnant of the mighty following it had in ancient times, and their present Scriptures are by their own confession, which is amply corroborated by internal evidence, hardly more than a few scattered fragments of a once extensive literature. These facts and prospects are the more disagreeable because our interest is excited and our curiosity piqued by the great fame of Zoroaster in the Greek and Roman world, and by the relations of Christianity, by means of Jewish mediation, with the Persian faith. The classic world had no such lively contact with the Indian peoples as with the Persians, and their religions had for it no such beguiling charm. According to Pliny, Aristotle fixed the date of Zoroaster at six thousand years before the death of Plato; i. e., about eight thousand five hundred years ago, about two thousand five hundred years before the creation of the world by the old way of reckoning. Plutarch gives a couple of pages to Zoroaster in his *Morals*, and hardly more than he could tell was known of the Persian teacher or his religion till the researches of Anquetil-Duperron in the middle of the eighteenth century. But, as we should naturally expect, it was the Neo-Platonists who found in Zoroaster's oracles a spirit nearest kindred to their own. Across the pages of Plotinus and Porphyrius and Jamblichus, and their school, drifts ever and anon the shadow of this far-off eastern sage. From these writers quite a collection of detached sentences could be made, attributed to Zoroaster, and not without intrinsic value, but of very doubtful authenticity. And yet these scattered and elusive hints were of themselves conclusive that there was behind them a religious and ethical development of the most striking character. Only some mighty flame could shed its light and shower its golden sparks over such mighty areas of space and time.

The relation of Judaism, and hence of Christianity, to the Persian faith, is a yet deeper source of interest in the latter, and makes still more painful the feeling that we are never likely to understand it as we can its Indian relations. And not only is the material for scholarship to work upon made smaller in amount and more dubious in its quality in the case of Parseeism than in the case of Brahmanism and Buddhism, but the material we have has not yet, especially by English scholars, been thoroughly overhauled. But men of great ability and inexhaustible patience are hard at work, and, if I could postpone this lecture ten or a dozen years, I could make it much more instructive and satisfactory to you and to myself than I am able to at present.

ent. And although we have not such abundant data as we would fain possess, and although the material we have is capable of yielding further secrets to the importunities of scholarship, the advance that has been made from ignorance to knowledge is truly wonderful, and enables us to distinguish all the essential features of this great religion. Early in the eighteenth century it was first perceived that, if Western Europe was ever to know anything about the Persian religion, it must consult the documents of that religion still in possession of its votaries. Before the middle of the century, copies of many of these documents had been deposited in the Oxford libraries, but there was not a scholar in England who could read the language in which they were written; a dead language, not understood in the majority of cases even by those who rolled its phrases, like sweet morsels, under their plous tongues.

One would hardly expect to find anything romantic in the history of Oriental studies, but more than one department of them has been lighted up by singularly romantic actions. Thus, in the department of Buddhism, we have the romance of Csoma de Kőrös, the Hungarian traveller, who, in the hope of discovering the original habitat of his Turanian ancestors, journeyed on foot from Hungary to Thibet, there to find his original enthusiasm caught up with a greater—the object of which was the Buddhist literature of Thibet. The history of Avestan studies furnishes his peer, the celebrated Anquetil-Duperron. In 1754, he was a young man of 23, pursuing Oriental studies in Paris, when a few lines copied from one of the Oxford MSS. fell under his notice. Immediately he formed the resolution to go to India and obtain possession of the Zoroastrian writings and acquire the knowledge necessary for their interpretation. But it was no easy matter for a young man, without money, to get from France to India one hundred and twenty years ago. He set in motion all the influences he could command to procure the means of going and for his support while there, but he found as little faith in his new world, when he spoke of it to kings and princes, as Columbus found in his. He waxed desperate, and, as France at that time was disputing the control of India with England, and sending off regiments to do her fighting there, Duperron joined one of these regiments and actually marched out of Paris, as he says, "to the lugubrious sound of an ill-mounted drum." But, before he had set sail, the reward of his enthusiasm and persistency came in the shape of a discharge from the military service, a free passage, and a pension. He did not, however, reach Surat, the scene of his proper labors, until 1768. But once there, he finally succeeded, by dint of various expedients, in procuring copies of the Parsee Scriptures; and, with the aid of native priests of the religion, he translated them into his native tongue. He was about to devote himself to the study of Sanscrit, when the breaking up of the French power in India obliged him to leave the country. Could he have carried out his purpose, his contribution to Western knowledge would have been much greater than it proved, for the knowledge of Sanscrit has proved to be the only key that can unlock the treasure of the Avestan language and religion; and it was not till fifty years later, that this knowledge was acquired by European scholars and the defects of Duperron's work were clearly seen. Not but that on his return to Europe his labors and his character were fiercely assailed. Especially did Sir William Jones, the pioneer of Oriental scholarship in England, attempt to bring contempt upon him and his work. Others joined in with Sir William, and for a time success appeared to crown their efforts. After all his faith and energy, Duperron seemed destined to the humiliation of seeing his Parsee Scriptures regarded as a forgery and himself as a dupe who had allowed himself to be fooled to the top of his bent by a set of Indian sharpers.

But this savage criticism was ultimately reversed; the originals of Duperron were accredited as genuine, as they deserved to be, by the very efforts that were made to prove them forgeries. A criticism remained behind, however, which at first no one thought of, but which was quite as damaging as the first. The originals were justified, but the translation of Duperron proved to be quite worthless. With the rise and

growth of Sanscrit scholarship, it was discovered that the language of the Persian Scriptures had much in common with the language of the Vedas. It became evident that the Parsees of Surat had nearly lost the ability to read intelligently their own sacred books, and that Duperron had done little more than get a doubtful meaning of the separate words and string them together in some poor fashion of his own. The task of translating the originals was all begun anew, with Vedic Sanscrit for a guide, and it is now being rapidly pushed forward. Though much remains to learn, much has been already brought to light.

And now, if you have clearly apprehended what I have said thus far, and are not already informed about this whole matter, there are at least two things which I have spoken of that must seem to you to need elucidation. One is the fact that Duperron found the followers of Zoroaster in Western India. The other is the fact that Vedic Sanscrit proves to be the best interpreter of the Zoroastrian writings.

Consider, first, the matter of locality. The religion of Zoroaster was the religion of ancient Persia. Why then did Duperron go to Western India when he wanted to look into it? Thereby hangs a tale,—a tale without a parallel, it seems to me, in the religious history of the world, with one exception; that, the tale of Judaism, a religion without a country, yet maintaining its identity with marvellous fidelity under the most various national and social forms, and in spite of the most cruel and persistent persecution. Persia emerges from the darkness of the prehistoric times into the light of history and the great company of nations, with the gospel of Zoroaster in her hands. There is abundant evidence of this. The faith of Cyrus and Darius and Xerxes, the kings of the great Persian monarchy in the fifth and sixth centuries before Christ, when its boundaries foreshadowed the immense extent of the great Roman Empire of a later day,—the faith of those times has left its solemn record on the giant ruins of Persepolis. "What I have done here and what I have done elsewhere," reads one of the inscriptions made by Xerxes in the enduring stone, "I have done by the grace of Ahura-Mazda;" and Ahura-Mazda was the Zoroastrian god, better known to us under the name of Ormazd, orOrmuzd. It is very certain that the religion of Zoroaster, at this time, was not a religion of the day, nor of yesterday. It was not a new discovery. It had all the marks of a long-standing, well-developed faith; a faith with centuries of reverence and tradition at its back. In the Avesta, Zoroaster is connected with the king Vistaspa; and Duperron was misled by a fanciful resemblance, and misled hundreds of others, with identifying this Vistaspa with Hystaspes. But Zoroastrianism was already venerable when Darius Hystaspes was born. Its beginning was already lost in an immemorial antiquity. In the times of Cyrus and Darius it was the object of a boundless veneration. But in the fourth century before Christ, Alexander the Great came raging over Western and central Asia, and he made the Persian monarchy his spoil. The Parthian dynasty succeeded his debauched and tyrannous lieutenants, but the ancient religion lost its power and prestige more and more, until in the year 229 of our era, the Parthian dynasty was overthrown and the Sassanian was established in its place. This movement was not more political than religious. Its leaders were devoted to the Zoroastrian faith. There was now a revival of that faith, even more remarkable perhaps than the revival of Brahmanism in India after centuries of hibernation. For Brahmanism, it would seem, was never quite so dead as Zoroastrianism was under the Macedonians and Parthians. Under the new régime, Persia became a power hardly less mighty than in the days of Cyrus and Darius. King Ardeshir gathered from all parts of Persia a great assemblage of priests, and, from their memory and recitation of the ancient scriptures, so much of them as was not forgotten was again collected and committed to writing. To this experiment we are probably indebted for the records that have come down to us. The scriptures discovered by Duperron have all the characteristics which we should expect to find marking a literature thus rescued from the clutches of oblivion.

The religion of Zoroaster might have had millions of followers at the present time, instead of a paltry 120,000, if the all-conquering power of Islam had not, in the seventh century, swept everything before it. The sword of Mohammed was a most persuasive rhetorician. And yet it found that conquest was one thing and conversion quite another. The page of history records no more heroic struggle and resistance than that of the Persian Zoroastrians against the attempt of the Mohammedans to subvert their glorious faith. They might well think Mohammed a poor exchange for their Zoroaster (or, as they called him, Zarathustra,) his Allah for their Ahura-Mazda. More than once in the world's history have conquered races proved to be the conquerors. Taine has shown one striking example of this in the case of the Normans and Saxons. The Normans conquered Saxon England by force of arms. But Saxon England conquered its conquerors by force of manners

and ideas. So it was, to a considerable degree, in Persia. The Zoroastrians conquered their conquerors. Persia became Mohammedan, but its Mohammedanism received on every side the impress of the native faith. The stock had such abundant life in it that the character of the ingrafted wood was changed, by the infusion of that life, to something very different from what it was upon the parent tree. But there were those among the Zoroastrians so uncompromising in their faith, that, even if they had known that this would be the result, they would not have accepted it; they would have preferred to keep unsullied and intact the high faith of their fathers. They could not be compelled into submission, but, wearying at length of persecution, after three centuries of protest they became pilgrims and sojourners upon the earth. For a hundred years, they found a refuge among the mountains of Beloochistan, the great water-shed of the Indus on the west; but, being finally driven out, they betook themselves first to one island and then to another in the Persian gulf, and at last to the main land and to the locality where they still reside. Here they have kept themselves singularly free from external religious influences. They have proved equally indifferent to the fascinations of Brahmanism and Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity. They are a people by themselves, strikingly different from their Hindu neighbors in their superior physique and in their active, thrifty life. They are England's best subjects in India. They are a very wealthy community, but their wealth is not greater than their benevolence. They have a genuine Quaker pride in looking out for their own poor. A Parsee pauper is a thing unknown. Mr. George Peabody's half million—the largest Christian gift on record—looks almost petty beside three millions and a half given by Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy for charitable purposes. This community of 120,000 souls is about all that is left of the once mighty company of Zoroastrian worshippers. In some corner of Persia, another little band survived the shocks of many persecutions and kept up loving communication with their migrating brethren. But some years ago these had dwindled to about forty families, and since the great famine in Persia, and its attendant horror of wild hordes sweeping off the starving population, it would probably be difficult to find, upon the soil that saw its greatest triumph, the feeblest remnant of the ancient faith.

We have thus accounted for the fact that modern Parseism has its seat in Western India. But the modern relation of this religion to India does not begin to be so interesting and suggestive as its relation, in the earliest times, to the ancestors of the Brahmins and the Buddhists. No history, except a line or two in the Avesta, tells us of this relation. But its record is the most indubitable of all records—that of language itself. This is what the similarity of the Avestan to the Vedic language teaches us—that the people who created the Vedas and the people who created the Avesta were originally one and the same people, and their religion was originally one and the same religion. I cannot see that it is, as yet, fully determined whether the family split up on account of their religious differences, or the religious differences came (after their separation upon other grounds) as the result of separate development. Bunsen would seem to think the latter. It is his opinion that the story of Cain and Abel is the story of this family quarrel—Cain, or the Indian branch, cleaving to a nomadic life; Abel, the Persian, the Iranian, preferring agriculture. There seems to be no doubt that the Iranian branch did settle down to agricultural life much sooner than the Indian. But, however the separation came, and however the difference came in religion, it is certain that they both came somehow. The common parentage of your children is not more certain, than the common parentage of the Indian and the Persian faiths. The intoxicating Soma juice is the same revered object in the Vedas and the Avesta, and the name for it is really the same, though it reads *Homa* in the latter. The same names of supernatural beings occur in both of these ancient Bibles, with such differences in the spelling as a separate development would lead us to expect. For it must be remembered that the division of the race took place hundreds, if not thousands, of years before the art of writing was in use. But the similarities of form only make the differences of meaning the more interesting and remarkable. "Your God is my Devil," is an amenity with which we sometimes greet our Calvinistic friends; but this figure of speech has often, in the history of religion, had a veritable counterpart in fact. Thus, early Christianity did not so much deny the existence of the Pagan gods as it denied their sanctity. It turned them into demons. A similar compliment was paid by the Persians to their Hindu relatives, and repaid of course, as compliments are generally. The gods of the Veda are the demons of the Avesta. Indra, the chief god of the Vedic pantheon becomes in the Avesta the first lieutenant of Ahriman, the Prince of devils. This principle has many illustrations. Thus, the Persians had great reverence for the dog; the Indians a corresponding hatred. This difference would seem to

be a monument of the time when the agricultural Aryans used the dog to keep off the nomadic Aryans from their premises.

Exactly how all of these differences were engendered it is not likely we shall ever know. It is not at all likely that any one man—Zoroaster or anybody else—was personally responsible for such great divergencies. The greatest teachers are the exponents of a tendency which is far greater than themselves. They speak as Jesus did, "that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." There is always a first crocus to open in the spring, but the others are not far behind. We know so little about Zoroaster that, if you should ask such scholars as Whitney and Müller for his story, they might very properly answer you, "Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir." There is a life of him among the Parsee Scriptures, but it is a comparatively modern work and is made up of the most extravagant narrations. There would seem to be no good reason for doubting the actual existence of such a person, or for denying that he exercised a mighty influence; but the date of his appearance cannot be determined with even approximate nicety. With the advance of scholarship, it seems to move still farther back. The average opinion would now place him from 1,200 to 1,500 years B. C. Bunsen says 2,500 or 3,000, and does not think that Aristotle's date—6,000 years before the death of Plato—is so very irrational. The scene of his activity is more certain than his date. He was "the Bactrian Sage," and Bactria was beyond the Eastern borders of the Persian Empire when they were most extensive. The nature of his spiritual function is not difficult to perceive. It was not unlike that of Abraham in the Semitic world. Behind the diversity of Nature he felt the unity of life. Leaving the distractions of Nature-worship, he lifted his heart to the one God who is over all, blessed forever. There is a story told of Abraham, in the *Koran*, which would apply just as well to Zoroaster. "When night overshadowed him he saw a star and said, 'This is my Lord.' But when it set he said, 'I like not those that set.' And when he saw the moon rising, he said, 'This is my Lord.' But when the moon set, he said, 'Verily, if my Lord direct me not in the right way, I shall be as one of those who err.' And when he saw the sun rising, he said, 'This is my Lord; this is greater than the star or moon.' But when the sun went down, he said, 'O my people, I am clear of these things. I turn my face to Him who made the heavens and the earth.' But such a story, rightly understood, does not record the isolated experience of one man. It records the experience of generations, their doubts and questionings culminating at length in some superior heart and brain.

There is not merely hostility between the Vedas and the Avesta. There is development of ideas. There is cause and effect. Even within the Vedas, we hear the solemn undertone of a faith in spiritual unity behind the net-work of phenomena. If they do not speak of a God, they speak of God, of the Divine. "That which is one," they say, "the wise call many ways. They call it Indra, Agni, Varuna." And when the Persian branch had split off from the Hindu, this process still went on in the Hindu branch as well as in the Persian. Only, when the Hindu had fairly reached up to the conception of a central Unity, he named it Brahman, while the Persian named the same conception Ahura-Mazda. Nor did the correlation of growth stop at this point. The dualism of the Persian—his Ahura and Ahriman pitted against each other—was matched by a dualism in India. Brahman the creator had his Siva the destroyer. To these Vishnu the restorer was added. The Persian had no need of such a complementary deity, because there was in his God, Ahura, a *Vishnu* element,—a power of restoration, a power against which the power of Ahriman, the destroyer, would at length be broken.

The Avesta is regarded by the Parsees to this day as the work of Zoroaster himself; but the nature of its contents does not permit us to believe that it dates back to him, except perhaps in a few instances. It is written in a much older dialect than the stone inscriptions at Persepolis, which belong to the fifth century B. C., and probably records what had been orally transmitted for a long time before. These facts would favor its remote antiquity, and so far Zoroaster's authorship; but the internal evidence is all against the latter supposition. The Avesta is evidently the work of many generations, though it is dominated throughout by the genius of Zoroaster. His name is constantly recurring. It is always spoken with the deepest reverence. It is always a summons to thanksgiving. But his loftiest praises have a soberness and dignity the contrast very sharply with the Buddhist legends and even with his own in later times, and with the Christian legend of the middle ages and to day. In the earlier portions of the Avesta, he is a purely human character, and only the late portions ascribe to him supernatural powers.

The name by which the Zoroastrian Scriptures are best known—the Zend-Avesta—is a misnomer. They are the Avesta, pure and simple. The Zend is a translation and explication of the third century after Christ. The Zend-Avesta properly speaking, is this commentary and I

original Avesta made into one book, the commentary following the original, line after line.

The Avesta is a very fragmentary work. It contains no system of theology or ethics or philosophy definitely wrought out. If we want anything of this sort, we must make it for ourselves, out of such scattered hints as the text offers, and reading too between the lines as carefully as possible. The Avesta is a collection of prayers, hymns, invocations, and thanksgivings. It contains, like all of the old Bibles of humanity (our own most certainly included), a great deal that is childish and some things that are monstrous and absurd. But it also contains innumerable sentences that have not been dimmed by age, and that have lost nothing of their everlasting spiritual substance by the attrition of the centuries and millenniums that have beat upon them since first they rose, obedient to some mighty impulse, above the stagnant levels of the primeval world.

Let me now read you a few passages. You will at once discover that you are in a different region from that charming Vedic upland, or that jungle of Brahmanic subtleties, or that cold, gray, joyless land of Buddhism, through which you have of late been wandering. I trust, under the splendid guidance of our friend Samuel Johnson. You will find that the dim presentiments of a spiritual deity, which haunt the Vedas, have here developed into conscious living faith in such a deity. You will find that the deity is no such abstraction as the god of Brahmanism, and that the faith contrasts very sharply, clear-voiced and whole-souled as it is, with the silence of Buddhism, albeit in that very silence there were implications of a central Life and Love.

The very name of the Zoroastrian god—Ahura-Mazda—indicates that, whatever general tendencies had been at work, a mighty personal force co-operated with them and left its seal on the religion. For Ahura-Mazda means "Spiritual Mighty One;" and this is not one of those names that grow up spontaneously among a people. It bears the marks of individual thought upon it. "He maketh his sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good," said Jesus; and, in the words which the most rigid scholarship concedes as likely to be Zoroaster's own, we read: "I will believe thee O Mazda, the powerful, holy God. With thine helpful hand thou givest to the pious man and to the impious man by means of the sun which strengthenest all things. Thus I believe in thee, thou wise and living God, because I behold thee to be the primal cause of life to thy creation. To the evil thou hast apportioned evil; to the good the true good. I will believe in thee, thou glorious God, even to the last moment of existence. In whatever time I have trusted in thee, thou wise and living God, in that thou comest unto me."

There is a passage supposed by Haug and Bunsen to have been spoken by Zoroaster at the opening of his mission. "Every one, both man and woman, ought this day to choose his faith. In the beginning there were twins, the good and the base, in thought, word and deed. Choose one of these two Spirits. Be good, not base. Ye cannot belong to both of them. Some may choose the hardest lot. Others adore Ahura-Mazda by means of faithful actions."

Other sentences from the oldest part of the Avesta read as follows: "I have entrusted my soul to Heaven, and I will teach what is pure so long as I can." "I keep forever purity and good-mindedness. Teach thou me, Ahura-Mazda, out of thyself." "I praise Ahura-Mazda who has created the water and the good trees, the splendor of light, the earth, and all good." "We praise our own souls, the cattle who maintain our life, good men and women, the mountains which make the waters flow, the strong wind created by Ahura-Mazda." "How shall I satisfy thee, O Mazda; I who have little wealth? . . . How may I exalt thee according to my wish? I will be contented with thy desires. This is the decision of my understanding and of my soul." "Then spake Zarathustra: 'Tell me then thy name, O pure Ahura-Mazda; which is thy greatest, best, and fairest name?' Then answered Ahura-Mazda: 'My name is He who may be questioned; the gatherer of the people; the most pure; He who takes account of men's actions. I am the All-beholding; the desirer of good for my creatures; He who cannot be deceived; the protector; the tormentor of tormentors; the creator of all.'" This is from the Khordeh Avesta. In the same section, Ahura is described as the "Omniscient, the Lord over all lords, the Forgiving, the rich in Love."

The entire aspect of this lofty faith is spiritual. The Hebrew Jehovah is much more limited by anthropomorphic conceptions. Ahura has his ministering spirits, but they never question his supremacy. He is the supreme, the only God. No images of him, or of his ministering spirits, have ever been made. The Mohammedans found in Persia a hatred of idolatry as unpromising as their own. The Zoroastrians have been called fire-worshippers, often rather anything else. The name does not belong to them. They never worshipped the fire, nor the sun. But the sun has always seemed to them a fitting symbol of the Deity. And if any symbol is necessary, is not this the best? We know, much

better than the ancient Persians did, what creating, and sustaining, and renewing power there is in that great orb; but our knowledge of all other things has increased in like proportion, so that he does not stand out, nearly so sharply today, from the multitude of the Almighty's works as he did in that old time. But we ourselves can do no better than to use his glory as a symbol of the Creator's, in the daily symbolism of our speech. If we are not idolatrous, no more were the disciples of Zoroaster. "My Light," Ahura says to Zoroaster,—"My Light is hidden under all that shines." It is this light, "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," that Zoroaster worships—this alone. All other light is but the sign of this. The sign may sometimes take the place of the thing signified, but the intention is always good and high. Let one more (metrical but almost literal) translation attest the spiritual purity of the Zoroastrian's conception of his god:—

"He who before all time by his own light
Kindled to life the myriad lights of heaven,
By his own wisdom has brought forth the truth
Which is the source of all good thoughts and aims.
Prosper thy truth, O Spirit, only wise,
Thou who abidest changeless without end.
Thee, O wise Mazda, fount of all existence
Lord of the earth and heavens, my soul adores,
Since I discovered thee with my spirit's eye,
Knew thee to be the parent of good thoughts,
The essence of the truth, the cause of life,
That lives and works in all that moves and is.
The sacred earth rests evermore in thee,
Who in thy wisdom hast her frame contrived;
And, travelling on the paths ordained by thee,
From dawn of time till latest age she brings
Rich gifts and joys to him who tends her well,
But leaves unblessed who seems to till her soil."

The idea of the reward of labor, contained in these last lines, is eminently characteristic of the Zoroastrian religion. It is commonly said, and very truly, that its leading idea is that of battle. Ormazd is pitted against Ahri-man, light against darkness, truth against falsehood, man against all the powers of darkness that strive for the possession of his soul. It is a fighting faith; but it is no less a working faith. The fighting is largely to be done by working. The splendid thrift of the Parsee community, still extant in Western India, dates from the most ancient injunctions of their religion. Here is no praise of mendicancy, nor of asceticism. Here is faith, not only that God made man, but that he meant him. It is a part of the religion to practise agriculture or some useful art. Fasting is forbidden, as a culpable weakening of "the powers entrusted to a man for the service of Ormazd." Celibacy is not merely undesirable; marriage is a sacred duty, and the girl of eighteen who neglects an opportunity to marry is doomed to hell until the resurrection. Zoroaster was wiser than Proudhon, who believed that "property is theft." He saw with the more sensible of our political economists, that man's right to the soil is proportioned to the labor that he spends upon it. He named the planting of a tree as a most virtuous action. "With the fruits of the field increases the law of Ormazd, and with them it is multiplied a hundred fold. The earth rejoices when man builds on it his house; when his flocks abound; when, surrounded by wife and children, he makes the grass and the corn to grow, and plants fruit-trees abundantly."

Whenever the vocabulary of a people is peculiarly rich in a particular direction, it is safe, we have been told, to infer a generous development of that people's life in that direction. The vocabulary of the Avesta is peculiarly rich in terms conveying ethical distinctions. Piety is so often substituted for morality, and the piety of the Avesta is so highly developed, that we hardly expect to find it equally strong upon the moral side. But we are happily disappointed. One of the most remarkable characteristics of Zoroastrian ethics is the positiveness of their injunctions. The vice of primitive ethics ordinarily is their negative aspect. The Moslem decalogue is entirely negative. It says, "Thou shalt not do thus and so." It enjoins no positive duties. One might obey all these commandments from his youth up and still be a pretty worthless character: very good, no doubt, but good for nothing; harmless, but not helpful. The Avesta has its prohibitions, but its positive injunctions are much more numerous. The sins which it enumerates are mostly sins of omission. What are called "sins of the Bridge"—i. e., sins that prevent the soul from passing safely over the bridge Chinvat, which is the only way to Paradise—are all sins of omission. The forms of confession could not be more comprehensive than they are. "That which was the wish of Ahura-Mazda and I ought to have thought and have not thought, that which I ought to have spoken and have not spoken, that which I ought to have done and have not done,—of these sins I repent with thoughts, words, and works, corporeal as well as spiritual, earthly as well as heavenly. Pardon me, O Lord; I repent of my sins. That which was the wish of Ahri-man and I ought not to have thought and yet have thought, that which I ought not to have spoken and yet have spoken, that which I ought not to have done and yet have done,—of these sins I repent with thoughts, words, and works, corporeal as well as spiritual, earthly as well as heavenly. Pardon me, O Lord; I repent of my sins." Accompanying such confessions, we meet with res-

olutions like the following: "As long as life endures, I will stand fast in good thoughts in my soul, in good words in my speech, in good deeds in my actions. With all good am I in agreement, with all evil am I at variance. With the punishments [of the future life] am I contented and satisfied. I have taken hold of good thoughts, words, and works. May the power of Ahri-man be broken! May the reign of Ahura-Mazda increase!" And again: "I am steadfast in this faith and turn myself not away from it for the sake of a happy life, nor for the sake of a longer life, nor for power nor for a kingdom. If I must give up my body for the sake of my soul, I give it contentedly. I believe steadfastly in the good faith of Mazda; in the resurrection; in the bridge of souls; in the invariable reward of good deeds, and punishment of bad deeds; in the everlasting continuance of paradise and the annihilation of hell; and I believe that at the last Ahura-Mazda will be victorious and Ahri-man will perish with the Devils and all the children of darkness." "I am full of hope that I may attain to paradise and the shining heaven, where all majesty dwelleth. I make this confession in the hope that I may hereafter become more zealous to accomplish good works and keep myself more from sin; and that my good deeds may serve for the lessening of evil and the increase of good till the resurrection."

In these sentences are revealed three characteristic traits of the Avestan teaching. First, the three-fold division of duty, which is constantly recurring—thoughts, words, and works. To be pure and true in all of these is represented as the sum of all religion. Second, the annihilation of hell. The faith expressed in such annihilation is not an accident. It is an essential part of the Avestan teaching. Those who know nothing else about the ancient Persian faith know that it was a dualistic faith. It had its Ormazd and it had its Ahri-man, its powers of light and darkness, warring against each other. But it is not generally known how much of all this was an aftergrowth, and how little of it comparatively is to be found in the earliest records of the faith. The one God of Zoroaster does not share his throne with any other co-eternal being. The powers of darkness are represented as the product of men's evil thoughts. And when, later, Ahri-man, the prince of darkness, is represented as a being co-eval with Ormazd, the war between them is to have no doubtful termination. Hell is to be abolished. Ahri-man and all his hosts and all his victims are to become pure and true, and Ormazd is to reign without a rival, throughout all eternity. This unrighteous one, this impure one, who is nothing but a devil in his affections; this stark-blind king of wickedness, he who does nothing but evil,—will yet at the end speak the word and observe the laws of Ormazd, and introduce the wicked into the dwellings of the good. The details of this system are wrought out very elaborately in the *Bundehesh*, a writing much later than the Avesta, but illustrating even more clearly the character of the religion in its most prosperous days. In this writing, we discover a deity not mentioned in the Avesta, evidently a philosophic invention, the object of which is to make one again of what had become two, to unite Ormazd and Ahri-man in a higher synthesis. This deity is called *Zerina Akerana* (Time without bounds). He produces from himself both Ormazd and Ahri-man. Thus the idea of absolute evil is renounced. Thus optimism is enthroned. But the religion of Zoroaster did not really need to be pieced out in this way. It was essentially monotheistic and optimistic. Its dualism was an incident, not an essential trait.

And notice, also, that, in every stage of the development of this religion, Ahri-man was a devil. He was not another God. There has been a great deal of devil-worship in the world, but it has all been outside of Parseism. The belief in evil spirits has been commonly attended with a disposition to placate them with deprecatory rites and sacrifices. It has been "Good God" and "Good Devil," or nothing but "good devil." Within the Christian Church for many centuries, the death of Jesus was represented as a price paid to the devil for the souls of men. The doctrine of atonement took this form, till Anselm revised it in the eleventh century. Nothing could be further from the Persian faith than such a line of thought. With its devil it refused to compromise. It defied him. It declared war against him, war without truce or parley, till his power was broken and his kingdom overthrown. Whatever we may think of the conception, this attitude was surely manly enough to suit the manliest among us.

There is a third thing in the passages above quoted which I wish you to notice—the prayer "that my good deeds may serve for the lessening of evil and the increase of good, until the resurrection." In this prayer is revealed another noble trait—the refusal of the Zoroastrian to fix his attention on his individual salvation. He had a conception of humanity. He felt the solidarity of universal life; he agreed with the Buddhist: "Never will I accept private individual salvation; never will I enter into final peace alone;" and also with Christian Paul: "No

man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself."

The Avesta was not without superlatives, as we perceive when Zoroaster asks Ahura-Mazda which is the prayer that outweighs a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand other prayers; and finally which is the prayer "which in greatness, goodness, and beauty is worth all that is between heaven and this world, and those lights, and all good things created?" Ahura-Mazda answered: "That prayer, O pure Zarathustra, when a man renounces all evil thoughts, and words, and works." When we arrive at the answer, the form of the question seems less extravagant. Again we read: "To arrive at prayer is to arrive at a good conscience. The good seed of prayer is virtuous conscience, virtuous words, and virtuous deeds."

There are many psalms in the Avesta which compare not unfavorably with the psalms of David. I will quote but one of them:—

"That which I ask of Thee tell me Thou aright, O living God! Who was in the beginning the Father and Creator of Truth? Who made the way of the sun and the stars? Who causeth the moon to wax and wane?"

"That which I ask of Thee tell me Thou aright, O living God! Who upholdeth the earth and the unsupported heavens, so that they fall not? Who made the waters and the trees of the forest? Who driveth the winds and the storms that they so quickly run?"

"That which I ask of Thee tell me Thou aright, O living God! Who made the beneficent light and the darkness? Who made the blessedness of sleep and of awaking? Who made the dawn and the noon and the night, recalling man to his prayer?"

No religion has ever had a firmer faith in immortality than the religion of Zoroaster, nor a firmer faith in final universal restoration. In its ideas of hell, it never erred to the extent of meting out one punishment for all offenders. The punishment was to be measured by the offence. Life is called "the way of the two destinies." This way having been travelled to the end, the things that next await the good or evil soul are set forth with the most charming confidence and simplicity. "Zarathustra asked Ahura-Mazda, 'When a pure man dies, where does his soul dwell during the first night?' Then answered Ahura-Mazda: 'Near his head it sits down praying.' On this night his soul sees as much joy as the whole living world possesses. On the second and third nights the soul keeps the same place. When the third night turns itself to light, then the soul of the pure man goes forward. A wind blows to meet it from the south, more sweet than other winds. In that wind there comes to meet him the sum of his good deeds in the appearance of a maiden, beautiful and shining. When the soul of the pure man arrives at the eternal lights, a pure one, who has preceded him, speaks to him saying, 'How hast thou, O pure one, come from the perishable world hither to the imperishable?' Then speaks Ahura-Mazda: 'Ask him not, for he has come upon the fearful trembling way. Bring him hither the food that is the proper food for one who thinks, speaks, acts rightly.'"

Such is the way of the soul; and what is the way of the body it has left behind? Sickness and death, the messengers of the evil Abriman, have polluted it. The pure elements, earth, fire, and water cannot receive it. It is carried to a tower of silence, far away upon some lofty hill or mountain, and there with tender words is left to be exposed to the pure birds of heaven whom Ormazd makes his instruments of purification. When the bones have been denuded of their flesh, and sun and air have bleached them, they are considered worthy to be buried in the pure earth, which is the creator's perfect gift to man.

But our last picture of a religion so high and pure and spiritual as that of Zoroaster should not be one so sad as this disposal of the body, which jars upon our sensibilities even while we recognize that there was no intention of dishonoring the empty tenement, that nothing could have been further from their thought.

Let us turn from death to love, and from the strangely solemn burial to the happy wedding-day. The bride and bridegroom are seated side by side, and the priest pronounces on them this marriage benediction. Bethink you, if it would come amiss in our own churches, or better still in our own homes; if you could ask a better or a sweeter service for your dearest friend: "Know ye that both of you have loved each other and are therefore thus united. Look not with impious eye on other people, but make it your study to love, honor, and cherish each other as long as both of you remain in this world. May quarrels never arise between you, and may your fondness for each other increase from day to day. May you both adhere to the truth, and be always pure in your thoughts as well as in your actions, and always try to please the Almighty who is the lover of Truth and Righteousness. Shun evil company; abstain from avarice, envy, pride. Think not of other men's riches, but strive industriously, and without any dishonest means, to improve your own. Cultivate friendship between yourselves, and with your neighbors, and among those who are known to be

good people. Hold out a helping hand to the poor and needy. Always respect your parents. May success crown all your efforts. May you be blessed with children and grandchildren. . . . May the blessings of the Almighty descend upon you."

The history of Christianity in the New Testament reports among the legends of the infancy of Jesus, that "wise men from the East" brought to the Messiah gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. It is as if the writer's hand had been constrained by a superior wisdom to write down that symbol of the influence which the religion of Zoroaster exerted upon Christianity. For this influence was undoubtedly immense, though not direct, but acting through a Jewish medium. Contact with Persia revolutionized the faith which the Hebrew people had received from Moses. Not until after this contact were they fairly cured of polytheism and idolatry. The Old Testament has scarcely a sentence that implies belief in immortality, because its various writings were completed before the Persian influence was fairly at work. But the Apocrypha, which is to a great extent a monument of Persian influence, is full of this faith. It is not to be denied that the "gold" brought by these "wise men" had in it something of alloy. With faith in immortality came the fancy of a bodily resurrection. We cannot be very thankful to Persia for this contribution to the sum of Christian superstition. From the same source came the Christian devil, and the beliefs in angels and demons that have played so important a part in the great drama of our Christian hopes and fears. There is no devil in the Old Testament. The serpent in Genesis is his Satanic majesty only by a long, long afterthought; and even at this, the story is quite possibly of Persian origin. The Satan in Job is one of the sons of God, an accusing angel; not at all the devil of the later creeds. But before the rise of Christianity, the Persian "adversary" had taken full possession of the Hebrew mind, and he passed from thence unchallenged into the Christian consciousness, where for seventeen hundred years he played a fearful part, and where there are scars of his making that are still unhealed.

Thus it would appear that Persia's gift to Christianity has been, upon the whole, of doubtful quality. But the whole has not yet been made manifest. The Jewish Talmud proves that the development of Christianity was part of a great movement of liberation and of higher aspiration in the Jewish mind. The contribution of Persia to this movement has not yet been measured; but every new increase of knowledge bids us regard her as one of the greatest helpers of the new and better time. There were gifts in her hands which Christianity did not choose to receive, with which, if she had received them, there would have gone a blessing quite unspeakable. It is not too late to take them even now, though some of them we have already earned by hard experience. The Zoroastrian hatred of asceticism would have saved us from its immeasurable curse. The Zoroastrian love of work would have done much to lift the imaginary curse of Adam from our shoulders. The Zoroastrian sense of this world as a place to be redeemed and glorified would have proved a strong ally to the Christian idea of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, and a sturdy foe of that "other-worldliness" which has been the greatest curse of Christianity. But though nearly dead, the ancient faith yet speaketh, and should it speak no more, its history need not greatly sadden us. Its life is coursing through a hundred million hearts upon the earth; and if, as we believe, there is that heaven of which Zoroaster dreamed, it must count among its citizens a mighty company of men and women who, while they lived, were rescued from a life of falsehood and impurity by his manly summons to a life of sacred and ideal significance.

LONDON, April 25.—In the House of Lords, to-night, Duke Cleveland moved the second reading of the Prisoners' Ministers bill, the object of which is to pay the Roman Catholic chaplains for their services in prisons. Lord Cleveland said he had observed that many sections of the country, and notably Liverpool and its neighborhood, were intensely Catholic, and the passage of this bill was as much a matter of policy as of justice. Lord Oranmore spoke against the measure, and declared that the time would come when the pretensions of the Church of Rome should be curbed. Lords Carnarvon and Morley supported the bill as in accordance with the spirit of the age. Viscount Middleton confessed that when it was proposed to make a Romish priest an official person, he felt bound to halt. The bill was passed by a vote of 58 to 22.

A New Haven revivalist the other night painted the future state of the wicked in gloomy colors, and, saying that his father died a very wicked man and had gone to hell, was proceeding, when a young man rose to go out. The preacher at once announced that there was a young man going straight to the same burning region, when the seceder stopped and coolly asked: "Well, elder, don't you want to send some word to your father?"

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. DANIEL PENNETHORNE.

When Richard Sabin reached his father's house, to which he proceeded straightway from Scho Square, the slatternly girl who opened the door received him with her ordinary grin of recognition, overlaying a palpable look of flurry and bewilderment. (The family kept no servant, but spent twice the wages of one on intermittent charwomen and hangers-on, from an adjacent mews.) Dick was about to inquire the cause of the girl's disquiet, when a sudden clamor from the interior, including the sound of his sister Kate's voice raised in vehement expostulation, directed him, at once, to its source. He went therefore to the door of his father's work-room or studio, an apartment in the rear of the house, divided from it by a small area, and occupying the space of what had once been a yard, or what land-owners are wont to denominate a garden. Here he found Kate, with her best dress on (an unusual spectacle at that period of the day), her hair in disorder and her face crimsoned with anger and excitement. She was pounding at the door, trying its handle, and loudly exclaiming against somebody within.

"What's the matter, Kitty?" he asked.

"It's a shame, that it is!" she answered; "Frank's inside with little Arty, and they're roasting Lucy's doll."

"What?"

"They've got it tied to a string before the stove, and are twirling it round until all the wax will be melted." Which information a burst of childish glee from within, and a loud, exultant, ornithological imitation, intended for the crowing of a cock, from the scapegrace brother, seemed to confirm.

"I'll tell mother, Frank, directly she comes home, as sure as you are born!" bawled Kate, resuming her assaults on the door. It was one of those very rare occasions when Mrs. Sabin had gone out, in company with her married daughter and the child of the latter; who, leaving her doll in charge of her juvenile cousin, had afforded the confederates within an opportunity for mischief, which they were improving accordingly.

"Come, Frank, open the door!" said Richard, after a fresh burst of defiance and further oburgations from the besieged and besieger, and putting his foot against the obstacle as if he intended a forcible entrance. Less on account of this exhortation than the fact that the novel cookery was nearly completed, and the wax-doll reduced to a very gressome spectacle—her eyes staring awfully in their sunken sockets, from beneath her singed hair, while the sawdust which had composed her body seemed, in conjunction with a tallow candle, to have supplied hasting for this extraordinary "roast"—Frank surrendered at discretion, his childish accessory dancing about the stove and clapping his small hands in a transport of elfin joy.

"You'll catch it, both of you," cried Kate, rescuing the remains of the doll and boxing the ears of little Arthur with a celerity which made both actions appear simultaneous. Upon which the imp set up a loud howl, partly of lamentation, partly of defiance, called his aunt a "toward," told her to "hit one of her own size," and tried to butt at her with his curly head; which, as it had evidently served as a towel to cleanse his fingers from the accumulations of melted wax, tallow, and sawdust, attendant on his recent occupation, presented an agreeable contingency to Kate's only silk dress. Frank, meanwhile, who had dextrously dodged his sister's onslaught, was digging his knuckles into his eyes and whimpering in burlesque remorse and terror.

"Oh! would you? you *bad* child! Here Polly, take this brat down stairs!" And, holding him at arm's length, Kate thrust the juvenile rebel into the grasp of the slatternly girl, who presently did as she was bidden; not without receiving severe punishment in the shape of slaps and kicks from her burden, as he was borne screaming from the apartment; what time the delighted Frank drank his sister's health from a pewter pot, the contents of which (bee and gin) he and the child had been sharing together. He was its preceptor and comrade in all kinds of mischief, and had tutored it so admirably as to render it a perfect phenomenon of annoyance to society in general.

A sharp rating from Kate, coupled with it suggestion that "it was high time he was at Biker's, if he intended going there at all, to-day sent him off to a drawing-school in the vicinity

or at least out of the house. This clearance effected, she turned to her brother.

"I'm so glad you've come, for everybody's out, and there's a gentleman in the parlor, waiting for Harry Franklin—Mr. Pennethorne, you know; they came together and Harry has gone off after you, to Great James street, leaving him here, like a great stupid. And I wish you'd go and speak to him." Kate spoke while arranging her hair and smoothing her rumpled plumage.

"Mr. Pennethorne! what did Harry bring him here for? I didn't think he liked the fellow well enough to travel in his company."

"I don't know—they met at the station, and I suppose Harry couldn't help it, though I wish to goodness gracious he had! for there won't be no dinner to-day if I don't go and see about it directly; and then mother will be as cross as two sticks; and it's getting on for two o'clock, and that Polly'll never do a thing unless she's made to. Go and talk to him!" And Miss Sabin (who was not particularly grammatical, especially when excited) pushed her brother in the direction of the front-parlor, and briskly descended the kitchen stairs; her voice being heard immediately afterwards, scolding the slatternly girl.

Richard seemed rather more inclined to avail himself of the street-door than that of the apartment indicated; but, willing to oblige his sister, opened the latter,—which had been judiciously closed by Kate, when the report of the doings of Frank and his pupil had summoned her from a rudimentary flirtation with the stranger. Sabin found that person suspiciously near the said door, as if he had been listening to the recent uproar (as was indeed the case); a position he quitted in some confusion, to offer his hand to the in-comer.

"How d'ye do? Mr. Richard, how d'ye do?" he said, when Dick had ignored his salutation, with the exception of a brief nod. "Glad to see you again!—thought it was your father when you knocked. What a collection he has here!"—pointing to the pictures on the wall. "I've been admiring 'em. Any of your doing, now?"

"Some," answered the artist, with more than his usual nonchalance.

"Must be worth a good deal—the lot?" suggested Mr. Pennethorne, putting his head on one side, with an air of great interest and appreciation.

"About five pounds, including the frames," replied Sabin. It was a decided understatement, though few of the paintings possessed much merit. Whenever his father obtained a really good picture (and nobody was more capable of appreciating one), some financial crisis always swept it away; hence those ornamenting his abode were chiefly remarkable for their unobtainable qualities.

"In-deed!" Mr. Pennethorne elevated his eyebrows, and smiled approbatively, as if his opinion had been confirmed. But he looked distrustful afterwards, as though not quite sure of it.

Sabin, meanwhile, had seated himself and was regarding the man carelessly, yet with some of the instinctive observation of an artist—that is to say, one accustomed to take in a great deal through the visual medium. "Rather a Wilkie-like head," he decided, mentally; "rustic and strongly-marked and peculiar. I wonder I didn't notice him more, when I was introduced to him." And he closed his eyes momentarily, to ascertain if he remembered the countenance sufficiently to secure it on paper—if he should desire to do so.

The subject of this speculation had a long face, a high but narrow forehead, light gray eyes, and a nose more sharp than aquiline. He was five-and-thirty, but looked at least ten years older, notwithstanding his freshness of complexion; for his countenance exhibited a great many lines, especially in the region of the eyes. He wore little, reddish, stubbly whiskers, cut close to his cheek-bones, and the rest of his beard was so ill-shaven as to show marks of the razor. His mouth—always the most expressive of features after the eyes—would have been handsome, but for the thinness of his lips, and the presence of an uneasy smile, apparently habitual to it, the effect of which was decidedly unpleasant: you could scarcely avoid inferring from it a want of candor and manhood, probably originating in a too eager desire of propitiation, or some similar infirmity of character. Dressed in a plain suit of clothes of countrified cut, with hob-nailed shoes, and holding in his hand a hat of obsolete fashion, Mr. Pennethorne had very much the appearance of a cunning, complaisant, rustic shop-keeper, instead of one whose real business—that of woolstapler and peltonager—might have been expected to impart to him something of the independence of manner of the farmers with whom he dealt.

"What might be the price of that, now?" he asked, indicating a little sketch in oil, of Kate Sabin, painted by her brother—a work of art exceedingly coveted by Paul Gower.

"Eighteen pence," responded Richard, with perfect gravity.

But the assertion was too much for the other's ignorance. "I shouldn't mind paying that for it," he said, with an admiring leer, and laugh-

ing; "for it's a picture of as nice a young lady as ever I see. Come, master Richard, you painters beant so bad off as that comes to, I warrant! There were one as took my father—not Master Franklin, you know—and he got three guineas for it. Dares say you've seen it on the staircase at Thrup—it used to hang in our parlor at home."

"Perhaps it's a pity it ever left that situation," said Dick, who resented the familiar allusion to his sister, and was, therefore, cooler and more repellent than before. And he seated himself at the open piano (upon which, notwithstanding the necessity for her presence elsewhere, Kate had been performing to Mr. Pennethorne), and began running his fingers up and down the keys. He was wondering what his cousin had brought the man there for; and meditating a speedy retreat to his own lodgings.

The woolstapler took a chair and drew it towards him, as though preparing for a conference.

"Muster Richard," he began, in his midland vernacular, and with that air of uncomfortable, superfluous deference which some underbred people employ, supposing it politeness—which only those akin to them in spirit can mistake it for, or like—"I want pretend to misunderstand you. What you've just said brings me to the subject I wanted to talk to you about—leastways in a roundabout kind of manner. That is your cousin, Harry Franklin. Don't think it a liberty—" Sabin had opened his eyes so extremely wide that the remark seemed called for—"I like the lad and 'u'd do a good deal to serve him, and you may be sure he wouldn't have brought me here if he didn't regard me as a friend. You'll admit that, now, won't you?"

"Well?" The admission—if such it might be considered—was of the faintest kind, but Mr. Pennethorne clutched at it and went on.

"Well, sir, he comes to town to talk with you about going to America. And I couldn't let him without speaking my mind on the matter." And here, instead of doing so, Mr. Pennethorne came to a dead stop.

Perfectly indifferent towards helping him on and, in fact, thinking his expression of any opinion on the subject an impertinence, Sabin said nothing, naturally increasing the woolstapler's perplexity. After an awkward pause he began again.

"What does he want to goo abroad for? He has got a good home here, and there's no occasion for his leaving it. I put it to you now?"

"I suppose he has a right to act upon his own inclinations." And Richard's recollection of his father's visit to Mr. Bligh that morning, and his object, imparted additional stiffness to his vicarious assertion of independence.

"To be sure! to be sure! But would it be advisable, do you think? Nobody wants him to goo. His father don't, and I'm sure my mother don't. You remember the commandment—'Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be —'"

Sabin interrupted him with open contempt. "I don't think it applies to step-mothers," he said; "and therefore I presume Harry Franklin will do as he pleases, without much apprehension of shortening his life by it."

Thus repulsed, Mr. Pennethorne seemed determined to speak directly to the purpose; which he did with more self-assertion than he had hitherto exhibited, and a proportionate improvement in his manner.

"Muster Richard, I know as well as you do how things are at Thrup Parva. There ain't no love lost between my mother and Harry Franklin, nor has been ever since she came into the house. The more's the pity. She's a woman as likes to have her own way—as all on us does, for the matter of that; it is but nat'ral. She made me mind when I was a boy, and I don't know as I'm much the wiser for it, either. Of course that's nothing to do with Harry; and, as his cousin, you sides with him, for which I'm not blaming you—blood's thicker than water, and ought to be. But his life ain't so bad that he needs to run away from it, as perhaps you suppose. It needn't be bad at all if he'd only keep a civil tongue in his yead and take things a little easy-like."

"That may be impossible. There's an old story about a sailor being flogged with the cat—strike high or strike low, there was no pleasing him."

Mr. Pennethorne did not, at first, appear to understand the illustration, but presently colored up in acknowledgment of it. "Tain't so bad as that comes to," he repeated, deprecatingly, yet with a little show of resentment. "And what is the good of rubbin' a sore place? 'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger'—if people 'u'd remember that it 'u'd be all the better. What I want to know is this—Do you think Harry 'll improve his condition by cuttin' off to foreign parts? Jumpin' out of the frying-pan into the fire, I call it."

"Upon my word I don't see that we have the slightest right to discuss the question. And I'm certainly not going to do it with anybody but the person immediately concerned."

"But," persevered the other, apparently too much in earnest to be checked by the observation; "look at his position. Only son of his

father, a man with land of his own—entailed, too, so that he can't will it away; and it's as sure to be Harry's, some day (if he's spared), as—as this ere hat's mine. Nothin' to do but just what he likes—lead the life of a gentleman-farmer—goo outshootin' and ride buntin' and everything, and only a few disagreeables at home to put up wi', as a sort of set-off and quilt-rent for the lot. 'That ain't the kind of young man as needs to goo emigratin'.' Suppose he were to be drowned, now—and it is a mortal sight of water, surely—why, you'd never forgive yourself for taking him."

Sabin began to play a lively tune upon the piano. Baffled by his determination to adhere to his resolution, yet evidently unwilling to abandon his object without another trial, Mr. Pennethorne made a great effort and recommenced: "I see as you've made up your mind as its no business of mine and — do'ee stop, please, if but for a moment. Have you heerd as Miss East'er talks of goin' too?"

Richard Sabin finished his musical performance with a flourish and a bang, and then very deliberately rose and put on his hat. "I think," he said, regarding the confused and irritated countenance of the woolstapler with a half-smile, in which there was some malice but more good-nature—"there have just as good reasons for consulting their own inclinations as I have, at present, for bidding you good morning." And without another word he quitted the room and the house, leaving Mr. Pennethorne in a great state of annoyance and exasperation.

Elder Hook tells a story which requires mere faith to believe than to swallow the yarns of Sinbad the sailor. He says that Mrs. Barnard Colby, of Warner, N. H., whom he visited last April to try the efficacy of prayer and anointing in curing the heart disease and consumption, with which she was lying dangerously sick, arose from her bed immediately after the ceremony and the next day was about the house doing her accustomed work. Suppose he should come here and try a small-pox case or two.—*New York Evening Mail.*

LOCAL NOTICES.

FIRST INDEPENDENT SOCIETY.—The regular meetings of this Society are held at OXFORD HALL, St. Clair Street, on Sunday evenings, at 7½ o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

CAPITAL, \$100,000. SHARES EACH \$100.

The Association having assumed the publication of THE INDEX, the Directors have levied an assessment of ten per cent. on each share for the year ending Oct. 26, 1878. All future subscriptions are subject to this assessment. Not more than ten per cent. on each share can be assessed in any one year. By the original terms of subscription, the Directors are forbidden to incur any indebtedness beyond ten per cent. of the stock actually subscribed; and this provision will be strictly complied with. It is very desirable that the entire stock of the Association should be taken, and subscriptions are respectfully solicited from all friends of Free Religion.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO STOCK.

ACKNOWLEDGED previously, Nine Hundred and Sixty-Seven Shares, \$66,700.
W. A. THURSTON, West Newton, Mass., One Share, 100
\$50,800

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The Index.

MARCH 1, 1873.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features, and offers an opportunity for discussions on this subject which find no fitting place in other papers. The columns of THE INDEX are open for the discussion of all questions included under its general purposes.

No. 45. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

BUSINESS NOTICE.—All communications without exception, on all matters pertaining to the paper, should be addressed to "THE INDEX, DRAWERS, TOLEDO, OHIO." All checks, drafts, and post office money orders, should be made payable to "THE INDEX ASSOCIATION." No responsibility is assumed for loss of money or respect in the fulfillment of orders, unless these directions are STRICTLY COMPLIED WITH.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Please send all matter intended for any particular issue of THE INDEX at least a fortnight in advance of date. We shall be very greatly obliged by attention to this request.

Subscribers in New York complain that they are obliged to pay the carriers two cents on every copy of THE INDEX delivered to them. This is unnecessary. If they will only take the trouble to prepay the postage at the New York Post Office, the charge will be only five cents a quarter, or twenty cents a year. The receipt given will protect them, if shown, from all such extra charges as are complained of.

Mr. S. B. McCracken, of Detroit, has published a "Protest against Sectarianism in the University and other State Institutions," addressed to the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Michigan. It has been circulating widely, accompanied by a printed form of petition "asking investigation as to the alleged sectarian character of the University of Michigan;" also by another circular signed by Mr. W. F. Jamieson, urging that numerous signatures be collected and sent to Mr. McCracken, at Lansing, by the first of March. All these documents are dignified in tone, strong in statement, and well arranged in form; and the protest itself is supported by such evidence as must justify it thoroughly in the eyes of all intelligent liberals. We are sorry not to have received the papers earlier; but we recommend to all our Michigan subscribers to interest themselves in the matter, and to send to Mr. McCracken for blank petitions.

An interesting case touching the right of women to hold office has been before the Court of Common Pleas in Toledo. Miss M. A. Sibley, who has been Deputy Clerk of the Court for eight years, is now threatened with non-confirmation this year, on the ground that, as a woman, she is not an elector, which qualification is required by the State Constitution. The question involved is whether the Deputy Clerkship is an "office" in the meaning of the law. The Woman Suffrage Association secured the services of Messrs. M. R. Waite, E. P. Bassett, and A. H. McVey; and the case, as might be expected, has been very ably argued. We do not profess to decide law-points; but common sense suggests that, after eight years of faithful and valuable service, it is rather late in the day to discover that Miss Sibley is ineligible to the position she fills. It is greatly to be hoped that a decision in her favor will be made by the court. But the unjust exclusion of women from the exercise of the electoral franchise lies at the bottom of the matter. The present case will in any event call increased attention to this great injustice.

DR. BARTOL ON THE LIBERAL LEAGUE.

The following note from Dr. Bartol should have no little weight with thoughtful radicals:—

BOSTON, Feb. 6, 1873.

MY DEAR ABBOT,—Spite of my perhaps congenital incapacity to be, save as a necessity, organized, be sure, and assure your friends, of my sympathy, as an observer of all, yet worker in my own way, with whatever honest *League* may be a genuine working power for the practical ends proposed.

Ever cordially yours,

C. A. BARTOL.

Believing as we do that the present movement to secure organized effort for the complete secularization of the American government will prove to be premature, unless men and women of the highest character give it the sanction of their approval, we are exceedingly gratified by this note; and cannot help saying that we honor the courage and fidelity with which this veteran radical hastens to give his approving word to the essential purpose of the movement. Without waiting till the adhesion of multitudes makes such a word easy and expected, he runs all risks, and fearlessly declares that the objects of the League are right. Let such an example stimulate others to evince likewise the "courage of their opinions."

WAITING WHILE THE WORLD MOVES.

Under the caption "Why Organize?" a communication will be found in another column from the Hon. George F. Talbot, of Portland, Maine. It is an exceedingly able, calm, and thoughtful criticism of the proposal to organize Liberal Leagues. Notwithstanding its length and the fact that scores of communications which ought to be printed are crowded out of our columns, its character is such as to entitle it to precedence. The subject itself, in our opinion, is one of the first importance; and it is so needful to hear the best that can be urged against the movement in question that we would invite special attention to this article from all who are interested in liberal organization. Let its arguments be carefully weighed, that the whole project may be abandoned if found to be wrong or unwise. Without attempting to answer all the objections made by Mr. Talbot, we intend now to note only a few points which seem most necessary to a just consideration of the subject.

1. We should be very sorry if the object of THE INDEX in proposing a union of all liberals should be generally regarded as "the ambition to take a census of its supporters," or any other species of private ambition. In that case, the only fitting response would be, and ought to be, universal reprobation. The object is solely to secure the complete and consistent secularization of our government, to the end of carrying out more thoroughly the American idea and promoting the higher development of American civilization. Let the just wrath of mankind confound and overwhelm all schemers who would cunningly abuse the confidence of the public by working for themselves under pretence of universal ends.

2. Is it true that "comeouterism is a mistake"? Equally good people differ on this point. We venture to say that the "one self-possessed parishioner, always in his pew," who disbelieves entirely what he hears from the pulpit, but who continues to pay his money year after year to support the public preaching of what he thus disbelieves, has by no means the influence over the preacher which Mr. Talbot imagines. The gradual decline of Orthodoxy is due to no cause so inadequate. It is rather the vast and increasing power of free thought *outside of the churches*, the general and growing enlightenment of the unchurched multitudes, to which this effect should be attributed. The same light of modern science which makes comeouters penetrate through the narrow windows of the church, and even shoots a fitful ray into the minister's study. When all literature is becoming permeated with scepticism as to the doctrines of Orthodoxy, and inspired with the new and larger faith of the age, every one who reads at all is more or less affected by it; and even Orthodox ministers read some-

times. We fear that the "self-possessed parishioner" flatters himself unduly, when he attributes such immense potency to his own mere presence at church.

3. Is it indeed "wiser and braver to stay in"? It may be wiser; hardly braver, since it costs absolutely nothing but the payment of a pew-tax, while comeouterism certainly makes a large draft on moral courage and self-sacrifice. In fact, the "insidious and salutary influence" ascribed to the stayinners negatives the supposition of any especial bravery on their part. Insidiousness is not a trait of high heroism.

4. The object of the proposed Liberal League is not to institute "a new cultus" in any sense. It is rather to leave the people free to decide for themselves, unawed by a State religion, whether they will have any cultus or not.

5. That every great change involves some incidental harm, and especially that every great change in religion involves it, may be true. But the Liberal League does not propose a change of religion. It simply says, "Remand religion to the brain and heart of the people, and no longer concede to it the unnatural and injurious support of the State." Yet, even if the institution of Liberal Leagues tends directly to help forward the great change in religion which is now going on, and will go on even without their help, the greater good that must ensue will infinitely overbalance the incidental harm. Mr. Talbot would surely not regret the Protestant Reformation, to which he alludes by way of instance. Should he then regret the greater reformation in progress now?

6. The main body of the article we are considering is devoted to a demonstration of the "pettiness" of the grievances which the Liberal League proposes to redress. Into the details of this demonstration we cannot now enter. Mr. Talbot says a great many very excellent things, with which we heartily agree; and we admire his style unfeignedly, as worthy of a dispassionate and discriminating thinker. With his main thesis, however, that the existing infractions of the American principle of non-union of Church and State are "petty grievances," we can by no means agree. No infraction of a great principle can be "petty." It is a fundamental part of most of our State constitutions that no one can be legally taxed to support any religious beliefs, especially those not his own. We do but point out wherein this wise and just provision is infringed. It is not the amount of the tax, but the assumed right to tax at all, that constitutes the grievance. When Mr. Talbot says, "The fraction of a cent you pay for all governmental praying is not worth computing," we admit it; and we have never computed it. But that on this account it is "not worth mentioning," by no means follows. "The duty was now taken from everything except tea," says Mr. Venable in his account of the Revolution, "and on that it was reduced to three pence a pound; but the right to impose any tax at all was denied, and no tea was imported." That is the issue now. We deny the right of the government to tax us even to the amount of one mill for the support of any religion; and that denial must be made by every man and woman who knows what religious liberty means. Taxes are generally paid in the gross, without specification of the uses to which they will be applied; and it is by subsequent appropriation that the money is devoted to religious uses. Were it not for this fact, many a stern protest would be made which now there is no opportunity to make. A great revolution was worthily inaugurated by the refusal to pay three pence; a still greater revolution would then be worthily inaugurated by the refusal to pay even "the fraction of a cent."

In short, these so-called "petty grievances" are of momentous consequence, viewed in the light of principle; and it is for this reason that they demand redress. If the Liberal League is the best means to secure redress (and we believe it is), then it will most certainly be formed, sooner or later. The attempt may or may not succeed at present; but it is now, and always, reasonable to denounce an injustice and insist on its rectification. It is possible to stand still and wait while the world moves towards larger justice and higher

civilization. It is also possible to take hold and help it move. Against those who prefer the former course, we have no reproaches to make; but, for our own part we judge it both "wiser and braver" to adopt the latter, and, while life lasts, to spend it in an effort, however humble, to hasten the advent of the nobler age.

THE MAMMON OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The Puritan Captain Underhill, hero of the Pequot war, boasted to his fellow-saints that he had received his assurance of salvation "while enjoying a pipe of that good creature tobacco."

Since which he had never doubted it, nor ever should, though he should fall into sin. This fall unhappily soon occurred, and in a very flagrant manner; and it brought discredit on tobacco conversions, as being too liable to end in smoke.

Is smoke to be the end of many of our public reformatorys, in these days also? In view of recent developments, the Boston *Post*—never very Evangelical—speaks of the growing distrust of what are called "Christian statesmen;" and the New York *Nation* warns the Young Men's Christian Associations which endorsed Mr. Colfax, that, if these things go on, their endorsement will be enough to ruin a man's reputation. Not a man of those implicated in the *Credit Mobilier* had ever been implicated in any theological heresies, I believe. Mr. Harlan, who leaves Congress amid more general distrust than any one not involved in that perilous disaster, is the very senator for whom the Rev. Dr. Newman besought the support of the Methodist clergy, two years ago, on the ground that he was "regular at church and his influence" was "in the right direction." Captain Underhill did not carry himself more correctly at first, nor did he fall more absolutely at last, than these conspicuous gentlemen.

Nor are such undesirable conversions confined to the politicians. It is a common remark among brokers, that the great mistake made by Fisk & Gould was that they did not, like their rival, Daniel Drew, make friends of the mammon of righteousness by founding a theological school. It has been pointed out by lawyers, that the New York bar has at least put David Dudley Field on trial, but that Plymouth Church did not subject his partner, Mr. Sharswood, to even so much moral criticism as that. Can any one claim that the world's people now expect a man to pay his debts any better for being a church-member, or that a politician is more trusted for having just made a public profession of religion?

And even when we come to darker sins, the same reasonable distrust holds good. The modern Borgia, the woman who lately confessed to have poisoned husband after husband and child after child in mere wantonness, had experienced religion at seventeen; and the half imbecile criminal just convicted at Exeter, N. H., of the worst of crimes had been accustomed, as one witness states, to give public religious exhortations. Why are these things? Why do the Captain Underhills of this world make public boast of their piety? Because there are still many persons with whom this boast has a marketable value. When a criminal goes into any community to plan misdeeds, he is under no temptation to avow himself a heretic. Quite the contrary. All his temptation is the other way. He must go to church early and often; he must, if possible, exhort and teach and pray. It is a part of his stock in trade. The heretic is presumably an honest man at least; for, if he were dishonest, he would have no inducement to be a heretic.

The common answer to all this is, that the sincere church-member is like counterfeit coin, whose very existence proves the worth of the genuine. Yes; but when the counterfeit sufficiently abounds, it suggests the need of finding some other metal less easily debased. Again, there is this vast difference. In case of the coin, it is the makers of the genuine who are most ready to hunt down the counterfeiters; all their energy, all their zeal, is given to that. With the Church it is all the other way; the

counterfeiters effect a lodgment in the mint itself, and it is the officers of the mint who stand by them longest. For this, Dr. Newman tried to bring the whole Methodist clergy of Iowa to protect Mr. Harlan; for this, *Zion's Herald* defends Daniel Drew to this moment, for aught I know, as an injured saint.

It is right that the "visible church" should have credit for any light that it monopolizes, but it must also be held responsible for the darkness that it protects. Constantly charging moral wrong-doing on those who keep aloof from it, there is justice in making it accountable for the wrong-doing which it shields. No matter how much good religious worship may do, the theory that there is a separate body of spiritual elect does harm. So long as merely joining an organization or partaking of bread and wine are counted for righteousness, hypocrisy can always find an easy cloak. It is the old Romish doctrine of Indulgences adapted to modern life. "The mammon of unrighteousness" may be a bad thing; but the mammon of righteousness is just now a greater danger. T. W. H.

THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Speaking of Theodore Parker, Father Taylor once said: "This man tells us that we must destroy the Bible. Destroy this book! destroy this book!" said he (placing it under his arm and patting its leaves, as he paced up and down the pulpit); "I tell you, before he has marred the gilding on one of its pages, that man will have been in hell so long that he won't recollect that he was ever out." Whoever knew Father Taylor knew that the "old man eloquent" had too much heaven in his heart to send any one to hell for a very long time. He loved the Bible, but he loved man more, and though his volcanic feeling might fire him into hot maledictions sometimes, yet, when he had regained possession of himself, his curses would be changed to kisses and his blows to caresses. This man who thought Emerson was so good that "if the Devil got him he would never know what to do with him," and who could call Bartol his "sweetheart," could not have damned Theodore Parker "to any great extent."

And whoever has read Theodore Parker's eloquent and tender tribute to the worth of the Bible would know that that brave and reverent reformer never desired to destroy that book. He was fearless in his attacks upon the bibliolatry of his day and honestly exposed to the public view the follies and errors of the Bible; but no man loved and revered more its truths, or was more ready or able to advocate and defend them.

But to-day, as twenty years ago, the cry goes up against all who desire to secularize our government, and to that end would prohibit Bible-reading as a religious service in our schools: "Oh, you want to destroy the Bible!" "You are making a crusade against our Holy Bible!" "You want to kick the Bible out of the schools!" "You won't read the Bible yourself, and, like the dog in the manger, you are determined to prevent others from enjoying the privilege you decline." No; you misjudge our motives. We do not wish to destroy the Bible, nor "kick" it out of the schools, nor mar the "gilding on one of its pages." We would save it; for much of it is good for reproof, correction, instruction in righteousness, and all of it is valuable as the record of a peculiar people. But there is a time and place for all things, and the place for Bible-reading, we think, is not in the public schools.

Why was it put there? Because the Puritans, in the re-action from Catholicism which kept the Bible out of the hands of the laity, wished to put it into the hands of everybody in every place; because they had a superstitious belief that there was a peculiar charm in the book to ward off evil and ensure blessings; because they supposed government to rest on the Christian religion, and that to rest on the Bible; and hence it should be taught in schools as a political measure,—and perhaps in early days it was used sometimes as

a reader, for the very good reason that they had no other book that could serve so well.

Why is the Bible now kept in the schools? The statutes in this State (Massachusetts) "require the daily reading of some portion of the Bible, without note or oral comment, in the public schools; but no scholar shall be required to read from any particular version whose parent or guardian shall declare that he has conscientious scruples against allowing him to read therefrom; nor shall the School Committee ever direct any school books, calculated to favor the tenets of any particular sect of Christians, to be purchased or used in any of the public schools." This statute has the appearance of fairness on its face, and no doubt was considered an ample concession to the scruples of conscience and a guarantee of justice and equality to all before the law. But it cannot satisfy those who desire the complete separation of Church and State. It may, however, be a long time before this law is repealed in favor of a more liberal one and absolutely just to all men and all faiths. We believe that, notwithstanding most Unitarians and Spiritualists in the State desire religious service in public schools to be discontinued, at least four out of five of the voting population of this Commonwealth to-day would oppose a repeal of the present law. The reasons commonly given are, first, "because it would please the Catholics. How they would crow over it as their triumph! No, sir, I won't give in to Catholics. If they don't like our laws, let them leave; when we go to Catholic countries we have to submit to their laws, and when they come here they must submit to our laws. This is a Protestant country; we have a right to put our Bible in our own schools. What toleration would they show to us if they had us by the throat? Look out for Spanish Inquisitions then! No, sir; I wouldn't give in to the Catholics," and so forth. To which we reply: "Let them crow; it may do them good and need not trouble you. You know that five million Catholics cannot coerce thirty-five million Protestants. 'Give in'? yes: be proud and glad to give in to justice. True, we must submit to their laws when we go to Catholic countries; but does that prove their laws just? They must of course submit to our laws, as they are in the minority; but let us not compel them to submit to unjust laws. If they would persecute us, then let us here retaliate by returning good for evil. The spirit of the Golden Rule is an answer to all such objections."

The second objection to removing the Bible from the schools is, that the government is founded on the Christian religion, and therefore the Bible, which is the source of Christianity, the government should secure to be taught in the public schools. Government founded on Christianity! we reply. Indeed! What Christian saint was it that inspired the "infidel" Jefferson to pen the Declaration of Independence? No; our republic grew out of the love of liberty and self-control, which are scarcely found taught in Christian Scriptures, directly or indirectly; rather the opposite—obedience to the spiritual authority of Christ and the temporal authority of the "powers that be." But granting that Christianity is the foundation of our republic, then the present system of Bible-instruction in the schools is a farce; for the laws of this State expressly provide that the teacher shall read from the Bible "without note or oral comment," and in such a manner as to give the least instruction possible. The reading is a bore to pupils who tolerate it because they must, and is generally a tedious perfunctory service to the teacher. We might dispense with it without any serious danger of starving the moral or religious nature of either teachers or pupils.

But, thirdly, it is kept in out of the force of habit, which is the governing force with the majority; the indisposition and hostility to any change.

If it were out, few would think of putting it in, even among those who protest loudest against its exclusion. Most Americans even are afraid to step out of the "sheep-walks," as Sidney Smith calls them. Practically, we think that Bible-reading in wholly Protestant schools neither hurts nor helps any one very much; but

the evil of the bad principle breaks out when children of Jews, Catholics, Protestants, and anti-Christians are educated together, as they must be in many parts of our country.

Now, for the sake of social harmony, if for nothing more, we would exclude the Bible. Remove it because it is an offence in the nostrils of so many. Its use in schools furnishes the Catholics with a reasonable excuse to break up the public school system; it feathers the arrows they fire. Take it out of the school, and you disarm them. But we would remove it, moreover, because the State, which is bound to be unsectarian, does thereby give its sanction and moral support to the Protestant faith to the prejudice of all others. This is contrary to the spirit of our Constitution, contrary to justice, equal rights, and fair dealing, and the whole tendency of our laws. We shall never have rest, harmony, and peace, until Church and State are completely divorced. They have been bound together, like Siamese twins, long enough. The Bible in public schools is one of the last ligaments of this once powerful bond. Sever it, that religion and government may each march more freely. We believe that neither will bleed to death by the operation. The Church may, indeed, bleed a little at first; but it will lose nothing but its bad blood, be sure.

W. H. S.

PRAYER OR ADVERTISING--WHICH?

In a recent number of THE INDEX, Mr. Voysey has a letter in which he speaks of George Müller's famous Orphan Schools as supported by advertising rather than by prayer, as is claimed. As is well known, an annual Report of his Institution is printed and widely circulated, which sets forth its objects and the benevolent work it is doing, and states the amount of money that is necessarily expended annually in sustaining the work. This in itself is, of course, an appeal to the public for the needed means, even though there may be no direct asking for donations. Other means are also resorted to in order to keep the Institution before the public, and to attract the sympathies and aid of the charitable,—especially of the charitable in the Evangelical sects. Particular emphasis is laid upon the belief that to help such a cause is to lay up treasure in heaven. In short, as Mr. Voysey says, the whole process is "a gigantic system of advertising," adapted especially to Evangelical believers. It is just as much advertising as is the continual publication concerning their business which traders or shippers or insurance companies or any other business men are accustomed to make. Yet Müller says that his schools are supported "without applying to individuals for help;" that, since he started the work, he has received from the Lord, solely in answer to prayer, five hundred and forty thousand pounds.

A similar case, though on a smaller scale, of a charitable institution alleged to be supported by prayer, but where at least the sceptical will be likely to suspect advertising, has recently come under my notice on this side of the Atlantic. In Boston, there is an Institution known as the Consumptives' Home. One of its zealous friends, publishing a brief account of it a few weeks ago in a newspaper, says that some ten years since "a young physician in Boston began to pray that God would send him the means to open a hospital for poor persons afflicted with consumption." At the end of two years, "a small donation having been received for the purpose," the physician bought a house, and proceeded to establish the hospital. It is intimated that the donation was not of itself nearly sufficient to make the purchase, and that the purchaser had very little money of his own, but that he had faith that the necessary funds would be contributed. And in this he was not mistaken. The funds came, and the hospital was a success. The only question is, whether the funds came in answer to prayer or in answer to advertising,—from a secret appeal to God alone, or from an open appeal to the humanity in human hearts.

During the two years that the young physician was praying for the hospital but making no public manifestation of his object, it seems that only

a "small donation" was received; it is not said that this did not come from friends who knew of his desire in the natural way, and believed in the object, without any supernatural intervention through prayer. However this may be, the writer of the communication to which I have referred says distinctly, that the good deacon of whom the house was purchased deducted \$500 from his price for it "in consideration of its object." His humanity, then, it would appear, was appealed to successfully by simply informing him of the object. The fact of purchasing for such an object became a wider advertisement which immediately brought fresh contributions; and, when the house was ready for use, it was publicly dedicated and the benevolent project advertised in the best way possible. Two or three of the most honored and influential Evangelical clergymen of Boston took part in the services; the newspapers reported the proceedings; and the Institution was openly committed to the sympathies and cares of all charitable hearts, and particularly of all charitable hearts connected with Evangelical heads. From this time, the Institution has not lacked for friends or funds. Its work has prospered and been greatly enlarged, it being now an Evangelical mission as well as a hospital. It sends forth an annual Report which describes in detail its operations and annually advertises its financial needs. It keeps itself before the public by numerous contribution-boxes set in public places on which its wants are inscribed. Yet the claim is still made that the Institution receives its donations solely in answer to prayer. The last annual Report, after describing the philanthropic work, says:—

"Our sole trust for the entire support of the work is not in man, but in the living God, who has said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' During the past year, the Lord has sent us in cash, \$46,201.47. For the eight years that the work has been established, without any solicitation from man, but in answer to prayer, God has sent the amount of \$188,230.25. Also, in answer to prayer, towards building a Cancer House, \$961.07; making, in addition to gifts of a previous year, \$1,611."

Here is a plain statement that the Institution has been carried on for eight years, "without any solicitation from man." Yet not to speak of the tacit "solicitation" which is made to every benevolent person by the annual Report, and by newspaper notices describing the Institution, its contribution boxes make a very open "solicitation." I have copied the following inscription from one in the Post Office in New Bedford:—

"The Consumptives' Home, Boston, has no fund for its support.

"Please give one cent.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."—*Prov. xix. 17.*"

I have seen similar boxes in banks and insurance offices; and the writer from whose article I have quoted says that these boxes are widely distributed, and bring in the course of the year a good deal of money.

In view of such facts, what can we say? That the managers of the Consumptives' Home are guilty of falsehood? That would doubtless be a harsh judgment, for they are evidently earnest people, and mean to be moral and humane. Their confession that the credit side of their account is kept by the Lord, even to the exactness of odd dollars and cents, is so naïve in its frankness as almost to suggest the hand of a caricaturist. We may admit, then, the sincerity; but is it not a case of conscience grievously deluded by a false theology? And more than this. When it is claimed that an institution is supported solely by prayer, would not every rational mind have more respect even for the sincerity of the claim, if the prayer were confined to the secret of the closet? If our young Evangelical physician had put up his prayer for a hospital wholly in secret, he could certainly receive more credit for consistency of faith, but probably would have got very little money and no hospital. His belief in prayer as the means may have quickened his own earnestness; but after all, he really relied on the "tender mercies" that are natural to the human heart, and through which the spirit of Infinite Love is ever flowing to manifest itself in all good works.

W. J. P.

LONDON LETTER.

THE KNIGHT CASE—THE SIN OF EXCHANGING WITH A UNITARIAN—THE WALLACE CASE—HETERODOXY IN THE PROFESSOR'S CHAIR.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Sir,—It is my aim, in writing most of my letters to you, to keep your readers posted up on the "signs of the times;" and I trust that I do not wrongly reckon on their interest in what is passing in Great Britain on all subjects connected with religious progress.

In my last letter, I gave you some account of the proceedings instituted against the Rev. George Porter, rector of St. Leonard, Exeter. I am happy to say that his prosecutors have thought twice about the chances of success, and have ignominiously backed out of their hazardous undertaking.

According to my promise, I will now tell you something about the Rev. William Knight, minister of the Free Church in Scotland, who is likely to exercise considerable influence in modifying—or perhaps overthrowing—that Scotch Orthodoxy which has hitherto been so inimitably severe. Last year, the Presbytery of Dundee summoned Mr. Knight to show cause why he had ventured to preach in the Unitarian pulpit of the Rev. James Martineau. The arguments of his accusers chiefly turned on the outrageous act of violating precedent. "Such a thing had never been done before." "It was an atrocious scandal." "It was a dishonor to our blessed Lord, the second Person of the Trinity." Such was the substance of the charges; and the movers in the prosecution made the most of them because Mr. Knight's sermon contained nothing that they could stigmatize as heresy.

His defence was that the law of the Church had no provision against such an act; and that it was out of his loyalty to Christ that he had gone amongst those who did not believe in his deity, in order to convert them to a better mind. In this case, the law was so clearly on his side that even the Presbytery could do no more than tell him he had done very wrong, and hope "little Billy won't do it again."

Soon after that acquittal, Mr. Knight published a lecture on the "Ethics of Subscription," which gave rise to another judicial inquiry, but was again followed by the same result. They were obliged to let him alone.

At length the Presbytery of Dundee, evidently swayed by the fierce zeal of the orthodox champion, Dr. Wilson, has been moved a third time to take proceedings against Mr. Knight. In the *Contemporary Review* for this month, he published an article on *Prayer*, which certainly is, in its way, one of the most remarkable signs of progress in North Britain which we have yet seen in the ranks of the clergy.

I need not quote from the *Review*, but merely say that Mr. Knight's views, as therein stated, are as advanced as any you may find among Theists. He repudiates all attempts to interfere with Nature, or Providence, which he recognizes as already perfect and complete. He discourages prayer even for food (and thus brings himself into antagonism with the Lord's Prayer, "give us this day our daily bread"); and he says that the proper objects of prayer are spiritual blessings. These are the chief points worthy of notice in the paper which is now under legal scrutiny.

In passing, I may mention that, as usual in such cases, Dr. Wilson, his chief accuser, said that "in some sentences the lecture appears to me to advocate entirely atheistic principles;" although he held in his hands a petition to the Presbytery, signed by the lay agitators against Mr. Knight, in which occurred the following words: "He does not . . . shut the spirit (of man) out from direct intercourse with God, or of God from it." His own accusers admit that Mr. Knight is at least *theistic* in his views; and yet Dr. Wilson, who endorses and presents the petition in which that admission is made, has the effrontery to attribute to him *atheism*.

Fortunately, Mr. Knight has some friends in the Presbytery; probably some deep sympathizers. But more than one member, during the discussion as to proceedings being taken or

not, gave unmistakable signs of the orthodox fear and panic lest the agitation and vindication of Mr. Kulight's views should do more harm than good to the cause of Christianity.

So far, Dr. Wilson has gained a committee of three to study thoroughly and report on the Essay on Prayer; and then the real tug of war will commence, when the Presbytery will have to take action in the matter, or leave it to drop through their sheer inability to tackle so able an opponent as Mr. Knight.

Another little triumph of heterodoxy has just been gained in Edinburgh, where Dr. Wallace has been presented by Mr. Gladstone to the chair of Church History in the University. A special meeting of the General Assembly was called to consider the best means of cancelling the appointment, at which Mr. Milne Home succeeded in carrying a resolution to the effect that "on various grounds the appointment was likely to be prejudicial to the interests of the Church and of religion in Scotland, and that this opinion be immediately communicated to Her Majesty's Government."

Happily, in this case, the orthodox party were foiled and Dr. Wallace's appointment was confirmed. His sympathies are manifestly in the direction of freedom, if not absolutely heretical; and although he has not lately said anything that could be made the ground of accusation, we cannot forget his masterly "Essay on Burns," into which he had every opportunity of introducing views which are fatal to the old religion; and every such opportunity he not only seized, but vigorously used.

Altogether, progress in Scotland is much more rapid than could have been expected; but the Scots, alas! have a far deeper awe of "Mrs. Grundy" than even we Englishmen have; and the consequence is that the land, undermined though it be by heresy, is full of hypocrisy.

I am, sir, very sincerely yours,

CHARLES VOYSEY.

CAMDEN HOUSE,

DELWICH, S. E., Jan. 31, 1873.

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

HOSPITALER HALL is an institution in Boston not by any means to be omitted in any complete review of the reformatory phenomena of the time. What else the hall is used for I do not know; but if one is asked, "Have you been to Hospitaler Hall?" the person who puts the question, at least, means to inquire if you have attended the Sunday discussions that are held there. I believe that there are three sessions every Sunday; and, if the weather be fair, the hall is on each occasion well filled. Who goes there? Well, everybody. That is, men and women with all sorts of ideas in their heads, representing nearly every sect inside of Christianity and outside, too. A strange and motley crowd, one might say, and yet feel a large degree of respect for both audience and speakers. There appears to be great liberty of speech, and also of interruption: at times, one feels that "heaven's first law" might be put in force there to read advantage. The din of voices sounding from all parts of the room is occasionally overwhelming. But on the whole, the presiding officer holds this turbulence fairly in check, and secures fair play to all sides. As to sides, there is perhaps this general division of Liberal and Christian; a Roman Catholic professor leading the latter, while Mr. Horace Seaver is undoubtedly the champion of the former. When he enters, he is received with a round of applause. He seems to have won the respect of all parties, and, when he speaks, he is listened to with close attention. He is a pointed and intelligent debater. His ten-minute speech will have a beginning, an ending, and also a body. A stranger will be surprised to hear loud calls for Shakespeare and for other gentlemen with names not less known to fame. "Shakespeare" is a champion of Spiritism. Just how the man became thus re-christened, I have not learned. But some years ago—for these discussions are not exactly a modern institution—as I remember, there was a man on the floor wildly gesticulating, when suddenly he cried, "As the immortal William Shakespeare has recently said through the mouth of"—he called the name of a distinguished spirit-medium which I will here omit. Suffice it to say that the shouts of laughter, repeated again and again, were more than sufficient to drown the quotation. Possibly the man thus interrupted, and he who last night responded to the call for "Shakespeare," are one and the same. The debate last evening was on the question, "Has

Free Religion proposed anything new?" Neither side contributed much to enlighten the ignorant; but it must be confessed that the question has its difficulties. It is to be said, however, that these debates are not infrequently conducted with much ability, and some of the speakers show much research and close thinking. What is the good result? Well, I suppose the result from year to year is not easily measured. Who is able to track the wind? "Ye hear the noise thereof, but cannot tell whence it came, or whither it goeth."

THE EVANGELICAL CLERGYMEN of the city are not of one mind on the subject, but a goodly number under the lead of Dr. Fulton are moving to get the Public Library closed again on Sundays. Says one of these clergymen, "There is no need of opening the library to supply reading, as the churches afford ample means of instruction." Indeed! Why not shut up the churches also, if they are engaged in the same heinous business? Is there any sane reason for their holding the monopoly? Suppose a large proportion of citizens do not like their "means of instruction," have they any right to say—"Our food or none?" But then, opening the Public Library "will tend to desecrate and secularize the Christian Sabbath." If Christians want a Sabbath, let them have it. If others don't, need Christians interfere? But the Library is public property. Well, hasn't it always been the property of the public? Christians have had their way, controlling this public property, shutting it up on Sundays for years. The doctrine may not be in the New Testament, but, for all that, "turn about is fair play." There is little danger, I think, that this clerical protest will bear much fruit.

ABOUT THE TIME HEPPWORTH turned Evangelical, a Mr. Powers left the Orthodox camp for Unitarian liberalism. The two sects swapped horses. The Unitarians think that they got the better man, and I doubt not they think rightly. But Mr. Powers is only a "Liberal Christian;" and he, like all others of that denomination, makes it a subject of deep study how he can get hold of the great, outside, un-church'd, rational world, and "liberal-church" it. In his discourse here yesterday, Mr. Powers is reported as saying:—

"This time of ours is very like that in ancient Palestine. Now, as then, there is to be noted unrest, hypocrisy, corruption in high places. It is, also, a characteristic of the day, this presence of a vast multitude of people whom Christ's own words fitly describe as 'sheep without a shepherd.' Here in Boston, to the South and to the West, are several millions of fellow-citizens, who have broken with the traditional church, many of whom are striving for something that shall fill the place of Christianity. What shall be done with these? The great church organizations in the land, though doing an immense amount of good to those to whom they preach, are powerless in this matter. The Romish Church—because it is a foreign church, because it has set itself in opposition to the spirit of the age, because it believes in an infallible Pope and exclusive salvation for those within its fold—cannot influence these men. Again, the churches called Evangelical, or Orthodox, are unable to supply spiritual good to this vast number for similar, though modified reasons. Instead of an infallible Pope they have an infallible book, and there is a supremacy of the catechism, if not of a church. There is visible in the conduct of these churches a fear of science and human progress. The other day the *Popular Science Monthly* was removed from the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, in New York, because of supposed irreligious matter contained therein. Such significant facts as this, and the refusal to allow Mr. Wells to deliver a course of literary lectures in Association Hall because his theology is not sound, makes it impossible for the so-called Evangelical churches to make headway in this matter.

Is free religion sufficient? The preacher thought not, because it is a speculation rather than a religion, meeting the wants of a class, not those of all mankind. The heart is left out of consideration. What is wanted is to reach all the wants of the human mind, to bring about a complete development of man's powers."

The programme as embodied in the last sentence is generous and shows a recognition of what is coming. But I hold to my distrust of the efficacy of such universal institutions. Is it not a little remarkable that our brother, viewing these "millions" who are "striving for something that shall fill the place of Christianity," should be asking, "What shall be done with these?" As though they were not like himself, taking care of themselves! What has he to offer? A homoeopathic prescription of the same thing they have put aside and would free themselves from? "No," he replies; "thank God, we liberals have no fixed creed, but we have the truth, which is ever new." Well, we all are heirs of the same inheritance, if we choose to be, and that without church or priest.

I WAS RECENTLY PRESENT at a funeral where the services were conducted by the venerable Dr. Kirk of this city. The old man is nearly blind, and feeble. Before him lay the body of a young man who had, as Christians are wont to say, "died in his sins." That is, he was not a member of any church. Broken down in the war, in which he served as captain of a company, doing his duty well and winning the respect of his men, he returned home an invalid, dependent on his mother's care up to his death. Dr. Kirk drew a lesson, both from his own physical condition and from the event that had called the company together, of the uncertainty of life, and pressed home the question, "Are you prepared?" If not, why? Were you going to Europe, you would not start off without prepar-

ation. How much more important to prepare for eternity! How can you go and face God without first obeying him? Will you depend on his mercy? His mercy is hid away in Christ. And so the doctor proclaimed and illustrated salvation by the blood of Jesus. This to the living, warning all to "prepare" in season. He spoke of the aged widow, her church-membership, her dependence on Christ: how it fortified her for the great trials of her life. On returning home, this woman only said, I am told, "I didn't want him to talk of me: if he had only said something about my boy!" That was the omission. The silence told but too plainly that in the doctor's mind there was no ray of hope for the soul of this widow's son. And such is Orthodoxy. What of the young man? Somewhat could be said not to his credit. But all that could be overlooked, had he professed a faith in Christ. Much could be said in his favor, all of which would pass for naught. Well, right here is where humanity, common sense, and justice take issue with this whole Christian scheme, and pronounce it a libel on the character of the universe, a base slander of God Almighty. If the virtues of this young man stick to him in the hereafter, as they have done here in spite of great temptations which he could not altogether parry or escape, I think there is little danger but he will hold his own, and improve upon his capital stock. Is it possible that a being calling himself God will confront him there, to deny him the opportunity? Will he say to the trembling soul, "My mercy is hid in Christ, and you should have sought it before you came hither; you have sealed your own fate, and must dwell in torment forever"? I think a soul might have the courage of a smile in such a presence, perceiving well that it stood only before some huge impostor, while the great I AM it had still to meet. No; if fair play be not a ministering angel in the other world, a poor, barren world it is! Heaven?—

"The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven!"

The American Board reports that the past year has not been marked by any especial revivals in its missions, though 919 members have been added by profession to its churches. Within the year, fourteen ordained missionaries, one physician, not ordained, and fourteen women have left the United States as new laborers, including seven for Turkey, one for India, six for China, three for Japan, one for Spain, six for Austria, and three for Mexico. Eight have returned to their old fields; while twenty-five have been constrained to return home, of whom some will not return to their fields. Two have been removed by death; so that, leaving out the new missions in nominally Christian lands, the number of missionaries at work has not been increased or diminished. Of the more important missions, that in Western Turkey reports 23 churches, 983 members, of whom 93 were received by profession during the year. Central Turkey has 23 churches, 1,868 members, 15 native pastors, and 7,746 registered Protestants. Eastern Turkey has 28 churches, 23 pastors, 1,181 members, of whom 107 were added by profession during the year, 6,686 registered Protestants and over 3,000 scholars under instruction. The Madura Mission has 27 churches and 1,485 members, of whom 117 were added by profession during the year. There are in all 16 missions, 77 stations, 445 out-stations, 121 ordained missionaries, 12 physicians and other male laborers not ordained, 175 female assistants, 95 native pastors, 242 native preachers and catechists, 419 school-teachers, 173 churches, 9,019 church-members (so far as reported), of whom 919 were added during the year, 15,480 pupils in common schools and 1,642 adults under instruction.—*Independent.*

There may not be much wine, and probably only very little milk, in the Free Religious lectures at Horticultural Hall, but they can now be bought without money and without price. At last, the poor are to have the new gospel preached to them. If they fail to listen, it will not be because their ears are stopped with fractional currency. This is well, for Free Religion at half a dollar a head always impressed us as a contradiction in terms. In the course of human events, the common people may yet be admitted to the Radical Club, where democratic principles are now proclaimed under aristocratic auspices.

Having indulged in at least enough criminal levity about this serious subject, we now say in our most solemn manner, that we think the Horticultural Hall lectures promise to be interesting ones. The ability of the speakers, and the importance of their themes, warrant, and will doubtless ensure, a good attendance. Probably the most of our ministers who can command the leisure will be sure to hear Mr. Gannett, at least. His hereditary interest in his topic, and the absolute fairness of his mind, give him rare qualifications for his task.—*Christian Register.*

Mr. Frothingham's congregation has repudiated the name of church. They wish to be known as "The Independent Society."—*Independent.*

Literary Department.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—All books designed for review in these columns must be addressed to THE INDEX, TOLEDO, OHIO.

RECEIVED.

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE: OF PASSAGES from the Life and Correspondence of HERBERT AINSLIE, B. A., late a student of the Church of England. London: CHAPMAN & HALL, Piccadilly. New York: G. P. PUTNAM & SONS, 1871.

HIGHER LAW: A Romance. By the Author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine." New York: G. P. PUTNAM & SONS, TINSLEY BROTHERS, London. 1872.

BACKLOG STUDIES. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, Author of "Saunterings," "My Summer in a Garden," etc. With Twenty-one Illustrations by AUGUSTUS HOPPIN. Boston: JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO. 1873.

THE SPY: A Tale of the Neutral Ground. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DABLEY. New York: D. APPLETON & CO. [Paper.]

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS OF LABOR, of Massachusetts, embracing the Account of its Operations and Inquiries from March 1, 1871, to March 1, 1872. Boston: WRIGHT & POTTER, State Printers. 1872. pp. 506.

THE FAITH IN IMMORTALITY. A Sermon by O. B. FROTHINGHAM, preached at Lyric Hall, Dec. 15, 1872. New York: D. G. FRANCIS, 17 Astor Place. 1873.

SACRILEGIOUSNESS. An Address delivered to the Members and Friends of the National Sunday League, by GEORGE J. WILD, LL. D., at St. George's Hall, Dec. 8, 1872. Published by THOMAS SCOTT, London.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION: ITS IMPORTANCE TO OUR COUNTRY. Lecture in behalf of the Toledo University of Arts and Trades, in Odeon Hall, Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 10, 1872. By G. B. STREIBER, of Detroit, Mich. Detroit: DAILY POST, BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT. 1872.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. March, 1873. Boston: JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.

THE GALAXY. March, 1873. New York: SHELDON & CO.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. March, 1873. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE. March, 1873. Philadelphia: T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. March, 1873. Philadelphia: T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

THE PENN. MONTHLY. February, 1873. Philadelphia: 606 Walnut St.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. February, 1873. New York: WOOD & HOLBROOK.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON. January, 1873. Kalamazoo, Mich.: ILLING BROS.

OUR YANKEE LAND. February, 1873. Detroit: A. W. BAIRD.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. February, 1873. New York: R. R. WELLS.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY. 1873. New York: R. R. WELLS.

SCHLÖGE IN DER SCHULE? VON DR. TH. MERTENS, DIRECTOR DER STADTSCHEITERSCHULE II. ZU HANNOVER. (Blows in School? By Dr. Th. Mertens, Director of the Second City School for Girls in Hanover.) Hanover, 1873. 8vo. pp. 47.

This brochure bears the exceedingly appropriate motto: *Supere aude!* The author thereof has most nobly followed his own injunction. Blows are as old as history itself; the infliction of them has been one of the great motive powers of civilization, and will doubtless continue to be. They may be regarded as that universal language of which many have dreamed, which is understood and spoken everywhere, and is often potent and persuasive where all other means of conviction fail. Every child may be said to be born into this world with the right to strike and to be struck, in certain contingencies. War is the exercise of this right in the highest instance. Now one of the surest marks of human progress is the growing clearness of vision in respect to rights and to the limits within which they may be made good. There was a time when bodily chastisement was everywhere recognized as a legitimate means of compelling one person to do the will of another. It was thought to be the proper way of governing wives, children, and servants, in particular. Directions in regard to the infliction of corporal punishment have been found in the ancient pyramids. We all know that it is frequently referred to in the Bible. In Sparta, youths were subject to be beaten until the age of thirty. Aristophanes turned the arrows of his wit against those who objected to it. On the walls of Herculaneum there is preserved to us an illustration of how it was practised when Rome was in its glory. And so the record might be extended, with illustrations from various countries, down to the present day.

"Blows in school" have a history which is inseparable from that of education itself. They have been administered wherever schools have existed; and to-day there is no country that has been found wise enough to prohibit them. Nor have they been confined in their application to the younger scholars. Milton was flogged after he became a student. Even as late as the end of the last century (1798), Minister Rochow could in Prussia threaten to punish disturbances of the peace among university students by flogging. So Burke, when questioned as to the principles on which instruction was given in Eton, only needed to point to a forest of birch; and an old instructor could boast that he had walloped ev-

ery member of the House of Peers. The palm, however, in this department of culture, undoubtedly belongs to a Saxon schoolmaster, Johann Jacob Häuberle, who died at the beginning of the present century, and who has been immortalized by Jean Paul. It seems that this genius kept a record of his achievements. "Who of us," says Richter, "can boast, like Häuberle, of having in fifty-one years and seven months of school teaching inflicted 911,527 blows with the stick and 124,000 with the switch? Then 20,989 raps on the ends of the fingers with the ruler, 10,235 slaps on the mouth, 7,905 boxes on the ear, and 1,115,800 fillops on the head? Who, like him, has given 22,763 *nota-benes*, now with the Bible, then with the catechism, at one time with the hymn-book, at another with the grammar? And did he not make 1707 children hold up the rod with which they were not whipped, 777 kneel upon round pens, and 631 upon a sharp wooden prism, and to all these did he not add a corps of 5001 dunce-cap wearers?" But perhaps, after all, the Saxonian pedagogues seems to have distanced all others in his disciplinary achievements only because others were not careful to keep an account thereof. Still, an average of 175 punishments per day, counting the school-days at 250 to the year, would not be easy to beat.

But, universal as has been and is the practice of beating children in school, the opposition is by no means of recent birth. The names of such men as Terence, Plautus, Seneca, Quintilian, Plutarch, Erasmus, Luther, Melancthon, Montaigne, Charron, Comenius, Rollin, Fénelon, Rousseau, and Schleiermacher, may be mentioned among those who have lifted up their voices in various ways against the barbarism of teachers. Schleiermacher said: "Corporal punishment must disappear also from the popular schools. The degree to which they can dispense with it, without detriment to order, may be regarded as the measure of their moral perfection." In modern times, there has been a quite general endeavor to suppress and exclude all the grosser forms of such punishment. In most European countries, for instance, there are restrictions concerning it in the laws and ordinances which govern the schools. Nevertheless, there are as yet but few schoolmasters anywhere who are convinced that it would be better to banish the rod from the school altogether. Among the few is Dr. Mertens, the author of the pamphlet before us. Assuredly, the children could not have a more enthusiastic or an abler advocate. Not but that he is a thorough believer in the necessity of punishment, and even of corporal punishment in certain cases. But he ~~would~~ have the latter inflicted only in the family, and even there he would restrict it to the nursery; that is to say, he would not make use of it (except in very extraordinary instances) after the child has attained its third year. He insists on children being trained to obedience before this age; and inasmuch as they can scarcely be said to be amenable to reason before that, he would as the *ultima ratio* use the rod. He is not much of an admirer of that refinement of silliness and cruelty which insists that the delinquent shall never be punished except when the blood of the person who takes the matter in hand is at the freezing point. The amount of heat which is incident to righteous anger may be said to be absolutely necessary to make the punishment human and humane.

Dr. Martens follows Rosenkranz in dividing pedagogical punishment into three kinds, corresponding to different ages: corporal punishment for the age of childhood; deprivation of liberty for girls and boys; punishments affecting the sense of honor for youths and young women. His little book gives evidence on every page of the experienced teacher, and at the same time of great love and respect for children. It would be of great service to both teachers and parents in this country, if it were made accessible to them.

T. V.

—The *Saturday Review* says that "the great mass of preachers seem really to forget that those to whom they are speaking are Englishmen of the nineteenth century;" that "it is strange how the Judaic leaven clings to us, an inheritance alike from mediæval and from Puritan times, but decidedly a case of salt which has lost its savor;" that "the ordinary average sermon never thinks of dealing directly and in plain words with the particular state of life of those who hear it," and that the theology and morality given by the pulpit "seem not to belong to England now, but to Judea in ages past."

—A minister of the Free Church of Scotland, Mr. W. Knight, has made himself liable to prosecution for heresy, and is to be proceeded against, for advancing views of prayer which considerably dilute the usual superstition on that subject. Mr. Knight does not believe that Deity "interrupts the working of his machine, to prove that he is there behind it." He considers such a notion "the offspring of the very rudest anthropomorphism," and describes the Orthodox idea as follows: "It is supposed that, having created a tiny creature, and brought him into the midst of the universal order (a creature that scarcely ever comprehends the meaning of that

order), the Supreme Artificer finds it expedient continually to announce himself by an alteration of the course and destination of phenomena, at the unlightened (it may be the selfish) call of that creature; and that he does so while at the same time his presence is ceaselessly revealed within every pulse and movement of the universe." Mr. Knight earnestly declares, speaking of the chain of cause and effect, that "catastrophe, the breaking of the chain, is simply inconceivable."

—A recent history of the English city of Liverpool says that, in the days when the great part of the African slave-trade was carried on by Liverpool ships, the slave-dealers, however atrociously they dealt with their stolen fellow-creatures, took care to be polite and forbearing towards Providence. Bills of lading declared such and such cargoes of human, living, suffering flesh were "shipped by the grace of God." The ruffian who was styled Master of the slave-ship held his office "under God," and the vessel was said to be bound "by God's grace" to West Indies, with a prayer endorsed on the bill to this effect: "God send the good ship to her desired port in safety."

—A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* relates notes of conversations with Mr. Buckle, the great English freethinker. Mr. Buckle was a great tea-drinker, and said that only one lady he knew could make tea properly, and that he had taught that one; and even then she sometimes made a mistake, and spoilt a brewing by not sufficiently seasoning the spoon with which she put the tea into the pot. He said also that he never got a first-class dinner at a married man's house. It was Mr. Buckle's opinion that Froide's estimate of Henry the Eighth was very near the truth. He inclined to the belief that the different races of men were originally from one stock. Having seen some of the phenomena of spiritualism so called, he avowed his conviction that they perhaps pointed to some new force well worthy of scientific investigation, although he would not admit that there was anything supernatural about them. One day, after visiting the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem to witness the so-called miracle of the descent of fire from heaven, Mr. Buckle remarked: "Pious frauds have been considered allowable in all ages of the Church." He said that he believed the New Testament, after eliminating the supernatural; that he considered Jesus the greatest civilizer and teacher of mankind that ever lived; that his life even compelled belief that he was divinely inspired; and that next to Jesus as a civilizer he put William Shakspeare.

—The English had lately a praying-day for missions, and now the journals contain reports of what is said about it by able Hindu journals in India, which comment very sharply on "that nuisance, the missionary." The *Bombay Argus* says that "there is as much probability of the English throwing off their Christianity as there is that Christianity will be the religion of the people of India." The *Madras Times* says that the English archbishop should have taken stock of what missions have already accomplished in India—or have failed to accomplish—before inviting the faithful to spend more money on the venture. It says that the missionaries succeed in conducting schools scarcely one of whose pupils ever turns out a Christian, and that money given to spread the Bible and the catechism goes to furnish "heathens" with mere secular education. It concludes thus: "Many of the people at home would be rather surprised if they only knew how the money subscribed by them was spent. . . . It would be only right of the different societies to let them know how matters stand."

—The London *Examiner*, in reviewing an Orthodox series of lectures on "Faith and Free Thought," remarks as follows: "We are convinced that, if any intelligent readers take up these volumes, their faith is very much more likely to be shaken than to be confirmed by what they read." The lecturers are described as "advocates for God," and the *Examiner* points out how they "show themselves skilled in the disreputable ways of Orthodox special pleading." Of a Dr. Boulbee's performance it says: "He admits that the Jews were a coarse and brutal race, and he virtually tells us that the God whom they worshipped could not help being coarse and brutal, if he wanted to preserve any authority over them. Dr. Boulbee says: 'Was anything higher and better possible consistently with that age of the world and the state of that people? Look at them as they are photographed before us in the Bible. Mark their relapses into idolatry—their utter failure to escape the polytheism or pantheism that reigned around them. Mark well the direful reign of lust. See the hard Eastern cruelty. Could you in that age and for that people strain the standard higher?' 'Let me ask one short question,' says Dr. Boulbee, 'which will suggest all we need: Can we here, whatever our moral standard may be in this nineteenth century, abolish brothels?' Dr. Boulbee does not add, but he forces us to infer from his question and its context that, seeing that nineteenth century statesmen cannot put down brothels, the God of the Jews—whom we

are also asked to accept as the God of the Christians—was justified, not only in encouraging rape among his subjects, but even in using for that pastime their holiest places. What else are we to believe, if we are to see no 'moral difficulties' in the thirty-first chapter of the Book of Numbers, which records that the children of Israel, after slaying all the males and married women of Midian, were ordered, 'in the name of the Lord,' to outrage all the virgins of the hated race, to the number of thirty-two thousand, with the exception of thirty-two selected damsels who were handed over to Eleazer as 'the Lord's tribute'?

Dr. Boulton's lecture contaminates the whole volume, and scandalises the whole Christian Evidence Society. In publishing and republishing that lecture, the Society brands itself forever as a body with which honest men should not disgrace themselves by attempting to argue. If the 'faith' that the Christian Evidence Society attempts to strengthen be of that sort, surely the time is at hand when 'free thought' will master it. The only use of such a society is to show the weakness and the grossness of the opinions it undertakes to uphold.

—In commenting on the loss of the steamer *Northfleet* and over three hundred lives, the *London Spectator* remarks on the failure of Christian faith to remove the fear of death. It says: "What strikes us as most remarkable is that the spiritual faith of centuries seems to have had so very little result in overcoming this weakest of all paralyzing terrors. . . . How is it that by this time there is not a far larger number of persons who, in the immediate expectation of death, feel rather a curious desire for the change before them than anything like alarm? How strange that centuries of a faith which, if it teaches anything, teaches spiritual presence of mind and dependence on God, should have apparently had no effect in nerving the spirit in the face of sudden danger and death! The physiological speculations which seem to show that even mental and moral tendencies are inherited, make the want of this presence of mind in the face of death even more astonishing. One would suppose that centuries of contemplation of the life beyond the grave would have steadied our nerves and strung our wills to meet unexpected death more as we should enter on an unexpected journey than with the wild recoil of fear."

—London has a "Lord's Day Rest Association," fighting the public demand for the opening of libraries, museums, and galleries, at the same time that 24,000 persons are kept at work on Sundays with cabs and omnibuses, chiefly to carry pious people to church.

E. C. T.

Sometimes we think that Satan has seen his best days, and sometimes we do not feel so sure that his influence is waning. However this may be, the arch fiend has met with more than his match in Mrs. Van Cott, the modest revivalist. We learn from *The Advance* that this meek and lowly lady has written as follows to the *North Western Advocate*, about her work in Lynn, Massachusetts. During the three weeks of her labor there, she says: "Two hundred and three have started for heaven." "On Tuesday night the devil declared we should not prevail. I declared, by the grace of God, that I would not leave the house till I had seen a victory; and so, with thirty young converts, spent the entire night in prayer. The interest never for one moment abated. I never left that house for a moment for thirty-three hours. But O, what praying! and, glory be to God, we did have the victory in answer to prayer! Many who were asleep, awakened, sprang out of bed and fell upon their knees. We heard from all parts of the city that men and women were awakened; some at midnight; others at three o'clock in the morning arose and prayed earnestly for salvation. Many of these did not know that the meeting was being held. Glory be to God, hallelujah!"

Mrs. Van Cott is a representative woman. She illustrates the religious progress of this enlightened nineteenth century. In the first century, the disciples were told to enter their closets, and, when they had shut their doors, pray to their Father in secret; which was all very well for those benighted times. But now the disciples are to gather in crowds, and pray loud enough to awaken the whole neighborhood, and then write exultant letters to the newspapers boasting of their wonderful doings.—*Christian Register*.

"We have received from an esteemed contributor an exceedingly well-written critique on Dr. —'s Thanksgiving sermon. We had already reviewed this work in a paragraph which is crowded out, allotting to it the space to which it seemed entitled; namely, about the width of the doctor's nose. We cannot, therefore, spare the length of his ears also. Two columns are more than he deserves."—*Exch.*

No man who has subscribed to creeds or formulas, whether in theology or philosophy, can be an unbiased investigator of the truth, or an unprejudiced judge of the opinions of others.—*David Page*.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

WHY ORGANIZE?

MR. EDITOR:—

Has the success of THE INDEX, and its establishment upon an apparently permanent basis, kindled the ambition to take a census of its supporters, with a view of embodying them into some form of sectarian action? Has it been sufficiently considered that these men are natural outlaws against any ecclesiastical authority; that the only thing they have in common is a certain wild love of freedom, incapable of organization; and that they are more at odds with each other than they are with the most Orthodox forms of belief?

Such a league as you recommend, as extensive as the spirit of free inquiry in this country, will require that hundreds of men and women, with crude, half-educated minds, shall become teachers, preachers, and debaters, upon questions concerning which they are now feeling their way in doubt toward the light. We can count upon the fingers the men who, like you, have got beyond this stage to a clearness of conviction and certainty of knowledge, so that they can give a reason for the faith that is in them, and can guide the inquiring minds of others. Without learning, without distinguished talent, how easy a prey will the rest of us, a mere mob of fanatics, be to the ecclesiastical dogmatism whose armory of arguments, polished by habitual use, is kept ready at hand in tracts, Sunday-school books, and theological newspapers!

The organizing that segregates the element of free thinking dissipates and paralyzes it; for it arrests the process by which the little leaven is leavening the whole lump of Orthodoxy. *Concomitism* is a mistake. It is wiser and braver to stay in. Nothing disconcerts the zealous propagandist of a morbid theology as the one self-possessed parishioner, always in his pew, refusing to be terrorized by scenic pictures of the day of judgment and hell fire, and coolly keeping his temper under the scoldings of an imaginary angry Deity. He is the one unbejuggled onlooker in the spiritual circle, who interrupts the manifestations. The preacher tries his theologic thunder on him for years, and cannot affect him, but is affected by him. In the long run his tolerant indifference softens the hard creed of the preacher, who begins to see that native integrity and the brave quest of truth are elements of character not to be learned by any short lessons or easy methods. Just such men in every community have modified the grim theology into which we were born; and to set them by themselves in new ecclesiastical relations is to check their insidious and salutary influence.

The time has come, you say, to lay the foundation of a great national party of freedom. If I comprehend the scope of this, and other language you have used, you mean nothing less than a new *cultus* to take the place of the outworn cultus of Christianity. Have you well considered what it costs a people or an age to change its religion? Freedom is good, and truth sweeter to the soul than life; but when we remember the pangs and throes that attend the birth of freedom and truth, it is a birth to be brooded over with apprehension, as well as hoped for with joy. The loosening of religious obligations, the dethroning of the gods, the profaning of rites and bibles, and the casting off of authority, though it be done in the interest of higher obligations, a holier God, and purer Bible, has always been attended by outbreaks of crime, by social suffering, war, and the deterioration of society. Such phenomena attended the transition from Catholicism to Protestantism. Simultaneously with the development of Christianity and the decline of Paganism the world lapsed into barbarism for a thousand years. Jesus himself seemed to have anticipated the conflicts and hatreds which his ideas would provoke; and doubtless it was this consideration which made him so reticent, and so disposed to speak in unintelligible parables, and generally so remiss in propagandism. The wisest of the Greeks and Romans held by the forms of their national religion long after philosophic thought had transmuted its gods into the faculties and tendencies of the human soul, and reduced its historic records to poetic myths. Would Christianity be less advanced to-day, if the mutual tolerance had kept Protestantism within the Catholic Church?

When a body of men issue a declaration of independence, they accompany it with a list of grievances. I see you have not neglected this part of the programme; but did ever a body of men form a new government or a new Church upon pettier grievances? What are they? You complain that people pray or have prayers in Congress, the State Legislatures, the army, the navy, prisons, hospitals, asylums, &c. With like reason, you might complain that they prayed

at funerals, at weddings, and that men prayed in their families; for though you might choose to go to Congress or the Legislature, and might be compelled to serve in the army or navy, or in the State-prison, and so have praying or the listening to praying forced upon you, the case is scarcely better at the funeral, wedding, or friend's house. You are under a sort of compulsion, particularly if you are a relative, to go to your friend's funeral or wedding, and you find it very convenient to accept an invitation to your friend's house, who has the absurd habit of praying.

Now, whether you are a member of Congress, or a convict in a prison, or whether you are a friend or a guest at a funeral or wedding, does not good sense and good breeding dictate precisely the same line of conduct—that is, that you should take off your hat and stand quietly and reverently till the praying is done? But you do not believe in God or in praying to him. What of it? Man is an intelligent being; prayer is, or is capable of being, an intellectual effort; and whatever you believe, you will hardly ever fail to hear something in a prayer that will accord with your reason, lend a suggestion to your mind, or touch beneficently your heart. You would be delighted to listen to a young lady reciting an apostrophe to spring, to the ocean, to a nightingale or to a rose; and think you had found a literary treasure, in discovering an untranslated *Vedic* prayer, ode to Apollo, or invocation to Thor. Or is it simply paying for prayer that you object to? The fraction of a cent you pay for all governmental praying is not worth computing, and, since you make no complaint of the larger sums you pay for killing Indians and Credit Mobilier swindles, is not worth mentioning.

I have observed that many people unaccustomed to formal devotional exercises, such as family prayer and grace at meals, are apt to be quite struck and moved by them, while those who have practised or listened to them so long that they have become a tedious form, care little for them. A mind free from conventional trammels will surely disuse prayer as soon as it ceases to quicken the intellect or heart. Formal prayers in Congress, and in courts, paid for like a lawyer's argument or physician's prescription, command very little popular respect, and must come to be disused through the unwillingness of sincere and reverent men to peddle out their devotions in such base way. If I wished to reinstate public praying in all its ancient veneration, and give this devout posturing a fierce earnestness, I would organize a league to suppress it.

You demand the omission of all religious services and particularly the reading of the Bible in public schools. I remember with much satisfaction how I used the long leisure of my own school days for all kinds of miscellaneous reading, and was so distressed for material that I mastered even the driest portions of the Bible,—an acquisition I have never regretted. Undoubtedly, there are better text-books to learn the art of reading in; but is there such a talismanic power about the Bible that it cannot be trusted in the hands of children and students? We give boys Homer, the Greek tragedies, and the Classical Dictionary with no fear of their becoming pagans, and no prologue written, like that wherein Simon Snug in the play was to tell his timid audience that he was not a lion. Will a candid youth reading the Bible, not as devotional form, but with his eye and mind open, fail to note how human it is—human in the mistakes of its scientific assumptions, in its feeble or coarse conceptions of God, in its inadequate mental philosophy, in the narrow national prejudices of its writers, in the improbability of its legends? All the freedom of modern criticism, all the inquiry into the authority of sacred scriptures, has been coincident with the most literal translation and most universal circulation of the Bible. The Bible is sold and bought and owned universally, but it is discriminatingly read out of, not read. Its gems of truth and inspiration are made familiar with use; its vast body of obsolete and barbarous rubbish is judiciously neglected and overlooked. As long as dainty extracts here and there are read from the pulpit with a solemn intonation, especially if the fashion be adopted of judiciously omitting or substituting phraseology to conform to correct taste, the Bible will remain a fetish in the public mind. The most objectionable novel of the eighteenth century would become pure, and the poetry of Martin Farquhar Tupper would become profound, if interpreted only in this discriminating manner. But lay the whole book without note or comment before the ingenious reader, and will he ever arrive at the conclusion that the whole extant body of Hebrew literature is not authentic and genuine, but is the dramatic form of a divine revelation? Will he believe that the Hebrews, a people so utterly shabby according to their own showing, were yet so divinely possessed, that no annalist among them could perpetrate a tradition, no codifier could collect a body of statutes, no chronicler could register the succession of kings and the history of battles and sieges, no poet could chant a sacrificial hymn, no voluptuous king could even write amatory verses to his concubines, but forthwith the divine hand itself should snatch the pen and

compel it to divulge, though in the guise of some poor legend, or prudential proverb or erotic song, momentous truths brought from the awful realm of the spiritual world? If the men whose fingers quiver with superstition, and, as they turn the leaves of this book, are willing to thrust it into schools where curiosity is piqued by scientific study and the mind is trained in logical methods, who should forbid? Let the Bible be read in schools. Compare its narrow firmament shutting out the waters that give rain through its windows, and set with its sun to give light by day, and moon and stars to give light by night, with the vast and mysterious cosmos into which modern science opens here and there a glimpse. Compare that sublime and incomprehensible power shadowed in the wonderful processes of Nature, too vast for the telescope to reach, too subtle for the microscope to apprehend, with that tergiversant Delty squabbling through half the Old Testament for precedence with Baal, Dagon, and other Semitic deities, no whit more petty, cruel, or jealous than himself. In fine, I do not see why any radical should not join the Bible Society and contribute to its funds.

Why make a grievance of an authoritatively appointed Thanksgiving and Fast day? It is the merest recommendation, compulsory upon no one. A man may starve himself upon Thanksgiving day and feast himself incontinently upon Fast day, and escape even social censure, not to say the visitations of the constable or the tything man. It is a usage that stands only upon what good sense and propriety there are in it, and that will quietly die out as to all that is superstitious, rigorous, or oppressive in its institution.

As to the hardship of judicial oaths, you seem to be magnifying a triviality. In the serious proceedings of courts, affecting as they do the property, liberty, and life of our fellow-men, we have a right to require that testimony shall be given in a serious and responsible way. We want to know that witnesses are not jesting, dreaming, or allegorizing. We want them to speak on their honor, their veracity, their manhood; and, as to most men, if not all men, the name of God defines an idea, comprehending truth and highest virtue, why abandon a form so pregnant to all men with best meaning? I am aware that Jesus gives his weighty authority against judicial oaths; but it must be remembered that this is in the department not of the weightier matters of the law, but of the *proprieties* and of *minor morals*, wherein upon his own mature judgment a man may disregard the advice of any teacher.

It is true that we have statutes in most of the United States looking to the enforcement of a more rigorous Sabbath than is kept by ordinary reputable citizens; but since these statutes are obsolete, why provoke a controversy over them? Everywhere in the country on Sunday a man can travel, ride, or walk in the fields, forests, or by the sea, make and receive social visits, sing, play on instruments, and attend concerts, listen to lectures upon ethics, politics, science, or literature, and read novels, poems, and newspapers, without being punished, molested, censured, or unworthily esteemed. So far from being intolerant and oppressive, the great body of the Christian sects, who honestly believe Sunday a divinely appointed holy day, show a tolerance and charity towards the few who do not so believe, which radicals would do well to emulate. I like the rest and quiet of Sunday and bless the superstition that makes it quiet. As a people, we do not know how to amuse ourselves except by dissipation and excess. When I observe the silliness and hubbub with which our national holidays—the Fourth of July and Washington's birthday—are kept, I fairly regret there is not some old statute to call in aid to make these anniversaries more quiet, decorous, and delightful.

In fine, I dissent from your method, because it is destructive rather than constructive,—it is surgery and not growth. It challenges, on trivial and inadequate grounds, a controversy with a *cultus*, which what you term Free Religion not so much antagonizes as fulfills and comprehends. For Free Religion is either a development of Christianity, or that which supplants and succeeds Christianity. It seems to me it is the former; that it is the last word of that spirit of truth which Jesus is said to have predicted was to come after him and teach men all things. There is no character in history to whose example and words the radicalism of the day can more confidently appeal for sanction and authority than to Jesus. Its broadest and freest interpretation of religion does not do so much violence even to the written record of his life and teachings, as did the metaphysical dogmatism which Luther and Calvin studied and taught in modern times, or the domineering sacerdotalism which the Christianity of the middle ages, or even the Greek and Hebrew subtilties which Paul, with only partial success, tried to inculcate as the system of Jesus, while men were still alive who had seen and heard him.

But if Free Religion be an entirely new cultus to supplant Christianity, then its attitude towards Christianity should be that of respect. For are not all religions the outgrowth of the religious sentiment, and will the reverent spirit that has found a religious meaning in the rites of ancient Egypt, the amours and adventures of the

Olympic gods, the savage orgies of the Norsemen, fail to see the deeper, purer, and holier lessons of the life of Jesus and the Sermon on the Mount? Let persecution and excommunication come, as they will soon enough, from the other side; but, finding ourselves inside Christianity and inside a narrow sect of it, let us say with Paul in his prison: "Nay, verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out."

GEO. F. TALBOT.

SPICE OF ALL SORTS.

BOSTON, Feb. 18, 1873.

F. E. ABBOT:
Dear Sir,—I am very much pleased with THE INDEX in its late obesity. I used to think its meritorious and readable articles in such light weight of paper that some cynical people might say—"great cry and little wool." But I always had a presentiment that it would grow—I thought most likely in extension, not bulk. But I must say the form it took towards fatness pleases me; it is in the shape to keep. I do not know but it restricts its usefulness. I now hide its light under a bushel, instead of passing it along. It seems to fit a place in my sanctum, and in the proper form will be permanent.

In one of my visits to Colorado, I rode all one day from Denver to Boulder City. (The term city is not significant of size in that country; in this case it means about a hundred houses and three hundred people, four-fifths being men.) The driver of the stage or rather "shebang," as it is called, said, "Where will you stop, at the Boulder House or the Colorado House?" "The better of the two," said I. "No difference," said the driver. "Drop me then at the first one we come to," I replied. This proved to be the Colorado House. I walked in and made myself at home. The first thing I noticed, on a large side-table which served also for a writing desk (and many a good use did I make of it), was a pile of well-cared-for newspapers. There were about twenty *Radicals* (Morse's); the *Banner of Light*, some twenty-five; and a few *Investigators*. There were, of course, a few other miscellaneous papers; but the names above toned the pile, and a feeling of safety came over me—I felt among friends. I did not take out my revolver to have it handy, as I should have done if I had seen nothing but the Bible on the centre-table, the common ornament to a country inn.

The quality of this pile of reading matter gave me a foretaste of the landlord, and a right true gentleman did I find him, the three months I was there. This man was for years an infidel; a man not at all scholastic, but a clear thinker. He had heard of Theodore Parker; had one or two of his books, which he lent to me to read. He considered them treasures, and the sight of them so far from home, though very familiar to me, was like the sight of a friend, when among strangers. This man, strange as it may seem in these parts, was a spiritualist also. That is, from or by this light he had plucked his infidelity with a conscious hereafter, and entertained a hope now, as I do. This man set much by the *Radical*.

I have just received a letter from this landlord on interesting and general matters; and in the letter he says he has missed the *Radical* very much since it stopped. I am going to spare one or two of my fat *INDEXES*, and send them to him, telling him it is the paper that takes its place; and fills it, too.

Well, now, to go back; you will understand what I meant by saying its fatness restricted its usefulness. I send this landlord, and other distant, sensible people, my *Golden Ages* now and then, and my *Commonwealths*, as they accumulate, and when they seem to be worthy of so long a journey. I dare say I should the *INDEXES* occasionally, except for the fact that I keep them for preservation. If I don't experience religion (which is doubtful, having had it when I was young and am now somewhat pitted), I shall bind it in book form.

I did not intend to write this letter when I began, and now it is hardly put together in shape to be printed; so you may do what you please with it.

I almost wish, now my hand is in, that I had gone in for a letter on "Hub" matters; but as Brother Morse holds a fertile pen and Sister Hotchkiss a bright one, and as THE INDEX himself has been striking fire in this vicinity and will want to tell about it, it is better I defer such letters until you reach a lean period in these matters.

I will say in closing that the Liberal League, formed when Mr. Abbot was here, seems to be flourishing. The Parker Fraternity had a debate on it, which was animated, but rather one-sided. Rev. Mr. Bartol and Mr. Morse took the negative side; all others favored it. But all who know them know their spiles on this subject are driven firm into the hard-pan, and they will never fail to shout for liberty louder than Fulton shouts for Jesus, when needed.

At the close of the meeting, the Parker Fraternity voted to tender the use of their hall to the Liberal League one Friday evening each month, which we trust will secure interesting meetings.

Yours,

JOHN WETHERBEE.

[A note from Dr. Bartol in another column

will show how much he believes in the object of the Liberal League, though he prefers to work for it in his own way; and a very good way it is, even if not a way that will permit many to work side by side.—ED.]

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

[The following letters from Col. Higginson and Mrs. Child were handed to us for publication by Mrs. Cole, at the Convention held in Toledo, Feb. 18 and 19.—ED.]

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 3, 1873.

MRS. M. M. COLE:

Dear Friend,—I am glad to hear of your meeting, and hope that a resolute effort will be made to keep up the Woman Suffrage Organization in your great State, which was one of its cradles. I hope you will not be too sure of immediate success, either, but enlist for the war. It may be as long a controversy as that which abolished the slavery of the negroes; but if we can live to see it triumph, like that, we shall not regret the effort we have made.

If republican principles mean anything, they mean it for women also. If they mean nothing, the sooner we find it out the better.

Ever truly yours,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

WAYLAND, Mass., Feb. 12, 1873.

DEAR MRS. COLE:

I am glad to hear there is a Woman Suffrage Convention to be held in Toledo. The perfect equality of the sexes before the law is founded on principles of eternal justice, and the more the subject is discussed the more apparent will this become. It is important that men should be convinced of this, because the complete realization of this idea would do more than any other reform to ennoble the family relation, and increase the power of States. The social and civil inferiority of Asia, in comparison with Europe and America, is largely to be attributed to the inequality between men and women; and the more women participate in all that occupies and interests men, the stronger and more progressive is the nation.

I deem no government free where one class of human beings makes laws for another class, whether it be kings and nobles making laws for laborers, whites making laws for blacks, or men making laws for women. All political arrangements which make one class the mere wards of another class impede the growth of one, and distort the growth of the other.

The true definition of a Republic is a government where all classes have an equal voice in the laws by which they are governed; and the nearer any nation approaches to this standard, the stronger and nobler it will become. Not for the elevation of women only, but for the welfare of the whole human race, do I urge the importance of perfect sympathy and co-operation between men and women in all departments of life, of labor, science, art, literature, and government.

Of course, in all transitions from old customs to new, some difficulties will occur in details, for a while; but when a reform is founded on the eternal principles of justice, details will be sure to adjust themselves harmoniously.

God bless all your efforts for the complete enfranchisement of woman, thereby rendering her more perfectly the friend, companion, and helper of man!

L. MARIA CHILD.

THE MORAL OF MARBLES.—The other Sunday, a worthy father of a numerous family was taking one of his little ones, a child of seven years, to Church. On the way, the little fellow met a playmate and stopped to play marbles. A quarter of an hour after, his father saw him coming to him bathed in tears.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Papa, I have lost all my marbles."

"Of course, God punishes you for not going to church."

"But, papa, neither did Joseph go—and he has won!"

Some seem to think effeminacy equivalent to saintliness, and become emasculated specimens of manhood. As the racer is trotted out a heat or two and then blanketed, and sponged, and whiskeed, and petted, so effeminate preachers are trotted out on Sunday, and through the week are flanneled, and grueled, and camphored, and petted by the good sisters, when it would be a thousand-fold better if some one would introduce them to the wood-pile with saws and axes.—*Gospel Echo*.

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Cornish people have always been, until brought into closer contact in later years with the rest of the world by the railway, very unsophisticated. During the Crimean war, a lady went into a shop in Penzance to purchase groceries. While she was there, an old woman from the country came in and asked for some candles, for which she had to pay a higher price than usual.

"Why should you ask more for the candles than I have always paid?" inquired she.

"It's owing to the war," says the shopkeeper, "that the price is raised, for candles are become dearer."

"Lord!" ejaculates the poor old woman, holding up her hands. "Well, I never knowed afore that they fight by candle-light! Well, to be sure!"

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DEVOTED TO

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VOLUME 4.

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WHOLE No. 167.

ORGANIZE!

LIBERALS OF AMERICA!

The hour for action has arrived. The cause of freedom calls upon us to combine our strength, our zeal, our efforts. These are

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.

4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.

6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.

7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformable to the requirements of natural morality—equal rights, and impartial liberty.

9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Let us boldly and with high purpose meet the duty of the hour. I submit to you the following

FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF _____.

ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in —:

Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.

ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.

ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.

ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.

ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

Liberals! I pledge to you my undivided sympathies and most vigorous co-operation, both in THE INDEX and out of it, in this work of local and national organization. Let us begin at once to lay the foundations of a great national party of freedom, which shall demand the entire secularization of our municipal, state, and national government. Send me promptly the list of officers of every Liberal League that may be formed, and a standing list of all such Leagues shall be kept in THE INDEX. Rouse, then, to the great work of freeing America from the usurpations of the Church! Make this continent from ocean to ocean sacred to human liberty! Prove that you are worthy descendants of those whose wisdom and patriotism gave us a Constitution unstained with superstition! Shake off your slumbers, and break the chains to which you have too long lamely submitted!

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 1, 1872.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

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FOR 1873.

A STUDY OF RELIGION: THE NAME AND THE THING.

BY FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

FIFTH LECTURE IN THE COURSE OF SIX "SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES," GIVEN IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, FEBRUARY 2, 1873.

If there is one word above all others which articulates in a breath the supreme sublimity and the most melancholy abasement of human nature,—which carries imagination up to the heights of a heroism so pure and lofty that common lungs gasp for coarser air, and then plunges her into dungeons of superstition so foul with blood and filth that the choke-damp of the coal-mine seems innocuous by comparison,—it is assuredly the word RELIGION. The page of history is lighted up by it, now as by a flood of golden sunshine, and again as by the glare, lurid and smoky, of infernal fires. All that is sweetest and tenderest, bravest and truest, most inspiring and most inspired in the human heart, has been sunned into living beauty by religion; all that is most dark, wrathful, false, crafty, cruel, has been nursed into bloody and deceitful deeds by her influence. Religion, and religion alone, has had skill to sweep the entire key-board of humanity, evoking alternately the thunders of the hoarsest and harshest bass and the silver melodies that sing to us all we know of the angelic and divine.

THE STUDY OF RELIGION.

Politics, trade, industry, literature, art, philanthropy,—there is no human interest that has not been moulded or shaped by religion; and no study so comprehensive or profound awaits the future historian as that which is busied with the religious development of man. The future historian, I say; for, although I have been so venturesome as to entitle my lecture "A Study of Religion," I am painfully aware that no study of it can at this day be otherwise than fragmentary and crude,—that in their very best investigations this present generation are but dabblers and babblers in a matter too high for them. The materials for building up a true science of religion (science must be herself the historian and the analyst) exist to-day uncut, nay, unquarried even, in the traditions and annals and poems and bibles and philosophies, the cultus and the customs, the social systems and the countless institutions of many and diverse nations, of some of which even the names are as yet scarcely known; while the constructive task of planning and executing this great master-piece of intellectual architecture can fall to the lot of those only who shall inherit the results of whole generations of mighty minds. The great structures of the existing world-religions eclipse wholly, to the common observer, the very possibility of such a science; they stand for religion itself to the common intellect; they fill the field of vision; and their magnitude, which is as nothing beside the boundlessness of the slow-coming religion of man, is quite as much as even our best scholars can appreciate to-day. In what I have presumed, therefore, to call a "study of religion," I beg to be acquitted of the pretence of anticipating the proper task of succeeding centuries.

THE CLEW OF AN IDEA.

Yet, while stumbling and groping my way, as it were, amid the ruins of decaying world-religions, and consciously devoid of the light which is needed to illumine the path of escape, I do indeed believe that the clew of an idea is given which even in the dark shall serve as a guiding-thread. These vast tottering temples of faith in which the worshippers still congregate by millions, unlike as they appear to careless inspection, betray, notwithstanding, a far profounder unity than can be detected in mere similarity of moral precepts or identity of special beliefs. Such similarity or identity, though in itself a comparatively recent discovery, appears to me to be a quite superficial fact. Moral precepts and special beliefs, mere rules and mere opinions, never yet made a religion; they do not contain the vital principle essential to the organic existence of every world-faith. Deeper than to ethical codes or to theological conceptions must we look, if we would discover the vast arterial system of spiritual life which makes all religions one. What we want to discover is the common blood of them all, not the likeness of fingers or toes. The "sympathy of religions," as the phrase has been happily coined, is a great and fruitful truth; but there is danger lest we seek it in surface characteristics. When it is seen that moral precepts and theological beliefs are never the real bond of union even among the adherents of the same religion, we shall be cautious how we proceed in taking them as the bond of union among different religions. Without "unity of spirit," churches are ropes of sand; without unity of spirit, different religions, bridling as they all do with conscious hostility, could never be one substance as they really are. It is something, then, to be warned against going off on a false scent in the search for unity. It is something to be aware that moral precepts and theological doctrines, whether shared or not shared in common by different religions, do not and cannot constitute the essence of religion, but are simply the various forms of manifestation assumed at various times and under varying circumstances by a permanent force in human history. Opinions in ethics and in theology change from age to age; what is held to be right and true in one stage of development is seen to be wrong and false at a later stage. But the deep and powerful impulsion to seek for the right and true, without which these very changes could never have taken place, is an abiding element of human nature; and it is in this direction that we must look, if we would indeed discover that common essence which is the real nexus of unity among the diversities of law, creed, and cultus.

THE PREJUDICE AGAINST RELIGION.

In the study of religion, however, one great cause of mistake and injustice should be scrupulously eliminated,—I mean, the preconception or prejudice which pronounces beforehand that religion is pure superstition. Whoever enters on this study with a bias so unscientific as this will arrive at no results. Religion must be studied as one of the greatest facts of human history, if not the very greatest. It must be studied with the previous conviction that every fact of history, even the most trivial, has its proper place and deserves to be studied with scientific impartiality. The blind fury of the partisan, whether turned in this way or that, is a complete stoppage of ear and eye, disqualifying for all valuable research. The anti-religion rage which makes the very name a red rag to be rushed at with all the violence of a mad bull, and which is by no means an uncommon phenomenon of the day, should be as carefully guarded against as the most submissive superstition. Criticise without scruple the mischievous pervasions and abuses of religion; acknowledge without palliation all the evil it has done; but avoid the mental obfuscation of confounding a permanent force with a transient form. This the adherents of the various religions do, conceiving the favored form of religion to be religion itself, and therefore condemning all other forms as false and abominable; but this the scientific student can never do, who sees that the evils done by religion in the world's history are due to the misapplication of a force whose intelligent direction must be most beneficial.

RELIGION AS FIRE.

When I say, therefore, as I must, that I believe in religion, the case is the same as when I say that I believe in fire. Of all agencies employed by man, fire is perhaps the most useful and the most terrible. It will warm your house, and cook your steak; but it will just as readily burn them up, aye, and you too, if it escapes the governance of your mind. Without fire civilization would be impossible; but the great wilderness of blackened ruins within a stone's throw from this Hall, marking the spot where the conflagration raged with frightful fury through your stores and warehouses, shows how remorselessly fire will unmake the very civilization it has made. So it is with religion. Without it human life would freeze into the desolation of an arctic winter; without it the tender flush on the face of humanity, looking upward and forward in the rocky path she climbs, would fade away, and the golden aureole of a divine purpose would vanish forever from her head; without it the suffusing glow of hope and reverence would die out from the world of men, and the hard lines of care and stolid selfishness would be ploughed by the hand of Time where now he traces the marks of noble thought and earnest aspiration and grand enthusiasm for the true, the beautiful, the good. Yet the same mighty force which, if only guided by intelligence, makes each human heart an altar, has made it, and will make it again, under the guidance of ignorant folly, a lazar-house of superstition and a torture-chamber of cruelty. Let reason lose her mastery of the inner impulse of religion, and the fire which should warm, comfort, and preserve, will with all-devouring flames turn into ashes every costly product of civilizing mind. Truly, a fearful friend is this fire of the human soul,—the greatest of all blessings or the most terrible of all curses! I repeat it, I believe in religion as I believe in fire; for, notwithstanding the incalculable evils that result from their abuse, mankind could dispense with the one as little as with the other.

THE NAME AND THE THING.

Believing that words are vitally connected in human thought with that which they represent, in studying religion I would consider first the name, and afterwards the thing.

THE NAME:

I. DERIVATION.

The popularly accepted derivation of the word religion is from the Latin word *religare*, signifying "to bind back or behind, to bind fast." If this derivation is correct, the word would seem etymologically to contain the idea of *bondage*, as its root-meaning; and consequently the use of it in connection with any word suggesting *liberty*, as in the phrase "Free Religion," must be condemned, as one of those attempts to put new meanings into old theological words against which every true radical instinctively and on principle protests. Should ripe and impartial scholarship ever pronounce in favor of this derivation, I for one should be disposed to abandon the word religion altogether, while still cleaving to that which to my mind it now fairly and fitly expresses. Far be it from any intrepid thinker to seek to avail himself of the prestige of any word to which his honest and unbiased thought does not justly entitle him! Let him trust the cause of truth to itself for its final vindication in the eyes of mankind.

At the same time it should be noted, in any thorough discussion of the subject, that the verb *religare* not only means *to bind fast*, but also, in poetical and post-classical Latin, *to unbind*, as in the line of Catullus [xiii. 84]:—

"At hee minax Cybele, religatque iuga manu."

It might be not unreasonably urged that warrant could be found, even in the vulgar derivation of the word religion, for its appropriate conjunction with the word free.

But there is no occasion to rest the case on any doubtful or questionable grounds. The best authorities are in favor of deriving the word religion, not from *religare* at all, but from *relegere* or *religere*, signifying "to go through or over again in reading, in speech, or in thought;" that is, to review carefully and faithfully, to ponder or reflect with conscientious fidelity. If this derivation is the correct one, then there is nothing in etymology to forbid or discourage the application of the epithet free to religion,—nothing to suggest, even, the idea of bondage or arbitrary obligation. The root-meaning of the word would be the application of the intellectual faculties under direction of the conscience to any subject in general, or more especially, by popular association merely, to the subject of man's relation to God or the gods.

Now this question of the true derivation of the word religion is so closely connected with the profoundest problems of modern religious thought, and particularly with that of the real relation of religion as an historical phenomenon to the belief in God, that I beg your indulgence for presenting to you some of the most important evidence on both sides of this question. At the risk of being dry and uninteresting to a popular audience, I wish to give in some detail such testimony as my note books furnish concerning

the verdict of modern scholarship on the true derivation of the word under discussion.

THE DERIVATION FROM "RELIGARE."

Lactantius, the distinguished convert to Christianity who in the first quarter of the fourth century taught and wrote at Nicomedia, in Bithynia, was the first [Divin. Instit., iv. 28.], so far as I know, to derive the word religion from *religare*, referring to "the bond of piety by which we are attached and bound to God [a vinculo pietatis quo Deo obstricti et religati sumus]." Augustine, one of the most influential of the early Church Fathers, who flourished about a hundred years later, adopted the derivation of Lactantius. ["Uni Deo religantes animas nostras, unde religio dicta creditur." *Retract.*, i. 13.] It was also adopted by Servius, in the fifth century, in his annotations on Virgil [*ad Æn.*, viii. 349.]; and it has been sanctioned by later writers who, in my judgment, have either given too little attention to the subject, or have been biased by theological preconceptions to acquiesce in what chimed in with their own dogmatic systems. For instance, J. A. Hartung [*Die Religion der Römer nach den Quellen dargestellt*: 1ter Theil, S. 140. Leipzig: 1836] assumes it apparently without investigation as the true derivation; as do also the Rev. Samuel Beal [*Catechism of Buddhist Scriptures from the Chinese*: p. 152. London: 1871] and other writers. But the secret of the predilection for this derivation shown by many scholars is very aptly exposed by Bretschneider, who says: "Lactantius rejected Cicero's etymology, not on philological, but on dogmatic grounds. Religion was to him dependence upon God, unconditioned subjection under his law and revelation; therefore he hunted up the derivation from *religare*, which for similar reasons suited Augustine also." [*Handbuch der Dogmatik der evangelisch-lutherische Kirche*: Prolegomena, p. 1, footnote. Leipzig: 1838.] This judgment by Bretschneider I consider as just as it is penetrating. The derivation from *religare* at once assumes that belief in God, and explicit recognition of a supernatural Revelation as the rightful Law of the human soul, constitute the very essence of religion. It has therefore been espoused by the vast majority of Christian theologians, and defended as important testimony, rendered by philology itself, to the truth of their system. They argue, and in my opinion justly, that, if the very word religion expresses the submission of mankind to the will of a personal God, the scientific spirit which refuses to submit to anything but the intrinsic truth of things, and claims the right to decide for itself whether there is a personal God whose will must be accepted as the law of the human mind as well as of the human heart, is wholly outside the sphere of religion, and hostile to it. They declare, and rightly, that this idea of religion is incompatible with freedom; and they thus indissolubly bind up the destinies of religion with the destinies of their own supernaturalism. Whether the word religion, consequently, is to be the banner under which the great battle of free thought against superstition is to be fought and won, or whether it too, like the word Christianity, must be surrendered to the devotees of a dying faith, will depend mainly on the truth or untruth of the claims by which they seek to capture it for their own uses. Let us, then, inquire further into the etymology of the word.

THE DERIVATION FROM "RELEGERE."

Cicero, the greatest of Roman writers, who flourished three hundred years and more before Lactantius, and who certainly should be regarded as no mean authority on his native language, has a passage which I should translate as follows: "Not philosophers alone, but also our own ancestors, distinguished superstition from religion. For those who were wont to offer prayer and sacrifice, during entire days, that their children might survive them [*superstitibus essent*], were called *superstitious*; a word which was afterwards applied more widely. But they who carefully meditated and, as it were, considered and re-considered all those things which pertained to the worship of the gods, were called *religious* from *religere*." [*De Nat. Deor.*, ii. 28.] Now it is true that the derivation of the word superstition here given is at least dubious; and this fact justifies suspicion of the other derivation. But even he who mistakes once should not therefore be immediately set down as mistaking always. There is other evidence, very strong evidence, showing that Cicero was right in his second derivation. There is a participle *religens*, signifying religious, which cannot possibly be derived from *religare*, but must be referred to *relegere* (or *religere*, as sometimes spelled.) This participle is contained in a verse quoted from an old poet by Aulus Gellius, author of the *Noctes Atticæ*, who lived more than a century before Lactantius:

"Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas."

That is, "it is right to be religious, wrong to be religious, or superstitious." Such evidence as this must have immense weight with scholars who are free from prepossession. Furthermore, the use of the word *religio* itself was quite common at Rome in the simple sense of a "scruple," conscientious or otherwise, implying the con-

sciousness of a natural obligation wholly irrespective of the gods. For instance, the comic poet Terence, who flourished nearly two hundred years before Christ, makes one of his characters exclaim: "I scruple (or am ashamed) to say that I have nothing — nam nil esse mihi religiosius dicere." [*Heaut.*, i. 228. Teubner's ed., 1857.] Faithfulness, sincerity, veracity, honor, punctiliousness, conscientiousness—these were frequent popular meanings of the word; and it is evident that they mark its original, radical signification far more clearly than the use made of it as applied to worship of the gods. They point directly to *relegere* as the true root.

Not to rest the case, however, on any assertions or arguments of my own, let me cite the direct testimony of the highest authorities.

The *Universal Latin Lexicon* of Facellatus and Forcellinus [Bailey's edition, 1828], the *Wörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache* of Dr. Wilhelm Freund [Leipzig, 1840], and the *Latin-English Lexicon* of Dr. Andrews, which is better known in this country than the great lexicon of Dr. Freund on which it is based, all give the weight of their authority to the derivation from *relegere*. No better authorities could be adduced.

Dr. Ramshorn, whose *Latin Synonymes* is a work of the highest reputation, derives the word religion from *relegere*, and gives as its fundamental or root-meaning—"conscientiousness, scruple of conscience, scrupulousness." ["*Et was bei sich wiederholen, immer wieder überlegen; daher die Gewissenhaftigkeit, der Gewissensscrupel, die Bedenklichkeit.*" *Lateinische Synonymik*. Leipzig: 1831.]

Dr. John William Donaldson, one of the finest of English scholars, referring to the same derivation, says very emphatically: "There can be no doubt that it is perfectly true. It is clear from the use of the word, that it is not derived from *religare*, 'to bind back,' but from *religere*, 'to gather over and over again,' 'to think perpetually and carefully on the same subject,' 'to dwell with anxious thought on some idea or recollection.' . . . Hence, practically, *religio* signifies, (1) 'religious worship,' considered as scrupulous obedience to the exactions of conscience, and with especial reference to the act of worship; etc." [*Varronianus: A Critical and Historical Introduction to the Ethnography of Ancient Italy and to the Philological Study of the Latin Language*, p. 407. London: 1852.]

Lest I should transgress beyond all hope of pardon by my citations, permit me simply to refer here to Dr. Paulus [*Der Denkwürdige*, i. 50.]; to Dr. Klotz [*Handwörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache*]; and to Pott, the great philologist [*Etymologische Forschungen*, ii. 161]. These scholars are unanimous in favoring the derivation *relegere*, and rejecting that from *religare*. So far as my very imperfect studies have gone, they have led me wholly in the same direction; and I venture to think that no one who sits down faithfully to study the subject in the spirit of pure scholarship, regardless of all dogmatic bias, can come to a different conclusion. I took up the investigation two or three years ago, in order to satisfy my own mind whether radicals ought to discard the word religion as I believe they ought to discard the word Christianity, and with perfect willingness to do it myself, if necessary; and the conclusion has forced itself upon me with irresistible force that the word most certainly belongs to us by its etymology, and, as I hope to show, quite as much by its usage and by its essential meaning.

I would only add that Döderlein, who proposes a third derivation for the word religion, namely, from *re* and a Greek verb signifying *to look to, to have a care for*, assigns to it the same radical signification: "*Pietas* is the natural feeling of innate love; *religio*, the feeling of a sacred duty come to consciousness. . . . Furthermore, *religio* rests on an inward obligation by conscience; *fides*, on the other hand, on an outward obligation by a promise." [*Lateinische Synonyme und Etymologien*. Leipzig: 1838.] It will be seen, therefore, that Döderlein, differing from the foregoing in point of derivation, strikingly agrees with them in point of fundamental meaning.

Of the two chief derivations which are assigned to the word religion, I think I have shown conclusively that *religare* is not, and that *relegere* is, the true root. The former implies the idea of bondage, and assumes the belief in a supernatural God, whose simple will is the rightful law of human life, as the very essence of religion itself. The latter assumes the great fact of duty, of conscience, of moral obligation to a natural law of right, and implies not the faintest restriction upon any human faculty other than the natural obligation of right and truth. So far, then, as etymology is concerned, the pretence that the phrase Free Religion contains an inherent contradiction is seen to be based either upon philological ignorance or dogmatic narrowness.

II. USAGE.

Trusting that the importance of the subject will still secure to me your indulgence for some inevitable dulness, I wish to dwell a little further upon the word religion with reference to its usage; and I would broadly distinguish between two different uses of it as respectively provincial

and cosmopolitan. They correspond to the two derivations already stated, but of course can be considered quite independently of them. Under each of these two uses, the provincial and the cosmopolitan, I would point out a minor distinction of the vulgar and the scholarly.

THE PROVINCIAL USE.

The vulgar provincial use of the word religion is that which confounds religion in general with the special form of it which is dominant in any particular place and time. For instance, the Catholic believes that there is no religion at all, properly so called, but Roman Catholicism. His own faith is all the faith there is; every other pretended faith is unfaith, more or less pernicious, and as absolutely hateful to God as all falsehood must necessarily be. This enormous complacency of the Catholic Church is shared to a degree by every Christian, whether Evangelical or so-called Liberal, who cannot or will not concede that Christianity stands precisely on the level of all other religions, as a natural outgrowth of humanity rather than as a supernatural revelation of God. The idea of religion it presupposes is not only provincial, but vulgarly provincial,avoring of nothing but ignorance or conceit. There is nothing about it that a large heart or well-furnished head can view otherwise than with pity for its narrowness, or contempt for its assumption. It will pass away inevitably together with the general dialect of superstition.

The scholarly provincial use of the word religion is that which, while recognizing all the diverse forms of religion as standing precisely on the same level, all natural and none supernatural, yet confines the application of the word strictly to theistic systems of belief. It is willing to reckon Judaism, Mohammedanism, Parseism, and so forth, as religions, because they are all monotheistic; and it is willing to include also Buddhism, Confucianism, Positivism even, provided these can be shown to have some sort of belief in a God or gods. At present it stoutly contends that these latter faiths do have such a belief, and it therefore does not deny that they are religions. But if ever it becomes settled by scholarly investigation beyond reasonable doubt that any one of them is nakedly and baldly and incontrovertibly atheistic, then the provincial scholar will be forced either to deny that it is a religion at all, or else without reserve to abandon his own provincialism. There is no escape from this dilemma. If there is no religion without a belief in God, and if Buddhism, for example, should be proved to have no belief in God in any intelligible sense, then one of two things must be true: either Buddhism is not a religion, or else there can be an atheistic religion. The provincial scholar, therefore, is bound to deny that Buddhism is atheistic, that Confucianism is atheistic, that Positivism is atheistic (if this is conceded to be a religion at all, although in this case the other horn of the dilemma is usually seized). The essence of scholarly provincialism consists in the assumed principle that nothing can be a religion that does not believe in a God or gods; and it exacts this belief as the one great postulate which religion, at least, must never question. Whether it can ever be reconciled with absolute freedom of thought, is a question whose answer seems to me very plain.

THE COSMOPOLITAN USE.

The vulgar cosmopolitan use of the word religion is that which loosely classes all religions together on equal terms, without making any inquiry as to their various doctrines. This is a very common use of the word among people who have given no particular thought to the subject, but who are free from all narrow prejudice. It is so very common that I claim it as a strictly popular use of the word; and I therefore deny that the radical who thinks Buddhism is atheistic, and yet continues to call it a religion, is guilty of any use of language which is a violation of its natural and current meaning. If questioned, most people would say without reflection that religion always implies a belief in God; yet, if convinced that Buddhism has no such belief, most people would refuse to attempt the impossible task of extruding it from its established place among the greatest religions of the world. To speak, then, of atheistic religions as at least a possibility, is not to tamper with words at all. The vulgar cosmopolitan usage warrants it, even on an appeal to the common people.

The scholarly cosmopolitan use of the word religion is that which carefully distinguishes between religion, as a permanent force in human history, and the religions which have been or are its various special forms. It lays down no *a priori* principle as to what all religion must be, but applies the term impartially to everything which proves itself to be a religion by doing religion's work in the world. It exacts no theistic or atheistic belief as a condition of admittance into the family of recognized religions; it seeks the unity of them all in something deeper than any belief; it treats them as all equally natural, all more or less imperfect, all amenable to the reason of mankind for their influence on character, life, and society. This usage of the word can alone be considered scientific, or become acceptable to the spirit of science; for it is the only usage which frankly concedes to science her

right to sit in judgment on all human opinions. And it is the only usage which can justify the phrase Free Religion, by construing religion in a way which thoroughly respects and conserves freedom.

Which of these four usages we adopt, is a matter far broader than it seems; for as we use the word, so also do we conceive and treat the thing. I would not take a narrow, provincial view of what is certainly a ubiquitous and permanent fact of human history, nor knowingly cramp myself by that uncultured dialect, that mere vulgar *patois* of the soul, which has no words for ideas of universal import. Let our thought and our speech be alike cosmopolitan, large, and elevated, not unworthy of the profound and sublime realities with which they deal. Let us look for the meaning of that word religion in the light of universal human experience, and find it in that which is common to men of all times and climes, of all races and all phases of theological thought. Religion means something which is common to monotheistic Judaism and theistic Christianity,—to polytheistic Paganism and pantheistic Brahmanism and atheistic Buddhism; and this something must be discovered in depths of human nature far beneath the region where diverging thoughts appear. Despite the vast speculative chasms which yawn between these varying religions, there must be something shared by them all alike, or they would never have been classed together by the quick judgment of mankind. Nor is this something to be sought for in common beliefs or in common moral rules; these are simply products, not the productive principle itself. It must be sought for as a creative force in man, from which have proceeded all theological beliefs, whether alike or unlike, and all moral rules, whether identical or not. Not in the branches, not even in the trunk of the tree, but rather in the common sap, the common life, the common idea and law of the whole organism, must be at last discovered that secret of unity which pervades and dominates the growth of all religions. What is it?

THE THING:

THREE POPULAR CONCEPTIONS OF IT.

There are three chief popular conceptions of the essence of religion. All three consist in laying a special emphasis and stress on some one department of human nature, to the virtual neglect of other departments equally important. It is man alone that is religious in the common sense of the word; and therefore no one denies that religion is a manifestation of humanity. But whether it is fundamentally a manifestation of thought, feeling, or will, is a question on which there is a divergence of opinion. I believe that, although nobody perhaps would make religion consist either in thought, feeling, or will exclusively, yet most persons unduly emphasize the part in it played by some one of these three factors of human nature. Hence arise three theories of religion which err by disproportion; and this initial error becomes the root of vast subsequent mischief.

RELIGION AS THOUGHT.

It is the characteristic of all dogmatic systems to make opinion or belief the essence of religion. While also insisting on certain sentiments and actions, they nevertheless make orthodoxy the principal matter. Mr. Lecky has pointed out that "salvation by belief" has from the beginning been the fundamental principle of Christianity, as exhibited by its history; that this supreme emphasis laid on mental belief has been the root of persecution and countless gigantic evils. From Christianity a considerable number of free thinkers have accepted the idea that belief essentially constitutes religion, even while they reject religion itself as mere superstition; and they thus fail to comprehend the true nature of religion as completely as the narrowest and most bigoted churchman. But the day of a larger criticism and more thorough philosophy is dawning; and the notion that religion rests mainly on belief will sooner or later pass away.

RELIGION AS FEELING.

It is the characteristic of all forms of mysticism to make religion consist primarily in feeling. Certain phases of Christianity, such as Moravianism and Methodism, will at once occur to your minds as illustrations of this, requiring as they do above everything else a peculiar "state of the affections," even to the comparative disparagement of orthodoxy of opinion. While less interesting to the thinker than the elaborately constructed systems of dogmatic theology, this mystical species of religion is more cheerful, more genial, and more free from the persecuting or intolerant spirit, than its harder-seeming sister, dogmatism; and it is easy to see why Methodism, appealing chiefly to emotion and not rigorously exacting clear-cut opinions on doctrinal matters, should spread with great rapidity in an age when belief in Christian doctrines is either dying or dead.

Closely allied to mysticism, or the religion combining a maximum of feeling with a minimum of thought and action, is a species of modern radicalism for the historical influence of which I have profound respect and a large measure of sympathy, but which I regard as quite in-

adequate to take the lead to-day in the march of progress. I refer to New England Transcendentalism. It plants itself fundamentally on what it calls the "religious sentiment," as a distinct and special faculty of the human soul,—combining the quite unlike functions of intellectual intuition and emotional sensibility, and fitted, not only to apprehend supersensuous truths by direct vision or special illumination, but also to respond to them by an exalted range of feelings quite unlike all other sentiments in kind. For the great names which are most illustriously associated with this splendid movement of New England thought, and for the great good they have accomplished, I can yield to no one in point of admiration or gratitude; they are fixed stars in the galaxy of our age, and their light has come with divine cheer to great multitudes of darkened minds. But, however reluctantly, I am constrained to think and to say that their theory of religion is inadequate to meet the demands of the future, or even of the present. With all its mystical beauty and sweetness, it lacks a solid basis in thorough psychological analysis; it is a radiant dream, glorious and lovely, but not competent to fill the wants of humanity in this opening era of scientific thought. That there is indeed such a thing as "religious sentiment," I most certainly believe. But that it is a special faculty, a special power of reception of the highest truths which is not possessed by the pure intellect as such, I must as certainly deny. The primary and well established division of faculties is into thought, feeling, and will; or, in more technical phrase, the cognitive, sensitive, and conative faculties. What is called by Transcendentalism the "religious sentiment" is really a complex manifestation of the former two, thought and feeling; it does not constitute a fourth division, and can only be regarded as doing so in the absence of a scientific psychology. Thought is thought; feeling is feeling; and their union in consciousness cannot at all destroy their elemental nature. In a right use of language, the "religious sentiment" signifies the feelings or sentiments which accompany, or result from, the purely intellectual contemplation of the idea of God, regarded as an objective truth. It is not an intuitive faculty; it is not a distinct faculty at all; it is simply the play of feeling excited by religious thought. As well might we consider love towards parents as a faculty distinct from love towards children; whereas love is essentially love, whatever its objects, and however various may be the coloring given to it by the varying nature of its objects. Awe, veneration, love,—all the sentiments which enter into the so-called "religious sentiment" are of universal application; and when Transcendentalism builds upon the conglomerate as if it were a simple and original basis in human nature, it does but found its house, fair as are its proportions, upon the sand. A new phase of thought is succeeding to Transcendentalism now, which, while gratefully honoring its predecessor, must carry forward independently the same great work in the name of science.

RELIGION AS ACTION.

It is the characteristic of all formalism, legalism, ritualism, and so forth, to make religion consist in certain external observances, rites, or acts, which are supposed to be of saving efficacy. Dogma is of importance; emotion is of importance; but ceremonies loom up practically as supremely important, eclipsing even feeling and thought. This is not only the religion of fashion, which is naturally glad to escape the duty of living faith, but also of a very sincere and earnest set of people in whom the practical overbalances both the intellectual and the affectional nature. It is so much easier to go through a routine than it is to think hard or cherish exalted sentiments, that they come to rely on the performance of external actions as the substance of religion. Of course they soon come to be mere machines, losing heart and mind in a merely mechanical externalism.

There is also another and much more respectable class of persons who, being equally feeble in intellect and emotion, yet possess a vigorous moral nature. To them religion consists in the compliance with moral rules, the unreflective and uninspired doing of active duty. They are most excellent people, going through life with credit to themselves and usefulness to others, yet notwithstanding devoid of much that beautifies and ennobles existence. Correct in deportment, assiduous in duty, and exemplary in all relations, they deserve and receive unfeigned respect by giving themselves up to practical work as the main business of their lives, and by concentrating all their religion in action. Far be it from me to utter a word of disparagement where I so truly admire; but this idea of religion, omitting all that concerns the highest culture, the expansion and refinement and beautification of character in its more delicate aspects, leaves out much that is of incalculable value, and mistakes the part for the whole. Religion is more than moralism, though including it; and the emphasis on ethics which is practically neglect of intellectual, aesthetic, social, and spiritual culture distorts religion and belittles it.

THE EVIL OF DISPROPORTION.

There is a great deal of truth in each of the three conceptions of religion which I have briefly sketched, and to which almost all others may be ultimately reduced. The dogmatist, for instance, asserts the superlative importance of a true belief; and this it is almost impossible to overestimate. Yet the danger lies in assuming too hastily that a belief is true, and thereby putting all the energies of humanity under the guidance of falsehood, perhaps very cruel and noxious falsehood. If reason, and not revelation, is taken as the judge of truth, no harm ensues; for reason never assumes the prerogative of infallibility. But all history shows the terrible mischief of letting revelation pronounce that to be certainly true which reason pronounces to be doubtful or false. When this has happened, zeal for the safety of a creed has caused men to stifle mercy, and strangle freedom, and ride roughshod over every large interest of humanity. This is the evil of emphasizing belief unduly, and elevating dogma to the throne. Other and lesser evils result whenever mere feeling or mere outward activity receives the supreme and excessive emphasis.

Dogmatism values particular thoughts rather than thought; mysticism values particular feelings rather than feeling; formalism and moralism value particular actions rather than action. That is to say, they all value the definite and completed products of human faculties rather than the free play of the faculties themselves; and this over-valuation of the products, which is under-valuation of the faculties, is a natural consequence of the one-sided views of human nature implied by the defective views of religion just described. The finest and fullest thought ever conceived by the human mind will in due time be surpassed by its successors; and so will the noblest sentiments and the purest acts. It is a fatal error to prize the water you have drawn above the fountain from which you have drawn it. First in value is that in man from which all high thoughts and feelings and deeds proceed. While we love the truths we have won, let us love truth itself better, and be not unwilling to confess that what we once held or even now hold to be truths may yet turn out to be half-truths,—possibly even untruths. Whoever conceives religion in the one-sided manner I have depicted is unable to discern its true nature, or to protect himself from the countless brood of evils engendered by disproportion.

THE UNITY OF THOUGHT, FEELING, AND ACTION.

From what I have said, you may perhaps infer that I should urge the symmetrical development of thought, feeling and action, as equally essential to religion. This is true. The highest perfection of our humanity in all its aspects, not solely by individual but also by social effort, is, if I mistake not, religion's true end and aim. Conceding to each faculty the fullest and freest play consistent with the natural hegemony of reason and conscience, religion lays an equal emphasis on them all. Thought must lead; but it is no more important than feeling and will. It must decide all questions of duty or truth in the last appeal; but if it pours contempt on any one of its followers, it violates its high trust. Feeling must follow thought, adapting itself (as it always does in the end) to what thought declares to be the truth; although it stimulates thought to activity, it is itself the proof of that activity, and is indispensable to the whole and rounded character. But its place is not to govern. In every healthy mind, feeling takes care of itself, and in time will always twine itself about mature convictions as closely and as naturally as the vine clings about the supporting trellis. Hence it is unwise to borrow trouble or cherish anxiety, if new truths or beliefs produce disturbance of the feelings, or even distress. Be patient. Give the sentiments ample time to adapt themselves to what your deliberate reason accepts as true, and be sure that in the long run the truth will vindicate itself even to them. Whoever has a whole-souled devotion to truth, and cherishes the certainty that nothing else can permanently bless or benefit, will be willing, even while seeking to feed the sources of all noble feeling, to endure the temporary discord of heart and head in order to realize the higher concord that is made possible thereby. "Be simply true to truth," is the dictate of religion, "and the happiness that flows from consenting heart and head will only tarry; it is sure to come." This is the freedom that is needed: let the mind freely search for the priceless prize of truth, and let the affections freely follow in its wake to crown the victor with delight.

But this is not all that religion demands. The will is the centre of the personality. What thought decrees to be right, will must accomplish. It is the executor of a wisdom not its own; and the wisdom it executes is shadowy and unsubstantial till will has put upon it the royal seal of action. The stress laid on overt deeds by the more moralist is none too great, if equal stress is also laid on feeling and thought. The tree is known by its fruits; the faith is known by its life. Piffable indeed is the being whose religion does not create conduct in har-

mony with the highest conviction and the noblest sentiment. Only in the full-orbed symmetry of a character in which thought, feeling, and will are balanced and harmonized, can religion behold her work complete. To evolve out of crudity and malformation the perfect man and the perfect woman, is her task and glory. Three in one and one in three,—this is the real trinity of thought, feeling, and will, which constitutes the essence of every individuality; and religion has no other function than to fill the world with great and noble individuals.

THE NEW CONCEPTION OF RELIGION.

Perhaps you will now say: "This, then, is the essence of religion—perfection, or symmetrical development of thought, feeling, and will; of head, heart, and conscience."

Not exactly that. The perfection of humanity is indeed the object of religion, but it is not religion itself. Deeper than thought or will or feeling in its origin, religion appears in its universal aspect as the decree of Nature that her own ends shall be achieved, and hence as that inward impulsion of the soul towards the right and true which makes itself objective to thought in the ideal of humanity; while in its personal aspect it appears as the total and voluntary self-devotion of humanity to the realization of this ideal. Nothing is religion which does not include this profound impulsion of man's whole being to the conversion of ideal excellence into actual character,—this profound endeavor, partly within and partly beneath consciousness, to push forward the development of humanity in the direction of its natural and ideal goal. All religion implies these two things, an ideal and an effort to realize it. Herein it differs from simple morality. Morality proclaims a law, and commands obedience to it; religion is the inward impulsion of Nature, seconded by the conscious effort of the individual, to conform to it. It is owing to no man's choice that he has an ideal of what he ought to be ever before his eyes; Nature has provided this. Nor is it owing to any man's private thought that he feels bound by it as a sacred law; Nature, whether he thinks it or not, creates a sense of obligation which he cannot shake off even if he would. Am I wrong, then, in conceiving religion as something more than thought or feeling or will, and deeper than all these? As something ever active and creative in the very depths of man's being, impelling but not compelling him to a higher stage of development? Am I wrong in conceiving that this interior force, dwelling and operating in the very core of our humanity, holding up the everlasting ideal before our eyes, and laying upon us a sense of obligation to realize it which is a joy to the virtuous man and a knotted scourge to the vicious, is but an utterance within us of the one great law of the universe—*evolution*? If I am right in these surmises and in this conception of the essence of religion, many obscure questions seem to be illuminated by a sudden light.

For instance, the development theory, whether as presented by Mr. Darwin or by Mr. Spencer, has caught no glimpse of any internal cause operating to impel organisms in the path of continuous evolution; they have discovered real external causes at work in this direction, but that is all. Supposing that religion is an actual interior force, impelling man upward in the career of moral evolution—a force not purely voluntary on his part, but also at work within him beneath his consciousness, creating an ideal for his guidance and by a natural sense of obligation stimulating him to pursue it,—then here we detect Nature in the very act of evolutionary causation, at least in a single case; and it becomes by fair analogy at least an occasion for suspecting that in all evolution some similar cause is operative. The apparent absence of any such interior cause, distinct from the action of the outward environment, has been and is the greatest deficiency in the evolutionary philosophy. But if I am right in my conjectures, an interior force has been discovered in the moral evolution of man which directly operates to improve the species, and which involves the co-operative action of the universal whole. Reasoning backwards from this case to other cases, it becomes at least a legitimate scientific hypothesis to imagine that Nature is not a blind or random worker in that process of universal and continuous evolution which is the great miracle of modern science.

Again, if my view of religion is sound, the phenomena of conscience become more clearly intelligible. Why is it that right-doing produces happiness and wrong-doing misery? No cause has been hitherto discoverable. If Nature, however, ordains the faithful but free pursuit of the moral ideal by each individual, as her chosen means of ultimately improving the human species as a whole, then we discover a reason for the connection of spiritual peace with faithfulness and spiritual pain with unfaithfulness. These consequences of our moral action would become her admonition to us, her encouragement to co-operate with her by virtue, and her rebuke for our refusal to co-operate. To render strict obedience to our ideal and to pursue it with unquenchable devotion, would be to harmonize our private wills with the great dominant and evident purpose of the universe, and would nec-

essarily create in our consciousness a sense of harmony with it which could be only a pure delight,—nay, the purest of all delights; while our wilful disobedience of the ideal would be to place ourselves in direct opposition to the general current, to thwart to the extent of our puny power the universal purpose, and inevitably to create within us a consciousness of discord and disharmony with Nature which could be nothing but pain. In this manner a reason becomes visible for the constant association of pain with vice and of happiness with virtue which otherwise seems not discoverable.

This, then, to recapitulate, is the conception of religion that I would urge, as something far deeper and sublimer than any special belief that could be mentioned: namely, a permanent creative force in human nature, partly voluntary and partly involuntary, which prompts an active effort to perfect human nature itself by constant and increasing conformity to ideal excellence in all directions. Is not this conception so vast and grand as to mark a palpable advance in religious philosophy? Does it not carry forward, and, as it were, consummate, the magnificent movement made by New England Transcendentalism in the history of thought? Does it not leave absolute freedom for the intellect to investigate all problems, even including the questions of a personal God and personal immortality, without pledging it beforehand to arrive at any particular conclusion; and thereby to lay solid and deep the foundations of a true science of religion? And does it not plainly subserve the highest interests of religion itself, by creating a complete reconciliation between it and science, and thereby obviating the most threatening danger of religion at the present day; namely, the revolt of modern scientific thought against her claims? For myself, I can answer these questions in only one way; and I have availed myself of this opportunity to make a more thorough explanation than I have been hitherto able to make of the definition of religion offered in the Fifty Affirmations: "Religion is the effort of Man to perfect himself." I trust it is not too much to ask that those who are really interested in the great questions of religious reform will give at least a thoughtful and candid consideration to the views here presented.

GRADATIONS OF RELIGION.

What I have said thus far, however, may not be wholly clear, unless something further should be added. A profound interior impulsion to seek the complete realization in character and in society of the highest idea of human excellence constitutes, as I have endeavored to show, the true essence of religion. But the direction taken by this interior force must depend, so far as it is affected by the human will, on the degree of intelligence at any particular time developed in the human mind. If man is ignorant and uncultured, his religion will reflect the fact; his ideal will be low and imperfect, and scarcely appear to deserve the name of an ideal at all. When the savage construes religion to include the slaying of his prisoner of war at the altar of his gods, and perhaps even the eating of his flesh in a solemn sacrificial feast, the civilized mind revolts with horror from the spectacle, and exclaims that this is not religion, but pure superstition. Yet cannot we discern, even in these horrid rites, the stirrings of a feeble sense of duty, which needs but to be enlightened to echo instantaneously the protest of civilized man? Superstition itself is a conglomerate of utterly irrational notions with this germinal principle of true religion. Education and culture, long continued through many generations, will suffice to rectify the evils of superstition by fostering the development of the divine seed it contains. Through numberless stages must ignorant and superstitious man patiently pass, before his savage religion can become civilized, emancipated, and purified. But it concerns us all to do justice even to superstition itself, and to perceive that it is only the crude, perhaps vile and disgusting, commencement of what all the world shall at last unite to reverence. The thread that shall guide us through the tangled labyrinth of historical religion, notwithstanding the frightful sights and sounds that assail us on every hand, is the clearly conceived and firmly held principle that religion is essentially Man's effort to perfect himself according to the light that is in him; and that, in proportion as his light increases, his religion becomes purer and nobler. With this principle to guide us, we shall be ourselves amazed to see how plain grows the path we are to tread.

RELIGION AND THE BELIEF IN GOD.

But it may be a source of disquietude to some gentle and reverential natures that it should be even proposed, explicitly and directly, to divorce the idea of religion from the idea of God,—to the extent, at least, of leaving the existence of God an open question to be answered by scientific thought. Let me say a few words on this point.

The inevitable consequence of adopting the conception of religion here sketched is certainly to make the spiritual evolution of humanity towards truth and right the direct object at which religion must aim; and to leave the mind at perfect liberty to determine, according to the

fixed laws of thought, what truth and right are, and what the spiritual evolution of humanity requires. It is true that religion, thus conceived, cannot assume beforehand even that God exists; and the devout spirits that find the very breath of life in their faith in God, and have never felt the enormous pressure of modern science against the ancient bulwarks of this faith, may not un-naturally shrink back from thus putting in peril the dearest conviction of their souls. For all such I can but feel sympathy as tender as it is sincere. It is to these very ones that I would say, Be brave and strong enough to rest your faith in God on faith in truth and right! If religion shall be consecrated solely to truth and right, as its just, natural, and necessary object, and shall waive frankly and avowedly the one *dogma* of God's existence to which it has hitherto convulsively clung, have you any cause to fear? Do you dread lest truth and right may possibly, after all, not lead to belief in God? Do you cherish a faith in him so feeble and unsound that you dare not trust it to the sentences of truth and right? Or would you wish to retain any faith against which the decision of truth and right should prove to be adverse? If these things are so, then your faith in God is only scepticism in disguise: you do not really believe in him at all; you cherish a belief whose basis you suspect to be rotten and false, and therefore will not suffer to be examined even by yourself. In such a belief as that, there is nothing noble, nothing that will not break and suddenly give way beneath the weight of unexpected disaster. No! It is because I do believe in God that I am willing to submit my belief in him to the sharpest and most searching scrutiny of science. I am willing to do with this my dearest belief what the Christian clergy dare not do with their own professed faith in prayer,—submit it without reserve to scientific tests, promising to abide by the result. If science can kill my faith, let it die! I want none that is not immortal. Trust me, it is no secret desire to get rid of belief in God that moves me to espouse this larger conception of religion; I desire only truth and right. If they confirm my belief, well and good; if shall then be infinitely more dear and precious than ever before. But if they destroy it, then, also, well and good! I shall not have been freed from an unsuspected superstition. Surely this is a manlier, a nobler, a freer, a more inspiring conviction, than the secret thought that belief in God cannot be trusted before the bar of truth and right! If indeed it cannot be trusted there, what is it worth? Or who would want it? Or why should any one weep when it is cast out in dishonor? But if before this august tribunal the belief in God shall receive the seal of truth itself, and rest no longer on childish guesses or traditions or scriptures, what believer in God could do otherwise than rejoice? It is time the world well understood that, in all questions of truth and right, the ultimate appeal must lie to the educated intelligence of the human race,—in one word, to science; and whoever has at heart a real belief in God will not hesitate to submit it to this or any other test. What could be clearer than that they who dare submit it have a mightier faith than they who dare not?

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

In fact, the destinies of religion are bound up, as I believe, with the possibility of broadening the popular conception of it in some such way as I have tried to show. The common people are little aware of the nature of the intellectual influences that are now acting upon them, and do not suspect the slow changes thus wrought in their own ideas. But it is true that the cultivated mind of to-day has broken with Christianity, and, for lack of the very conception of religion I urge to-day, is breaking with religion too. Deny it or disguise it as they please, the watchful and intelligent observers of the times know this to be the fact. Science has been compelled to assume an attitude of hostility towards religion which is indeed justifiable, considering the claims made by religion itself, but which is none the less injurious both to one and to the other. If forced to choose deliberately between the two, mankind must decide for science; they cannot help themselves. The knowledge of facts never gives way to anybody or anything; and that is what science is. Unless, therefore, religion can prove itself to be other than it has allowed itself to appear, its doom is sealed, and its very name will survive only as a part of history.

It is with utter earnestness, therefore, that I declare my own conviction to be that, unless religion has been described with substantial accuracy in what I have said to-day, it will wholly vanish from the world's life. If it is not substantially the effort of Man to perfect himself, unrestricted by the obligation of arriving at any foregone theological conclusions, the world will have no use for it hereafter. Whatever perishes, freedom of thought must survive. Yet I cannot frame any other conception of religion which shall utterly and unreservedly concede freedom of thought. In urging it, therefore, I believe that I not only defend science, but religion too, patching up no wretched compromise between them, but pointing out the common ground on which both may stand erect, as natural allies in-

stead of foes. Now, as ever, radicalism is the true conservatism; and if I had no other design but simply to conserve religion among men, without the least interest in the truth as such, I should most certainly urge these views of it as the only ones that could save it from destruction. Let that pass for what it is worth; I speak now as one who believes in religion, thus conceived, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head,—without apology either for the name or the thing, and without the smallest concession to the prejudice that assails either the one or the other. To-day I speak only to the large in heart and broad in mind,—to those who must accept science and would fain accept religion too. To these I say that science itself would lose her fearless love of truth, were it not that religion fed its secret springs; that social reform would lose its motive and inspiration, literature and art their beauty, and all human life its sweetest and tenderest grace, did not religion evermore create the insatiable hunger after perfection in the soul of man. Bright, cheerful, ennobling, stimulating, emancipating, religion is the greatest friend of humanity, ever guiding it upward and onward to the right and the true; aye, and to all we yearn for, if, as we believe, the right and the true are indeed the pathway to God.

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

N. B.—Brief and pithy extracts for this column will be gratefully received. Please send marked copies.

A CHEERFUL PROPHECY.—Germany has not been visited with these chastisements. So much the worse for Germany! "Whom the Lord loveth he chastises, even as a father the son that is dear to him. The son that is without chastisement is a bastard, whom its father is ashamed to own." Because, notwithstanding our guilty neglect of Catholic education of our Catholic youth in most parts of the United States,—notwithstanding that in many parts of the country the semblance of Catholic increase is due only to the tide of emigration from Europe, while the country is devouring the Catholic faith of the children born in it—we yet believe that God has purposes of mercy for our people. Our trials are coming—near at hand and very fiery.—*Freeman's Journal.*

A BATCH OF CHRISTIAN ADVERTISEMENTS.—These ludicrous attempts to trade on religion are contained in various English journals:—

E. J. TRINGHAM, DRAPER, ETC., DAVENHAM, CHESHIRE, has a vacancy for an improver, or junior hand. One diligent in business, who would help on the work of the Lord, preferred. State age, salary, references, etc.

A CHRISTIAN YOUNG MAN DESIRES TO OBTAIN a situation in any capacity of usefulness. He would like to devote his spare time to the Lord's work. Good testimonials. G. L., Post Office, Limsfield, Redhill, Surrey.

A GENTLEMAN OF CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE, with a capital of about £2,000, is desirous of entering into partnership with another Christian, where mutual sympathy might be relied on. A mechanical engineer or engineer's brass founder preferred. Address H. H., No. 40 New Bridge street, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

BUTLER WANTED—MUST BE A SINGLE MAN and one of the Lord's redeemed family. A Scotchman preferred. Address Mr. Allen, Inchmartin, Inchture, Perth.

A GOVERNESS, WHO DESIRES TO WORK FOR Jesus among his "little ones," requires a re-engagement. Satisfactory testimonials. Good English, French, and Music to junior pupils. Address Alpha, 25 Warwick Lane, Paternoster row.

GOVERNESS-PUPIL.—A LADY WISHES TO RE-CEIVE a young lady, to bring her up so that she may become an Efficient Teacher on Christian principles. Valuable Lectures given in the school. Age about 14. Terms moderate.

A CHRISTIAN YOUNG GENTLEMAN (WHO loves the Lord's work, going into the grocery business, would be glad if any brother could tell him of an opening in a small town, or large village. A. B., Balmoral House, Nelson road, Southsea.

WANTED BY AN EVANGELIST IN THE NORTH of England, formerly engaged in London, an engagement as accountant or bookkeeper, in any house of business in London or any part of the south of England. He would be glad to devote the whole of his time to the Lord's service, providing it be where the influence of man would not interfere with his following the leading of the Holy Spirit. Good references. Health of family is the cause of seeking a speedy change. Apply to A. B., office of The Christian.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—A STRIVING PROFESSIONAL man, and laborous worker in Christ's vineyard, wants to borrow twenty pounds for a short time. Please communicate, directly, with Mr. O'Connor, printer, No. 14 Myddelton street, Clerkenwell. Full particulars given.

HEALING THROUGH PRAYER.—THE ADVERTISER is a physician, suffering under paralytic infirmities, from severe arthritic neuralgia, the consequences of chilling exposure during seasons of itinerant gospel preaching. After having spent more than thirty years in the study of the ordinary science of medicine, he has, during the past ten years, abundantly proved in his experience and practice the superior blessedness and power of the divine precepts for healing, as recorded in the Epistle of James and other parts of the Scripture. He is desirous of meeting a few afflicted believers like-minded, particularly elders, Scripturally qualified, who would be willing to reside in the neighborhood of his present abode, for the purpose of united prayer, encouragement, and recovery from certain kinds of affliction, especially if judicial in their appointment, can only be obtained, and should therefore be sought, by sincere and fervent united prayer. Thus shall the Lord be glorified. Communications to be addressed to J. Payley, M. D., Oakland Lodge, Malvern Link, Great Malvern.

NO FELLOWSHIP.—Is it the duty of deacons of congregations to withhold or refuse to pass the emblems of the body and blood of our Lord (called the Lord's Supper) to those not members of the "one body," and those who have been excluded or from whom the fellowship has been withdrawn?

Please give the Scripture, pro and con, and oblige, A. DILLON.

This question was answered not long ago. It is clearly the duty of the deacons to refuse the loaf and cup to such persons. It is not possible to point to Scriptures that censure or forbid that which was never attempted to be practiced in the apostolic churches, so far as known to us. But the Lord's Supper was given to the disciples, to be kept by them. They continued steadfastly in the breaking of bread. When the apostle charges Christians to put away from among them the wicked person, it is clear that he is not longer to be allowed to continue with them in their Christian fellowship or acts of devotion. The Lord's Supper is one of these acts; it is the "joint participation of the body and blood of Christ"—and one put away has no right to such joint participation.—*Cincinnati Christian Standard* (Dec. 28, 1872).

AT THE CROSS.—Calvary is a little hill to the eye, but it is the only spot on earth that touches heaven. The Cross is foolishness to human reason, and a stumbling block to human righteousness; but there only do mercy and truth meet together, and righteousness and peace kiss each other. Jesus Christ was a man of low condition, and died a death of shame on an accursed tree; but there is salvation in no other. There is no mercy-seat in the universe, but at His feet.—*Dr. Hoge.*

ALREADY DONE.—A Maine correspondent in the *Herald* of Dec. 12, inquires, "Will not some Yankee invent a heart-stretcher, and give it the power of a stump-machine?" Already done by the Lord, my brother, and done far better than you request. The grace of God will do the work thoroughly—completely. Recommend the people to try it. It will put the heart right for any and every good work; and it never fails.—*Zion's Herald.*

LOCAL NOTICES.

FIRST INDEPENDENT SOCIETY.—The regular meetings of this Society are held at OGDON HALL, St. Clair Street, on Sunday evenings, at 7½ o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

CAPITAL, \$100,000. SHARES EACH \$100.

The Association having assumed the publication of THE INDEX, the Directors have levied an assessment of ten per cent. on each share for the year ending Oct. 30, 1872. All future subscriptions are subject to this assessment. Not more than ten per cent. on each share can be assessed in any one year. By the original terms of subscription, the Directors are forbidden to incur any indebtedness beyond ten per cent. of the stock actually subscribed; and this provision will be strictly complied with. It is very desirable that the entire stock of the Association should be taken, and subscriptions are respectfully solicited from all friends of Free Religion.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO STOCK.

ACKNOWLEDGED previously, Nine Hundred and Sixty-seven Shares, \$66,700.
W. A. TUCKER, West Newton, Mass., One Share, 100 \$66,800

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending March 1, 1873.

Lilly B. Head.....	\$ 3 00	Geo. W. Mead.....	2 00
Jno. Hoffman.....	10	Adolph Pfafflin.....	3 00
F. B. Hanson.....	75	Mary E. Hayden.....	3 00
Wm. F. Perkins.....	2 00	Henry G. Spencer.....	3 00
Leck T. Tufts.....	1 50	H. L. Runyan.....	1 00
F. B. Webber.....	1 00	Jno. Blain.....	75
E. Bryant.....	3 00	Dr. Rimbberger.....	1 50
Ada P. Gist.....	3 00	G. A. Atwood.....	1 50
Matthew Anderson.....	3 00	M. B. Leavitt.....	1 50
Elizabeth Blackstock.....	3 00	E. G. Blandell.....	75
Mary S. Osborn.....	3 00	A. O. Royleton.....	3 00
Ephraim Geo.....	1 50	E. Liverzey.....	1 00
D. C. Glover.....	2 00	W. T. Newton.....	3 00
D. Wilson.....	75	Mrs. M. A. Hale.....	3 00
Hollis H. Pinkham.....	3 00	Sophia B. Carter.....	3 00
Peter Newcomer.....	1 00	Dr. Alexander.....	50
L. C. P. Frer.....	3 00	E. G. Waters.....	7 00
D. C. Thayer.....	1 00	W. H. Chamberlain.....	7 00
R. M. Mellen.....	1 50	C. B. Powell.....	1 17
Harriet Dayton.....	1 50	Geo. H. Holtzman.....	13 00
W. J. Keen.....	1 50	Jno. G. Shortall.....	2 50
W. W. Laundon.....	3 00	Mrs. M. G. House.....	75
J. E. Hitchcock.....	6 00	Joseph Whitney.....	3 00
Chas. Long.....	1 50	Isaac Kolman.....	3 00
Thos. Nast.....	3 00	Bates (of Theo. Read-)	1 50
E. W. Knight.....	75	Ing Rooms.....	1 50
A. Vauclerk.....	1 00	F. Symmes.....	1 50
Jamen Rutledge.....	1 50	H. A. Mosher.....	75
Wm. F. Thornton.....	1 50	Mary J. Rogers.....	50
A. H. Wimbish.....	3 00	J. Mason Macomber.....	1 17
McKean & Forrest.....	3 00	C. G. Mason.....	1 50
J. B. Tenney.....	2 00	W. R. Pearson.....	3 00
L. T. C. Garvin.....	25	J. W. Sullot.....	6 00
L. F. Gardner.....	80	Wm. Morris.....	3 00
Henry M. Dexter.....	25	Wm. Sterns.....	3 00
Jay W. Sharp.....	10	L. B. Burr.....	2 00
T. W. Hugginson.....	20	J. W. Gilchell.....	75
P. H. Bateson & Co.....	20	A. J. Root & Co.....	10 00
Arthur Hildreth.....	10	Jno. Wetherbee.....	10 00
Dr. Margier.....	25	Jno. Winslow.....	2 50
L. E. Marquisee.....	20	Philip Chatterton.....	3 50
E. Ripley.....	10	H. A. Mills.....	3 50
S. Mason.....	35	O. Chris. A. Day.....	50
Wm. Tasker.....	35	C. K. Emerson.....	50
Mrs. C. L. Case.....	8 00	Dwight P. Wilcox.....	50
David Wright.....	4 00	L. W. Otis.....	50

The Index.

MARCH 8, 1878.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, with out seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features, and offers an opportunity for discussion on this subject which shall do no wrong place in other papers.

The columns of THE INDEX are open for the discussion of all questions included under its general purpose.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

BUSINESS NOTICE.—All communications without exception, on all matters pertaining to the paper, should be addressed to "THE INDEX, DRAWERS, TOLEDO, OHIO." All cheques, drafts, and post office money orders, should be made payable to "THE INDEX ASSOCIATION." No responsibility is assumed for loss of money or neglect in the fulfilment of orders, unless these directions are STRICTLY COMPLIED WITH.

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, Editor
ADAM WALTER STEVENS, Associate Editor.
OCTAVIAN BARNES FROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WENTWORTH HODGKINSON, WILLIAM J. POTTS, RICHARD P. HOLLOWELL, WILLIAM H. STREETER, MRS. E. D. CHERRY, REV. CHARLES VOTRY (England), PROF. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England), REV. MONSIEUR D. CORWAY (England), Editorial Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Please send all matter intended for any particular issue of THE INDEX at least a fortnight in advance of date. We shall be very greatly obliged by attention to this request.

Attention is invited to the advertising rates of THE INDEX as adopted by the Directors of the Index Association at their last meeting. They supersede the unauthorized rates announced by mistake in THE INDEX of February 15.

The Independent says: "The Catholic World wittily suggests that Mr. Abbot, of THE INDEX, 'renounce his Popish name, in his zeal to abolish every vestige of Christianity.' Not so fast. Every Catholic has to renounce 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' We shall be ready to renounce the 'Abbot' when our witty critic is ready to renounce the 'World.'"

Whether the following satirical characterization of an "out-and-out Christian," given by Dickens in *Oliver Twist*, will be accepted by the parties described as scientifically accurate, may be doubtful; but at any rate it may throw some light on the probable meaning of the Turks when they talk of "Christian dogs."

"He's a rum dog. Don't he look fierce at any strange cove that laughs or sings when he's in company!" pursued the Dodger. "Won't he growl at all, when he hears a fiddle playing! And don't he hate other dogs as ain't of his breed! Oh, no!"

"He's an out-and-out Christian," said Charley.

"This was merely intended as a tribute to the animal's abilities, but it was an appropriate remark in another sense, if Master Bates had only known it; for there are a great many ladies and gentlemen, claiming to be out-and-out Christians, between whom and Mr. Sikes' dog there exist very strong and singular points of resemblance."

The increasing audacity of the Catholics of this country is well illustrated in the attempt to exempt certain Catholic books from United States duties. It is inconceivable that the request should be granted. Yet stranger things of the kind have happened, especially in New York. Let the Committee on Ways and Means be watched closely.

"Mr. Roosevelt, of New York, has introduced in the House of Representatives at Washington a bill to relieve certain books from duties, which provides that the following books, to-wit: 'The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland,' 'The Illustrated History of Ireland,' 'The New School History of Ireland,' 'Jesus and Jerusalem,' 'Visits to the Altar of Mary,' 'The Living Crib,' 'Student's Manual of Irish History,' and 'The Catechism of Irish History,' all by Sister Mary Frances Clare, of the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare county, Ireland, and which are published solely for the benefit of the poor, be admitted into the United States free from any duty which is now or may be hereafter laid upon foreign books or publications under any law. The bill was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means."

THE COUNTER-PETITION SENT TO CONGRESS.

The following additional lists of signatures to the remonstrance against the proposed Christian Amendment to the United States Constitution have been received since our last acknowledgment:—

Dr. C. G. Clark, Maumee City, Ohio, sends two hundred and forty-one names; Mr. S. W. Ayers, Delta, Ohio, thirty-five; Mr. D. W. Gilbert, Keene, New Hampshire, eleven; Mr. Geo. E. Bradford, Keene, New Hampshire, eleven; Mr. Ernest Prusslug, Chicago, Illinois, thirty-seven; Mr. James Robinson, Syracuse, New York, seven; Dr. J. S. Gijon, Oskaloosa, Iowa, seventy-six; Mr. George Stafford, Norwalk, Ohio, eighty-nine. In addition to these, three single signatures have been sent.

These lists raise the total number of names forwarded directly to this office, and acknowledged in THE INDEX, to Thirty-five Thousand, One Hundred and Seventy-nine (35,179). Pasted all together in a huge roll, the remonstrance measures nine hundred and fifty-three feet in length, and would have been more than a quarter of a mile long, if so many of the single petitions had not had double columns of names. It was forwarded by express to the Hon. Charles Sumner, at Washington, on February 26, the day when the National Convention of the Christianizers assembled in New York. Last year Mr. Sumner wrote us that he would present the remonstrance "with pleasure and sympathy," and it was therefore sent to his care, with a request that, if his feeble health should prevent his doing so, he would place the remonstrance in the hands of some fellow-senator in sympathy with its object. It is greatly to be hoped that Mr. Sumner himself may be able to present it. Before these words meet the eyes of our readers, however, it is probable that the telegraph will have already announced its presentation. Coming directly after the New York Convention referred to, the object of which is to secure the adoption of the very amendment now so numerously protested against, the remonstrance cannot fail to call public attention to the fact that a deep and widespread interest is taken in this attempted outrage on religious liberty. The list ought to have enrolled a million names; and the only reason it does not is to be found in the general scepticism still prevailing as to the vitality of the aggressive movement. But the protest is strong enough to be heard, even by politicians; and the time and labor spent in securing it could not have been better devoted. May the cause of freedom be indeed as safe as so many fancy it!

ENLISTING THE WOMEN.

The call for the National Convention just held in New York by the advocates of the Christian Amendment will be found on another page, with the list of names in full. At present writing, only the most meagre report of the proceedings has reached us; but the statement that "a resolution was adopted calling upon the women of the United States to aid the work of the Convention," is significant. Probably a great majority of the women of this country would be in favor of the movement; and, if their sympathies are once fairly and fully enlisted, their influence will be great. Nor is there any reason why their sympathies should not be enlisted. Women are usually less governed by considerations of expediency than men; they respond more directly to an appeal to their hearts or consciences. Since the great strength of Evangelicalism, in all the churches of the land, is to be found in the women, it is only necessary to convince them that their religion demands the recognition of God, Christ, and Bible by the government, in order to make them enthusiastic workers for the project. It will be easy to convince them of this. They will not, as their lukewarm husbands do, say A and refuse to say B. The fact that a powerful attempt to carry out the project would raise such a storm as this country has never yet seen, would not weigh much with them. They will be willing to sacrifice anything for their religion; and their own enthusiasm would soon quicken the sluggish blood of

their Christian brethren. It is a shrewd policy in the Convention to appeal to the women. Whatever work they take up in good earnest, they are willing to spend time, labor, and money for; and, while they generally have to get the money from the men, they proved in the late war how much their own energy and zeal can accomplish. It is sad to think what splendid devotion is now all ready to be offered up on the altar of a terrible superstition. When the clergy and the women conspire together, he has brains more dense than *lignum vite* who can discern no peril to liberty.

PITY ME.

I knew of a lady who was breakfasting with Samuel Rogers, the hospitable English poet. Presently a servant looked in and made this mysterious remark: "Please, sir, the *pity me's* is all out!" The poet explained that, having always a great many more invitations than he could accept, it was his custom to keep on hand a supply of note-paper, on which he had written, "Pity me, I am engaged;" and these had merely to be forwarded by his servant to the proper address. On this occasion, the supply of "Pity me's" had given out.

From good Christians towards supposed heretics, the supply of pity never gives out. But it is curious to see how, in religious newspapers, the tone of "pity-me" is undying. In newspapers avowedly atheistic, like the Boston *Investigator*, there is sometimes observable a tinge of sadness which might be dispelled, it would seem, if its brave editor believed in personal immortality. But this shadow itself is sunshine, compared with that which constantly shows itself in religious newspapers. Probably it is because the worst sorrow of the atheist is after all secular, and will end with time; whereas that of the Evangelical believer is projected into eternity, and covers a supposed world of ruined souls.

Be this as it may, it would seem that all the modern improvements in Evangelical theology had not yet removed the Puritan gloom. What confessions those are in the old journals of "holy Mr. Cotton" and the wonderful Mathers! "I have sinned myself into utter darkness." "I was in the suburbs of hell all day." Surely, one would think that, in these times of bilious Beechers and horse-loving Murrays, all these shadows would disappear.

But it is not so. The horseman cannot ride away from his sorrow: *post equitem sedet atra cura*. One may open the *Christian Union* itself, and there, in the very table-talk of the Beecher family—jubilant, popular, healthy, wealthy, and wise as they are—appears this note of hereditary gloom.

Take, for instance, the number for February 5, which lies before me. Thomas K. Beecher, in a long article, defends the Pope for calling all modern civilization devilish, and urges the same view:—

"We may find many reasons for calling civilization devilish. . . . If Satan be archangel fallen, imperious, proud, and loving liberty, and longing for opportunity and spread, then it cannot be denied that modern civilization, in its love of liberty and reviling of dignities, strikingly resembles its author."

Turning to another column, we find Henry Ward Beecher making admissions, which seem to me enormous, as to the gloomy side of his own nature:—

"I suppose there is not a thoughtful or sensitive man on the earth who has not days when it seems to him as though everything on earth was vanity and vexation of spirit, and as though life was worthlessness."

Now I hope I am not wholly without thought or sensitiveness, but I can honestly say that I have not had such a day as this since I can remember; and I trust that there are many quite as fortunate. Five minutes at a time of such an unreasonable mood one might confess to having had; but even that seems a thing to be ashamed of, and it would be more charitable to attribute it to the neglect of the laws of digestion. But in Mr. Beecher's case, I think they came directly from that dreadful boyhood which he describes in the same column; that period when he found

the thought of heaven itself "a sorrow and a sadness," because he thought that "Catharine and Mary and Edward and William" would go to heaven, but that he, because he had not been "converted," would not. And to think how many children are still living under that blighting shadow—poor little things!

Yet, in another column, we come upon still stronger confessions, which seem to me, I must say, very morbid:—

"When I was abroad, and could not speak a foreign language, and neither knew nor was known, I became profoundly lonesome. I was homeick; and not only that—I felt that I was worthless. To be annihilated, and to be conscious of it, is a condition of great suffering to a proud man; and to go round from town to town, and think that I was the most insignificant and worthless of all things, was a sore trial. I was nothing to anybody, and nobody was anything to me. I went round a wretched shadow—only it was a shadow that had a heart in it, and that could suffer pain. And I remember that this passage came to me—'Ye are no more strangers and foreigners.'"

Now when one thinks of the immense charm and delight of the first glimpse of foreign life to an American,—the novelty of the simplest things, the sights in the shop windows, the charm of the home life, the spectacle of this new world of human beings "loving and beloved, by Nature endeared to one another," as Epictetus says,—it seems to me simply incredible that any healthy-minded man should feel for ten minutes as Mr. Beecher felt. To be "insignificant!" Cannot even an American consent to be personally insignificant for a day or two, and lose his own momentous individuality in the presence of a new world—the old world of human beings? Why, Carlyle's looking up at the stars and groaning out, "It's a sad sight!" seems to me no remoter from a healthful and natural condition. I remember with joy the different sensations of Maria Mitchell, who told me that, when alone in Paris, waiting for her friends and her letters of invitation, unable to speak one word of the language, she wandered about in perfect happiness, full of exhilaration at the joyous world around. But then, Maria Mitchell was brought up a "Friend" of the most liberal school! Is that the difference?

I have purposely chosen the *Christian Union* and its kindly editor, as offering the most favorable side of what is called Evangelical religion. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, how shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" If these representatives of sunshine still carry the shadow about with them, what shall we expect of the author of "Finney on Revivals"?

At one of the last New England Yearly Meetings of Friends, there were present some of those cheerful exhorters who are laboring to reform all the ancient dignity and sweetness out of the Society, and, instead of "waiting on the Spirit," to substitute all the noisy ways of modern revivalists. One of these, meeting a sweet and brave young girl, a member of the Society of Friends by birth and of the Free Religious Association, said to her half doubtfully, "I suppose you ply us?" To which the frank maiden answered, with an equal plainness of speech, "Yes, I am sure I do." And there the discussion ended.

T. W. H.

TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

This is the title of a very small volume of forty-four duodecimo pages, which probably has not been sent to THE INDEX, or to any other paper. It does not belong to the class of books with similar names, designed to show the Orthodoxy of Jesus and the Jesuitism of Orthodoxy. Its intent is not doctrinal even after the most liberal fashion, but practical solely. The author collects only those sayings of Jesus that bear on human duty, omitting the precepts which have a religious significance, or which prescribe duties to God. Nor even in this respect is the selection comprehensive. The pages contain almost nothing from the Fourth Gospel,—not apparently for the reason that the Fourth Gospel is less authentic than the others, but because its language is more abstract than that of Matthew; and yet this is

merely conjecture, for there is no critical or explanatory preface telling on what principle the compiler excluded what most Christians regard as the deepest practical sayings in the New Testament conveyed in the language of the "beloved disciple." Perhaps the practical teachings of the Fourth Gospel were considered to be addressed more particularly to Christian believers,—as indeed they are,—and therefore to be less general in their application. The author wishes to present none but universal aphorisms. His single sentence of preface declares that "the object in publishing this selection (chiefly from the text of Matthew) is to present, in one body, those sayings of Jesus which give rules of life applicable to all men and all time."

But here again we are met by a difficulty. On what principle, or by what rule, are these separated from the rest? Who is to judge what sayings are universal and what are not? If each individual must decide this for himself, no single compendium will answer the purpose. There are those who doubt, and with reason too, whether any of them are in the strict sense of the word "universal,"—whether all of them are not more or less incidental and local, formed to suit the exigency of an approaching end of the world. If the fundamental idea of Jesus was—as it appears clearly to have been—that the new state, the "kingdom of heaven," might be expected any day, before his disciples could carry the tidings of it to the cities of Israel, such a conception must have colored all his practical teaching and dictated most of it. Whoever reads the New Testament with this thought in his mind will have unexpected light break out on him from every sentence.

Now the teaching which was prompted by an anticipation like that of the approaching termination of the existing order of things is applicable only to such as cherish the anticipation. So far from meeting the wants of all men in all time, it meets the wants of a very few men at a peculiar juncture in time. It is teaching suited to an emergency, and to such an emergency as may never be thought of again. Nearly the whole of the "Sermon on the Mount" is composed of precepts of this character. The ethics of Matthew, more than any others in the Gospels, far more than those of John, bear the stamp of the millennial idea. They are unsuited to the requirements and impractical in the circumstances of a continuously progressing world.

But passing this consideration by, neither raising any question in regard to the authenticity of the language put into the mouth of Jesus, yet our doubts respecting the compiler's method are not at an end. Why, for example, does he omit some precepts and insert others of precisely the same complexion? Why does he strike out the injunction to turn the other cheek to the smiter, and allow to stand the command, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away"? Why does he print as from Jesus the strong language respecting adultery in the fifth chapter of Matthew, and drop the equally strong language dissuading from marriage in the nineteenth? The one passage is as emphatic as the other, and no less authentic. If it be said that the one is applicable to all men equally, while the other is applicable to none but men singularly circumstanced, it might be asked again on what ground people are recommended in these times and places,—in New York and Boston, for instance, to say nothing of other cities,—to live like the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field, toiling not, neither gathering into barns? A word or two of explanation would not have been amiss here; the task of the interpreter comes in play. And yet nothing is so dangerous as interpretation; for no interpretation is final, and through the multitude of interpretations the meaning of the text is frittered away. The compiler showed his wisdom in printing the simple language, leaving each person to be his own expositor.

There is still another question,—that of authority,—which we need not discuss. The readers of THE INDEX are tolerably familiar with the thought, that moral teachings like all others must depend on their own merits for the weight they carry.

O. B. F.

THE MORAL DANGERS OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I have spoken of the physical evils which anxious parents reasonably apprehend for their children in trusting them to the mixed society of a large public school. But there is a still greater danger in the contact with moral evil, which fills both teachers and parents with anxiety.

The children of depraved families who have been familiarized with coarseness, vulgarity, vice, and crime from their infancy must be educated, must be admitted to the public schools, and sit side by side with the children of respectable, orderly, and protected families. Will not the influence for evil thus exerted be too great a price to pay for education? Ought not we to separate the sheep from the goats, and to give these children of misery and vice instruction by themselves apart from those who are as yet uncontaminated by evil?

How many a teacher shudders at this problem, and asks herself how it is possible to guard her little flock so carefully as to save it even from this wolf within the fold!

On the dark theories of human nature and its proneness to evil, I can see no hope for humanity generally—only a possible salvation for a few; and with this faith I should feel like isolating a few precious specimens to preserve the ideal of humanity which might otherwise be lost. This seems to be the utmost which the old Church aspires or claims to do. It will save at least a portion. It counts by numbers, and does not esteem it failure if any be saved, however many are wholly lost.

But the larger faith of Free Religion treats this problem quite differently. It first asserts the eternal, omnipotent power of good, instead of dividing its reign with an equally potent prince of darkness. It also believes in a perpetual progress of good over evil, its negation and opposite. It esteems all humanity as one, and does not count its success in regenerating and saving it by numbers. It is still imperfect and failure, if any are left out. No soul is saved if any soul is lost.

On these principles, we accept the great problem of universal education by which the child ill-born and ill-nurtured shall have his chance with the more favored ones, believing that he will rather gain life and health from the good influences around him, than be able to overcome them by his evil.

But in order that this result may follow, it must not be a sluggish, negative goodness to which we trust. The children of more favored classes may only seem better because their moral disease takes less active and open forms, and they will be corrupted by contagion if they have not inward strength to resist it.

All experience shows the great difficulty in grouping together children with bad tendencies. They strengthen and harden each other. But let them come into a society of average boys and girls on equal terms, feeling that goodness is expected from them, and that their chance is as fair as all others, and there is a great stimulus given to the desire for excellence. One teacher who had much experience with pupils of this class used to seek to help them to some slight intellectual superiority over the other by showing them quick ways of performing examples in arithmetic, or by pointing out studies in which they could easily excel, that she might excite a sense of self-respect and a desire for excellence.

One thing we know, that, if our children are protected from evil when young, they cannot always remain so. Life will bring them into contact with many forms of danger. If the guard is an outward one, it will fall; if it is inward, it will protect them. The teacher must strive to create a public opinion in the school which will make every new-comer shrink from presenting his evil side, and aim to secure the good opinion of those around him. Such an influence in the school does not stop there; it goes out from the school and affects the family at home. In one of the worst districts in the neighborhood of Boston, a public school teacher produced such an influence that the Chief of Police in his report expressed his gratitude to her for the good she

had done in the district, which was apparent in the diminution of vice and crime.

When we consider the dark and terrible side of our civilization, the poverty, disease, filth, vice, and crime of our dangerous classes, it seems as if these quiet influences of trust and faith and love and wisdom were very feeble weapons with which to fight them; and we long for some mighty engine with which to battle down these terrible evils. But it is all in vain; only the slow, steady, quiet forces of Nature will do the work.

"The world is wide, these things are small—
They may be nothing, but they are all."

A moral quarantine will not secure us against infection, and there is no infallible specific to cure moral disease. "The blood of Christ," that is claimed "to wash away all sin," has left us after nearly two thousand years with these dark stains still on our garments. It is only by purifying the atmosphere, and ordering the whole life according to the laws of right, that health can be secured. Education is to do this very work for us; and it can only do it wholly for one by doing it for all. The Crown Prince is not safe from the typhoid malaria, if it be suffered to exist in the country. It is only by destroying the cause of evil that we can escape from danger of its results. Education must be radical in its operations and meet the whole difficulties of the case, not accept a part of its work only and give up the rest to despair. E. D. C.

LONDON LETTER.

DECLINE OF THE OLD HISTORIC SCHOOLS: WINCHESTER, EATON, HARROW, RUGBY—THE "TUNDING SYSTEM"—TYRANNOUS CONDUCT OF HEAD MASTERS—"MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY"—HOW A LONDON CLERGYMAN BROUGHT ABOUT A WEDDING—CANON KINGSLEY AND THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

LONDON, Feb. 1, 1878.

The friends of culture in this country are in serious agitation at the manifest decline of the old historic schools. They seem to have fallen into the hands of governing Boards quite out of relation to the wants and tendencies of the age. When the recent "tunding" case occurred at Winchester School, the public was a good deal shocked to think that it was a legitimate scholastic right at that place for a large boy to inflict thirty strokes with ashen faggots upon a small boy at all, much less because said small boy declined to be examined as to proficiency in the school-slang; but it was astounded to find the Head Master of the school—Rev. Dr. Ridding—not only defending the tunder bully as "a sweet, gentle boy," but defending him in letters to the newspapers whose grammar suggested that he ought rather to be studying in one of the lower forms than teaching. The unanimous protest against the whole brutal system on the part of the press was supposed to have settled the matter; but to the general amazement, the governing Board of the school having met and sat on the whole affair have formally resolved to retain the tunding system, to be mitigated only by a right of appeal, on the part of the boy sentenced to be tunded, to the said Dr. Ridding, who described the young brute of the late affair as "a sweet and gentle boy." No one who is acquainted with the *esprit* of this school can doubt that the tyrants occupying the higher "forms" will make it so unpopular for a boy to appeal that the privilege will rarely be used. The big boys will be able to worry appellant little ones in a hundred ways. The little boy who suffered in the late case has suffered so much more from the displeasure of his masters since his parents brought the matter before the public, that it is to be feared that many a poor little victim will remain silent under similar inflictions in the future. But the general result is that Winchester School has been shown to be under the management of stupidity and cruelty, and the collection of boys who will be sent there in future will hardly represent the refined and careful families of the country. Such families have long since hesitated to send their children to Eton, as the moral condition of that school has for some time been notoriously unsatisfactory.

A boy is continually snubbed at Eton, unless his parents can afford to let him spend money recklessly. Harrow has had the misfortune to lose its best teacher, Professor Farrar, who has been made Head Master of Marlborough School; and the revelations made by Professor Farrar concerning Harrow before he left it,—showing the hopeless reign there of snubbing and spite at the cost of gentlemanly feeling and education,—have rendered many parents unwilling to send their children there. Marlborough School is no doubt a good one, but it lacks the reputation which has hitherto been so attractive in the older schools, and is very much out of the way. As for Rugby, it is absolutely flickering in its socket. The Head Master—Dr. Hayman, whom the Puseyites managed to put into the place of Dr. Temple when he was made a bishop—has been shown guilty of conduct simply disgraceful. He got his place upon certificates found to be fraudulent, in so far that they had been given him many years before for a totally different and inferior position. Having entered upon his post, he was met with general contempt by the pupils and subordinate teachers,—the latter, however, treating him with decorum. One of these teachers he chose to suspect of writing letters containing severe comments upon him. On being questioned, the teacher denied having written any such letters. For a gentleman, that would have been sufficient; but for Dr. Hayman it was not enough. He disbelieved the teacher's denial, and demanded of the governing trustees of Rugby that teacher's dismissal. The trustees examined the whole affair thoroughly, and became satisfied that Hayman's suspicions were utterly unfounded. Yet the Head Master, unconvinced, pursued a system of petty vengeance against the teacher in question, prohibiting his usual tuition of private pupils by which the larger part of his salary was obtained. Again the matter came before the governing body, and everybody supposed that they would at once dismiss a Head Master who, after obtaining his position fraudulently, had by his ungentlemanly and contemptible persecution of an esteemed teacher kept the school in an uproar. But the trustees, having again declared to Dr. Hayman that he had acted wrongfully from first to last, stultified themselves by admonishing him that, unless he could hereafter get along in a friendly way with Mr. Scott (the teacher in question), they should be forced to take more serious measures. Get along in a friendly way with a man whom he had persistently, against all evidence, declared a liar, and deprived him of several hundreds of pounds on that score! The trustees brought down general ridicule upon themselves for leaving a man, whose character they had by implication branded, at the head of the school which was associated with the great name of Arnold; but there the matter rests. Rugby is perishing. And there is not one of the historic schools of England to which a parent, caring much for the moral or intellectual future of his or her son, can be advised to send him.

I heard, by the way, a curious instance of the survival of that faith in muscular Christianity which seems to have owed a good deal of its origin to Dr. Arnold's use of the sixth form for the discipline of the school,—a bad principle, but one which Arnold finding in existence at Rugby made the best of. The boys of the sixth form chastised others only as deputies of Arnold, and at his command. In *Tom Brown at Oxford*, there is a case related where a boy had acted very basely indeed to a smaller boy and Arnold deputed a certain youth to chastise him. The youth who did the flogging is now a clergyman over one of the largest parishes in London, and one which has in it a great many poor people. There was in his congregation an interesting young woman who seemed to have many fine traits, but was cohabiting illicitly, without disguise, and apparently without any remorse, with a youth of the parish. The clergyman remonstrated with the young woman, and finally succeeded in impressing upon her the novel notion that she was doing wrong. She then requested the youth in question to marry her; he consented, but continually postponed the matter. The clergyman then went to see him; found

that he really loved the girl, and received from him a promise to marry her. Nevertheless, the matter was again postponed by the lover, until one day the clergyman went to the youth, and squaring his broad chest before him, concluded a pious appeal with these words: "And now, finally, my young friend, allow me to remark that—since that girl loves you and you her—if you are not man and wife in two weeks from this day, I will give you the soundest thrashing you ever got in all your life!" The youth was thunderstruck; gave a good long look at the shoulders and arms of the clergyman, and in three days came before him with the bride in a white veil leaning on his arm. I had this story from the chief actor in it.

I wish I could say that the famous "muscular" piety had no worse outcome than this; but even muscle does not give backbone, and the morning paper brings me to-day the most invertebrate production I have read this long time; namely, a letter from Charles Kingsley—no; Le is dead and buried—from Canon Kingsley to a great meeting met last night to defend the Athanasian creed. He wrote: "I have always held that the general use and understanding of the Athanasian creed would exercise hereafter, as it has exercised already, a most potent and salutary influence; not only on the theology, but on the ethics, on the science, physical and metaphysical, of all English-speaking nations. I believe that that influence was never more needed than now since the time of the great French Revolution of the last century, and I am, therefore, most jealous at this moment for the safety of the Athanasian creed." "I feel for, though I cannot feel with, the objections of many excellent persons to the so-called damnable clauses; but I believe that those objections would die out, if the true and ancient Catholic doctrine concerning the future state were better known among us."

M. D. C.

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

SOME OF THE STATEMENTS of President Eliot at the Harvard dinner at New York will interest readers of THE INDEX, I think. He spoke in reference to certain revolutionary changes, as reported in newspapers, in the system of education at Harvard. One paragraph in particular I wish here to quote. President Eliot asks: "What can be more preposterous than the assumption that the ordinary curriculum of an American college, uniform for all students, is the acme of wisdom and the consummate flower of all experience in training youth to liberal callings? . . . Now in this discussion Harvard has enlisted once for all on the side of freedom and variety of opportunity. I wish I could say to every one of the thousands of young Americans who are now planning how and where they may go to college, Get first a thorough school training; but when you have got command of your faculties, trust yourself to freedom, follow your bent, seek a wide choice of rich and various opportunities to learn, and be not deceived with any advice to the effect that unlike grains grow equally well on one and the same soil, that all people thrive equally well on one and the same diet, and that all young men of eighteen to twenty-two need one and the same training." He further says that there has "undoubtedly been at Cambridge, for the last twenty years, a gradual relaxing of out-grown rules and a gradual incoming of liberty. Every such relaxation, every new liberty, has proved a clear gain to the college, whether as regards the manners, morals, and studiousness of the young men, the temper and attitude of the teachers, or the tone and spirit of the place." When this "gradual incoming of liberty" at Harvard has reached the point of welcoming young ladies to share the benefits of the institution, I doubt not the same "clear gain to the college" will still be observable, "whether as regards the manners, morals, and studiousness of the young men, the temper and attitude of the teachers, or the tone and spirit of the place." But the college, according to the President, will not "go one hair's breadth in advance of public opinion." There is much promise in this statement. *Abreast*, will do.

MR. MURRAY has delivered twelve evening sermons in Music Hall, this winter, to large congregations. His concluding discourse was an effort to answer the question, "Why the religion of New England has failed to convert the people." He regards it as a grave problem. Christianity fails to convert a people peculiarly given

to religious impressions. "In any New England village, the majority of the professional and business men are non-professors, connected with no church; and this fact is equally true of the young. There are scores of men from twenty to sixty years of age, in any congregation in the city, who do not belong to the church, and are apparently unaffected by the preaching of the Gospel. From courtesy to the preacher, they listen week after week to his formal theological statements of what is necessary to salvation with patient indifference or good-natured incredulity, but they are no nearer being Christians, in the technical sense of the phrase, at the close of the year than at the beginning."

"The men who are not reached by the pulpits are men of influence, wealthy and energetic. They represent the influence associated with money, capacity, knowledge, and culture. They type and embody not only the grosser but the higher forces which to-day are operant for good and evil in American society. Among them are to be found the warmest hearts, the finest minds, the choicest spirits, and many of the most energetic and promising young men of the land. Without these, the church surrenders the hope and promise of future expansion and greatness. These people are not hardened and excessively wicked, they are not antagonistic to religion beyond the average disinclination to spiritual things common to all, they are not irreverently skeptical, they are not profane, they are not bitterly perverse. They are humane, generous, reverent, open to argument and spiritual persuasion. They lead moral lives, have religious sensibilities, and often set a worthy example to professors themselves; and they are not, as it is easy for the minister and deacons to call them, 'gospel-hardened.'"

Mr. Murray thought that religion had been badly associated with cant and formalism. "Formalism is the plety of form, such as formal and repetitious prayers by the laity and ministers, hackneyed exhortation, and the periodical anxiety for souls which distinguishes many churches. Cant may be either conscious or unconscious to the person using it. In the one case, it is hypocritical and thoroughly base; in the other, it may be innocent to the person using it, but none the less mischievous in its influence. In one form or the other, it exists to an alarming extent in New England, in pulpit and pew, in prayer meetings and conference rooms, and especially in Boards appointed by the churches to examine candidates for church-membership. Such assumed solemnity of face and voice; such studied efforts after the unnatural in tone and bearing; such overwhelming anxiety for souls, which, if real, would break the heart that feels it, but which is nevertheless carried without loss of appetite or sleep; such devotional stupidity and pious ignorance as are manifested by many professors of religion in our churches, is enough to sharpen the edge of satire against it and disgust the many. You can put the mantle of heaven upon the shoulders of bigotry and call it Orthodoxy if you please, but, if you do, the masses will denounce it. The humane and charitable element lives, but bigotry leads a wolf's life, and civilization, as it advances, is forever pushing it back into the recesses of barbaric existence. You may put men into office in the church who will go on for twenty years making the same prayer, but you do it at the risk of making your prayer-meeting an experience of pain and mortification, and religion in the person of your ignorant deacon a laughing stock to the village. No greater blunder can be made by the churches than to so conduct their administrations as to become the butt against which every wit in the village shall direct his arrow."

Mr. Murray thought also that there was needed in the Churches "less of Paul and more of Jesus—Jesus not as the centre of a theology, nor interpreted in the way of cant and sentimentalism, but in the way of charity, humanity, and compassion." He said, "the people are wearied with the proclamation of the Gospel in theological form." He described the New Englander as "inquisitive touching everything, including religion. He is not stupidly reverent. He can imitate, but no imitation can exhaust the forces of his nature. He is so capable that he must be original. In temperament, he is sanguine and impatient. He is more dangerous tied up than he is let loose. He needs a prairie for his play-ground and a Niagara for his water-power. Such a being will not be lashed and corded down to one position. He cannot endure dictation and cannot understand stagnation. With this radicalism, there is in every well-balanced New England mind a conservatism which acts as a brake upon the flying wheels of his thoughts and keeps them under control. The strength of this characteristic is seen in the slow acceptance of any idea of radical change. Owing to this, the great reforms have advanced slowly, and have had to beat their way against wind and tide. Instead of fearing creeds, such a people demand positiveness in religious matters. But in many Evangelical churches the creed is so inclusive in details, in doctrine, and Scriptural interpretation, and so exacting and arbitrary in its terminology, that no independent and partially informed

mind can honestly, at that point of spiritual understanding and development at which people stand when coming before the Committee of Conference, give assent to it. As an additional obstacle, the ruling spirit of the committee is often an over earnest or bigoted man who has no doubt but that the whole science of truth is inclosed within the sweep of his own little pair of compasses, and who feels that he is placed at the gate of heaven—viz., his little church—to protect it from the entrance of unworthy applicants. Hence the examination is often conducted in an inquisitorial and offensive manner, which proves a stumbling block to the timid and to all who hold themselves superior in things of the soul to human dictation, and especially the dictation of narrow-minded men. In these respects, so far as the practice and facts sustain the statement, our Orthodox churches are, beyond doubt, in opposition to the spirit of the age, and out of harmony with the people."

I venture this long report of this discourse, because it shows how well the situation may be comprehended by an Orthodox Christian clergyman, and because the preacher fails to indicate any remedy but that which lies in the direction of liberality and good sense. "Less of Paul and more of Jesus." That is one step. Less of Jesus is another step which will undoubtedly have to be taken ere the people of New England, not to say of America, will be converted to their own religion.

AT OLDTOWN, MAINE, a great "revival of religion" has been going on among the surviving Penobscots. These Indians are supposed to be civilized already. That is sufficient for this world. But for the exigencies of the next, it is imperative that they become Christianized. But neither civilization nor Christianization seems to rob them of native gifts. Unerring marksmen are they still. Let the following story illustrate. One Peol Sokis, a convert, told his experience in a prayer-meeting. "Oh, glory!" he cried; "me feel plous like hell." Could the pith and marrow of Orthodox revivalism have been hit with a more piercing shot?

FROM WHAT CAUSE my reference to *The Monthly Voice* in one of my recent Notes was robbed of its pith and truth, I will not venture even to surmise. But "*monthly*" is a tame substitute for "*moonly*," as everybody can see. Had the title of the little paper been *The Monthly* I doubt if it had been suppressed. But *Moonly* was more than Uncle Sam could freight.

BOSTON, Feb. 24, 1873.

Literary Department.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—All books designed for review in these columns must be addressed to THE INDEX, TOLEDO, OHIO.

La Cité Antique. Étude sur le Culte, le Droit, les Institutions de la Grèce et de Rome. Par FUSTEL DE COULANGES, Professeur d'Histoire à la Faculté des Lettres de Strasbourg. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie française. Troisième édition. (The Ancient City. A Study of the Worship, the Laws, and the Institutions of Greece and Rome. By Fustel de Coulanges, Professor of History in the Faculty of Letters at Strasbourg. Crowned by the French Academy. Third edition.) Paris, 1870. 12mo pp. 496.

This is a work of very great importance to all who are engaged or interested in the study of the origin and development of religious worship, of society and government, of morals and of law. It is more especially worthy of the attention of all those who are earnestly seeking the regeneration of religious, social, and political life, and who wish to know where their work really begins. To know where the battle for reform properly begins is more than half the conquest. It is a poor method and a wasteful one to begin at the periphery and work towards the centre. He who works from the centre operates in all directions at once.

M. de Coulanges tells us that in the house of every Greek and Roman was an altar, and upon this altar fire always burning. This in primitive times was the common hearth-fire, and the hearth-stone was the altar. Every evening the fire was covered up with ashes to prevent it from going out, and every morning the householder's first care was to renew the flame. Upon the wife devolved, after due initiation, the honorable duty of keeping up the fire in the absence of the master. This fire did not cease to burn until the family had altogether perished. An extinguished hearth meant in those early days the same as an extinct family. But not only was it imperative that the fire should be kept perpetually burning; it was also a religious precept that it should be kept always pure, which meant literally, as our author tells us, that no filthy object should be cast into it, and figuratively, that no blameworthy action should ever occur in its presence.

Thus we see what a sacred place the fireside

was in ancient Greece and Rome. The fire there was regarded as a kind of deity, a perpetual providence in the house; so that it was the custom to offer prayers and sacrifices to it. One beautiful prayer has been preserved to us in the Orphic hymns, which runs thus: "Render us always flourishing, always happy, O fire! Thou who art eternal, beautiful, ever young; thou who nourishest, thou who art rich, receive favorably these our offerings, and in return give us happiness and sweet health." No man ever left his house in those days without a prayer to the fire; and when he returned, he adored and invoked it, even before embracing his wife and children. Euripides represents Alkestis, who is about to give up her life for her husband, as thus invoking the household fire: "O Mistress, I go beneath the earth, and for the last time fall before thee and address thee. Protect my infant children; give to my boy a tender wife, and to my girl a noble husband. Let them not die, like their mother, before the time, but may they lead a long and happy life in their fatherland." If we go still further back we find that the Rig-Veda has many hymns addressed to the fire-god. One of them contains the following language: "O Agni, thou art the life, thou art the patron of man. In return for our prayers, bestow glory and riches on the father of a family who now addresses thee. Agni, thou art a wise protector and a father: to thee we owe life; we are of thy household." And with the Brahman, as in Greece, the fire-god was essentially pure—a guilty man might not approach his own hearth before purifying himself from the stain he had contracted.

The principal apartment in the ancient Roman house was, as we know, called an *atrium*. It took its name from the hearth (*black* from the smoke of the household fire) which was there situated. This fire was the centre of the domestic life of the Romans. All the other rooms of the house were in direct communication with the *atrium*. It was at once kitchen and reception room. Here the family assembled to partake of their daily meals and here, close beside the hearth, stood the marriage-bed. The good genii of the house had their places there. It was the spinning room where the housewife could superintend the cooking and the other work at the same time. It was, in other words, the family fireside, from which the whole life of the inmates of each house was ruled.

So if we come down to a later period, we find the same reverence for the hearth-fire among the ancient Saxons. Even at a very late date, long centuries after these people had been made Christians at the point of the sword, everything in the Saxon farmhouse centered in the great fire that burned on the hearth-stone. A German writer of the last century—Justus Möser, not much known outside of his own country, nor there as much as he ought to be—has left us a fine description of the old Saxon house and its interior arrangements. "The hearth," he says, "is the centre of the house; and there the farmer's wife has her throne. Without rising from her seat, she receives those who enter and bids them be seated, keeps watch over the children and servants, and also over her cows and horses in the barn hard by, and no one can enter cellar or garret without her seeing it. She spins and cooks at the same time. Her bed is close by the hearth, and from it she has the same command of all that goes on; she can see her servants go to bed at night and rise in the morning for work; not a door can be opened or shut without her knowledge. . . . The hearth-fire burns all day long, and is kept smouldering through the night in honor of ancient tradition." And such is the power of tradition and custom, that even the modern fire-police cannot succeed in making all the people put out their fires at night in this part of Germany. So in England, in former times, the house-fire was allowed to go out only on Easter Sunday, after which the chimney and fire-place were thoroughly cleaned; then the fire was re-kindled, and there was holy fire once more in the house for a whole year.

It may not, perhaps, at once appear what significance these household rites connected with the family fireside have for us who warm our houses with stoves and heat them with furnaces. But they are deeply significant, nevertheless. They will suggest to most persons capable of reflection the sacredness of the domestic circle, the all-powerful influence of home life. The ancient Pythagoreans believed in a great central hearth-fire, which warmed and vivified and sustained the whole material universe, and around which the whole universe was gathered. Ought not we moderns to know that every fireside is a reservoir of warmth and light, of ardor and inspiration, for all those who gather about it? Ought we not to know that it is in reality the focus of all our activity? Whatever happens in the great world of human effort, whatever great deeds are done in war or peace, whatever of noble thought, of artistic work, or of personal sacrifice for others' good,—all is but the reflection of the sacred flame that burns in the heart of the home. Is it not, therefore, clear that he who would purify human life must go first to its fountain-head? It is certainly time that men and women began to see that every true reform, whether in religion, in morals, in social or political life, begins, like all

true works of love, at home. It is at the fire-side that we mould society, mould the future. Thence springs all that is glorious and all that is shameful. From out of every hearth-fire there glares a demon, or smiles a god, upon every member of the family; and from this spot the child is sure to take god or devil with it into the world.

To those who would learn something of the historical relation of the family to civilization in all its principal aspects, there is no book that will do greater service, as an introduction to such studies, than this of M. de Coulanges. A reprint of an English abridgement of it has been announced in Boston—why not a translation of the whole work? T. V.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by F. E. ARNOT, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER X.

HARRY FRANKLIN.

"Well, Harry, how are you? I've just left a friend and relation of yours, who has bored me intensely with his preternaturally fraternal desire to keep you in England."

This remark was addressed to a young fellow, who had been amusing himself by looking over the contents of one of the many portfolios littering the rooms of Richard Sabin in Great James Street, Bedford Row—a semi-legal continuation of the latter thoroughfare, in which a good many young men of various professions have chambers—until the artist's arrival caused him to spring up, uttering an exclamation of pleasure.

"I'm glad you stayed," Sabin said, shaking hands, and clearing a seat for himself by the summary process of tilting the accumulated books, magazines, and papers on to the floor, and then kicking them under the table. The room was a front one, plainly-furnished and containing the plaster-casts, sketches, and miscellaneous paraphernalia proper to an artist's apartment; beyond lay a bed-chamber and studio, with the indispensable north-light. "And now let's have a look at you, Harry, my boy." So saying, Richard put his large hand on his cousin's shoulder and regarded him with much interest and kindness.

The object of this scrutiny and Mr. Pennethorne's disinterested solicitude was a tall, thin, long-visaged young man about twenty, of pale complexion and thoughtful, kindly countenance. He would not have been pronounced handsome by careless observers, for his features were neither regular nor particularly striking, but his face was full of character and highly prepossessing. He had curly, black hair, shading a good forehead, brown eyes, and a sensitive, if rather large mouth. Some how—perhaps in consequence of his earnest, intent look and a slight diffidence of manner, perceptible when he spoke—you obtained an impression that he was a very good fellow who hardly thought enough of himself, or was over-prone to defer to others. Sabin's salutation suggested this feeling, together with the heartiest appreciation of his relation's good qualities.

"Well, we seem in tolerable preservation," continued the artist. "And, now, stand and unfold yourself. What the deuce do you mean by travelling in company with that son of his mother, Dan Pennethorne? what does *he* mean by his blatherskite interference with your affairs? and what's this about Esther's going to America? Answer in one syllable!"

"You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth, first," replied Franklin; and then had to explain his quotation, for Sabin knew but little of Shakespeare and nothing of Rabelais. "But if you can be satisfied with separate answers, here goes. Imprimis, I met Pennethorne by accident, going to London like myself, and having no particular quarrel with the man—who has always been civil enough—couldn't well refuse to enter the same railway carriage. For much the same reason I took him to uncle's—he knows him and said he'd like to call. Secondly, he wants to marry Esther, and thinks that her emigration and mine will rather interfere with that project. Thirdly, she is going, but not till I have a home ready for her in Canada."

"Oh! that's all, is it? glad to hear it. I had begun to imagine some kind of exceptional kick-up had occurred, involving the *hegira* of both of you. Now I understand his concern about you. But d—n the fellow's impudence! You don't mean to say that Esther—the best girl in the world—has any notion of taking up with such a cad as that? It ought to be illegal. Isn't there anything against it in that highly interesting

page of the prayer-book which begins by forbidding you to marry your grandmother?"

"I think not; but don't be alarmed—there's no danger. The inclination's all on one side, I assure you. Men will have to be uncommonly scarce before Esther Franklin becomes Esther Pennethorne. One alliance with that family is quite enough for both of us."

"I should hope so. Is *she* in favor of it?"

"Only tacitly so. She told Esther, once, if things didn't suit her at home, she wondered she didn't get married and have a house of her own—then she could do as she liked. That and a few remarks about a pack of stuck-up girls who thought nobody good enough for them, and going through the wood to take up with a crooked stick at last, is about all."

"And what does your father say?"

"Oh, grins and jokes about the happiness of married life—you know his way. It's all nonsense, I tell you, and will come to nothing. What did Pennethorne have to say about me? I thought he was up to something by his wanting to see uncle."

"Well, he tried to persuade me that the devil isn't so black as I have been in the habit of supposing, but rather of a neutral tint—capable of being warmed up or toned down, according to treatment. *Could* you stand it, if you tried very hard? and is it worth while?" And Richard related the particulars of his recent interview with Mr. Pennethorne, at which the young farmer laughed heartily, observing that it served the woolstapler right for his interference; though he meant well in the main, apart from his own private and particular object.

"He's not such a bad fellow," he said, "barring the family characteristics of looking out uncommonly sharp after himself, and fretting and worrying. And, like his mother, he has got an uneasy apprehension of what people will say, if I go to America. Unfortunately, I can't be expected to sympathize with such very one-sided objections."

"Hardly. You've quite made up your mind, then? Have a pipe—no? then I will, and do you tell us all about it."

"There's nothing to tell beyond what you know already. Things have been going on in just the same old, hopeless way, and I'm quite sick and tired of them—any change must be for the better. Dick! I know you'll laugh at me, but upon my word sometimes I'm sorry for that woman. It seems such a dreadful thing to be born with such a disposition. She is one of those unfortunate, detestably-constituted people who are, I believe, not very numerous, but yet a distinct class, and appear to exist for no other purpose than to demonstrate how little circumstances can avail to insure happiness, when the nature is against it. She has everything that heart can wish, and turns it all to gall and bitterness—is both miserable herself and the cause of misery to others. When my father married her—or rather when *she* married *him*, for he drifted into it, and she was ravenous to jump into the shoes of my poor mother—Esther and I talked the matter over and resolved to make the best of a bad bargain. We couldn't *like* her—that was out of the question; but it was our duty to give no occasion for offence or quarrelling. No use in the world, bless you! She found us out directly. I'm confident there are persons who have an instinctive idea of the dislike they excite and a wilful, devilish pleasure in provoking it. And, by George! she's intolerable! There's no living with her, short of the most absolute, unmitigated, slavish subjection, or perennial shindies. We can't get a servant-girl to stay in the house; and Heaven knows the poor wench will put up with a good deal. She screws and saves and scrapes so that it's downright sickening. If a hen goes astray she's wretched for a fortnight, and the butcher has had such rows with her that the man positively refuses to come for orders. Think of that, Dick, in *our* house; in the old house that was—well, you remember! And yet she pretends to be religious; is in fact the hardest and narrowest bigot that ever squinted introspectively into her own demoralized consciousness, and exaggerated its worst features into a sort of mumbo jumbo, whom she worships with as much self-seeking, if not superstition, as an African savage."

"I should call her a d—d hypocrite!" said Sabin, opening his eyes at his cousin's tropes and metaphors.

"She isn't that. Indeed, I think there's less hypocrisy in the world than we're in the habit of supposing. It must be difficult work, always wearing a mask; and next to impossible to deceive those whom you live with. They're sure to get something like a right estimate of you, in the long run. Now my precious stepmother is quite in earnest, consistent in her way, and always convinced that she is in the right, even when doing her dirtiest, meanest actions. She can lie, cheat, suppress the truth, fly into a perfectly uncalled for passion, domineer, tyrannize, and all the time believe that she is one of the best and most ill-used of women. I've watched and wondered at it, often. It's an infernal kind of perversity, of which, I think, her sex is more capable than ours; because they act mostly from impulse and feeling, and so find it easier to confuse themselves about questions of right and

wrong than we do. A man will do wicked things, but he generally, at least, suspects himself to be a scoundrel. Now I doubt if Mrs. F. knows what justice is, or *could* practise it, if she tried ever so hard. And that's what makes her case so hopeless."

Sabin burst out laughing, which caused a mouthful of tobacco-smoke to go down his throat and set him coughing. "For a neat sum-up of anybody," he sputtered, "commend me to Harry Franklin! I wish she could hear your description of her. Why don't you have a shy at your own personal grievances?"

"Well, then, I hate her ways altogether. I know she grudges me the food I eat and the ale I drink, and that, when I help myself to anything, there's a miserable eye watching me, while its owner feels as if I were slicing away at her mean heart. It's disagreeable not to be able to open one's mouth to talk or joke on peril of misconstruction, feminine superlatives, or a row. (Such women always resent jokes, you know, with a spitefulness of which only dull, narrow-minded people are capable.) It's offensive to find everything put away and locked up, if I come home late and hungry—to have to *ask* for this or that, and to be served with an accompaniment of sour looks, snappish words, or the slamming of doors. I revolt at half-an-inch of rush-light specially shortened for me to go to bed with, for fear I should waste a farthing's worth of tallow. It riles me to know that she's prowling about afterwards, in the dark, to ascertain that the house isn't afire, or that thieves haven't got through the keyhole. I loathe cant, and injustice, and parsimony, and oppression, whether inflicted on myself or others. Lastly it's damnable to think that all these things, which one scarcely has patience to enumerate, are and will be persisted in because she *CAN* do them, and chooses to gratify her detestable nature at the expense of everybody else."

"Why, in Heaven's name, don't you hit back, hard and heavy, and make a fight of it?"

"What's the use? Think how it would be for father. He hates rows, and a man can't side against his wife. It's better that I should go for the sake of all parties."

"But will he consent? He used to be so fond of you and Esther, and—"

"And is still. Don't say a word against him, Richard. Some men can't strive against women, and—and, by George, I'm a coward myself in that respect. As far as a bit of sarcasm goes, I'm all there, but when it comes to daily scratching and snarling—a never-ending-sill-begging cut-and-dog-fight, in which victory and defeat are equally odious—I throw up the sponge. Nothing but downright brutality would do, and that's out of the question. I shall imitate dad—put on my hat and step out; and the sooner I do it the better. I thought once of trying Warwickshire; the Squire has a farm there, between Leamington and Birmingham, and was kind enough to offer it to me on pretty easy terms, but it was such poor land and so eaten up with rabbits that a man wouldn't have had a chance—take a score of acres to carry a couple of cows. So I shall go to America."

Dick looked at his cousin in a peculiar, knowing way, as if inclined to rally him on the suppression of something pertinent to the subject, conquered the temptation for the time being, and broached another objection.

"But, Harry, have you no apprehensions of the woman improving your absence and Esther's (supposing she follows) to your future disadvantage? Think of her greed, and your father's easy, yielding disposition. Why, she might do anything with him, with nobody to counter-check her rapacity."

"Well, I've thought of that, too; though there's no particular reason for the suspicion, at least at present. She doesn't seem to want me to go—perhaps from unwillingness to lose a victim. And I doubt if her selfishness is of the artful, plotting order; though God knows what opportunity may develop. Any way I must risk it; for my life here is too miserable to be endured."

"But what does uncle say?" demanded Richard, recurring to a former question.

"I have talked him into it with some difficulty. He consents chiefly because he supposes that I shall return in six months or so, disgusted with the experiment, and cured of such notions for the future. I think he will find himself mistaken." The young man spoke with a quiet confidence auguring well for his resolution.

"And how will Esther stand it during your absence?"

"She is willing to bear it in the hope of better times. It takes two to make a quarrel, you know; and Esther is more prudent than I am; can hold her tongue and speak, too, when there's occasion for it. Besides, to do the woman justice, she's not very hard on her—in the interest of Pennethorne, perhaps. We have arranged everything."

"Tell us of your plans in Canada."

"They are very simple. You remember my cousin Bill Hughes and his hearty brothers, who went there ever so long ago, from Warwickshire?—well, they are all doing capitally, with land of their own; and I've got a standing invitation to come and stay as long as I like, which

I shall accept. That'll give me a chance to see the country and get used to its ways. I shall look out for a farm which, in Canada, my aunt's five hundred pounds, accruing when I'm one-and-twenty, will enable me to buy. Having secured a home I shall send for, or fetch, Esther. You'll come and see us, for the sake of old times, whenever you want a holiday from New York, and we'll endeavor to give you as hearty a welcome, if in rougher style, as ever you got in Northamptonshire, before the days of Mrs. Franklin the second."

"Well, you seem to have settled matters very completely. And now it's my turn. Whom do you think we are likely to have for a fellow-voyager?" And Richard communicated to his cousin all that he had heard that morning from Paul Gower, relative to the prospective departure of that young man for the United States of America. "It appears to be pretty well agreed upon that he's to go," he concluded; "and I suppose we can arrange it so as to travel in company. By Jove, won't we have a jolly time of it! And, by the way, it's just possible that we may be reinforced by a young lady. I didn't tell you that Paul's father had written to your old parson asking him if he can spare Miss Gower. Do you think he will?"

"Miss Gower!" said Harry Franklin, whose countenance—not unmarked of his cousin—was suddenly suffused with crimson—"why, you don't mean—a—a—that is, I shouldn't think it likely."

Sabin laughed, and rose to knock the ashes from his pipe on the mantel-piece. "Harry," he said, "you're an artful customer and can keep your own counsel with the best. You have given me plenty of reasons for emigrating—lots of excellent, indisputable reasons—but isn't there just another little one in the background which has more influence than all the rest put together, though we don't care to mention it? We are either a blighted flower, or we suppose that the nearest way to the altar of Thorpe Parva church is round by Canada."

"Oh, nonsense!" returned the other, coloring, if possible, more deeply than before. "What's the use of talking like that?"

"Well, I happen to remember two or three little confid—"

"If I did, then, I was a romantic fool for my pains. She's as much above me as—as a queen or an angel. I've no more chance than the poorest bumpkin in our village; and perhaps it's as well that I should go away, if only to get rid of such ridiculous fancies."

"I don't see such a tremendous discrepancy. Wasn't her mother a ballet-dancer or something of the kind? and isn't a British farmer as good as a Louisiana nigger-driver? There's nothing like having a good conceit of one's self, Harry. You should have cut in when that swell-parson disappointed her—before she came to town. There, old fellow, I don't want to offend you; only take my word for it, modesty in a man is all nonsense. It doesn't pay. One of the discoveries which a fellow makes when he gets within hail of thirty is, that he has lost no end of favors from women out of shame-facedness and his own blushing youth. It's ten years since I've seen anything like an angel or a goddess, Harry. This shocks you, of course, because you're a young un; well, wait and see for yourself. And, now, suppose we adjourn for a row on the river, or dinner?—it's too fine to stay in doors."

To this proposition Harry Franklin readily assented, and the cousins set off for the Thames, with the further intention of dining together at Richmond, after which they agreed to return to Newman Street, to spend the evening and ascertain what had become of Mr. Pennethorne.

[The following is the call issued for the Convention at New York, Feb. 26. It was accompanied by a copy of a circular issued in that city by Mr. E. F. Dinmore.—Ed.]

THE RELIGIOUS AMENDMENT

OF THE

Constitution of the United States.

CALL FOR A NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The question of the Bible in the Public Schools, of Sabbath Laws, and many similar questions, are now demanding attention and decisive settlement. Shall the Nation preserve the Christian features of its life? This is rapidly becoming the issue of our day.

Many thoughtful citizens view with deep concern the assaults now being made on everything of a Christian character in our civil institutions. Not only time-serving politicians and irreligious men, but eminent officers of government, and leaders among Christians, accepting the false theory that government has nothing to do with religion, co-operate in these assaults.

An appeal against the Bible in the common schools now lies before the Supreme Court of Ohio. It will come up for adjudication, in its regular order, sometime this winter, when a determined effort will be made to overturn the present noble school system of that State.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction of

the State of New York has recently decided that the Bible, though assigned an honorable place in the State system of education when first established, and actually used for sixty years, can no longer be legally read during regular hours in any school of the State. Armed with authoritative decisions like this, the enemies of the Bible certainly will succeed unless the friends of our common schools awake to the dangers that threaten them, and take prompt and adequate action.

In order successfully to repel their assaults, the assailants must be met at their own point of attack. They assail the Bible in the schools, Sabbath Laws, laws against Polygamy, and every similar element of our Christian civilization, on the ground of their inconsistency with the Constitution of the United States, which acknowledges neither God nor the Bible, and with which everything in the actual administration of the government should harmonize.

What shall be done? This is the momentous question now forcing itself upon the American people. It will not down. It must soon be answered in one of two ways. Which shall it be? Shall we obliterate every Christian feature from existing institutions? Or, shall we make the Constitution explicitly Christian? Shall we thrust out the Bible from our schools to make them conform to the Constitution? Patriotism and true Statesmanship answer, No! But let the acknowledgment of God and the Bible be inserted in the Constitution to make it conform to the common schools.

The National Association has been formed for the purpose of securing such an amendment to the Constitution as will suitably acknowledge Almighty God as the author of the nation's existence and the ultimate source of its authority, Jesus Christ as its ruler, and the Bible as the fountain of its laws, and thus indicate that this is a Christian nation, and place all Christian laws, institutions, and usages in our government on an undeniable legal basis in the fundamental law of the land. This Association invites all citizens, who favor such an amendment, without distinction of party or creed, to meet in the HALL OF THE COOPER UNION, New York City, on Wednesday, February 26, 1873, at 2 o'clock p.m.

All such citizens, to whose notice this call may be brought, are requested to hold meetings and appoint Delegates to the Convention.

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Member of Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention,
And numerous others.

410 WEST FORTY-THIRD ST., NEW YORK,
February 5, 1873.

Dear Sir,—You will see by the Circular of the "Liberals," herewith enclosed, that a determined effort is being made, by organization and meetings and otherwise, to carry the "Demands of Liberalism." The organizers, calling themselves "Liberals," are the enemies of our Christian institutions; and their attempt is to sweep away everything of a Christian character from our national life.

You will also see by the call for a National Convention, that multitudes of our best citizens are moving in defence of what is best and dearest to us as a Christian people. And it is time to rouse to action. Our national welfare is endangered. If the "Liberals" go on unrestrained, making and obtaining their demands, what security can we have for the future?

Many delegates have already been appointed, from different parts of the country, and of all denominations of Christians, to attend the Convention. There will be, as there should be, a very large gathering at the Cooper Institute, New York, on Wednesday, February 26. Stirring tidings of large and enthusiastic meetings have been received from many States. Do not fail to have a meeting called and delegates appointed from your city, town, or neighborhood.

Each delegate should take with him a certificate of his appointment, signed by the officers of the meeting. The accompanying blank certificate may be used. Others, if needed, can be written out, or blanks will be furnished on application. All friends of the movement will be welcome, though not appointed as delegates, and will be enrolled as members of the Convention. But as there will be a special enrollment of certified delegates, appointments should be secured whenever practicable.

There will be no general reduction of railroad fares. The leading roads have agreed that "no reduction from regularly established rates will be made, nor round trip tickets issued, for religious, political, or other parties of any description whatever." Let no patriot be prevented by this action from coming.

Free entertainment will be furnished as far as practicable. But as the number of delegates will be very large, arrangements have been made for the accommodation of such delegates as cannot be privately entertained, at a reduced cost in comfortable hotels.

The Convention will hold five sessions, organizing at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, and adjourning finally on Thursday night. Addresses by able and eminent citizens will be delivered at each session.

A few copies of the proceedings of the last Convention are yet on hand,—a pamphlet of over seventy pages,—containing the addresses of

Judge Hagans, Prof. Tayler Lewis, Prof. Stoddard, Drs. J. Edwards and A. D. Mayo, Prof. J. R. W. Sloane, and others, together with an account of the origin and progress of the movement. This will be sent free, on application, as far as the supply will go.

For information concerning the movement, or the Convention, or for documents, apply to
D. McALLISTER,
Gen. Sec. of the National Association.

THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF INFIDELITY.

BY THE REV. J. P. LYTLE.

[From the United Presbyterian, Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 6.]

It may be information to the reader to state that a systematic effort is being made so to unite the infidel sentiment of the country that it may present a compact front to the friends of Christianity. A joint stock company, with a capital of \$100,000, has been organized in Toledo, Ohio, for the purpose of publishing a weekly newspaper, called *THE INDEX*, in furtherance of this project. The principal editor is Francis E. Abbot, and he has associated with himself O. B. Frothingham, T. W. Higginson, Rev. Charles Voysey (England), Rev. M. D. Conway (England), and others of less note. The editors are men of ability and education, and the discussions contained in the paper are (in their own way) clear, forcible, often brilliant, and usually (though not always) courteous. We learn from the number of Jan. 4th, 1873, handed us by a friend, that *THE INDEX* is now in its fourth year. The general design of the publication may be gathered from the following standing announcement at the head of its columns:—

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. *THE INDEX* aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features, and offers an opportunity for discussion on this subject which finds no fitting place in other papers.

The more specific purpose of *THE INDEX* is set forth in the following

DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempted from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Protestants would generally agree with these gentlemen in objecting to public appropriations to sectarian institutions.

A form for the organization of local "Liberal Leagues" is then submitted, and it is proposed, when five hundred of these have been formed, to meet in National Convention. Such is an outline of the programme of Mr. Abbot and Company.

We have a National Association to secure the religious amendment of the United States Constitution, a National Association opposed to secret societies, and each of these holding National Conventions. Like the forces of Joab and Abishai before "Rabbah of the Ammonites," these are only different divisions of the same army, and it is difficult to tell on which the brunt of war may fall, or to which will be allotted the honor of first entering the enemies' gates. It may be assumed, however, that the success of the one is the triumph of the other.

Opposed to these national organizations, and as the direct antipode of the former, stands this association of infidels, the object of which, as seen above, is to divest the nation of every shred and vestige of the Christianity now incorporated in its laws, or recognized in its usages. The antagonism of these organizations is thus clearly stated by *THE INDEX* itself:—

You cannot organize too soon or too effectively. Next February, the National Association to secure a Reli-

gious Amendment to the United States Constitution" will hold its annual Convention in the city of New York. That movement is a vital one, because it grows out of the logical and practical necessities of the Christian Church. Feeble as it seems to-day, it is strong with all the strength of ideas shared in common by all sects and denominations. Under the stress of events, those ideas must spread, till in some shape or other they are adopted by a great party. How shall we meet them? Simply by opposing the mischievous change contemplated? No! Let us meet them by a bold and resolute determination to strike out of the government so much recognition of Christianity as it now contains. Carry the war into Africa! Organize yourselves for the peaceful work of educating this nation in the first principles of religious liberty, and their more consistent application. See to it that the States conform their respective Constitutions to the grand Constitution of the United States.

There are many who would desire to maintain the *status quo* between the Government and Christianity, but it will be found an impossible task. Infidels, with the Federal Constitution on their side, and Christians with the State Constitutions and laws on theirs, will make neutrality impossible. Besides, questions of incalculable importance, and imperatively demanding settlement, urge on the strife. We must know whether the Bible shall be ostracized wherever governmental authority is found, and whether our Sabbath laws have a legal foundation or not; whether willing or unwilling, Americans must choose whom they will serve.

THE INDEX is particularly severe (as is usually the case) on its nearest neighbors, the Unitarians and Universalists, while it speaks lovingly of the *Independent*, for which there are, no doubt, sufficient reasons.

It has been said the discussions in *THE INDEX* are always courteous. This may be seen in the following extract from an article by the Rev. E. C. Towne:—

Dr. Chapin prayed at Mr. Greeley's funeral thus: "We thank thee to-day for that blessed revelation of Christ which has made God known, and which has lighted up the uncertainty of Nature with the assurance of a Divine Love. We thank thee, O God, that our Redeemer liveth." By "Redeemer" Dr. Chapin seems to mean the young Jew who mistakenly supposed that God Almighty wanted a hand to help him out with his care of the creation. But he must know better than this, pastor as he is of the "Church of the Divine Paternity." He must understand that all that we truly know of Divinity points to Infinite Paternity, such as needs no helping out whatever. And he is a very sorry believer if he really sees uncertainty in the suggestions of Nature, the rising life of which in spring, and the glories of which in summer and autumn, have ever been among the most powerful occasions to the human mind to have hopeful and worshipful thoughts of Deity. In fact, Nature has done infinitely more for man than the "Christ" of any of the sects has done. They may call it a revelation which has made God known, but in truth it has made known more devil than deity, and played an infernal part towards the heart and life of man far more than a heavenly. The anathema has been the headlight of the Christian engine, and Christianity has been more ready to curse and damn than to bless and comfort man.

It is not necessary to record all the blasphemy which the enemies of the Saviour utter against him, and it may not be for edification to give publicity to much of it; but to know somewhat of the "reproaches cast at him" may serve to establish the faith and quicken the prayers of his friends. When many were offended at Christ, and went back, and walked no more with him, the disciples were made to feel and say, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." When some said, "Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber," "He hath a devil and is mad, why hear ye him?" the evangelists sat down and quietly recorded the fact without either flurry or fury.

John Brown and his catechism find an honorable place (honorable to him) in the *INDEX*, which seems to think his doctrine of original sin and the depravity of nature too good a joke to be lost. So they are ranged in a column headed, "The Sanctuary of Superstition."

These men call themselves Liberals, Radicals, Free Religionists, and by other self-complacent titles; but in "our language" they would be named infidels, scoffers, blasphemers, "raging waves of the sea foaming out their own shame, wandering stars to whom (unless their moral relations are readjusted) is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

Arise, O God, let not man prevail! The tumult of thine enemies increaseth continually. But wilt not thou, O God, judge them; for we have no might against this great company of our enemies that cometh against us, neither know we what to do, but our eyes are to Thee!

"I find this in the papers—at least in one of them which arranges barter of commodities. 'Wanted, good commentary on the Bible. Can give in exchange first-class game fowls.' Is this genuine, or a sly satire? One prefers to believe that the advertiser gives up keeping fighting-cocks and takes to serious matters; yet, if really in earnest, he would surely destroy such instruments of evil instead of handing them to somebody else. But if he means to hint that commentators are always ready to fly at one another, he might have conveyed that fact in a more becoming way. This levity does not speak well for his sincerity."—*Illustrated London News*, Dec. 14, 1872.

The *Congregationalist* says it would not be a bad idea to sit down at the feet of a horse and learn humility. Jussu. Sit down at the hind feet of a mule, and, if he don't humiliate you, pull his tail and tickle the inside of his legs with a stable-fork.—*Nims-Letter*.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errata.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

SOME REASONS FOR ORGANIZATION.

BOSTON, Feb. 9, 1873.

Through the politeness of Mr. Morse, I attended a meeting of the Second Radical Club, last Wednesday evening. The subject for conversation was the organization of the radicals for a definite purpose, which was opened by Mr. Abbot. It always has seemed to me that of all men, radicals should necessarily be the best able to stick to the point; but, I must say, there was a most signal failure in this regard. The direct subject of organization was scarcely touched upon except by Mr. Abbot and Prof. Clark, both being in favor of it; the rest of the conversation, while exceedingly interesting, was almost entirely devoted to minor interests, in fact. I went there with the desire of hearing the direct subject ably discussed, and was disappointed. Surely, nearly every one there had a prepossession one way or another; but they failed to start it.

There are, it seems to me, many things favorable to this project of organization; among them may be mentioned the strengthening of wavering minds, an increase of individual effort by the effects of sympathy, a something definite to work for, better acquaintance with the radical forces of the country, an increased circulation of printed matter pertaining to our cause, and (may I not add?) a growth of the mental and moral natures by contact with greater and more earnest minds than many of us are in a way of personal acquaintance with otherwise. I know there are many young people to whom a personal acquaintance with such men as Dr. Bartol, Mr. Frothingham, and other of the leaders of free thought in America, would be an immense stimulus to their better life, even though such an acquaintance were but casual. I speak from experience. A few sympathetic words from Mr. Frothingham have been as a bright light in my life ever since, and it seems to me these few things are the necessary antecedents of organization. Hence I am heartily an advocate of it.

FRANK S. BILLINGS.

"SPONTANEOUS GENERATION."

NEW HARMONY, Ind., Feb. 11, 1873.

MR. ABBOT:

Dear Sir,—In the experiments on what Dr. Bastian calls Archebiosis, it is observed, as stated by you, that infusions boiled for four hours produce life, while like infusions boiled for five hours do not. The object of boiling is to destroy *all* life that may have been in the infusion before it was boiled, and thus to show that if, after boiling, living organisms appear, they come from lifeless matter. Now are we to believe that dead organic matter is so changed by five hours' boiling as to have lost properties which it had under only four hours' boiling? Is it not more reasonable to believe that living *germs* which could survive four hours' boiling could not survive five, than to believe that any difference in the amount of boiling of *dead* organic matter could change its properties, in relation to the evolution of forms of life from it?

From the theories on what is called "spontaneous generation," we must regard *dead* organic matter as simply equivalent to inorganic matter, containing the same elements; as, in accordance with these theories, the first living organisms must have been evolved from *inorganic* matter.

If organic matter be the only material out of which living organisms are produced, then we may suppose that, if no other germs are in the solution, there are in the so-called *dead* organic matter living germs, integrant parts of that matter, which are destroyed by five hours' boiling, and are uninjured by only four hours of the same operation.

Yours respectfully,
MARGARET CHAPPELL SMITH.

MEDITATIONS.—"The more I meditate, the more I am convinced that, to tread firmly in the path of virtue, it is necessary that we be supported by the staff of knowledge. Ignorance is the mother of many follies.

There is a period beyond which, if the human mind remains bound in the chains of ignorance, it loses the power of expansion, and considers the existence of it in others as the dream of illusive imagination.

As the beams of the moon kindle the flowers of the Oshadi, so doth education expand the blossoms of intelligence.

True knowledge cannot be gained when the mind is clouded by prejudice and controlled by superstition."—*Correspondence of the Hindu Rajah Zaumilla: 1778.*

INDEX TRACTS.

No. 1.—*Truths for the Times*, by F. E. ABBOT, contains the "Fifty Affirmations" and "Modern Principles." Mr. CHARLES DARWIN, author of "The Origin of Species," says, in a letter to the Editor not originally intended for publication, but subsequently authorized to be used:—"I have now read 'Truths for the Times,' and I admire them from my inmost heart; and I agree to almost every word." *New Edition.* PRICE—10 cents; 12 copies, \$1.00.

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No. 7.—*"Compulsory Education,"* by F. E. ABBOT, maintains the right of every child to be educated, and the duty of the State to ensure it an education. PRICE—8 cents; 12 copies, 50 cents.

No. 8.—*The Present Heaven*, by U. B. FROTHINGHAM, treats of a subject that interests everybody. *New Edition.* PRICE—5 cents; 12 copies, 50 cents.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

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great influence, which must grow greater every day, as brave men and pure women flock to the standard it upholds.

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VOLUME 4.

TOLEDO, O., AND NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1873.

WHOLE No. 168.

ORGANIZE!

LIBERALS OF AMERICA!

The hour for action has arrived. The cause of freedom calls upon us to combine our strength, our zeal, our efforts. These are

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Let us boldly and with high purpose meet the duty of the hour. I submit to you the following

FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF ———.

ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in ———.

Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.

ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.

ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.

ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.

ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

Liberals! I pledge to you my undivided sympathies and most vigorous co-operation, both in THE INDEX and out of it, in this work of local and national organization. Let us begin at once to lay the foundations of a great national party of freedom, which shall demand the entire secularization of our municipal, state, and national government. Send to me promptly the list of officers of every Liberal League that may be formed, and a standing list of all such Leagues shall be kept in THE INDEX. Rouse, then, to the great work of freeing America from the usurpations of the Church! Make this continent from ocean to ocean sacred to human liberty! Prove that you are worthy descendants of those whose wisdom and patriotism gave us a Constitution unstained with superstition! Shake off your slumbers, and break the chains to which you have too long lamely submitted!

Toledo, O., Jan. 1, 1873.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

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THE BOSTON SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES

FOR 1873.

THE IDEA OF A HEREAFTER.

BY JOHN WEISS.

SIXTH LECTURE IN THE COURSE OF SIX "SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES," GIVEN IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, FEBRUARY 9, 1873.

[Report of the New York World.]

If I begin drily in attempting to feel my way into the subject, trust me by the way; for my object is to touch at length the personal pith of the matter. When the earth was without form and void, a mere gaseous whiff stretching out into infinite space, there could have been no present and no future. Our notions of time and space are derived from observation and experience, but the infinite mind knows no succession of events or of objects. Man could not, then, have derived these ideas from the infinite intelligences. They are merely human, and began far back with the animals. Man labors until the evening: in eternity there is no until, but always a now. So the idea of place must be human, and arises from the instinct that the body is not so big as what is outside of it—that the body itself is a place where we learn slowly how many places there are. Time and place are connected ideas, and we surmise that in all time the man must have some place, and this place all peoples have pictured to themselves according to their knowledge. The Indians have their happy hunting-grounds, the Greeks their Elysium, and a more modern people a celestial tract swarming with souls with or without palm branches, all adoring a throne, or a landscape of spiritual forms corresponding to those of earth. As the idea of place could not, so none of these ideas could, be derived from the infinite intelligences. You and I provide places—niches in omnipresence—corresponding to the extent of our knowledge. The race began some thousands of years ago with a little piece of earth out in the East, flat as a plate and fitted with a dish-cover close to its edges. The cover is lifted now and we have set up places wide enough among them—a sky perfectly measureless in height and an abyss perfectly fathomless in depth. The places of the hereafter came to correspond to our moral state. There was no heaven or hell till man began to have a sense of justice; they must have been absolutely non-existent before. Now, where does it come from? We could not create the bad any more than the good, or motion or procreation. We make distinctions and invent names for elements which existed in the one Creator before he had formed us. God did not get up a heaven or extemporize a hell when men suddenly began to be good or bad. The ideas of heaven and the pre-existence of souls must be set aside. You cannot interpolate time into eternity. These are mere conditions of the moral state, for which the convenience of words has been invented. The ideas of heaven and hell are very distinct and universal, so that if we presume a hereafter it becomes a curious question whether they may embrace something not comprised in the original creation—ideas being always active organizers. So far as the idea of hell is involved, it is alarming to think how many millions of human beings have passed into the hereafter to set up there their favorite institution and make a present of it to a reluctant eternity. These ideas have been colonizing some

thousand years, and scientists don't die fast enough to check the operation. They have become so automatic, so radically personal, that death itself can hardly expunge them. Their believers are in so considerable a majority that they have only to conspire to make a hell of heaven. Perhaps that is done already if the hereafter is really governed by universal suffrage. If all that is wanted to make a thing is an idea, the heretics of science and religion now under the ban of the majority may expect to be soon under its ban. Perhaps the tables will eventually be turned, and the disbelievers in hell become the majority; and what an exquisite revenge it will be for them to establish a heaven and put all the old believers in. If hell is only a word, if there can be neither time nor space nor place in the infinite existence, our ideas must go with us to the grave, and ought to create a hereafter at the very edge of it, if they do not discover one stretching out from it. The root of all these ideas is the human sense of justice. The long immunity of criminals is painful to the moral sense. Without considering causes or conditions, we long to have the results removed. But shall mortal man be more just than God? These sins demand some executioner. "Who art thou that judgest?" Then let God be judge. But he seems to decline. Is it skulking? We will wait and see in the hereafter. According to the latest and truest view, the sense of justice has been slowly constructed by the developing animal world, by experience of what is useful or hurtful. When this began to appear, it must have been content with the moment. A dog has no dread of a future dogdom in which he will be punished. How does it happen that man has learned to dread a future life? The present affords no materials for constructing such a dread. At what point of the development would physical observation of results display this fore-reaching sense? It was always noticed that the good often die unrecompensed. Something wrong there, and social inequalities are very keenly looked into. If this furnishes material for constructing a hereafter it could be conceived of only as another social system like the first, with the same social injustice. But an abstract sense of over-ruling justice could not have been developed and inherited at epochs, demanding a place where such justice could be had. So with the doctrine of metempsychosis, nothing evolved from animism could conceive the duration essential for a return to it. We want a conscience, but not this craven check—this dread of being eventually overhauled. Dread inspires no virtue, and can be no constituent of a conscience; that came to us by some other route than animism. If God be righteous on a system of bribery and threats, conscience is a mere constable, dreading each bush an officer. If it can conceive a hereafter, it is merely as a place where its claims for damages shall be added and paid in bliss. What is the consequence of our moral state but the condition of it? Perhaps a large portion of the moral sense has come from experience, and so is valid only in the absence of opportunity. The conscience of the materialist is then a mere state of being repressed. What is the outbreak of pillage after a great fire or an eruption of Vesuvius? We say it is a return to the animal—that is an insult to the animal. No animal is intelligent enough to contrive and conceive a marauding system in times of distress—it takes a man to be a beast! I have a dilemma for modern theologians. Suppose fears of hell should repress such people, and that they should live unsuspected during a lifetime, die decent as the average, and quite as capable of engendering an epitaph. By dying they discover that there is no hell. The fear is removed and the decency vanishes—of what value then the fear? The other life must reorganize the repressive system by appealing to some still more prospective hell, for the modern conscience is equal parts of bully and brimstone. Or, what if by dying he should find that there is a hell. The theological hell is nothing but a systematic detection and punishment of crime unreached in this life. But justice demands repairs as well as punishment. The criminal or sinner has a right to our own ideal, and must be aided to its attainment. No place is provided for this in any of the hells, and if that be perfect justice no man need dread a hereafter. But be-

neath all these schemes is an instinct of fore-reaching which cannot be explained away. It is easier to explain the weakness of noble minds in the anticipation and the disgust which has led acute minds to deny it. Moral greatness can't depend on this for a motive. It has the stimulus of its own superiority—self-dependent and self-contained. I throw all these overboard, and begin afresh on my instinct. Do not try to organize a future life for pain or bliss—to fresco eternity with scenery in gaudy colors on the great flat background. When you bring me reports from a hereafter I begin to lose my faith in it. I dread to know it too intimately. At one end of the solar spectrum the vibrations of light deepen, and rise at the other into shades which baffle the present capacity of our vision. Deeper than the bass and higher than the treble are the notes our mortal ears cannot catch. Why should I care to hear and see when I know they exist? But when the orchestra fills, the pith of it to me is that it prophesies depths beyond the bass of its most solemn strings, and heights beyond my soul's present firmament. Delight edges over the penumbra of my dissatisfaction that I cannot reach the unknown continent, though the pang is so sharp that I am admonished to subside and wait. But do not poltice me with pretences of ready relief to my ear. I much prefer to have it ache for the sound that cannot yet enter. The crowning moments of intelligence and emotion impart a taste of permanence. Earth itself may as soon vanish as this sense of our solidarity. These moments subside, but deposit something which is indestructible; were they not the freshets from some table-land and undiscovered afar? I dread to have a doctrine about this, but am I victim to a delusion when nothing but a life-share in the universe will satisfy my deliberate contemplation? How can you explain to me that we are capable of pondering such a thing? Where have we acquired the surmise of a hereafter? The animal has no such fore-reaching which sharpens curiosity and baffles it—which does not explain death but makes us detest extinction. The earth rolls on without ambition in the path marked out for it, but from our bodies, kneaded out of its phosphates and juices, something escapes extinction; for its diameter is too great for a grave. Then the tender and overpowering moment when we cannot rest separate from the loved ones who tore at the grain of our heart when they left us: we must have them again. What are graves and burials? Not so cheaply are we to be taken in when the lost life lies quick in memory still. Dead? Then God is dead. There is no such profligacy in the housekeeping of God—a making of hallowed souls for worms. It is an intrusive puppyism of earth's routine which comes smirking in between our yearnings and those faces which we can almost see. How individual life does convince us of its permanence! How it restores the tone of the spirit which has caught an indigestion banqueting on the pomp of epochs! There is the tenderness credited to the human heart which did not exist before the pyramids, and the most splendid epoch devours most recklessly its offspring. God never sets a boarding-house table at which the fare is of the cheapest and the guests stay only while they are worth their keep. My instinct reassures me, so that my sense of individuality raises me again in the very epoch that has tumbled me and makes me say, "God has love, and I have faith." Yes, that faith must be all for me. Life and feeling may be banished, great impulses harden into crust; but my individuality is an element of that permanence that would leave God bankrupt if he lost it. Our horrible suspecting refutes its own terror, and owes itself to the ability to surmise the transcending fact that is going to contradict it. May the trust in an infinite God be the blessing you carry with you from this place, and may it abide with you forever! Amen.

"Now, gentlemen," said a peripatetic lecturer to a somewhat noisy crowd who had gathered to one of his seances in an Eastern village, "how would you like a good blackguard story? All in favor will raise their hands." Nine-tenths of the dexter paws present instantly went up, and there was a sudden hush of all noisy demonstrations. The lecturer went on with his original subject for a few minutes, when some incautious individual broke out with: "Say, where's that story?" "Bless you," was the reply, "I did not intend to tell any such story. I only wanted to know how many blackguards are present." You might have heard a pin drop any time during the lecture after that.

One of the English papers says there is something exquisitely painful in the sight of a Christian missionary compounding with all sorts of filthy obscenity on the part of his converts in order to bribe them into repeating the Church catechism. We have selected India because it is not peopled by savage races, but is, on the contrary, the home of a creed and a civilization beside which the faiths and societies of Europe are things of yesterday. To convert such a country would be the greatest work which Christianity could achieve. Its utter failure to do so has proportionate significance.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XI.

"NEVER OVERTAKING AND ALWAYS PURSUING."

In a dull household, any incident, even a painful one, which breaks in upon its monotony, is often secretly welcomed by its members as a relief from the tiresome routine of their daily existence. Mr. Gower's family was in receipt of a double sensation—the arrival of the letter from America, and the equally unexpected accession of Mrs. Maberley. Either event would have sufficed to disturb the ordinary tranquility of the house near the Hampstead Road; the two, occurring almost simultaneously, produced an unwelcome degree of interest and excitement. There had been no such sensation within its four walls since the death of Paul's aunt, or the marriage of her sister.

As commonly happens, the incident which assumed a personal shape created the greatest bustle; the abused wife taking precedence over her cousin and former lover, in the attention if not regard of his parents. Everybody was sorry for the poor lady and glad to afford her an asylum from her husband's brutality. Apart from the natural sympathy awakened by her misfortunes, her presence was felt to be an acquisition; it originated a kind of moral holiday, by relaxing the rigidity of the relations of the members of the family one toward another. Paul (and possibly his grandmother, though from different motives) would have liked her stay to be permanent.

It was not so, of course. As Mr. Bligh had shrewdly predicted, she returned to her husband after rather more than the usual amount of negotiation; during which Mr. Maberley wrote letters, expressing the deepest sorrow and contrition; had interviews with the old gentleman (the old lady would not see him), and subsequently with his wife; when she burst out crying, forgave him for the fifth or sixth time and went back to Hanover Street in a cab. All this hardly needs the telling, for, unfortunately, instances of conjugal brutality are not so rare in Great Britain but that most of us know more or less of their dreary details—if only from reading the reports of the proceedings in Court of Probate and Divorce. I am not going to enlarge on them in the case of Mrs. Maberley; who, indeed, has but little to do in this story. She condoned her husband's offences and granted him a fresh lease of her favor on promise of amendment for the future. Very likely she felt the weakness of this reliance, but hid the unwelcome conviction in her innermost heart; as many a woman has done before, and will do after her. Her stay at the house near the Hampstead Road barely amounted to a fortnight.

The most bitter adversary to this matrimonial reconciliation was Mrs. Gower, whose husband approved of it on general and Biblical principles. The old lady hated James Maberley, and could not be won over to change or modify her opinion of him; which was singularly just and merciless. She had never forgiven him for certain offences pertinent to herself. Before the discovery of his profligacy had broken off all intercourse between the two families, except what the poor wife contrived to keep up, there had been enough intimacy on the part of the Misses Gower with their cousin to render them frequent visitors at the showy establishment described by Paul, with which they contrasted their own dull home, to the production of much repining and discontent; and sometimes an approach to open mutiny, secretly abetted by Maberley, who ridiculed the old folks while flattering the daughters, as Mrs. Gower very well knew. The flashy assumption of the man, his fashionable chatter and indomitable impudence, at first completely deceived these ladies, whose natural good sense was so little developed by any acquaintance with the world that they might have been pronounced unsophisticated. They thought him a dashing, handsome, brilliant fellow, and rather envied their cousin's supposed good fortune, wishing that Heaven had sent them such a man, until the discovery. Then Mrs. Gower had her say. The old lady had forgotten none of these things, though one of the daughters was married and had a home of her own, and the other lay buried in the family grave at New Bunhill Fields. She always alluded to James Maberley as "the hornet of the family."

When Mrs. Maberley returned to her husband, not even Mrs. Gower regretted it as much as did Paul. As the young man has admitted to Richard Sabin, his aunt, as he called her, had always treated him with great kindness and con-

sideration; such, indeed, as the motherless boy had experienced nowhere else, unless, perhaps, in Northamptonshire. She was naturally kind-hearted, and the fact of his paternity probably induced a special regard for him. It might be that her unhappy condition made her unusually tender towards the son of the lover of her girlhood—the handsome, high-spirited young fellow whom she remembered so well, and whose life seemed to have been wrecked in consequence of his disappointment. There are few women who would like a man the less for this, and who would not cherish sentimental reminiscences of him. The letter, too, revived old associations. Mrs. Maberley, Paul, and his sister (during the few days which elapsed before her return to the country with Mr. Blencowe) were never tired of their long confidential talks about John Gower; until Ruth had half-divined her "aunt's" story, by sheer force of girlish instinct and feminine sympathy.

Paul was duly apprised by the old lady and gentleman (and also by his sister) of the particulars of Mr. Wheeler's visit, and as duly catechized as to his own supposed interview with the American; with respect to which Mrs. Gower was exceedingly inquisitive, regarding it as a liberty and a mystery. Being informed of what had not occurred, she exhibited a strong inclination to make her grandson responsible for her baffled curiosity—perhaps because she did not care to engage the original offender, Ruth. There was, besides, another and more cogent reason for her displeasure. She suspected that Paul would be only too eager to accept his father's invitation. For though it was immediately decided that he should go (his assent being assumed rather than asked), and though, half an hour before Mr. Wheeler's arrival, the old lady would undoubtedly have professed her desire to be relieved of him, it is equally certain that she was dissatisfied when the opportunity presented itself. She had some affection for him, and probably her plans and intentions in his favor; notwithstanding her declarations that he must expect no such assistance. And, finally, she didn't like surrendering her authority over him or anybody. It was, therefore, with a sort of effort that she resigned herself to the determination, which her husband accepted with perfect ease and complacency.

There was no real question about Ruth, whom we may as well dismiss to Northamptonshire, assured of staying there. After the first flutter of surprise at the very idea of crossing the Atlantic, to rejoin a father of whom she had no personal recollections, the girl shrank from the thought of leaving her guardian and the only home worthy of the name which she had ever known. (I will not assert that some faint, secret, personal reasons did not enter into her disinclination; but it would have been the same, independent of them.) She would rather stay, she said, unless Mr. Blencowe thought it her duty to go; she was sure she could never be so happy elsewhere as she had been at Thorpe Parva; she hoped that his decision would absolve her from all responsibility of choice on the subject. Mr. Blencowe was so gratified that he took great pains to explain to his ward that she was entirely a free agent, and to descend upon the possible advantages of living in Louisiana, of which locality he knew rather less than of the interior of China. This performance having been gone through, he wrote just such a letter to John Gower as had been prefigured by Mr. Bligh, only suppressing all allusion to his testamentary intentions; for, much as he loved Ruth, and worthy old soul as he was in the main, our country clergyman loved money also, and had no idea of committing himself to any promise on the subject. And thus, for the present, the matter ended.

But what were Paul's inclinations? In everyday phrase, he would have jumped at the opportunity, but for one drawback—Kate Sabin. He was in love and extremely distrustful of the constancy of the beloved object, should he quit England. I must describe his position, both with regard to his grandparents and mistress, before the reader can rightly understand the young man's feelings.

In such a home as his grandfather's it was impossible that he should be very happy, though he was not miserable, or at least no more so than was inevitable when the ideas of dependence and subjection were as much a portion of his daily existence as the food he ate, or the air he breathed. Not that the old folks were unkind, or that they repeated precisely the same mistake in the treatment of their grandson which had resulted so disastrously in the case of his father; still it was only a modified form of the same despotism. Their faith in authority had grown into a habit, though years had relaxed its application. They had no notion of liberty for young people; it was a heresy of altogether later date than any of their opinions.

This did no great mischief at first. Paul respected his grandparents, if he did not love them, and recognized the excellence of their intentions, while chafing at the strictness of their rule. Naturally a youth of quiet tastes and habits, he submitted with a good grace when at home, making himself what amends lay in his

power abroad. In the dull, decorous, monotonous house, where every usage had, so to speak, petrified into routine, his condition had not much improved from that of his childhood. The same implicit obedience in all things was still expected of him, especially by his grandmother. A shrewder person than her husband, perhaps capable of deeper affections, Mrs. Gower's disposition induced errors of conduct which his placid temperament avoided. She was naturally something of a queller and a quencher of young people. He had grown mellow with age, she sharper. He disliked scolding and would sometimes allude to it as "the scourge of the tongue;" while, if his wife did not find a positive pleasure in wielding it, she certainly regarded the exercise as an indispensable duty, to be performed with all the energy of her nature, whenever occasion demanded. So long as Paul seemed to be going on satisfactorily, which his grandfather was quite ready to assume, in the absence of information to the contrary, Mr. Gower was content; but the old lady, suspicious, inquisitive, and inexorable, couldn't let her grandson alone. Many very excellent people show their love for others—particularly their own flesh and blood—by tyrannizing over them. There was, probably, a spice of selfishness, a regard for his own tranquillity, in the old gentleman's good-nature; as his wife's domineering may have originated in affection for her victim. That, however, did not make it any the more agreeable.

Up to the time of his enslavement by Kate Sabin, Paul had escaped with only venial transgressions against authority and his grandparents; though once there was a violent quarrel apropos of nothing worth mentioning; to be alluded to hereafter. Sometimes he stayed out of evenings instead of returning straight home after office-hours, to sit mutely reading or drawing, while Mrs. Gower plied the interminable needle and his grandfather dozed over Mr. Huntingdon or *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, until supper, prayers, and bed-time—sometimes, I say, he chewed all this; but he was then supposed to attend the Government School of Design at Somerset House, at least thrice a week nocturnally, and how were his aged relatives to know if he occasionally absented himself in favor of Drury Lane or Covent Garden theatres, in company with one or more of his fellow-pupils? As already stated, Mr. Bligh had built theatres, both in town and country, besides writing plays and farces for them; he sometimes gave his young gentlemen tickets of admission to such places of entertainment; hence they had contracted a decided taste for such pleasures, which risks, I suppose, had been overlooked by Paul's guardians when they article him. But as he invariably left the theatre before the performance of the after-pieces, and, when questioned, answered with just as much veracity as might have been expected, he avoided getting into any serious scrapes. In fact, his grandparents had no suspicion of any such enormities, and at heart entertained rather a good opinion of their grandson, though the old lady never committed herself by acknowledging it, but always treated him with consistent severity, as if he were naturally disposed to rebellion against wholesome authority, and needed keeping up to the mark upon all occasions.

Beyond these excesses, however, and a few exceptional excursions into Bohemia under the convoy of Richard Sabin (whose company he greatly affected), he sinned very little. He had few acquaintances, except his fellow pupils, who were not encouraged to invite him to their father's houses, and still less to visit him. Indeed, an evening under the spectacles of Mrs. Gower was rather a formidable undertaking which, after a single experiment, none of Mr. Bligh's young gentlemen thought of attempting; though young Grayling, who called during one of Ruth's visits, fell violently in love with her, which fact transpiring in the office, he was furiously "chaffed" thereon.

But from the date of Paul's introduction to Kate Sabin (in the kitchen of her father's house, one Sunday afternoon), there occurred a notable change in his behavior. He went to Newman Street so frequently, after office hours, that I do not like to think of the amount of deception he must have been guilty of to have kept the nature of his attraction a secret from his grandparents. He stayed out late—sometimes as late as midnight. His presence at home, of evenings, became rather the exception than the rule. And he persisted in this reckless libertinism—it appeared little else to Mrs. Gower—in defiance of all remonstrance, rebuke, and scolding. So that things had arrived at the state already indicated in our first chapter, to which I may refer the reader for the different but perfectly characteristic way in which the old lady and gentleman regarded them.

I have nothing to urge in Paul's excuse beyond the fact that he was very much in love. From that memorable Sunday evening he could not be happy out of the society of Kate Sabin—nor in it. It was his first passion, omitting one or two experiences proper to extreme juvenility; but as little pertinent to this story as his still earlier maladies, the measles and hooping cough. This affection for Kate, however, really struck in, per-

manently influencing his mental and moral constitution. Very likely it would have been better for him if it had proved, in common with most first passions, a windfall, giving place in due time to riper fruit; but circumstances and his disposition combined to produce an opposite result. These mould all our versions of the same old, inevitable story.

It was not mere "half-love" with Paul Gower; he really loved the blooming daughter of the old painter with a depth and fervency which she was quite unworthy of, and only in part comprehended. The sound of her voice, the very rustle of her dress, affected him with a delicious pleasure which was half pain. Her ways, her manner, as she went about her household duties, possessed an indescribable fascination for him, totally irreconcilable with reason or his colder judgment. He saw her, of course, through a glorified medium, but had he been capable of knowing her as she was, I doubt if it would have made any difference. Sometimes he obtained shrewd glimpses of the truth, but they never sufficed to break the enchantment. Very possibly he suspected that his passion was irrational and absurd, yet he was none the less under its influence. A man shall be convinced in his own heart that no good can come of his success, that peace and happiness do not lie there—nay, shall be sure of the moral perversity of her he worships—yet shall be ready to risk life and soul to get her. There are drunkards quite conscious of their condition, but incapable of reformation; opium eaters who find it impossible to resist the delights of the drug which is destroying them. I fear these must be old comparisons: they seem inevitable.

Did she return it? Paul thought so, sometimes; and it always cost him a pang to suspect that his passion awoke no more response than was the uncertain echo of its own intensity. She, herself, would have been puzzled to answer the question truthfully. At first, her gratitude or good nature or vanity, or all three, induced her to respond so warmly to his pleading that he lived for a time in a fool's paradise, which he would never have willingly quitted. Then she certainly liked him. He was better looking and better mannered than any of the young artists who dropped in of evenings to drink gin and water with her father; who wore shabby coats of cotton velvet and long hair, smelt of tobacco and made Paul savagely jealous by their perpetual sketches of her. He was indubitably more in love than they were; and the ardor and pertinacity of his pursuit may have misled her into fancied reciprocation. Had his position permitted, at this period, he might easily have persuaded her into a foolish marriage, irrespective of consequences: had his passion been as unscrupulous as it was ardent, he might have done worse. But, luckily for both of them, the first was out of the question; while that worship of the sex which Dick Sabin alluded to, in his conversation with Harry Franklin, as characterizing young lovers, rendered the contemplation of the second impossible. Paul would have hated himself if such an idea had entered his head. Otherwise, there is no knowing what might have happened. Long afterwards, when he approached the moral climacteric mentioned by Richard, he recollected many occasions in which his modesty exceeded her own, though with none of the peculiar regrets implied by Sabin. He was always glad that he could think of the past without cause for self-reproach, or dishonor to her memory.

Time, however, tended to estrange the lovers (if such they may be called) rather than to bring them closer together. Paul went to the house so frequently, that it became something of a bore to Miss Kate, especially when he was exacting or jealous, as was often the case: she would have preferred a lover a little less tremendously in earnest; though to do her justice, his long face seldom deterred her from any coquettish she had a mind to. Perhaps, after all, she gave him as much as she had to give, and he was to blame for insisting on overdrawing the amount which Nature had placed to her credit. It has been shrewdly remarked that in love there is always one who loves, while the other is content to be loved; and a very little observation will convince us that by far the larger proportion of human beings go through life without any extreme experience of the great passion, either active or passive; their capacity only extending to a moderate average, to be bestowed upon the first eligible person of the other sex who solicits it. It is because of this, that most marriages are neither particularly happy nor particularly miserable, but merely commonplace.

Paul Gower was troubled with no such reflections. He went on loving Kate Sabin with scarcely any thought of the future, and no more anxieties than were caused by her behavior towards him, to which he was painfully sensitive. When she flirted, he always appeared at a pitiable disadvantage, betraying great want of tact, irritation, and misery. He didn't know, or knowing, couldn't reduce to practice the fact that, in wooing a coquette, he who feels or exhibits the least jealousy inevitably has the best chance of success; because he can avoid unpleasant manifestations and avail himself of the pique excited by his coolness; while an opposite

course of conduct invites all that capricious beauty may choose to inflict and insure personal humiliation. Sometimes Paul bore this, sometimes he flamed into indignation, sometimes he remonstrated, with more or less effect, according to Kate's humor. She knew her power over him and abused it with an unscrupulousness which was thoroughly feminine. Was there ever a slave who was *always* well treated, I wonder?

Apart from his principal attraction to the house in Newman Street (if he could have admitted the exception), Paul thought it one of the pleasantest of places, and old Sabin the jolliest and kindest of old boys; as indeed he was. He had a welcome for all his sons' friends and acquaintances, who were free to come and go on the premises, almost at pleasure. When at home, he seldom quitted his studio; and, as his wife nearly lived in the kitchen (where the family took their meals), only emerging therefrom on Sundays or special occasions, the girls had the parlors to themselves, and could admit what visitors they chose, with perfect impunity. Occasionally Paul spent an hour or so in the studio, watching his opportunity to slip out to Kate; sometimes he did not enter it for a week together. The only person belonging to the establishment of whom he was afraid was Mrs. Sabin, who had been known to summon her daughter from a tender interview by calling imperatively for her from the bottom of the stairs, and even, when provoked by delay, repeating her demand from outside the half-opened parlor door. On such occasions the guilty Paul shrank within himself and departed without the usual protracted leave-taking at the street door, where the lovers generally lingered an unconscionable time, indulging in osculatory and other familiarities. Once Kate told him that if ever they quarrelled after marriage, they must come to that portal in order to repew old fondness by the force of association. His passion was an open secret to all the family, nobody attaching much importance to it. Between him and his friend Richard, there existed one of those unspoken confidences on the subject common among young men, though Dick privately regarded it as "all nonsense;" Tib and Frank teased, connived, and abetted; Mrs. Sabin disapproved, but seldom actively; while if her husband gave himself any concern about the matter, it was to laugh both at his daughter and her admirer. Paul could never have enjoyed such opportunities in any less desultory household.

Its palpable irregularities troubled him very little; I think he rather enjoyed them, as the moral antipodes of what he experienced at home. At one-and-twenty, we are not fastidious about the relatives of the beloved object, especially when they allow us easy access to her. Besides, most of us have a secret liking for Micawberish people, both in real life and in books; their disregard of the stricter moral obligations make our own short-comings seem quite venial in comparison; they are agreeable devil's advocates, who put in a plea in favor of all the easy demi virtues against the hard, positive ones, which dispense with all others. Paul even knew of the Wornum episode, indeed had helped to instigate Kate's revolt against that lean, unfortunate woman, whom he greatly distrusted (suspecting her of perfectly imaginary designs for the contamination of Miss Sabin); but he was fain to imitate that young lady's resignation, when she returned home, as she was only too glad to do, and be civil to the supposed enemy. If it ever occurred to him as it probably did, that his grandparents would have been extremely scandalized by his intimacy with the Sabins, he kept such speculations to himself. He had got into hot water once or twice by risking satirical comment on some of the family peculiarities; for, as I have previously remarked, Kate shared the sensitiveness of the female portion of it with regard to its vulnerable points. She had even gone to the length of collecting all the pairs of snuffers in the house (two and a half) in order to convince him of their existence, on his doubting it and remarking on the very common habit of using scissors or fingers, in lieu of those useful implements. And he had discovered the antecedents of the hasty marriage of Kate's elder sister (who borrowed her mother's wedding-ring to effect it) from Mrs. Ball's flashing out into an apparently uncalled for passion on Paul's innocently rallying her about her supposed conquests before assuming that name, which set him thinking and induced inquiries. It was best, he found, not to ruffle the susceptibilities of the ladies.

I have said he went so frequently to Newman Street that Kate found it something of a nuisance, which she occasionally abated by sending Mills to Soho Square, with little cocked-hat notes, begging her too ardent lover to "be a good boy and go home," as "they were washing," "mother was so cross and, she knew, wouldn't let her come up stairs," and similar statements. Whereupon Paul would invite Mills to tea with him, at a coffee-house in Oxford Street, subsequently accompanying him to the forbidden door, to envy his ready admission, to linger in the vicinity until he had excited the suspicions of the policeman, and then depart homewards, feeling as if there were a whole cycle and abyss

CHAPTER XII.

A CATASTROPHE.

of time between that and to-morrow evening. The number and length of the letters he wrote to her were, even for one in his condition, prodigious. Frank offered his sister half-a-sovereign for them as a speculation in waste paper. He tried poetry also, and with sufficient success to secure the publication of some of his verses in a country newspaper, of which we shall hear hereafter. Paul kept all her answers, to the smallest pencil-scrawled "Good night!"—sent when she was unable to bid him one verbally—for many years, only destroying them when—but I shall come to that in due time.

In addition to their facilities in-doors, the lovers met, on summer evenings, in Bedford Square; the Sabins possessing the privilege of entering the inclosure in virtue of John's residence. Kate used to call and get the key, sometimes taking charge of her little nephews and nieces, those innocents being pressed into service as what I have heard denominated "gooseberry-pickers" to their seniors. This proceeding, however, involved risks, for the artless prattle of the children on one occasion conveyed to their parents (and the terribly respectable Thorntons) the news that Paul had kissed their aunt repeatedly in the arbor; after which scandal Miss Sabin insisted on his abstaining from such familiarities, except at Newman Street, where he was at liberty to make himself amends. There, the presence of Frank, or Tib, or Mills, necessitated no particular restraint, unless the two former were inclined to be disagreeable or mischievous. As for poor Mills, he played third-party with admirable discretion, trotted on errands, kept watch and ward when Mrs. Sabin threatened interruption, and made himself generally useful. He was a born dependant and hanger-on, a perfectly guileless and single-hearted parasite, who did everything short of cleaning boots, or knives, or windows, that the Sabins chose to put him to. He had become the involuntary confidant of both Paul and his mistress; and many a night had walked home with the young man, listening to or condoling with him, or explaining away the coquetries and crudities of Kate Sabin. Paul never felt that there was anything absurd in this queer friendship, and the time came when he thought very sadly and tenderly of poor Mills' untiring kindness and patient sympathy.

Under all these circumstances, adverse and congenial, Paul had persisted in loving Kate Sabin for over twelve months. It was scarcely a happy time, made up of extravagant devotion on one side, of fluctuation between liking and dissatisfaction on the other. Sometimes her capricious favor exalted him to the height of felicity; anon her coldness or coquetry filled him with despair and jealousy. Such exhibitions of feeling on his part, as that described in our first chapter, were every day rendering her more and more inimical to his suit and willing to break off; only she wanted the necessary resolution. Latterly, too, she had involved herself with another admirer. She began to be afraid of Paul, to suspect that his passion demanded more than was in her power to grant, and, lacking an equal return, might chafe itself into misery, which it would inflict as well as suffer. She had experienced something of this, she thought, already. But she was unable to make up her mind on this subject; so she only avoided Paul, played with and tortured him, until the chapter of accidents should produce a decision.

When he told her of his father's letter (which he did, perhaps, with a little latent self-importance, and certainly a hope that she would exhibit some interest or emotion), he was signally discomfited by her behavior. She supposed he would go, as a matter of course, and as if there were no conceivable reason why he should not be ready to expatriate himself, immediately and for evermore. Wasn't it his duty to do so? She also eulogized America and Americans with equal fluency and ignorance, talked affectionately of her brother Tom (who had left England when she was about six years old), and declared that Mr. Wheeler had impressed her so delightfully that she should like to accompany that gentleman on his return to a country which possessed so many advantages over her own—wondering if he were married, and so forth. She surmised that the ladies of Louisiana must be very handsome. It was only after a scene, and much personal humiliation, that Paul obtained an admission that she *did* care whether he went or stayed; and further conversations elicited no greater encouragement than was involved in the assertion that he certainly ought not to let any sentimental considerations hinder him from accepting the good fortune presumably awaiting him in the New World, coupled with a perceptible resentment of his desire to go thither. Miss Sabin and old Mrs. Gower might have shaken hands in sympathy on the subject.

To do Kate justice, however, she hardly thought of the matter seriously, or, as Mr. Wheeler would have said, realized it. Paul couldn't go yet awhile—until his father sent the money for his passage. In the meantime, a letter had been despatched by his grandparents to Buzzard's Bend, Carroll Parish, Louisiana, expressive of their willingness to part with him and his readiness to undertake the voyage.

"Miss Sabin is n-not at home, sir. She w-went out half-an-hour ago with Mr. Mifflin."
"Oh, Mills! what a crammer! How can you?" And the poor drawing master was suddenly rushed at, seized by his coat collar and shaken, until his back came into smart collision with the street door which he had just opened, in answer to Paul's application at the knocker. "T-tibby!" and "Kitten!" was all that could be heard of Mills' remonstrances, while the young lady who had pounced upon him—really in a manner justifying the feline appellation he bestowed upon her—proceeded to apostrophize her victim as "an old wiper," and to threaten to have the "werry life of him" if he did it again—the objectionable course of conduct being unstated.

"I'll come in," said Paul, suiting the action to the word and entering the back parlor, whither Mills and the kitten followed; that playful creature still hovering round the drawing master and harrying him, though with abated energy.

"You may as well tell me," Paul continued, when these attentions ceased and the breathless Mills was repairing damages. (His coat, by the way, being a very old one, had suffered so much from the juvenile members of the house of Sabin that it was quite a phenomenon of darts and patches.) "It's not the first time, you know."

"But it *isn't*, this time, Paul, dear!" responded Tib, with great volubility. She was a sharp looking girl, with good features, thrice Kate's impulsiveness, and a general tendency towards private theatricals on all possible occasions.

"And Mills ought to be ashamed of himself—there!"

"B-but I saw 'em with my own eyes," insisted that person, getting into a corner and holding up his hands in deprecation of further hostilities: "Miss Sabin and Mr. M-miff—"

"Mills!" screamed the girl, making another swoop at him, rendered abortive by Paul who took her by the waist, when she succumbed to circumstances, only relieving her feelings by short, shrill shrieks and stamps, and feints of a desire to dart at the drawing master and rend him in pieces, whenever he opened his mouth.

"Come, Tib, there's quite enough of this," Paul said, with some impatience, and was proceeding to further inquiries about Kate, when he was interrupted by the appearance of the slatternly girl from the adjacent mews—who commonly dispensed with such formalities as knocking at the door.

"Missis says she won't have sich a noise hupstairs and Miss Elizabeth's to come directly and she wants Mr. Mills to go of a errand." Thus the slatternly girl, without stops.

"C-coming, Polly!" stammered the factotum of the family, not sorry to embrace the opportunity of escaping; while Miss Elizabeth merely told the girl to "go to Jericho," apparently preferring Paul's knee to a maternal scolding.

"You victim of the tender passion," she began to that young man; "I'll tell you all about it, as that old blab can't keep his mouth shut. Kitty went out, just after tea, with her best bonnet and my warm shawl on—for which she'll just get particular *toke* when she comes back, and so I tell you! And if Curtis Mifflin bolted after her—leaving me and Mills in the unperilous manner, I must say—how was she to help it? If you say a word, Mills, I'll go into hysterics and scream the roof of the house off!" Which double catastrophe Mills prudently declined provoking.

"It's my birthday," Paul remarked, rather ruefully; "I thought she would have remembered it." Whereupon Tib embraced him with much affection, pouring out congratulations on the anniversary, apologies for her sister's absence, and assurances of her speedy return, which lasted until Mills had visited the kitchen and reappeared, carrying a basket.

"I'll go with you," said Paul, as the drawing master put on his shabby old hat and comforter, in preparation for out-of-doors; and they quitted the house together, Tib accompanying them to the threshold, talking all the way. Arrived there and perceiving an acquaintance on the other side of the street, taking in beer at the area-railings, the young lady then ran across to her and remained bare headed, conversing, until Polly was sent to fetch her back.

Mills' errand was the fetching of some tripe for the family supper, from a shop in Tottenham Court Road, renowned for the preparation of that delicacy. In the course of their walk thither, he told Paul the circumstances attendant on Kate's absence from home. Premising, in his accustomed phrase, that kittens would be kittens, and that it was advisable, as a general principle, to recognize that fact in natural history and to be aware of their claws, Mills stated that Miss Sabin had gone on a visit to an old lady who lived in Bloomsbury Square, and who was the aunt of Mr. Curtis Mifflin; being especially invited thereto by her nephew. He had come to the house, Mills added, at an early hour in the afternoon, and spent the greater portion of it with the young ladies in the front parlor, where Kate had sung and played to him. Tib's correction was both based on no stronger fact than the circumstance that her sister, after coquettishly refusing the

invitation and then accepting it, had declared that she would go unaccompanied, and so ran off alone, to be pursued and of course overtaken by Paul's rival.

Now the attentions of this Mr. Curtis Mifflin towards Kate had caused Paul much more disquiet than he chose to avow to that young lady, or, indeed, to himself. He was a very different kind of rival than the rough, jovial, free-and-easy young artists who haunted her father's house; being a pale, slim, and rather gentlemanly young fellow of nineteen, articled clerk to John Sabin, solicitor, in which capacity he had recently made the acquaintance of the old painter's family, when the daughters received him with considerable favor. There had occurred a competition between the sisters in order to decide, as Tib expressed it, "who should have the captivatin of him." Surrendering to Kate, he became, in a very brief period, her most devoted and dismal of admirers. He was one of a class of youth which is, I suppose, extinct nowadays (when young Britons affect cynicism instead of sentimentality), but which was common enough not very long ago,—youth who gave themselves airs à la Byron, turned down their collars (when it was a singularity), wore long hair, talked about blighted hearts, fate and suicide, and went about looking preternaturally wretched—in a word, the originals of Mr. Dickens' delightful caricature of Mr. Moddle. At first, Kate made a joke of the passion she had excited in the breast of this forlorn swain, and showed his letters to Paul who ridiculed them, assuming a candor and absence of dislike to the writer which he was far from feeling. But Mr. Mifflin's folly was real enough to affect his happiness, and presently Kate began to pity him. She thought him miserable, and herself the cause. She listened to him, at first from coquetry, then with curiosity, then interest. Probably she contrasted his disposition with Paul's, not always to the latter's advantage; his high-flown sentimentality with the fervid, exacting passion of her lover, attributing more disinterestedness to the former. His inferiority of intellect made her perfectly at ease with him, while it relieved her of any unpleasant sense of responsibility, like that which was transforming the tie which bound her to Paul into an iron fetter. She had begun to like Mr. Mifflin's letters, to answer them, before Paul suspected what was going on.

It is uncertain whether, at this period, she really contemplated installing Mr. Mifflin into that place in her affections which Paul had never really occupied, but he got hints to that effect from Mills and others, and presently credited them; though for one naturally of a sensitive and jealous temperament, he continued suspicious for a long time. But Mr. Mifflin came to Newman Street so often—almost as frequently as Paul—that that young man's latent dislike could not fail to manifest itself. He began to ignore his presence, at first coldly, then insultingly; and to assume a familiarity of behavior towards Kate which he had not, till then, ventured on—at least before others. Angered at this, and compromised by half-confidences with her new admirer, she resented it the more deeply for her apparent inability to bring about an open rupture; while his feelings found vent in melodramatic airs, which Paul treated with derision. Dread of him drew them together, inducing mutual championship. So that everything conspired to render Paul's conduct distasteful to his mistress, and to recommend the new comer.

Of two-thirds of all this Paul was, of course, ignorant; nor had any overt act occurred to enlighten him as to how far Miss Sabin had progressed towards being off with the old love, if not on with the new, till now. He received Mills' information with a keener pang of suspicion and jealousy than he had, as yet, experienced. All day long had he been buoying himself up with hopes of a reception appropriate to the anniversary, and of an unusually happy evening; and now Kate was away, preferring the company of that infernal little puppy of a Mifflin. It was too bad, altogether!

He went back with Mills and the tripe, in the worst possible spirits, scarcely listening to the attempts at consolation volunteered by his humble friend, and the door being opened by Polly, ascertained, not at all to his surprise, that Miss Sabin had not returned; and then took refuge in the studio. Old Sabin was there, and, as it happened, alone, in a paint-stained jacket, engaged in cleaning his brushes; a task ordinarily devolving on Frank, but which that young scapegrace frequently neglected. Kate's father had just completed the restoration of a picture, involving the re-painting of half of it, to which, after his usual hearty greeting, he invited Paul's attention.

"There, Gower," he said, "cheerful subject, isn't it? What do you make of it?"

The picture—a formal one, of about three feet square—represented a woman with a very straight figure and a fanatical face, framed by a black kerchief and surmounted by a wide-brimmed sugar-loaf hat, standing on a barrel (the top of which was decidedly out of perspective), and apparently preaching to a select congregation of sour-visaged, sombre-looking men and women in an old-fashioned kitchen, while a cat

surveyed the assembly, from the vantage-ground of a high window-sill, with an aspect of justifiable disfavor. It was evidently intended for a Puritan meeting, of the time of the Commonwealth.

"Whose is it?" asked Paul, after he had made the above guess.

"It belongs to a man who came here a month ago with my nephew, Mr. Pennethorne. He made a queer bargain with me about it, too," the old painter added, chuckling. "What do you think, now? I'm going to take out the value of my work on it in cheese!"

"In cheese?" inquired Paul, smiling.

"In nothing less—at tenpence a pound. He proposed it. It appears that he has had this picture ever so long, with wild ideas as to its value; and, coming here and getting friendly with us, offered to sell it to me, or to let me dispose of it on commission. Finding I didn't care about it, he thought he might as well have it put to rights; so I undertook the job on the terms I've mentioned. He wouldn't spend money on it—said he couldn't afford it; but as he'd taken a hundred weight of cheese from somebody for a bad debt, he wanted to get rid of some of it. So we can have plenty of Welsh-rabbits this winter, for supper." And the old boy revelled in a laugh which shook his jolly double chin, and did one good to listen to.

"I hope you won't be disappointed in the quality," suggested Paul, who had heard of Mr. Pennethorne from his friend, Harry Franklin.

"My dear boy, there's no fear of it. —, where he lives, is a great place for cheese, or used to be. Besides, I stipulated that Dick should act as taster, and if he approves, it'll do, I know. Have you heard from him recently?"

"I've not had a line from him, though I've written twice. Harry, however, said that he was enjoying himself, shooting."

"Poaching, he meant," returned the senior, wagging his head. "It's the same story with us. Dick is the worst letter-writer in the family, which is saying something, too. I don't believe he can spell decently. Gower, you must let us know how he gets on in America, if you go there together; he'll be sure to neglect it."

Paul promised, with a sinking of the heart, as he thought upon the transatlantic correspondence with Kate, on which he had calculated. "I shall hardly start before next year," he added, rather ruefully. "We've not heard from Louisiana yet, and my grandfather and grandmother object to a winter passage."

"You want to be off, then?" inquired old Sabin, a little surprised at the tone in which he spoke.

"Well, not exactly," was the still doleful response. "But I should like to see something more of the world than London, where there's no better place for me than a clerk's, in some architect's office, at thirty shillings a week, with the prospect of a rise to two pounds, and nothing beyond. I am not very fond of the profession, and don't think I should ever distinguish myself in it. I like drawing the figure better. Besides, without making any great pretence of filial affection, it is but natural that I should want to see my father, who asks me to come to him."

"To be sure! And what sort of a life do you expect to have of it in what-d'you-call-it, eh?"

"Well, it would puzzle me to answer very definitely. I suppose most of my ideas of Louisiana are derived from Uncle Tom's Cabin. There's time enough to think of that when I get fairly started." Paul spoke flippantly, for he felt miserable, and was all the time vexed by a fierce unrest which scarcely allowed him to fix his mind on the topic of which he was conversing.

Whether he perceived this or not, old Sabin changed the subject and began talking about pictures, his business, and things in general, until he had completed the purification of his brushes and palette; when he did as much for his hands, and then put on his best coat and hat for a visit to Bedford Square. He was always very particular as to his personal appearance on such occasions, regarding an invitation from "John" with no small degree of respect and reverence. He would as soon thought of requesting his son's company to a tripe supper in the kitchen, as of conversing with him as familiarly as he had been doing with Paul Gower. So, after a good deal of bustle and preparation, in the course of which Tib was called in to brush and smarten up her father (which she termed "tittivating" him), he was presently dismissed at the street door, in a state of great splendor and complacency, looking like the jolly old boy he was and (as his daughter remarked) "a credit to his profession and family."

Paul, ordinarily as much at home in the house as if he lived there, did not return to the studio, whence the light was removed to the back parlor, where he resumed his jealous vigil, being occasionally looked in upon by Mills and Tib, who oscillated between the kitchen and his company. He could very well have excused them if they had left him to his own bitter thoughts. Mills was alarmed at his pale face and troubled manner, and strove in vain to soothe him. Paul had become savagely, miserably jealous.

[To be continued.]

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

N. B.—Brief and pithy extracts for this column will be gratefully received. Please send marked copies.

Jack Shepherd's Gospel Trumpet.

REVELATION I. 10.

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JOHN. HENRY DENIG.

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BLOOD, FAITH, & TRUTH.

St. John XIX. 33, 34; Galatians II. 16; Isaiah XXV. 1; Isaiah XVI. 5.

JACK'S SHEPHERD - - - - Proprietor.
JOHN. HENRY DENIG - - - - Editor.
"JACK SHEPHERD" - - - - Carrier.

YORK, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 25, 1872.

I BELIEVE

IN GOD the FATHER ALMIGHTY, Maker of Heaven and Earth; and in JESUS CHRIST His only Son, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried. He descended into hell; the third day He arose from the dead, He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth upon the right hand of GOD, His Almighty and Heavenly Father; from thence He has come to judge the quick and the dead!

I believe in the Church of Christ, the Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of Sins, and in the Resurrection of the body of JESUS CHRIST, the Son of the Living and Everlasting GOD! — Amen.

JOHN. HENRY DENIG.

JACK'S SHEPHERD.

We profess to have the LORD for our Shepherd. Therefore, when we say that the proprietor of our paper is *Jack's Shepherd*, we mean that the LORD owns the whole concern, and that John—or "Jack"—is only a servant in the LORD's employ.

JOHN. HENRY DENIG.

We place a period after our name John. We claim that this is John, spoken of in Rev. i. 3. Also, there was a man sent from GOD, whose name was John. And he came unto his own, and his own received him not. Further, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the LORD, as said the prophet Isaiah."

And of whom Isaiah speaks, chapter XL: "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots; and the spirit of the LORD shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and light, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the LORD; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the LORD; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears: but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth; and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked."

Chapter LXIII. 3: "I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemer is come. And I will tread down the people in mine anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the earth."

"JACK SHEPHERD."

This cognomen we retain since it is written of us. And it is written in Revelation XIX. 12: "And he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself."

The above are a number of our "crazy" or foolish points. But reader, judge ye, who is crazy—the editor of this paper, or the host of loud-mouthed religionists who act like a pack of hell-hounds after a sheep of CHRIST's fold.

But remember that "GOD has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise."

CHRISTIANS AND SINNERS!

We want your assistance in circulating this Gospel Trumpet. Will you aid us?

Poetry.

(For THE INDEX.)

SUNDAY ON THE HILL-TOP.

Only ten miles from the city,—
And how I am lifted away
To the peace that passeth knowing,
And the light that is not of day!

All alone on the hill-top!
Nothing but God and me,
And the spring-time's resurrection,
Far shinnings of the sea,

The river's laugh in the valley,
Hills dreaming of their past;
And all things silently opening,
Opening into the Vast!

Eternities past and future
Seem clinging to all I see,
And things immortal cluster
Around my bended knee.

That pebble—is older than Adam!
Secrets it hath to tell;
These rocks—they cry out history,
Could I but listen well.

That pool knows the ocean-feeling
Of storm and moon-led tide;
The sun finds its East and West therein,
And the stars find room to glide.

That lichen's crinkled circle
Still creeps with the Life Divine,
Where the Holy Spirit loitered
On its way to this face of mine,—

On its way to the shining fates
Where angel-lives are led;
And I am the lichen's circle
That creeps with tiny tread.

I can hear these violets chorus
To the sky's benediction above:
And we all are together lying
On the bosom of Infinite Love.

I—I am a part of the poem,
Of its every sight and sound,
For my heart beats inward rhyming
To the Sabbath that lies around.

Oh, the peace at the heart of Nature!
Oh, the light that is not of day!
Why seek it afar forever,
When it cannot be lifted away?

BLUE HILL, May 21, 1871.

LOCAL NOTICES.

FIRST INDEPENDENT SOCIETY.—The regular meetings of this Society are held at OGDON HALL, St. Clair Street, on Sunday evenings, at 7½ o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

CAPITAL, \$100,000. SHARES EACH \$100.

The Association having assumed the publication of THE INDEX, the Directors have levied an assessment of ten per cent. on each share for the year ending Oct. 30, 1872. All future subscriptions are subject to this assessment. Not more than ten per cent. on each share can be assessed in any one year. By the original terms of subscription, the Directors are forbidden to incur any indebtedness beyond ten per cent. of the stock actually subscribed; and this provision will be strictly complied with. It is very desirable that the entire stock of the Association should be taken, and subscriptions are respectfully solicited from all friends of Free Religion.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO STOCK.

ACKNOWLEDGED previously, Nine Hundred and Sixty-Seven Shares, \$67,000.
W. A. THURSTON, West Newton, Mass., One Share, 100
\$96,800

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending March 8, 1873.

E. Fowle.....	50	J. H. Holley.....	75
M. P. M. Cassidy.....	3 00	Hartley Holmes.....	75
W. H. Badger.....	3 00	A. S. Hudson.....	3 00
Rowland Connor.....	5 00	Jno. Nelson.....	3 00
Jno. Bircks.....	1 00	Mrs. C. E. Merrill.....	3 00
A. L. Clark.....	1 50	Norman Weir.....	3 00
D. A. Gourick.....	1 75	Nathan Douglass.....	75
Robert Clark.....	3 00	Jno. Sebe.....	3 00
M. A. Gerry.....	3 00	S. D. Terrill.....	2 00
Louis Knorr.....	3 00	A. Farnsworth.....	3 00
Geo. S. Powell.....	1 50	Mrs. Jno. Patterson.....	3 00
Wm. J. D. Way.....	75	Amanda Park.....	3 00
Thos. Eager.....	1 75	H. Smith.....	3 00
Geo. B. Smith.....	2 00	F. A. Maxze.....	4 45
Chas. H. Brown.....	3 00	Jno. Winslow.....	3 00
E. Bruel.....	75	T. G. Hall.....	3 00
Reuben Friable.....	3 00	Edgar B. Moore.....	3 00
Clarabel Gerrish.....	50	H. K. Oliver.....	10
Fannie Werts.....	4 00	A. E. Selter.....	75
F. Urran.....	1 50	Wm. M. Miller.....	75
Deid Thayer.....	1 50	Beth Cole.....	1 00
I. P. Ingold.....	1 00	E. McDonald.....	1 50
Frank E. Nipher.....	50	C. B. Boyes.....	3 00
B. F. Smurr.....	10	Miss A. M. Longee.....	75
B. F. McClelland.....	15	Rhoda Fuller.....	3 00
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Wm. Clarke.....	30 00	W. C. Gannett.....	2 10
G. F. Van Vleeton.....	3 00		

The Index.

MARCH 15, 1878.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features, and offers an opportunity for discussions on this subject which find no fitting place in other papers. The columns of THE INDEX are open for the discussion of all questions included under its general purpose.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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To CORRESPONDENTS.—Please send all matter intended for any particular issue of THE INDEX at least a fortnight in advance of date. We shall be very greatly obliged by attention to this request.

William Lloyd Garrison uttered a cutting truth, when he said: "As to the loftiness of the pulpit, though the old-fashioned mode of erecting it was somewhat elevated, the weather-cock on the spire finds a more lofty position than the pulpit occupant; but both commonly indicate which way the wind blows."

A private letter suggests that we open a column of "Answers to Correspondents." We would gladly do so, if we were not sure of being asked a thousand questions we could not possibly answer; and it would be tiresome to print a column every week filled with nothing but—"Don't know!" If we were only as wise as some people!

A few weeks ago a respected member of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention, now in session at Philadelphia, wrote to us as follows of the probable action of that body: "The Committee on the Bill of Rights intend to report a preamble 'acknowledging the sovereignty of God,' &c., as an amendment of our present Constitution, which does not attempt to declare or enact what he is." The result of this movement will be awaited with no little interest. Petitions favoring it are in active circulation.

The *Christian Cynosure*, of Chicago, declares in its issue of Feb. 18 that the "Demands of Liberalism" would "place the monogamy of our Savior and the polygamy of Brigham Young on a perfect legal, moral, and religious level." The "monogamy of our Savior," if his example is to be the supreme law of his disciples, seems to enjoin universal celibacy. But, waiving all references to Jesus and Brigham Young alike, we do not hesitate to say that we regard monogamy as the system that is most consistent with natural morality, and that we by no means wish to introduce the harem in any shape as an American institution.

Rev. Daniel Schindler, who formerly edited the *Christian Radical* at Pittsburgh, Pa., is now editor of a new paper called the *Living Christian*, and published at Providence, R. I. Mr. Schindler is a man of ability, which he is still devoting to the task of proving that Christianity is "an unsetting power." If he means Catholicism, he is right in one sense; for Catholicism, when in power, "unsets" the world by killing off all who join any sect but its own. We doubt, however, whether this is what Mr. Schindler means. If by "Christianity" he means Protestantism, we leave him to settle his little quarrel with history as best he can.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

Mr. Frothingham gives us this week a very amusing report of the Convention just held in New York, in favor of putting a creed into the Constitution. By all the accounts we have received, it was evidently a less successful meeting than that at Cincinnati last year. It was a hazardous experiment to hold a meeting in New York; and it appears not to have favorably impressed the public or the press. Mr. Frothingham's conclusions that the movement is "intensely hostile to cultivated free thought," and that "thus far it has no hold on the popular mind," are undoubtedly correct; and in fact we had derived the same conclusions from what we had seen, heard, and read before. The movement is still young, and, like all movements which aim to change or develop public opinion, it must require time to become popular.

The failure of the present Convention to carry the public mind by storm is not, therefore, any proof that the movement itself will always be insignificant. The inherent strength of it (and we still think it immensely strong) lies in the logic of its ideas. Yet this inherent strength is apparent to those only who clearly recognize the practical necessities of the Christian Church in this country, and the impossibility of its permanently sustaining itself in a community in which freedom grows more and more every day to be the dominant idea of the national development.

Consider for a moment the question of the Bible in the schools. Does any thoughtful observer of the times believe that our public school system can be thoroughly secularized without a desperate struggle on the part of the Protestant churches to retain this dearly-prized symbol of their political supremacy? Cincinnati is as liberal a city as can be found in the United States; yet the Liberals have thus far failed to remove the Bible from its schools because of the one word "religion" in the State Constitution. The case is to come up again before the Supreme Court of Ohio; but its decision will not be final. In some shape and at some time, the question must come up before the Supreme Court of the United States; but the United States Constitution as it now is cannot be wrested to support the retention of the Bible in the schools, and the Liberals must then succeed. This necessary issue stares the Protestants in the face. Either they must submit to the exclusion of the Bible from the schools, or they must amend the Constitution so as to retain it. If they are in earnest in their religion,—if they believe that they ought to have Bible-reading in the schools,—if they have a particle of faith left in the Orthodoxy they profess,—they cannot help themselves; they will be forced in spite of themselves, sooner or later, to favor the Christian Amendment. Unless sincerity and earnestness have all died out of the Protestant heart, the great body of Protestants will yet be found, whatever they now say or leave unsaid, to fall into line with the little knot of Christianizers who at present are urging their mis-called "reform." Yet who will venture to declare that the Protestant Church of America is to-day destitute of all deep-seated convictions as to the truth of their religion and the right to defend it against Catholicism and Liberalism? Whoever ventures to say this is a fanatic of unbelief.

It is this irresistible logic of ideas, this practical necessity of things, that gives to this wild and reactionary crusade of the Christianizers its formidable character. Their Conventions may be contemptible in point of numbers, influence, wealth, respectability, and culture; but the men who conduct them see the danger to Protestant supremacy and the only escape from it. Peter the Hermit was only a half-crazy fanatic; but he turned all Europe loose upon Palestine. Just so long as that Christianity survives out of which this Convention has sprung, so long will the possibility of another irruption of fanaticism remain. We care less than nothing whether the Conventions succeed or fail, except as they indicate the degree of awakening to its own condition in the Protestant Church. We only see that the Protestant Church is to-day a great power in the republic; that this power is threat-

ened increasingly by free thought and Catholicism; that the only way to preserve it is by getting control of the State; and that no power has ever yet been surrendered without a desperate struggle. This is enough. It more than justifies the warnings already given against the latent peril of the Christianizing movement.

But it would be a great mistake to regard the Liberal League as proposed merely, or even chiefly, to oppose the present Christianizers. Its objects are independent, and contemplate the positive reform of existing abuses. It is a movement to hasten and complete that process of gradual secularization which has been going on ever since the settlement of this country. Let it be carried forward on its own merits. The republic cannot rest on a safe basis until natural morality, natural freedom, natural equality of rights, have taken the place of that "Christian statesmanship" which has lately come to such conspicuous grief in the *Crédit Mobilier*. Keep the Constitution as it is, and bring the whole administration into harmony with its unsectarian provisions.

NO REASON FOR INACTION.

The New York *Methodist* of February 8, referring to the Liberal League movement and the opposite demands of the Liberals and the Catholics, says: "Between the pressure from the one and the other side, it may become important for us to embody in our fundamental law both the Christian and Protestant standing-ground of the nation and the State."

That the explicit expression of what Liberalism must demand, as the true fulfilment of the American idea in the administration of the government, should operate in two directions at the same time, is no more than we have expected from the beginning. It will make the advocates both of secular and ecclesiastical government more distinctly conscious of what their respective principles require. It will make the Liberals more earnest in demanding the abolition of all existing forms of ecclesiastical influence in legislation; it will make the Church party more earnest in fortifying what advantages they now possess, and will dispose them to attempt to usurp still more. Each tendency will become more pronounced and definite; each side will seek to strengthen itself for the coming issue.

For the "irrepressible conflict" is upon us already; there is no evading it. Anomalies and inconsistencies exist in our political system with regard to ecclesiasticism which are a devouring cancer in the republic. Especially is this true as to our public schools. Far-sighted men on both sides clearly discern this fact. The Catholics, the Protestants, and the Liberals advocate antagonistic policies in our general educational system, and its safety is already profoundly imperilled. We know the dangers of the struggle now rapidly approaching; but we believe in the wisdom of courage. Let the issue be made. If justice and truth are on our side,—if they exact the thorough secularization of all our political and educational institutions,—let us not flinch from any peril, but seek at once to bring the discussion to fundamental principles, to enlighten the people as to the vast interests involved, and to meet the decisive question with decision. In a word, let us boldly carry the great idea of secular freedom into action, even though for a while this open policy seems to strengthen the party of ecclesiastical interference. It is time to put aside all timidity, and run some risks in behalf of our own posterity.

It is well to learn wisdom from the history of the anti-slavery movement. The demand for "immediate emancipation" frightened hosts of callow abolitionists, gave the pro-slavery party a pretext for new encroachments, and seemed to threaten great danger to the cause of the negro himself. It was declared premature, rash, perilous, sure to increase the power of the enemy and to check the gradual formation of a better public opinion. No doubt there was truth in all this. But history vindicated the uncompromising attitude of the anti-slavery reformers. By their direct appeal to the conscience and intelligence of the nation, they arrested public attention as they never could have done by a more

politic course, and laid the foundations deep and strong for the final triumph of freedom. So must it be to-day. We care nothing for any incidental gain that may accrue to ecclesiasticism by publishing frankly the entire programme of Liberalism. Truth and right must gain more in the end, or the universe is gone to seed. By that faith THE INDEX lives or dies. Whatever indirect help may be given to the reactionists by the formation of the Liberal League, a direct and greater help must be given to the party of progress. Forward, then, and cast all fear to the winds!

"A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT."

"That eminently just and scrupulous sheet, the New York *World*, after exposing the mischievous folly of the attempt to Christianize the Constitution of the United States and yet expressing personal respect for those who are engaged in it, continues as follows in its issue of February 18:

"Along with this proposition comes its pendant in the shape of a very scurvy proposition from persons to the number, so far as appears, of two, of whom one is named Abbot and the other Dinsmore. Nobody is called on to profess the respect which nobody feels for these objectionable and liberal persons. But we wish to call the attention of the well-meaning persons who might be beguiled into believing that the religious amendment was somehow a good thing, to the fact that the irreligious amendment is its logical counterpart, and that Abbot and Dinsmore have the same rights under the Constitution which they propose to tinker in the interest of irreligion as have Bishop Bedell and Dr. McCosh under the Constitution which they propose to tinker in what they consider the interest of religion. If Abbot and Dinsmore become the majority, they would have the same right to incorporate their notions in the Constitution as the propounders of the religious amendment have to incorporate theirs. The only prevention of either calamity is to lay it down that religion is the concern of individuals and of corporations formed for religious purposes, and not of the corporations formed for secular purposes, of which the State is one."

Inasmuch as the two "persons" honored by the *World's* disrespect propose nothing that is not advocated by itself in the closing sentence of the above extract, and have never dreamed of "tinkering the Constitution," which in respect to religion is all that it ought to be, we leave our critic to enjoy, undisturbed by us, the peaceful slumbers which come to every one who is above all malice and untruthfulness.

Rev. Mr. Buckley is represented in a New York paper as having said, in a meeting of Methodist ministers, that "every Christian has a right to some infirmity." So far as our observation extends, this is a right most tenaciously clung to.

It is pleasant to agree with the *Christian Register* so thoroughly as we can in the following sentiments:—

"Charles Sumner's old popularity seems to be coming back to him with great rapidity. Almost every day we hear men who censured him last autumn expressing earnest hopes that he may recover his health. And there is a substantial similarity in what is said of him: 'His judgment sometimes errs, his temper is by no means perfect; but let us be glad and proud that Massachusetts has at least one man in public life who is without fear and without reproach.' Who ever dared to go to him with a doubtful proposition? What stain is there on his white record? God save the incorruptible Senator!"

In commenting on the Christianizing Convention, the New York *Herald* says with great force:—

"However we may acquit the projectors of the amendment of an intentional irreverence on account of purlblindness, we do not hold them guiltless of a deliberate intention to abridge the liberty of conscience in America. Their pretensions once acknowledged, a Jew or an Infidel would be outside the Constitution. By this means, the first limitation of conscience would be achieved. The elimination of objectionables would pave the way for further aggressions, and the first steps would be taken to the formation of a State Church. Herein lies the magnitude of the danger from permitting religious meddling with the Constitution. It would make no man a better Christian than his God was in the Constitution; it would, if accomplished, be the precursor of what we have most reason to dread—a union between Church and State."

IS RADICALISM VOID OF RELIGION?

The charge is sometimes brought against THE INDEX, that, though it is a journal "devoted to Free Religion," there is very little that is religious in it; that it is mainly critical, negative, destructive—stimulating, it may be, to inquiry and discussion, but containing little that is spiritually uplifting, little of that nutriment which will feed the deep hungers of the soul, and enrich it with holier aspirations and with a true trust and joy. This charge comes from two classes of persons: first, from those who think that radical thought is not necessarily void of religiousness, but that certain radical thinkers, and particularly those who chiefly shape the thought of THE INDEX, in the emphasis they give to the idea of freedom lose sight of the other idea, that of religion; second, from those who think that the rationalistic mind is necessarily ignorant of certain spiritual experiences which, in their view, are essential to all religious faith and teaching.

This criticism may not in either case be deemed just; but, since it is honestly given, it is worthy of some consideration. I, for one, would readily admit that it would be better for THE INDEX, and better for radicalism generally, if the positive elements of radical thought were stated more clearly and frequently than they are. As a private correspondent says, "There are hundreds [who attend upon radical teaching] who are really hungering after something to satisfy a newly awakened inquiry." "If these waiting minds could be made to see that theology, however interwoven with religion, is not religion, but that this is something higher and more universal than all theology, the real cause of radicalism would, I cannot help thinking, be greatly advanced." But, while I would grant that the positive side of radical faith does not in general get adequate emphasis, at the same time I think our critics are to be reminded that what they complain of is not specially the sin of radicals, but is only one phase of a defect that is common to the great body of writers and talkers on religion.

To the first class of critics I would say that there seems to me to be very little of religion in any of the so-called religious newspapers. I find in them a good deal of theological debate, a good deal of personal controversy, a good deal of trivial detail concerning ecclesiastical matters, a good deal of captious criticism and carping discussion, a good deal of talk about religion, but very little that is really religious,—very little that is positively uplifting to the spiritual nature. If THE INDEX sins in this respect, it is a sinner, therefore, in a large company. The truth is, the writings that are in the profoundest sense positively religious, the writings that go to the essence of spiritual things, and to which we repair for spiritual nourishment and uplifting, are very rare. They do not often get into any weekly newspaper; they do not come at the bidding of even every Orthodox editor. But, rare as they are, a goodly portion of them, it will be found, have been written by the radicals of their time.

Moreover, the question of spiritual nutriment is very largely a question of difference of appetite. What is food for one may be poison to another. It will not do for those who find their spiritual food in the Orthodox *Advance*, or the Unitarian *Christian Register*, or the Baptist *Examiner*, to set up their dictum as to what is spiritual food for all, and to declare, because they are not fed spiritually by THE INDEX, therefore nobody can be. The very articles which seem to them only critical and destructive, are to others full of inspiration, comfort, and strength. What so disturbs their faith brings peace to many souls, in whom the old faith has already been disturbed and broken beyond repair. And this is not a matter of conjecture; it is a matter of knowledge, to which the correspondence of radical writers and speakers will bear testimony.

The other class of critics to whom I have referred think that radicalism is necessarily void of religiousness because it is ignorant of certain experiences which they believe are essential to

religion. A writer of this class in *Zion's Herald* says:—

"The radical, whatever his endowments or attainments, must admit, we think, that the true, the devout believer is the subject of an experience he himself knows nothing of,—is inspired by some principle of interior life, giving elevation of spirit, loftiness of aim, persistency of purpose, and joyfulness and gladness of heart even in the midst of tribulations, to which he himself is an utter stranger."

"The radical" probably will not admit anything of the sort. Methodism is zealous, fervent, vigorous; it has many excellent qualities. But when this Methodist writer comes to speak of "interior life," of "elevation of spirit," "loftiness of aim," "persistency of purpose," "joyfulness and gladness of heart even in the midst of tribulations," radicalism certainly will not allow his arrogant claim for the superiority of his faith. Wonder, indeed, at the arrogance of the claim must almost give way to pity for the poverty of the faith which finds the chief significance of phrases like these in that kind of religious experience known as "conversion" in the popular theology. For when the writer goes on to prove his sweeping statements as to the spiritual defects of radicalism, it is this experience of "conversion" (and the state of mind which he supposes to follow it) which is the one "religious experience" of which radicals, as he says, can know nothing. But even in this statement he is wide of the truth. As a matter of fact, many radicals were once believers in Orthodoxy, and went regularly through the process of "conversion," and know experimentally all about it. And some of these persons say that they find a serenity, trust, and peace in their present views vastly above anything they have ever known before. But even granting that radicals must admit the charge that they know nothing about the religious experience of "conversion," if their capacity for "interior life," "loftiness of aim," "elevation of spirit," be called in question, they would rather rest their case (not to speak of personal character) on one such writing as Emerson's "Over-Soul," or Wasson's "All's Well," than on all the evidence for spirituality that "conversion" statistics can furnish. It should be remembered, too, that Mr. Wasson's rich poem of trust was written when he was stretched on a bed of sickness, racked with pain, while poverty and helplessness were staring him in the face. If the Evangelical mind could read such writings as these without feeling their wealth of spiritual insight, confidence, and joy, it would, before the religious judgment of the world, rather convict itself than them of the want of a lofty spiritual discernment.

W. J. P.

ARROGANT CLAIMS.

I have received a long letter from an Evangelical clergyman who is, I doubt not, an honest and worthy man. The claims he makes, and the imputations he casts, are a thing so stereotyped that I prefer to answer them (for the half-dozen time) through THE INDEX rather than privately.

We radicals who are now in middle life are, in one respect, very differently situated from our predecessors. Many of us are in the second generation of radicalism, were brought up in it, and learned from it all the good we know. To impeach its usefulness and healthfulness is therefore, to us, like impeaching our fathers and mothers; to say that it is an unwholesome atmosphere is like telling a bird that the air is bad for his lungs, or a fish that he should of all things keep away from the water. These were our early influences; then when we came to work in the world we were taken up by the enthusiasm of the great reforms, and trained to whatever we know of self-devotion in those. Emerson and Parker, Garrison and Lucretia Mott, took us in hand; these were our teachers, their words were our bibles, their lives of generous example shamed our indolence. What were the "Acts of the Apostles" to us, compared with the acts of the abolitionists?

Now for a good clergyman to write to one thus trained that the whole thing is to turn, after all, upon the practical work done; but that the

Christian churches do it nearly all, and that "the doing of the practical work of reforming the world is not characteristic of non-Christians as a class," as my friend writes,—this is very much as if, while a train of cars is in full progress, some one were to stand up and harangue the passengers on the extreme absurdity of trusting to locomotive engines as means of motion. For these mighty propelling forces that moved us were never for an instant recognized as anything but "non-Christian" by the Church, until their work was so far done that it became an object for the Church to borrow the glory of their good deeds.

I do not doubt the stainless character and public services of multitudes of the clergy; but in looking back upon the reforms of the last thirty years—Anti-Slavery, Woman's Rights, and the various efforts in regard to prison discipline, labor reform, and the rest—it is impossible not to see that they have been forced upon the Christian Church, instead of its taking the lead in them. I have been over this ground so lately that I will not here dwell on it; but in regard to the Anti-Slavery movement the fact is glaring. Not occasional clergymen, only, but the very heads of the Theological Seminaries long maintained the rightfulness of slavery. Professor Stuart of Andover wrote to Professor Fisk of another Theological Seminary that "slavery may exist without violating the Christian faith or the Church." President Fisk wrote back again—"this doctrine will stand, because it is Bible doctrine." Dr. Taylor of Yale College, the head of the theological department, instructed his pupils that, "if Jesus Christ were now on earth, he would, under certain circumstances, become a slaveholder." So plain was all this, that Albert Barnes finally made his powerful impeachment of the American Church, which yet only echoed what Garrison and other outcasts had pointed out long before. "The language of the ministry," said Mr. Barnes, "and the practice of church-members give such a sanction to this enormous evil as could be derived from no other source, and such as it is useless to convince the world of the evil. Against all this influence in the Church in favor of the system, how hopeless are all attempts against it; while yet no one can doubt that the Church of Christ in this land has power to revolutionize the whole public sentiment on this subject, and to hasten the hour when in the United States and their territories the last shackle of the slave must fall."

So clear is this that my good correspondent makes no claim to prove his assertion of the greater practical service of the Church in respect to any reform but that of temperance. Even here the facts are all against him in regard to the origin of the movement, as may be seen by the unwilling testimony of the same Albert Barnes, speaking of temperance:—

"The ministry hesitated long before they dared to use language such as would be understood. It became necessary to form a society out of the Church—though composed to a great extent of those who were professed friends of religion—to do what should have been done in it; to endeavor to act upon even church-members and ministers from abroad, and to create around them a public opinion which would induce them to take the decided stand which was necessary; and by degrees to bring the Church to the position where it should have been at the commencement. The work was arduous and long. The Church stood in the way of the progress of the cause, and still stands in the way. Mortifying and sad as it is, I hesitate not to say that, taking the country at large, in my judgment there is not so serious an obstacle to the entire success of the temperance reformation as the habits and opinions of ministers and members of the churches; and it is only by an extraordinary movement out of the Church that the deficiency is to be made up."

If there could be more explicit testimony than this, I am unable to conceive of it. What the influences were that produced this pressure from without the Church, may be seen in the fact that the first total abstinence tract with which I am acquainted was published by Judge Hertell, of New York, an avowed infidel, in 1818. The celebrated tract by Rev. Justin Edwards was published in 1825, and a friend of mine well remembers hearing in his boyhood the description given by Dr. Edwards of the bitter hostility he then encountered from his clerical brethren.

The philosophy of the thing seems to me clear enough. The clergy having been, as a rule, honestly absorbed in saving the souls of men, have left the leadership of practical reforms, very generally, to those outside the Church; or else have driven them outside by their resolute preference of the abstract gospel. In case of the temperance reform, the time when the clergy began to take the chief control of it was when the prohibitory law began to be agitated, twenty years ago. I was then a member of the Massachusetts State Temperance Committee, and I remember well how it seemed to me that the clergymen who flocked to the cause were not merely led to it by philanthropic zeal, but by a visible remnant of the old love of domination and stringent law. It even seemed to me, sometimes, that they were like Macaulay's Puritans who suppressed bear-baiting, not merely because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator. I do not wish to undervalue the services of these good men, but I confess that the whole tone of Prohibitory Conventions often seems to me more in harmony with the seventeenth century than with the nineteenth.

I have no time to follow my friend into his general assertions that it is the characteristic of Christianity "to go for the great unwashed, undertaking on their behalf burdens that the polished, amiable representatives of unbelief will not so much as touch with the tip of their fingers." Whom he means by these dainty individuals I know not. If perchance it be the writers for THE INDEX, I can only say that my chief anxiety for most of them is lest they should wear themselves out, as Theodore Parker did before them, by trying to do the intellectual work of the age and its practical work at the same time.

T. W. H.

CHRIST IN THE CONSTITUTION.

The National Association for effecting a religious amendment to the Constitution of the United States held its long and loudly heralded Convention, in New York, on the 28th and 27th of February. The place appropriately selected was the vast subterranean cave of the Cooper Union; the hour of assembling was, properly, the afternoon. There were in all five sessions; two on Wednesday, and on Thursday three. Notices of the meetings were sent to all the churches on the preceding Sunday, with a ticket inviting the minister to a seat on the platform which he might find convenient in case the hall was crowded, as it was sure to be. The flourish of trumpets was solemn. The call stated the objects of the Association, urged their importance, and printed the names of the governors, bishops, presidents, professors, and men of authority who gave it countenance.

Resolved to watch the proceedings carefully, I went to the opening session. The hall was perhaps one-fourth filled with hard-featured men and women evidently from the country round about, mostly clergymen and delegates, with a few score of the hangers-on who frequent the building. The platform was covered with chairs, at least one hundred, all empty. At no time were there more than ten men on the platform, including presiding officers and secretaries. The only well-known city clergyman present during the meetings was the elder Tyng, and he appeared but twice. The meeting was called to order more than half an hour after the appointed moment, and the business of collecting credentials occupied some time, apparently not because there were so many, but because it was difficult to account for their fewness. The audience of Wednesday evening was the largest, and that meeting was made interesting by the presence of some smart dissenters who made it manifest that the assemblage was not harmonious in sentiment. But such persons, finding nothing for their turn, and being threatened with the police if they did not keep quiet, remained thenceforth away.

The meetings were dull; no man of eminent name or of brilliant parts spoke. No letters from distinguished absentees were read. The statements were commonplace; the arguments

were stale; the appeals were frigid. Those present generally showed assent to the positions taken, but without enthusiasm, hardly with earnestness. The resolutions being open to criticism, even from their favorers, were recommittees, the statement about the Bible as the "fountain of laws" being especially unsatisfactory. How the committee finally reported it, or whether it was finally reported at all, I cannot tell. The speakers, as much as they could, avoided the treacherous ground of theological dogmatism, and kept to the safer region of sentiment.

The reports were not encouraging. The Treasurer announced the receipts for the past year as being something more than four thousand dollars; the expenditures fell a trifle below the receipts. In regard to wealth (take comfort, dear Mr. Editor), it was sadly confessed that the opponents of the contemplated amendment have the advantage. Frequently feeling allusion was made to your terrible hundred thousand dollars, a sum that suggested the alliance of the opulent classes, the co-operation of the great merchants and financiers, and an organization as thorough as vast. The Rev. Jonathan Edwards, a speaker of great assurance and of high authority plainly, asserted with unblushing effrontery that the "Liberals" had in their employ, at a salary of fifteen thousand dollars, a foreign lecturer who was at that very moment going about the country inculcating atheism, and "un-Americanizing" the people. Who can it be? Dr. Buehner? I should have asked the question, had I not stood in fear of the policeman who sat two benches behind me. There were several matters I wanted to ask about,—among the rest, the contents of certain awful papers which the speaker said he had in his pocket ("which, pardon me, I do not mean to read"), containing proofs of most damnable machinations of infidelity to undermine the whole social fabric and plunge the country into moral anarchy. It was too horrible to speak of; a hint at the enormity was enough. The docile audience listened with wonderment, but made no sign of curiosity. I am afraid that, but for the policeman, I should have disturbed the meeting with unseemly mirth.

The afore-mentioned Jonathan Edwards made no secret of the intentions of the Association. He was tender of the Romanists and complaisant towards the Unitarians, one of whom, A. D. Mayo to wit, they entrapped; also to the Universalists, one of whom, Dr. A. A. Miner, entrapped them,—but the atheists found no mercy at his hands. He more than doubted whether an atheist could be a good citizen. He was sure that he ought not to be allowed to try. "Tolerate an atheist!" he said (I quote his very words); "there is nothing out of hell I would not tolerate as soon." He would permit atheists to live in a Christian community, but only as he would permit lunatics.

The presiding officer had a perfect right to exclude free discussion from the platform. The time belonged to the Convention, not to its foes. The advocates of the amendment called the meetings and had the floor. The malcontents must do the same. But some points, it appeared, were not open for debate at all anywhere. The Sabbath question, the continuance of the Bible in the schools, the marriage laws, and the obligation of the Christian oath, were indispensable. The taxation of ecclesiastical property, the appointment of chaplains, the setting apart of holidays, might be subjects of discussion; but these four things were primary—in respect of them no questioning was in order.

Two things plainly appeared at this grand Convention: first, that the movement* is intensely hostile to cultivated free thought; and second, that thus far it has no hold on the popular mind. The daily papers paid little heed to the Convention, reported the proceedings with curt brevity, and spoke contemptuously of the design of the Association. The public turned the cold shoulder to the demonstration. Nothing but the respectability of the names on its list of officers warranted so serious a feeling as wonder. This certainly does not prove the movement harmless or insignificant. The very heedlessness of the public may make it danger-

ous by and by. But it does indicate that, as yet, it has made no solid gains and that the weight of the popular sentiment is against it. I am confident, for my part, that, when the people think it worth considering, they will repudiate it with something akin to scorn. They certainly will, if future Conventions are like this last. A new set of managers must take the cause in hand,—men either more diplomatic or more earnest; else the cause is destined to an early and a mortifying end. Unless the six bishops appear in substantial presence, unless the governors and ex-governors take the field in person with their imposing array of dignitaries, lay and clerical, we shall suspect that they gave their names because they were afraid to refuse them, and staid away because they were ashamed to be seen. Their conspicuous absence from the New York conclave looked like either cowardice or insincerity. They might at least give the cause a respectable look. O. B. F.

LONDON LETTER.

A DEFENCE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Sir,—A letter signed "C. T. F.," in your paper of January 25, leads me to say something in defence of what is commonly recognized under the term "Public Worship."

I cannot forget that whatever I may say will be attributed by some ignorant or malicious person to professional interest. It may be said: "Mr. Voysey is a clergyman himself, and he lives by preaching and conducting public worship; and therefore he is interested in maintaining a practice so essential to his own livelihood." To this I can only reply that what I have to say about public worship is said and felt by hundreds and thousands of those who do not live by the practice, but who spend large sums of money to keep it up. It may therefore be quite forgotten that I am an interested speaker, being only a spokesman for those whose worldly interest would lead them to decry public worship, and thus to save themselves a heavy tax.

It is rightly acknowledged that the *rational* of public worship turns entirely upon the idea we may have of God. Nothing seems to me so absurd as to offer prayers or praises, or to raise the heart, to an imaginary Being who is supposed to be unintelligent or unsympathetic—to feel or to utter any "devotional" sentiment towards the sum-total of things under the name of God. I quite admire the sound sense and consistency of those who with this pantheistic conception of Deity refuse to take any part in offering prayers and praises to a Divine Being at all. If God be not self-conscious, how can he be conscious of us, or of our thoughts? To try to commune with such an one is worse folly than adorning the stars, or telling one's love to the woods and rocks and babbling brooks.

I also have a contempt for that wretched compromise between Orthodox prayer and no prayer at all, which consists in praying to oneself and invoking one's own spiritual energies, trying "to get steam up" and to work oneself into an exalted frame of mind,—and then calling that *prayer*!

It is a miserable subterfuge, quite unworthy of honest men who have any wits to call things by their right names. If all my prayers and praises are addressed to myself, I am certainly wasting my time and my breath, and I am a conscious fool for my pains. No; let us have one thing or the other—words addressed by intelligent beings to an Intelligent Being, conveying feelings which it is a relief to pour out into a sympathizing ear, or no pretence at praying at all; no sham praise by singing of hymns, or other device to mollify Mrs. Grundy or to let the timid convert down gently.

I have said enough, I hope, to show that I entirely admit the reasonableness of the objection to public worship and ministerial functions on the hypothesis of pantheism, or of God being unconscious.

It is because, and only because, I believe that God is intelligent and quite as self-conscious as I am, that I think it reasonable to behave

towards him as to a father or friend. If he be self-conscious, he must be as sure of all that is *not* himself, and cognizant of me and my thoughts. On my part, I am conscious of myself and of him: I know that I feel trust and reverence and love for him; which would be the height of absurdity if he did not exist and did not know me, but which is entirely reasonable if he does.

Of course I have long outgrown the foolish notion of thinking to turn him from his will, and I would not dictate to him, if I could, in the smallest particular; but this abandonment of a childish folly rather heightens my love and trust, since it increases my reverence and, as it were, draws me nearer to him than I was before. I delight more than ever in his past and present dealings (as the supreme Ruler of the universe), and feel much more inclined than before to pour out these feelings of delight in some words or actions. The more elevated my conception of the Divine character and wisdom, the more I shall desire to commune with such a Being, if he be self-conscious and conscious of me.

Let no one imagine that *religion* is in any peril from the true lessons of *science*; they are the strongest witnesses of true religion. Religion is only dying out in the hearts of those who have adopted a conception of a Divine Being as entirely unsupported by science as that of the old Orthodox Creator. Science no more declares that God is not self-conscious than that God made the world in six days. So far as science discovers design, adaptation, intelligence in the universe, it is in the path which leads to a self-conscious God, if there be a God at all.

Now the advocates for public worship base their defence of it entirely on their conception of a self-conscious God. If that be true, their practice is logical and justifiable. Whatever childish folly may still inhere in the forms used, whatever vain repetitions may still be found as blemishes in their prayers and songs, the principle is a perfectly correct and natural one. They deal with God as with a living friend; for such they believe him to be. They unburden their souls of aching thoughts; they relieve their pent-up gratitude by songs of praise; they gratify their aspirations in the efforts to come into his presence. To all this we have only to add the social elements in man, the immensely augmented power which he derives from combination, and the question of public worship is solved. These men and women all feel alike about God, in that he is to them a dear father and faithful friend—a being not only with a mind of his own, but a *heart* also; and they find their greatest earthly delight in coming together to speak to him and to talk of all his wondrous works.

The exigencies of the service soon lead to the discovery that it is needful to have some one to regulate and conduct the outward forms; and hence arises the ministerial function, which is also combined with that of the preacher, who indirectly fosters those religious feelings which have brought the congregation together.

If public worship is to be done away with, you must first rid people of the belief in God; for only on the hypothesis of atheism, or its cognate pantheism, can the heart of man reasonably stifle the religious instincts which are so universal and against which science has not one word to say.

No doubt public worship, as still practised, is full of glaring faults which will in time give way before the enlightenment of this age; but man will have to be entirely re-made before it can disappear from the world in which he lives and thinks.

I am, very sincerely yours,
CHARLES VOYSEY.

CAMDEN HOUSE,
DULWICH, S. E., Feb. 13, 1873.

In a letter to his friends at home, an intelligent foreigner states that "when a great man dies in the United States, the first thing done is to propose a fine statue in his honor; next, to raise part of the necessary money; next, to forget to order any statue; and last, to wonder what became of the money." The remark shows close observation and clear judgment.—*American Reporter*.

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

One thing will not do for all;
Each one take what he can carry,
Each one see where he will tarry,
And who stands that he don't fall!
GOETHE.

I DO NOT PROPOSE TO DEBATE with any whether they shall form their "League." I would have every one persuaded in *his own mind*, as I doubt not he already is persuaded in the bias of his nature. Happily, there is not only one way; there are many. And it does not follow, because one will not join himself to your organization, that therefore he is an idle looker-on. He does not "stand still and wait while the world moves;" rather he does not take hold and do the task you have set. It is not that he lacks "courage and fidelity;" nor that he is waiting for the "adhesion of multitudes." He has his own method for his own work. Is it right for you, dear friend, to foist an issue upon him? Is it for you to make up a case and demand his allegiance? True, there is left him the liberty of refusal; but still is he not under the ban of your implied censure? I see only that it belongs to you to state your case and draw to your side those whom it will attract. You, and they working your way, accomplish all that is possible for you, and all blessing rest upon and attend you! "Towards larger justice and higher civilization?" Certainly. But reserved to each is the privilege of private judgment as regards the "best means." He is false and has not the "courage of his opinions" if he turn aside to obey another's sense of duty. He must follow where his own enthusiasm leads. "Each one take what he can carry," and suffer every soul else to select his own burden and serve the universe as he can and must—is that not a good gospel?

[Most certainly; and nothing is further from our purpose than to "foist an issue" upon any one. The issue is *here*, to be met or not met. We simply believe and say that the American people should meet it; but we presume to "censure" nobody. It is enough to state our belief that a *public duty* now summons us to action.—Ed.]

THAT THERE IS A FAR-SPREAD discontent among the hired laboring-classes, no one with open eyes and ears will deny. Nor are the people soothed by the reflection that their brethren in foreign and older countries are worse off than themselves. Worse or better, is not the question. Their *best* is not satisfying. Nor is the complaint primarily that they are worked too many hours. Eight hours or ten; no matter which: the evil is that only a scant subsistence comes from their toil in either case. Less hours, they surmise, will in some way elevate them in the scale of being, and so open a path to better times. It is all very well for wise heads to offer salutary counsel, to speak of sober, industrious habits, of economy, and to point out that in this country all may acquire property, and get to be, if not rich, then well-to-do: all very well. But the people thus addressed *know* that there is a monster mistake in it all. The good advice is not needed, and the promise is delusive. The majority, the overwhelming majority, of hired laborers have no future but a hand-to-mouth living. Day in and day out; year in and year out: what a little circle hems in their existence! And the more you contrive to educate this people, the worse they are off. Knowledge brings ambition, converts your palace to a dungeon.

"Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blast."

The worse they are off—unless they see also the ways and the means of improving their condition.

Now what shall truly wise men and women say to this state of affairs? "Social Incendiarism," is it? Recently, here in Boston, we have had the New England Labor Reform League holding a two-days session. If their discussions have not been all one could hope for, they have been instructive and full of interest to all who could overlook somewhat for the purpose of getting at the real meaning of their protest and aim. This League sets forth that the present property-system is founded in injustice. "Nothing can rightfully be held as property which is not the product of human labor." "The free use of land, as of air, is the natural and inalienable privilege of every human being." No one may "assume to hold or sell more than the improvements." "Wealth belongs to those who create it." This and much more for which I have no space. Says one of our (mis)leading daily journals, speaking of these "radical reformers": "They reiterate without cessation that the laws of property must be overthrown" (the reformers reply, "No; not overthrown, but made over until they are equitable and just"); "and that labor is entitled to its whole production."

The reformers ask, "If not, who is?" I incline to think that this last is a somewhat puzzling question. And as to the land business,

how is it that we regard it as proper for one to claim and occupy more than he can cultivate and really occupy? It requires only the power to keep it, to give one man the right, on this same principle by which he holds now his hundred thousand acres, to possess the world. If the air could be bottled up and stowed away in an air-house, I suppose these same lawful-property men, having possession, would be willing to let it into our streets and houses at so much per foot; and had the practice descended to us an "immortal custom," doubtless we all, as good citizens, would not only cheerfully acquiesce, but be honestly ambitious ourselves of becoming proprietors of extensive air-houses. But the question would remain all the same as to whether air-monopoly fitted well into a wise and humane civilization. And certainly there would be "professional agitators"—is it because that profession is not as lucrative as some others, that it is so much despised?—ready and abounding with "most extreme and ultra propositions." Well, good sense is good sense, get at it how you will; and so in equity, I am free to confess, however, that I am no partisan of leagues, organized efforts, and the like. But I am interested in having them well reported, that is, not mis-reported in their aim and method; for there is an earnestness and intelligence underneath all this platform agitation that has got to be respected, ere society will prosper peaceably.

THE NEW ENGLAND REFORM LEAGUE in its recent sessions took upon itself the task of defending free speech, and furnished Mrs. Woodhull the opportunity of delivering in Boston the speech she had sometime ago arranged to give in Music Hall. They had engaged Tremont Temple, but the proprietors broke their agreement when they heard Mrs. Woodhull would attend. Another small hall was secured, and the "suppressed speech" was given, and Boston still lifts its head above the sea! Of Mrs. Woodhull it can fairly be said that she is a woman in earnest. I have heard no contrary opinions from all who listened to her; and she had the attention of some very competent judges, as the readers of THE INDEX would agree if I should call the list. Much of the prejudice against her is itself "vulgar," and I have heard far more "obscenity" uttered about her than ever escaped her lips. To say that she is often extravagant in speech, is to say what the majority of even very liberal people would affirm. But no one will say that she is firing shots at random out of sheer wantonness from a love of notoriety. She has a philosophy in which she believes desperately, and Garrison himself was not more determined to be heard.

YESTERDAY ONE MIGHT HAVE wished for a dozen pairs of ears. There were certainly many pulpit attractions. My own feet lead me to the hall of the 28th Society, where Samuel Johnson delivered a magnificent discourse on "Transcendentalism." That it should be published seemed to be a general exclamation at the close. I turned to the morning papers for their report and found that he had suffered well nigh as much as the labor reformers. Pity!

I SEE THAT DR. FULTON bore testimony against Mr. Murray's heresies, given in THE INDEX last week. Fulton seems to be about the only Orthodox preacher in Boston who now consistently "stands up for Jesus." This time however he had to come to the defence of Paul. To speak ill of the great apostle was to sneer at the whole doctrine of Christianity. Dr. Fulton mourned for the good old days when "the sainted Griffin won for Park Street Church the name of 'Hell-Fire Corner.'" Then there was "travail with souls and genuine conversion." But the old times will not return, Dr. Fulton. And we are all hastening on to the new.

DR. FREEMAN CLARKE summed up Unitarianism, and he found the result full of satisfaction. "Unitarians have not become a great denomination, with thousands of churches; not the great tree, but the little leaven which has changed the whole character of Orthodox teaching in the Northern and Eastern section of the country." He saw in the Roman Church "union without freedom;" in the Protestant Church "freedom without union," and looked for a true Catholic Church in which union and freedom would be united. "Unquestioning assent," said he, "is less pleasing to God than honest denial." One could infer from this, observing the modern tendency of men, that the pleasures of Delty for sometime to come are likely to have manifold increase.

MR. ALGER SPOKE YESTERDAY of "The Place of the Dramatic Art in Human Life." From the reports I gather a most favorable impression. Next Sunday he will treat of the moral character of the modern drama. He is reported as saying, "In regard to the great standing controversy between the Church and the theatre, that one reason of its existence is the direct antagonism of the spirit and ends of the dramatic and the ecclesiastical arts. The former regards life as a joy, and endeavors to add to its happiness;

while the latter considers it but a penance, and acts and teaches accordingly. There is, therefore, an irreconcilable antagonism." Mr. Alger, in concluding, gave a decision on the merits of the controversy, by drawing a comparison between Pericles, "a king of men when men were kings," and a Roman Catholic saint; much in favor of the former.

Literary Department.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—All books designed for review in these columns must be addressed to THE INDEX, TOLEDO, OHIO.

RECEIVED.

TRIUMPH OF ST. JOHN never in Asia Minor. Irenaeus. The Friends of the Churchmen of the Second Century Exposed. Published by the Author, GEORGE RIBBE.

AN OPEN QUESTION. A NOVEL. BY JAMES DE MILLE, Author of "The Lady of the Ice," "The American Baron," etc. With Illustrations by ALFRED FREDERICKS. New York: D. APPLETON & Co. 1873.

THE MODERN THINKER. An Organ for the Most Advanced Speculations in Philosophy, Science, Sociology, and Religion. New York: DAVID WESLEY & Co., No. 7 WATSON STREET. 1873. [No. 2.]

COMMITTEE FOR AMENDING THE LAW IN POINTS WHEREIN IT IS INEQUITOUS TO WOMEN. Conference of the Association for the Defence of Personal Rights, held in the Queen's Hall, Bodd Street, Liverpool, Nov. 11, 1871, Rev. G. Butler in the Chair. A. IRELAND & Co., Publ. Mail. 1871.

VOYSEY ESTABLISHMENT FUND. Report of Committee up to Jan. 21, 1873.

ORTHODOXY AND PANTHEISM.—ATHEISM.—THE ADOPTION OF A NAME.—LATITUDES IN AGNOSTICISM.—SERMONS BY REV. CHARLES VOYSEY at St. George's Hall, London.

VIA CATHOLICA: or, Passages from the Autobiography of a Country Parson. PART I.—THE PENTATEUCH in Conflict with the Science and Moral Sense of our Age. By a Physician.—THE CHURCH as an Apostle to the Heathen, and A MODERN CHRIST. Two papers from the EXAMINER.—THE NEW BIBLE COMMENTARY AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. By EDWARD VANSITTART NEALE.—THE CONTEMPORARY ABOUT PRAYER. By Prof. F. W. NEWMAN.—All published by THOMAS SCOTT, Esq., No. 11 The Terrace, Park Square Road, Upper Norwood, London, S. E.

LEGISLATIVE WRONGS TO LABOR AND HOW TO RIGHT THEM. Address of DAMON Y. KILGORE before the Committees of the Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania.

THE HAUNTED SCHOOLHOUSE AT NEWBURY, MASS. LORING, Publisher, Boston.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED FLORAL GUIDE. For 1873. Rochester, N. Y.

BRIGGS & BROTHER'S ILLUSTRATED FLORAL GUIDE for 1873. Rochester, N. Y.

THE METHOD OF QUANTITATIVE INDUCTIONS. By DR. GUSTAVUS HIRSCHS. Davenport, Iowa. 1872.

THE MANCHESTER (Eng.) FRIEND for January and February.

DER FREIENKIESE. February, 1873. Redigirt von Dr. FR. LEISS. New York: FREE THINKER'S PUBLISHING CO.

THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW for March, 1873. Boston: L. C. BOWLES.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for March, 1873. New York: Wood & Holbrook.

THE SCHOOL LABORATORY OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE. Iowa City, Iowa.

IOWA SCHOOL JOURNAL for March, 1873. Des Moines.

Is in Wirklichkeit der Religionsunterricht der Krebschaden unserer Zeit? Beleuchtung und Widerlegung der von Dr. FRITZ SCHULTZE gegen Religiosität, Religionslehrer und Religionsunterricht erhobenen Vorwürfe und Beschuldigungen, von Dr. EDMUND SPIESS. (Is Religious Instruction in reality the Cancerous Evil of Our Time? An Examination and Refutation of the Reproaches and Charges which Dr. Fritz Schultze makes against Religion, Religious Teachers, and Religious Instruction, by Dr. Edmund Spiess.) Jena, 1873. 8vo pp. 30.

This is a caustic criticism of the pamphlet on the subject of religious instruction in the public schools, which was noticed in these columns some weeks ago (No. 162). Both authors are lecturers in the university at Jena. The substance of Dr. Schultze's essay first came before the public in the form of a speech made at the annual convention of the teachers of Thuringia which was held in Jena in October last. The speech made a great and favorable impression upon the teachers, and at the close thereof the president of the convention took occasion to thank the speaker officially for the "golden words" which he had uttered. Dr. Spiess tells us that the printed "Admonition" has been widely read and commented upon, both favorably and unfavorably. It was to be expected, of course, that such a tremendous arraignment of that which is given in the schools of Germany under the name of religious instruction would excite opposition in the ranks of the clergy. The plan for reform suggested by Dr. Schultze would naturally be considered by them tantamount to an invitation to commit, so far as the schools are concerned, religious *hara-kiri*. For what the ecclesiastic, of whatever name or denomination, can least endure the thought of, is rational education. The idea of having the years of childhood, when the mind is most receptive, slip by without getting the dogmas of his church woven into its very texture, is horrible to contemplate.

Religion taught upon the basis of Nature and history is of all things just the one he does not want. Instruction as to the laws of matter and of mind, real insight into the various phases of religious development, is to him an abomination. Knowledge, that is not neutralized and made of non-effect by unquestioning faith in the ecclesiastical plan of salvation, is to him the most dangerous of all human acquisitions, and this from the simple fact that it is fraught with peril to the ecclesiastical institution.

To a certain extent, at least, Dr. Spiess represents this feeling in the pamphlet before us. He denies the right of his colleague, who is a naturalist and a Darwinian, to utter a word in favor of religious instruction of any sort, and charges him with inconsequence that he does not make war upon all religion as such. The "monastic" theory of the universe is in his view essentially atheistic, or at least pantheistic, which is to him practically the same thing; and as such it is the utter negation of the constituent elements of all religion. After thus putting his opponent out of court, the critic, nevertheless, proceeds to argue with him; and on some minor points it must be conceded that he gains an easy victory. That there are contradictions in statement, at least, in Dr. Schultze's pamphlet it is not difficult to show. But in our judgment these contradictions lie upon the surface and do not touch the essence of the matter itself. The use of the Bible, for instance, as the basis of religious instruction in schools seemed to Dr. Schultze to be open to the very gravest objections from a moral point of view. What propriety could there be, he asked, in holding up to the German youth of to-day, as a pattern in morals, "a nomadic people whose interests scarcely went beyond cattle-raising, eating and drinking, sexual love and superstition,—a people like the ancient Hebrews, who were addicted to polygamy and the keeping of harems; among whom even human sacrifices were still offered; a people which was in every respect far beneath our present stage of development?"

"I know from my own experience (he said), that not only I but my fellow-scholars learned our first immoral views in regard to the sexual relations from the Bible. And almost every one has had the same experience. We came from our homes pure and free from all such notions; it was in the hour for religious instruction where we learned what we ought not yet to have known, where our attention was called to things that were wholly new to us, and which for that very reason powerfully excited our fancy and impelled us to filthiness in word and deed. Passages like Leviticus xviii., or 2 Samuel xvi. 21, or like the Song of Solomon, were read with zeal, and I know that as boys we were greatly astonished to find such smutty stories [Zoten], as we called them, in the Sacred Scriptures; that in connection with the Song of Solomon we used to laugh at the interpretation given in the headings, an interpretation which our unperverted understandings could not get out of the words, for we found nothing but a love-song in it—and, indeed, one of the most sensuous sort—just as the critical theology does to-day. Our respect for the book did not increase, but decreased, the more we became acquainted with it; not because we were immoral, but because in virtue of our domestic education we stood above the ancient Hebrews. And how utterly perverse it was in our teachers to warn us of vices which we knew nothing about, of which we had not the remotest idea! In connection with the interpretation of the prohibition of adultery, a word which for us had not as yet the least meaning, the vice, for example, which takes its name from what is related in Genesis xxxviii. was not merely hinted at, but held plainly before our eyes. We were cheerful active boys, who played with each other in the rough and tumble of the street and into whose heads such things had never entered. Now our eyes were suddenly opened; the thing seemed interesting to some; and when the insane asylums receive a large proportion of their inmates through this vice, I should not like to guarantee that the foolish instructions of the teachers in religion have not laid the foundation for subsequent mental and physical ruin." (pp. 25, 26.)

To this Dr. Spiess objects that the Catholics and others, who are not instructed in the Bible, are also acquainted with these things. There is no lack of opportunity to learn them, and, if some learn them in the way above suggested, it would be just as reasonable to wish to abolish fire because it sometimes burns down houses, as to desire to do away with Biblical instruction on that account. He then goes on to say:—

"This squeamishness in respect to the Bible is all the more striking the less particular men are accustomed to be on this point in regard to other books. We do not speak of the daily press or of novelistic literature, but rather of the Greek, Roman, and German classics, where there is certainly ground enough for similar apprehensions. And as a matter of fact Louis XIV. of France did cause the Greek and Roman classics to be edited by Huet and Bossuet in *usum delphini* (for the crown-prince or dauphin), who carefully expurgated and re-cast everything that was offensive and insidious; all the apparently improper remarks or allusions of Homer and Horace, of

Nepos and Ovid, in Plato and Aristophanes, and the rest, fall under censure. But who now reads these authors in such mutilated editions? The sixty-four volumes of the Delphin edition are regarded as curiosities, but are nowhere used in schools. It is regarded as a wrong done to an author to cut up and botch his work. And yet this is what in our day men demand shall be done with the Bible, for the many reforms now-a-days cry out not for a selection and collection of Biblical sayings and stories, not for an anthology, but for a mutilation and alleged improvement of the sacred scriptures, that they may crowd the Bible first out of the school and then out of our homes."

It will be seen at once that this is a very cheap style of argument. If the classics were read as books written under the direct inspiration of God, as being a special revelation of the Divine will, infallible guides in everything that relates to the highest human interests, there would be some sense in comparing them as books of instruction with the Bible. What in the classics is immoral, the pupil may at least regard as such; but when men feasting with sin are represented as God's especial favorites in a book which is held up as divine, how shall the moral sense escape corruption?

It must not, however, be supposed that Dr. Spiess comes forward as the champion of religious instruction in the schools just as it is. He also is of the opinion that there is great room for improvement. Indeed, he says very clearly that, in order to improve it, a more direct activity of the Church will be necessary than is likely to be tolerated in the schools of the State. He therefore thinks it will be necessary to give this instruction under the immediate auspices of the Church and in another place, leaving the State to provide only for secular education. In short, in order to save the Church, he demands that it be separated from the State altogether and left to sustain itself without interference upon the voluntary principle. T. V.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY. By O. B. Frothingham. New York: David G. Francis, 17 Astor Place. 1873.

We cannot name a book that is more full of the new spirit, the best spirit of modern times, than this. It is not a "body of divinity," but rather the soul of it. It is not a philosophy, organized and organized; but rather the presence of meditative mind, playing about the highest problems and suggesting countless excursions of the understanding. It is not a manual of science; but it has the inspiration of the scientific spirit, creating a boundless reverence for the truth of things and restraining the tendency to settle down complacently in "the conceit of knowledge without the reality." It is not a poem; but it glows with the prismatic brilliancy of imagination, and touches every topic with the graceful pencil of an artist. In short, it is a book quite unique of its kind, sketching rather than formulating, intimating rather than demonstrating, grouping noble thoughts in a bouquet at the suggestion of an almost perfect taste rather than co-ordinating definite conclusions in a system rigidly reasoned out. Whoever has a stomach only for exhaustive discussions will be disappointed by it; it is not the purpose of the volume to deal with these. Yet there is criticism of surprising penetration, reflection of great subtlety, moral and spiritual insight of magnificent depth. Few thinkers in America have enjoyed larger opportunities than Mr. Frothingham for a wide and rich and varied culture, and no one has made more diligent use of them; but the harvest reaped appears in the general quality of his style and thought rather than in any concentration in special granaries. Abundance of nectar and ambrosia is here for Olympian palates; but hardly a "square meal" for the average man. For this reason we should anticipate that the *Religion of Humanity* will be a book delighted in by some and unappreciated by others. The beauty of it will charm and fascinate many, like a lovely landscape seen through ever-shifting and dissolving mists; but it will not serve as a guidebook to one who simply wants to find his way to the next town.

There are twelve chapters, on "Tendencies," "God," "Bible," "Christ," "Atonement," "Power of Moral Inspiration," "Providence," "The Moral Ideal," "Immortality," "The Education of Conscience," "The Soul of Good in Evil," "The Soul of Truth in Error." These allied topics are handled, not exactly as would be done by the born systemizer, but certainly as would be done by the man of large and trained intelligence whose whole being, moral and mental, is concentrated on the high aim of interpreting to this age its own restlessness, hunger, and thirst. The spirit of affirmation pervades every page, and vitalizes every sentence. This is pre-eminently a book of convictions. Although the sort of construction here essayed is precisely such as to elude the perception of the dogmatist, who knows no construction that is not as it were mechanical, no one whose thinking is dominated by the modern faith in Naturalism can fail to note the *nous formatus*, the effort to work organically, of which the book is a product. We sympathize both with the pur-

pose and with the method of it. Life must indeed be rationalized in its facts, its laws, its ideals; and the task of rationalizing it can be accomplished in no other way than that here indicated. The great basis of all future religious thinking must be that of *experience*,—not construed in the somewhat narrow and technical fashion of those who, like Mill and Spencer, present themselves as the professed champions of "Experimentalism," but rather taken as embracing the totality of all that is real in external Nature and internal consciousness. To be frank, we do not believe that Mr. Frothingham's great aim can be fully realized very soon. Philosophy must be rationalized before religion can be; and we look upon philosophy as needing the most profound and absolute reform. Yet the method that must govern this reform of philosophy itself, the method of applying scientific principles of analysis and synthesis to the totality of human experience, is here foreshadowed. A fine intuition, anticipating by a quick flash the slower processes of an intelligence that knows precisely how it works, lights up many a paragraph which to most readers, we dare say, will seem difficultly comprehensible. How false are the judgments of the average reader on a book like this! A phrase or a sentence indicating incredulity as to the stock-tensets of theology will rivet his attention, alarm his fears, and utterly eclipse the general scope of the writer; and what is in its very warp and woof affirmative will be forthwith branded as "negative" and "destructive." This falsity of judgment we have so often had to note in the current criticisms of *THE INDEX* that we do not believe our friend will escape it. Nothing will seem constructive to the Christian that does not attempt to repair the ever-widening breaches in Christianity. There is no help for this. It is necessary now not to be anxious to win the reputation of architects. The new constructions of scientific thought resemble the old ones of dogmatic theology as little as a growing oak resembles a tombstone. We must be content with building noiselessly and unobtrusively, as the new sap of the cambium-layer builds fresh cells out of sight under the bark of the tree. It is enough to know that we do indeed build, and not destroy, notwithstanding the decomposition that goes on all the faster because of our work. If the spreading ivy, thrusting itself deeper and deeper between the old stones of the abbey, pries them slowly out of their place and reverses the toil of the ancient masons, none the less is the process one of life rather than of death. And he who fails to feel the truth of this in reading these noble pages is one of those who will contribute nothing to the final verdict of mankind upon their merit. F. E. A.

TYLOR'S PRIMITIVE CULTURE.

ARTICLE FIRST.—GENERAL CHARACTER OF MR. TYLOR'S WRITINGS.

To take note of facts without regard to what might have been, or could have been, or should have been, according to some scheme of imagination, or desire, or enthusiasm, is the sound and sure rule under which the researches of Mr. Tylor have been conducted, with a result in the highest degree gratifying to the strictly positive or scientific student. In the present volumes we have the larger and more important portion of a work the introductory portion of which was given to the public in 1865, in a volume on *The Early History of Mankind and the Development of Civilization*, the second edition of which appeared last year. In the three volumes, extending to nearly fourteen hundred octavo pages, and constituting a comprehensive survey of verified facts and generalizations pertaining to the early growth of the human mind, there are contained, in admirable completeness and order, results of ethnographic study the interest and significance of which can hardly be overstated. Facts such as Mr. Tylor has collected would constrain curious attention, and startle customary prepossessions, even if they came only as reports; but here they come so scrutinized, verified, confirmed, and arranged, as to compel the assent which is due to science firmly established, and to cut clear through the opinions and prejudices which have hidden from living men the true history of human nature. Not that Mr. Tylor treads the doubtful and difficult paths which ethnography opens out in so many directions, with undue confidence or the least dogmatic audacity; but that he so carefully, so fairly, so wisely discriminates what is evident from what is uncertain, and so candidly suggests open views where clear conclusions are impossible, as to make the strongest impression of scientific veracity, and also to afford to ordinary judgment the very best means of estimating facts and forming conclusions. He is never weary of recognizing the possible hypothesis which he does not himself accept; he recurs

constantly to the explanation of the clear and simple principles which seem to him to be a general expression for the best known facts; and these facts themselves he never omits to set duly in order before the reader, in statements which are models of scientific clearness, accuracy, and completeness. Again and again he invokes that just comprehension, that large and fair consideration, that sympathetic appreciation, which are so rare a fruit of even high scientific training, and so nearly impossible a result of ordinary education unless in instances of emancipation wrought by unusual power and quality of mind. He never forgets, and never allows his reader to forget, that even among facts the most widely remote from those of present culture, and in the presence of generalizations offensive to the last degree to present opinion, science, which is but another name for truth, must see things exactly as Nature gave them; and speak of them with the gracious veracity with which, when they were her freshest and fairest results, Nature pronounced them very good. That Nature was at all right in liking her work, Mr. Tylor neither affirms nor denies; he only insists that investigation, to be fruitful of sound results, must be entirely appreciative, studying Aztec, or Algonquin, or Australian mind with a courtesy as deep and true as that of the creative energy which was content with these steps in the age-long development of man. The attitude may be embarrassing to minds held in the grasp of conviction that man was fearfully and horribly made, or unmade, in the savage and barbarous stages of culture—this Mr. Tylor does not deny; but with admirable calmness and candor he requires the student, in order to truth and sureness of study, to look as closely, as carefully, and with as keen an interest and as candid an appreciation, as if every lineament of the face of primitive man were wholly pleasing to modern feeling. Guarding himself with extreme care against sentiment of any kind, other than pure love of truth for its own sake, and assuming that study at least must pronounce anything good which contributes to exact knowledge, Mr. Tylor surveys the facts of remote human history and enumerates the rudimentary tendencies of the human mind, in a spirit which is singularly humane only because it is entirely scientific. Few readers, whatever their prepossessions of opinion, can follow this survey without learning to concede the fitness and necessity of a comprehensive and generous recognition of man, under all the circumstances of his existence, wholly apart from any view that may be taken of man's intellectual, ethical, or theological position. Of man as man, in the lowest as in the higher stages, Mr. Tylor writes with a fairness which has not merely scientific, but high moral and almost religious value. So conspicuous a merit deserves the most cordial acknowledgment. And with equal fairness Mr. Tylor takes care to bring into view, and to fully appreciate, special opinions, other than his own, which have been, or which might be, derived from the facts of any branch of his subject, and the existence of which necessarily modifies the degree of certainty with which he can affirm his own conclusions. What may be called scientific hesitation, the refusal of inquiry to permit even a high degree of probability to establish a conclusion in the face of a possible contrary judgment, is a conspicuous feature of Mr. Tylor's method, and one which will command for him the high respect of thoroughly scientific inquirers. And as is usual with investigators thus nicely faithful to pure science, concerned for truth and for nothing else, and expert in discovering and estimating facts, Mr. Tylor repeatedly proves the superior power of his method by touches of penetration, happy suggestion, and felicitous reconstruction, which add much to the completeness of his success in a difficult task. The application of his conclusions to current opinions, and especially their bearing upon popular theological views, a task which Mr. Tylor leaves entirely to whomsoever it may concern, will be anything but satisfactory to readers accustomed to identify their own notions with absolute truth, and to see no other divine revelation than that of their own theological and ecclesiastical traditions; but there can be few even among these who will not peruse these learned and candid pages with hearty satisfaction, and with admiration for the love of truth, the interest in man, and the scientific sagacity which they everywhere show; while to the true lover of science, who believes that the scientific spirit is the sure key of knowledge, and knowledge the only gate of progress, Mr. Tylor's labors will add another to the triumphs of positive truth over supposititious opinion.

E. C. T.

The keel ploughs ten thousand leagues of ocean and leaves no trace of its deep-graven furrows. The chisel scars only a few inches on the face of a rock, but the story it has traced is read by a hundred generations. The eagle leaves no trace of his path, no memory of the place where he built his nest; but the patient mollusk has bored a little hole in the marble column of the temple of Serapis, and the monument of his labor outlasts the altar and the statue of the divinity.—*Dr. Holmes.*

*PRIMITIVE CULTURE: Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Custom. By EDWARD B. TYLOR, Author of "Researches into the Early History of Mankind," &c. In Two Volumes. London: John Murray, 1871.
"Ce n'est pas dans les possibilités, c'est dans l'homme même qu'il faut étudier l'homme: il ne s'agit pas d'imaginer ce qu'il aurait pu ou dû faire, mais de regarder ce qu'il fait."—DE BROUSSES.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errata.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

WHO IS JUDGE STRONG?

The government of the United States was created by, and is supposed to act under, a written constitution and the general principles of justice and equity therein clearly expressed. It can coin money, borrow money, and tax to the extent of its necessities; but it cannot take private property for public use without just compensation, nor impair the obligation of contracts (the latter by inevitable implication). By an obvious principle of law and common sense, what it cannot do directly it cannot do indirectly.

In 1861, this government, then pressed by a terrible rebellion of slaveholders, felt obliged to exercise its power of borrowing money, taxation being too slow a process to satisfy its necessities. As security for the re-payment of the money it borrowed, it gave its notes payable either at a fixed time future with specified interest, or at no fixed time and without interest. In spite of the non-payment on demand of these latter notes, the certainty that they would be received for taxes and some other dues to the government, and the probability that they would ultimately be paid in coin, gave them more or less value as a currency, but did not keep them up to the standard of value marked by coin. In February, 1862, Congress, with a view to increase their value in relation to coin, passed what is called "the legal tender act," whereby all private creditors were obliged to receive these notes at their full face in satisfaction of debts, past or future. This was equivalent to an impairment of the obligation of all existing contracts, and indirectly to an assumption by the government of the power to debase the national coinage; that is, to *unfix* the value of money; whereas the constitution only gives it the power to *fix*. Hence the legal tender act was a palpable violation of the constitution; and Congress in committing this crime exercised the most pernicious prerogative of a despotic government.

The plea was "necessity;" "self-preservation." But there was no necessity. The resources of the loyal States were abundantly sufficient, and the war would cost no more if its expenses were assessed equitably on creditors and debtors, than if the former class were sacrificed, partly for the benefit of the latter and partly for the benefit of the government. A borrower who accepts his own notes as currency to be re-issued gains nothing by allowing them to depreciate, by refusing specie when demanded—which specie he can always command by paying sufficient interest—because he is obliged to pay in discount, or loss of purchasing power of the currency, whatever he saves in interest, and possibly more. Under the circumstances a high rate of interest was inevitable. The government avoided it nominally, but paid it really and to a vastly unnecessary extent, in the use of its own depreciated and fluctuating currency. The legal tender act was no more effective in replenishing the treasury, indeed it was less so, than an advance on the rate of interest of the government bonds would have been. What it *did* do was to victimize to a certain indefinite extent the creditors of existing contracts, as payments became due; and the government temporarily shared to a certain indefinite extent with the debtors in the plunder. But the government, in its implied power of honest self-preservation, plainly had the right to take for the public use, as it took men, any kind of property, of either creditor or debtor, on making "just compensation;" and such compensation could not have differed much from six per cent. government bonds at par equal to the gold value at the time of the property taken. Therefore there was no "necessity" of robbing creditors at all by the legal tender act.

This ill-starred act, this atrocious blunder, has been permitted to outlive all pretence or benefit to the government. Its sole effect as to contracts made since its passage is to give advantage to the shrewdest and most lucky speculator in any contract involving time, whether he be debtor or creditor.

But to return to the question about Judge Strong. Just before the present administration came into power in 1868, Chief Justice Chase and a majority of the Supreme Court had decided that the legal tender act was so far unconstitutional that a debt contracted prior to February 25, 1862, must be paid in "dollars," not promissory and depreciated "greenbacks." This appeared to make a speedy resumption of specie payments a necessity, and it was accordingly promised in the President's inaugural. But the voice of Wall Street (clink of dollars) was too potent to allow the promise to be performed. It was discovered that there were vacancies on the bench of the Supreme Court; and if these could be suitably filled, Judge Chase's decision could be reversed, and thus the millennium of gold-gamblers, cornerers, and sharp-bargainers could

be indefinitely prolonged. It was done by finding two lawyers who were smart enough to argue the seal from the face of a bond, and who could be depended on for the still more difficult job of reversing with some show of argument the Chief Justice's almost self-evidently righteous decision. Their names were STRONG and BRADLEY.

How they performed their job, to the eternal disgrace of the bench they occupy, may be seen by reference to 12 Wallace's U. S. Reports, pages 529-570. Strong took the lead, and delivered "the opinion of the court." With pettifoggery worthy of a Tomba lawyer, this relic of the dark ages obfuscates a matter as plain as the eighth commandment of the decalogue, through twenty-six mortal pages.

This same William Strong is the U. S. Justice who, having argued and decided out of the Constitution the spirit of one of the most important commandments of Moses, is now calling national conventions to interpolate into it the God of Moses and the semi-God of Paul. Having judicially dethroned and beheaded honesty, he seeks politically to enthrone and establish religion by law. Have the followers of the Lamb made up their minds to rush into politics under the leadership of the fox?

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

BOSTON, Feb. 23, 1873.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

The God-in-the-Constitution party held two meetings on Wednesday and three on Thursday, Feb. 26 and 27. The meetings were held solely on the mutual admiration plan, and were not in any sense intended for discussion. True, a few of the speakers set up men of straw and then demolished them, greatly to their self-glorification, amid the applause of their sainted bottle-holders. By a judicious distribution of cards, soliciting names as members, it was ascertained that four hundred and sixty-six persons residing in nineteen States and one Territory of this God-fearing nation wished their names enrolled. At no time did the entire number of persons in the hall exceed nine hundred. A baker's dozen of addresses were delivered: nothing new or startling was developed. The speeches were characterized by a want of logic, power of windy declamation, lack of information, and remarkable mis-statements; still, considering that the speakers were mostly of merely local reputation, one cannot feel surprised that they should fall to give lustre to their cause. I must compliment some of them for their powerful lungs; poor Forrest's roar would have seemed a mere whisper compared with their bellows. As a rule, the addresses were tempered with moderation and consideration; a little denunciation and black-guardism was indulged in as a tid-bit for the country members by those anxious to obtain commendatory applause. "The infidel organization at Toledo, of which THE INDEX is the organ," was well advertised by the speakers; so prepare for an increased subscription list. The only protest which was allowed a hearing was unfortunately inconsiderate, and I regretted its appearance; the Convention owed it to itself that it should have rebuked its Executive Committee for the disagreeable circumstance, instead of which it unanimously re-elected the offending members. Nothing was said or done that would be worth the space required to tell it in.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28, 1873.

A PROTEST AGAINST PERSECUTION.

1. *Resolved*, That the prosecution with the arrest and imprisonment some months since, in the name of the United States Government, of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull and others associated with her, on the ground that they were sending obscene matter through the mails, is coming more and more to be seen, as time reveals its spring and animus, to be not what it professes,—to be inspired not primarily, if at all, by regard for purity and the interests of the public weal, but largely in a desire to accomplish covert ends, to check and muzzle freedom of speech, to divert the general attention from damaging facts affirmed to be undeniable, to screen flagrant guilt in eminent places from merited exposure; and in order to this, at whatever cost to silence, to harness, to crush out those who have made public the revelations.

2. *Resolved*, That in this view there are issues raised here that are vital to all, going far deeper than anything appertaining personally to Mrs. Woodhull, her doctrines or her character,—issues of right, of justice, of freedom, and of conscience,—matters too sacred to be surrendered under any pretext to power, too vitally essential for society to be permitted ever to be invaded or put in jeopardy.

3. *Resolved*, That, committing ourselves in no way to endorsement of Mrs. Woodhull in her opinions or her possible practice—raising no question of this, which we deem to be entirely irrelevant and foreign here—we enter in the name of humanity our emphatic protest against that spirit of intolerance and oppression that attempts to ravish away from her elemental rights, even those that belong to criminals,—that seeks by whatever method to crush her and throttle her

utterance of what in the world of facts she asseverates to be the truth.

4. *Resolved*, That the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and the friends of Mr. Beecher who are fully cognizant of the facts, having, in presence of the charges brought with such circumstantial minuteness by Mrs. Woodhull, and apparently from the mouth of more than two or three witnesses, failed to make any even the briefest denial, he must stand, as thus far appears, convicted on the indictment; and he will be, unless such denial is promptly forth-coming, assuredly so held by an intelligent public. And we hereby earnestly remind Plymouth Church of Brooklyn not only, but the Congregational body and the Orthodox communion as well, that they also are involved and have some stake in this matter; and we emphatically ask them whether they can afford to bear the burden of this burning reproach, even though, to purge themselves, they must condemn and disown or depose the most eminent and popular preacher of the Orthodox faith in America.

LUCY N. COLMAN, *President*
of Radical Club of Syracuse, N. Y.
JOHN A. G. BURNS, *Secretary*.

A GENTLE REMONSTRANCE.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Dear Sir,—Like good Dr. Bartol, I find myself in perfect sympathy "with whatever honest League may be a genuine working power for the practical ends proposed" by your earnest and vigorous journal; but, with Mr. Tailor, I am of opinion that the proposed organization is "destructive rather than constructive" in its intent and purpose,—thus serving rather to excite the bitterness of prejudice, and the antagonism of individuals whose acquiescence in, if not co-operation with, the movement toward a higher civilization might otherwise be confidently anticipated. Are not the most beneficent reforms (moral or political, social or religious) those which are accomplished with the least friction possible under the circumstances? And has the steady progress in the direction of "Free Religion" which the nineteenth century chronicles up to the present day, any element of discouragement to anticipate in the immediate future, that we should hasten to adopt the tactics of our adversaries, and make war upon those who are not prepared to see the world through our spectacles? Is there not danger, moreover, that in the collision of active hostilities we, who claim to be the special advocates of toleration and moderation, may be forced into an attitude not altogether consistent with our professions?

Very respectfully,
ALBERT WARREN KEISKY.
St. Louis, March 5, 1873.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

SALEM, O., March 1, 1873.

MR. ABBOT:—

The Liberal Society of Salem, Ohio, has been favored with another series of Sunday lectures by Parker Pillsbury, which for ability, force, and brilliancy have seldom been equalled.

The following resolutions, passed at the close of Mr. Pillsbury's engagement, Sunday, Feb. 23, give evidence of the esteem in which he is held by the Society:—

Whereas, The pleasant and on our part profitable connection with Mr. Pillsbury is ended for the present,—

Resolved, That for the unswerving adherence to his own convictions of right and duty, and for the bold and able manner in which he has presented his ideas of truth, Mr. Pillsbury has our gratitude and our thanks.

Resolved, That to all societies and individuals who desire to have old superstitions and prejudices removed, and who wish to hear the most advanced ideas on all reformatory subjects, Mr. Pillsbury has our endorsement and recommendation.

M. R. ROBINSON, *Pres.*
M. V. BONSALE, *Sec.*

"The Primate in a recent letter to the Archdeacon of Canterbury expresses his surprise that the clergy generally have not used the 'Prayer for Fine Weather' prescribed in the Liturgy, and hopes that they will not neglect it in future. The publication of this letter has called forth others from some persons who contend that the recent extraordinary rain-fall is beneficial, not only making up for the drought of previous years, but acting as an efficient sanitary agent, as proved by the state of our national bill of health. The agriculturists retort that the destruction of the seed-grain now in the land must make prices rule very high in the coming year, and thus the clergy are placed in a curious dilemma—as to whether the prayer should be used or not. Both parties appear to have overlooked the fact that all our appeals to the Almighty should be accompanied by humble submission to his superior knowledge of what is for our good."

—London Graphic, Jan. 4, 1873.

It is better to be a perfectionated ape, than degenerate Adam.—*Clapartide*.

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- 37.—A Young Man's Theological Experiences.
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- 51.—What People said about it; and an Item of News concerning the Fugitives.

CHAP.

- 52.—In which Paul sets out for a larger amount of Travel than he intended, and visits some Old Friends.
- 53.—A Canadian Idyll.
- 54.—Wherein we journey from the North to nearly the most Southern of the United States.
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- 56.—A Return and a Disappointment.
- 57.—The Contents of which ought to surprise nobody.
- 58.—In which Paul hears more News of Old Friends of an Unsatisfactory Character.
- 59.—Wherein Paul Gower and the Rev. George Bligh smoke a cigar together.
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- 61.—Is a Continuation of Chapter 60.
- 62.—Contains an Accident and some Conversation.
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- 67.—In which the Engagement between Ruth Gower and the Rev. George Bligh comes to a perfectly natural conclusion.
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- 74.—A Character; the re-appearance of a Scoundrel, and still more of Journalism.
- 75.—Another Return and a new Enterprise. Charleston on an Historical Occasion.
- 76.—In which a former Acquaintance takes Paul into his confidence concerning his Domestic Infelicity.
- 77.—Might have had the same Title as Chapter 76.
- 78.—More talk of Secession, and the Sequel of Richard Sabin's Catastrophe.
- 79.—A Companion-Picture to what we have seen in Charleston, but on a larger Scale.
- 80.—Clears the way for the Next and Last.
- 81.—In which John Gower's Misfortunes and the Story come to an End together.

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Ar. Ft. Wayne 3:15 P. M.	1:40 A. M.	3:45 A. M.	3:45 A. M.
" Lafayette 8:40 "	"	8:35 "	"
" Bloomingt'n.	"	4:00 P. M.	"
" Danville, 11:25 "	"	11:00 A. M.	"
" Tolono, 12:57 A. M.	"	12:40 P. M.	"
" Decatur, 2:30 "	"	2:10 "	"
" Pekin, 7:15 "	"	7:15 "	"
" St. Louis, 7:25 "	"	7:15 "	"
" Springfield, 4:15 "	"	4:10 "	"
" Jacksonville, 6:00 "	"	5:40 "	"
" Quincy, 9:40 "	"	9:25 "	"
" Hannibal, 11:15 "	"	9:50 "	"
" Keokuk, 11:00 "	"	10:15 "	"

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5:05 P. M.
Air Line Division—2:50 A. M. and 5:10 &
5:30 P. M.
Detroit Division—10:40 and 11:40 A. M. and
9:15 P. M.
Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids and Lan-
sing—4:25 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.
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THE INDEX FOR 1873.

THE INDEX,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

FREE RELIGION.

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THE INDEX begins its fourth volume under the most flattering auspices. Steadily working for the religious emancipation and noblest culture of humanity at large, and more immediately of the American people, it has received from the liberal public a most generous support. The capital stock of the Index Association has been subscribed nearly to the full amount of One Hundred Thousand Dollars. The circulation of the paper has more than doubled within the past year. Influential friends have given their means and their co-operation to its cause. Many of the best writers both of America and England are constant contributors to its columns. The people welcome its words, grow daily more interested in its ideas, and become daily more actively participant in the great movement it represents. From all parts of the country a continual stream of letters pours in from the old and the young, from the rich and the poor, from the lettered and the illiterate, from men and from women alike, expressing the warmest sympathy and the profoundest interest in the work it is doing.

With all this encouragement to persevere in the great cause which thus appeals to the best hopes and purposes of the people, THE INDEX for the coming year will possess increased means of influence. It is doubled in size, and must soon be more than doubled in power. It will address itself more earnestly than ever to men and women of all grades of culture who desire to share the best life and thought of the age, and to impart it even to the indifferent, the superstitious, and the enslaved. It already wields a

great influence, which must grow greater every day, as brave men and pure women flock to the standard it upholds.

In addition to its general objects, the practical object to which THE INDEX will be henceforth specially devoted is the ORGANIZATION OF THE LIBERALS OF THE COUNTRY, for the purpose of securing the more complete and consistent secularization of the political and educational institutions of the United States. The Church must give place to the Republic in the affections of the people. The last vestiges of ecclesiastical control must be wiped out of the Constitutions and Statutes of the several States, in order to bring them into harmony with the National Constitution. To accomplish this object, the Liberals must make a united demand, and present an unbroken front, and the chief practical aim of THE INDEX will be henceforth to organize a great NATIONAL PARTY OF FREEDOM. Let every one who believes in this movement give it direct aid by helping to increase the circulation of THE INDEX.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The publication of a valuable leading paper or essay of a thoughtful character, in each issue, will continue to be one of the most marked features of THE INDEX.

Regular editorial contributions will continue to be furnished by the well-known eminent writers who have already done so much to give to THE INDEX its present high position. Mr. CONWAY and Mr. VOYSEY have kindly consented to furnish every week alternately a LONDON LETTER containing matters of general interest to radical readers.

A new LITERARY DEPARTMENT, embracing book notices and reviews by writers of the first excellence, will be specially acceptable to the readers of THE INDEX, and supply a want which has been keenly felt. Rev. THOMAS VICKERS, of Cincinnati, and Rev. EDWARD C. TOWNE, of New Haven, will write regularly for this department; and their names are a sufficient guarantee that it will be characterized by scholarship and ability.

Every issue of THE INDEX will also contain a Boston letter from Mr. SIDNEY H. MONSE, late editor of the RADICAL, whose EVENING NOTES will be found one of the most attractive features of the paper. Other interesting correspondence, communications, extracts from valuable books and periodicals, and miscellaneous articles, will also be published; and such improvements will be made from time to time as circumstances shall render possible.

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It is, also, in the very warp and weft of it, an heterodox, rationalistic, anti-theological novel; its main object being the exposure of the logical results of certain so-called religious opinions on the life and character of those who hold them. Its author has endeavored to show, how these, often sincere and conscientious persons, are and must be, not only not the better, but the worse for their adherence to certain theological tenets, now obsolete with all advanced thinkers, but still dreadfully potential with the uninquiring and acquiescent on both sides of the Atlantic. He exhibits how these opinions poison the kindly springs of natural affection, pervert character, and are, in short, utterly mischievous and deplorable. This, the fulfilment of a long-cherished purpose, has not, he believes, suffered from not being obtruded, didactically or otherwise, but allowed to transpire naturally in the course of a novel involving more than anti-theological objects. It is emphatically a story, with a distinct and carefully wrought-out plot, kept in view from beginning to end.

Free Religious Association.

The Report in pamphlet form, of the ANNUAL MEETING of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION for 1872, can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, WM. J. POTTER, New Bedford, Mass. It contains essays by John W. Chadwick, on "LIBERTY AND THE CHURCH IN AMERICA;" by C. D. B. Mills, on the question, "DOES RELIGION REPRESENT A PERMANENT SENTIMENT OF THE HUMAN MIND, OR IS IT A FENESTRABLE SUPERSTITION?" and by O. B. Frothingham, on "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY;" together with the Report of the Executive Committee, and addresses and remarks by Dr. Bartol, A. B. Alcott, Lucretia Mott, Celia Burleigh, Horace Seave, Alexander Loos, and others. Price, 35 cents; 1 packages of five or more, 35 cents each.

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VOLUME 4.

TOLEDO, O., AND NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1873.

WHOLE No. 169.

ORGANIZE!

LIBERALS OF AMERICA!

The hour for action has arrived. The cause of freedom calls upon us to combine our strength, our zeal, our efforts. These are

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and sustained by the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or piously as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Let us boldly and with high purpose meet the duty of the hour. I submit to you the following

FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

- ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF ———.
- ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in ———. Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.
- ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.
- ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.
- ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.
- ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to those offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.
- ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

Liberals! I pledge to you my undivided sympathies and most vigorous co-operation, both in THE INDEX and out of it, in this work of local and national organization. Let us begin at once to lay the foundations of a great national party of freedom, which shall demand the entire secularization of our municipal, state, and national government. Send to me promptly the list of officers of every Liberal League that may be formed, and a standing list of all such Leagues shall be kept in THE INDEX. Hence, then, to the great work of freeing America from the usurpations of the Church! Make his continent from ocean to ocean sacred to human liberty! Prove that you are worthy descendants of those whose wisdom and patriotism gave us a Constitution unclouded with superstition! Shake off your slumbers, and break the chains to which you have too long meekly submitted!

Toledo, O., Jan. 1, 1873.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—M. A. McCord, President; J. Gallion, Vice President; P. A. Lofgreen, L. La Grille, Secretaries; E. K. Thomas, Treasurer.

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Manhood Religion.

BY A. W. STEVENS.

In a work on the *Principles of Zoology*, by Prof. Agassiz, there is a remarkable and interesting frontispiece intended, as the author says, to present at one view the distribution of the principal types of animals and the order of their successive appearance in creation, as well also the rank or grade which each maintains to the other and to all. The ingenious diagram instructs us that there have been four successive periods in the career of creation; that in the first there was the reign of fishes, in the second the reign of reptiles, in the third the reign of mammals, in the fourth the reign of man. And these various orders of animals, with their different genera and species, are ranked in the picture according to their natures, one above the other; and at the top or head of the line is placed the word MAN. He is the last creature to appear, but by no means the least. For through all the preceding stages of creation there seems to have been a preparing for him. The Creator, as we might say, was holding himself in reserve to do his best thing last, when all had been got ready for it. God, as the designer of this diagram would seem to intimate, approached his masterpiece gradually; and when air and earth and sea were in a favorable condition, and all the fauna and flora of the planet were excellently well arranged; when being's high gradations were piled to the point where completion lacked but another touch,—then the Author of all drew again and greatly on his infinite powers, and launched from the bosom of his own being his fairest, grandest, noblest work, and capped the climax of creation with MAN, "made in the image of his maker." Prof. Agassiz fittingly indicates the culmination of the Creator's work by placing at the apex of his diagram the symbol of royalty—a crown; which shows that man is the coronation of creation, the head and front of all the lower orders of animals.

Now, aside from all opinions for or against the Evolution theory, I confess I never look at this frontispiece without feeling a thrill of grateful pride. "What," I say, "do I then belong to this superior race of creatures—this race for which there was such an extended and patient and elaborate preparation, the whole creation groaning and travelling to deliver itself of its noblest ideal! And is my human nature so inherently great and worthy as to overtop the long line of other creatures which God has made, and to stand in the nearest and most distinguished relation to the nature of the Divine One! Is there no other name in that immense catalogue of names, whereof all the orders of animals are called, which has such a royal and kingly significance as the one applied to my own kind! Then, if this be so, let me become deeply sensible of it; let me know the height and depth of the riches of my own nature; let me test its noblest capacities; let me enter into the exercise of its fullest powers; let me strive to live even with its present and ever increasing opportunities; let me, in short, be nothing and do nothing unworthy of my superior nature, derogatory to my exalted name!"

This is the effect which a thoughtful study of the diagram I have referred to always produces upon me. And then I somehow profoundly feel that not only am I summoned by the voice of Nature or of God to be a MAN, but to make both my life and word an appeal to every human brother to be one also; to impress it upon myself, and in every way to impress it upon him, that there is no name so honorable for him or me to bear as this name of MAN—a name which signifies not alone a generic distinction, but which is

full also of the grandest intellectual, moral, and spiritual significance.

And I renewedly have this feeling whenever I notice how many other names have been and still are considered to be both more desirable and respectable. It is natural for the unreflecting and the uncultivated to perceive the partial and the particular rather than the general and the universal, and to become more familiar with that which is local, sectional, and accidental than with that which is comprehensive and absolute. Hence they like names as well as ideas which signify the less instead of those which signify the greater. When men became so numerous that they broke up into tribes and nations, they began to be enamored of and to adhere to tribal and national appellations; they began to forget that they were men, and to remember only that they were Hindus and Egyptians and Jews and Greeks and Romans. "I am a Roman!" how proud the old Latins were to say that! "I am of the tribe of Israel and the seed of Abraham!" how arrogantly and scornfully the Jew would say that, especially in the hearing of other peoples! The Hindus and the Egyptians thought, as did the Hebrews, that their nation was the chosen nation of God, and their land the holy land of all others—each being proud of that which they had in particular rather than of that which they all had in common. In the times of Arthur, Charlemagne, and Richard the Lion-hearted, to be a knight was considered more honorable than to be a man. In Europe, to-day, a marquis, an earl, a lord, a count, a duke, a prince—all these names are regarded as titles of nobility, are envied and eagerly snatched at, while the mere name of man is not regarded as a noble title. In this country, even in this republic, there are certain distinctions made, certain deferences are given to local and accidental titles, which are not compatible with a true idea of the worth of man as man. There is a class here who are called "gentlemen," with simple reference to their social position, their family connection, and so forth; and another class who are called "common people," because of their unprivileged birth and training. Those who insist on making these artificial distinctions are not true republicans, they are not true radicals; for they say in effect that to be such a "gentleman" is more respectable than to be a man; not considering that to be a *real* gentleman is impossible except upon the natural, inherent, and broad qualities of manhood.

But it is not in the secular world alone that preference is given to other titles than that of man. In the Church, quite as much as in the world, false distinctions are insisted upon; local, sectional, artificial names are made to take the place of that crown of all names—MAN. It is not to make us respect ourselves, to have faith in ourselves, that the Church has tried; but to get us to despise ourselves, and to carry our faith wholly out of and away from ourselves. It is not to make men of us that the Church has tried, but to make of us sectarians and partisans, and zealots for creeds. "Be men, manly men!" but she has said to us, in tones harsh and discordant with denominational spite and controversy, "Be Romanists, be Protestants, be Episcopalians, be Presbyterians, be Baptists, be Methodists, be Unitarians, be Universalists!" No one of these branches of the Church has been willing that we should stand simply on our manhood, and cultivate that, and make the most of that, and be content with that. No one of them has been satisfied to let us adopt the natural religion of manliness, to let us go straight forward, aside from the sects and the parties, and, as their own Bible has it, "quit ourselves like men" upon the basis of genuine honesty, veracity, and fidelity. It is true that these different branches of the Church have sometimes named to us one name which they tacitly agreed together was the best of all names—Christian. But then, instead of allowing us (if we could) to adopt this noble name into a large and universal sense, and making it synonymous with a true and excellent manliness, they have straightway foliated upon it their own peculiar definitions and artificial limitations, and endeavored to pin us with it now to this and now to that specific set of dogmas. If we rejected the name altogether, they would not be satisfied; or if we adopted it in the sense

of any one, then all the rest would say we were wrong. And yet, by logical implication, they *all* say to us that to be a Christian is better than to be a man, because (they would have us believe) to be a genuine, true man is not *equal* to being a Christian.

But from all other names I fall back with greatest satisfaction on that which God himself seems somehow to have given us. He did virtually say, "Let us make man in our own image." Somehow at least we came to be men; and the highest divine mandate which now sounds in our souls is to be men—whole-hearted, genuine, true, perfect men. By being nothing less, by being nothing more, shall we fulfil the design of creation. MAN is the universal word; it includes all others. It signifies not the less but the greater; not a part but the whole. It has no local or sectional or partisan significance whatever, but applies all round the circle of the race. It signifies qualities of character which are peculiar to no nation, no tribe, no community, no sect, but which underlie and inhere in humanity at large. To be able to say, in the fullest and truest sense of the word, "I am a MAN!" is to be able to claim the most royal and most noble title in the world.

But how shall we be able to say this? What are the traits of a man? What qualities must we cultivate in order that we may "quit ourselves like men"? I will so far presume as to enumerate some of the most important qualities of manhood.

And I say, first, if we would be men we must be *firm*. Stability is a prime essential of manhood. A building, to stand secure, must rest even and steady on its base. So, as men, we must be self-poised and equable. We must stand squarely on our feet, plumb with the perpendicular line of rectitude, upright and downright, with the solid basis of principle underneath us. The world swarms with people of unsteady conscience and feeble will. Morally and intellectually invertebrate so many are! Hence so few successful people in the world, so few armed with power to execute, so few contributors to the common weal, so few real benefactors. For all the use that we can see they put themselves to, or are capable of being put to, great crowds of people might as well not exist: they do but appear to cumber, not to serve; utter leave of absence from this human scene one would think the wise community might cheerfully grant them. A man is a skulking dog until he has *made up his mind*. A man is not a man until he becomes conscious of power, and flames with the purpose to exercise it. Ethically speaking, we are not cosmic atoms until we thrill with the perception of the significance of things, and will with mighty constancy in the direction of the highest uses. Therefore a weak, unsteady, pliant, yielding disposition is ruinous to true manliness. We can only command confidence—the confidence of ourselves in ourselves, and of others in us—by being steady and decided in our purpose, and holding on to our deliberate resolution with a grip as determined as fate. Observe, however, firmness is not obstinacy; is not stubbornness; is not wilfulness,—it is simply strength of character. The merely obstinate man has only the quality of a mule; the firm man has the quality of a rational being. The difference between a firm and an obstinate man is, that the firm man makes up his mind on reason, and on reason only he is willing to change it; but the obstinate man makes up his mind without reason, and so it is vain by reason to try to get him to alter it. Consider deliberately, weigh carefully, judge fairly, decide calmly; but, when you have decided, be thenceforth as adamant against the wind and wave of fickle, popular opinion. Resting on the firm basis of your upright manly will, resist all opposition and move steadily on serene in your consciousness of rectitude, unmoved in your purpose to follow and obey truth and right.

I say, in the second place, that if we would be men we must be *brave*. I do not mean mere physical bravery, that which comes of brawn and muscle, and brute strength—the bravery of the bully, the prize-fighter, the champion of the ring; or even that of the rough back-woodsman, the pioneer, the scout, the soldier, all inured to every species of physical hardship and danger: this sort of bravery may be very well in its way, and there is no need of deprecating it. But there is a bravery braver than this; as much nobler, grander, and better, as the soul is than the body. I mean moral bravery; the bravery which dares to do a good thing, which dares to speak a true word, which dares to stand by a just cause, in the face of whoever or whatever objects or opposes. "Go not to the council at Worms," said the elector of Saxony to Luther. "I will go to the council at Worms," said the reformer, "though there be as many devils in my way as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses!" That was an instance of moral bravery, and in it Luther showed his manliness. We must be brave enough to go or stay, to speak or be silent, to do or refrain from doing, at duty's bidding, without considering the probable consequences to ourselves. We must be brave enough to say YES when yes is right, and no when no is right. We must be brave enough to tell a friend his fault, and brave enough to let him tell us ours. We

must be brave enough to keep out of debt, by denying those wants which society and not our need suggests, to live upon the resources of our own self-respecting personality, to stick to realities and avoid shams. We must be brave enough to keep our own company when none better can be found, to go our way alone when others will not walk with us towards wisdom, to make our own choice in thought and word and deed and life, without reference to what the conforming, aping, gregarious multitude will say or do. We must be brave enough to get over all fear of men, and to fear only fear itself; that fear which saps the virile energies of true manliness. In short, we must have courage to "dare do all that may become a man," remembering that "who dares do more is none."

I say, thirdly, if we would be men we must be *true*; that is, we must have that in us which will win men to trust us and put their faith in us. What a splendid quality is fidelity! How it rivets men together, barring out all suspicion and distrust, the irrefragable bond of noble friendship, high communion, frank and generous confederation! The absence of fidelity makes the cunning, wily, artful dodger, the low politician, the shirk, the sneak, the traitor. In its absence, associations of men are held together by ropes of sand; every man is made a police to suspect and watch every other man; mutual trust dies; faith in one another perishes. Unfaithfulness is infidelity; the only infidelity which society need fear or seek to restrain. If all men were true, true as steel; faithful, reliable, trustworthy—what a gain of time and ability, of patience and temper, would accrue, all which are now exhausted in providing for the unfaithfulness of faithless men! A true man—one who gives his word and doesn't take it back; who passes his promise and keeps it; who stands up behind his statements and makes them good; who clasps your hand with whole-heartedness; who looks into your eye with a sincere, direct, and unflinching gaze which says, "I mean all I say and nothing else,"—what a luxury, but alas what a rarity, is such a man! And yet such we must be, if we would fill up the measure of manhood. We must be so true that those who know us cannot doubt us, that they will consider our simple word as good as a sacrament, that they will trust us with anything they will trust with themselves, that our character will be to them sufficient pledge and explanation of our conduct under the most extraordinary and trying circumstances. We must be so true that insincerity and duplicity will shrink and hide away from us, and never dare to offer themselves to our harboring. We must be so true in principle and practice, that the habit of fidelity will seize upon and hold us to its unyielding rule, even when temptation is the strongest and opportunity the fullest and general morality in the community the most lax. A TRUE man, one who is true,—true to principle, true to conscience, true to truth, true to right, true in every place and time you can put him,—such a man is so noble as to command our respect and veneration, almost indeed our homage and worship.

I say once more, and lastly, if we would be men we must be *gentle*. A real gentleman is a man who is gentle; who has the quality, or that set of qualities, conspicuous in his character which we may denominate gentleness. A manly man has somewhat of the woman in him; if he has not, he may be respectable, but he cannot be lovable. A complete man must not only have strength of character in him,—decision, force, energy,—but he must also have a certain beauty of character, which mildness, sweetness, gentleness, and grace afford. He must be like the lion in his courage, and like the dove in his harmlessness. He must on occasion be as firm and unyielding as granite; and then again he must be meek and humble, and docile as a child. Heroic in his manliness must he be—saintly also. He must be able to dare and overcome and triumph; and yet his heart must be full of human kindness and tenderness, sympathy for the suffering, charity for the erring, forgiveness for his enemies. Sir Philip Sidney was a gallant knight, a brave gentleman, a most honorable man. He could dare to tell the impetuous and fiery Queen Elizabeth her faults. He could dare to face the furious blast of battle. But when, on the field of Zutphen, he had wielded his sword most valiantly and received his mortal hurt even in the act of fighting for his friends,—then when bleeding, faint, and dying, he could compassionate the misery of a poor private soldier and say, "Give him the water I asked for; he needs it more than I." Here was gentleness as well as courage; here was saintliness as well as heroism. Tender and true must we be as men—tender and true. The masculine element of strength must combine in us with the feminine element of grace. Dignity must mingle in our lives with modesty, firmness with gentleness, courage with mildness, power with sweetness. Then shall we be what will not only command respect, but win love. Then will come about in these latter days a nobler chivalry than ever the old time saw. Then will we have men brave and pure, strong and gentle; gallant knights in every good cause, with hearts open to the call of mercy, and with souls sensitive to the claims of beauty.

Now, O brothers! if you and I can be men af-

ter this fashion, what better can we be? Shall we not then indeed be fashioned in the image of the Highest we can conceive of; and shall not our manly fronts wear the seal and stamp of a god? To be a man in this sense is to shame the best "Christian" the world has ever seen; is fairly to pluck from that name the brightest crown it ever wore, and place it on the brow of MANHOOD. Let Jesus take his rank with men, and feel himself honored to be our brother-man. Model too, we grant, in some things. Yet when, in due time, we shall celebrate the complete coronation of only manly powers, him overtopped we certainly shall see, brightest and best as he was among the men of old.

Come, then, let us gird up our loins, be strong, and quit ourselves like MEN. Let us give place to no lower, as we can have no higher, ambition than to be, each one of us, "every inch A MAN!"

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OR

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

The gnawing agony that it was to sit there, waiting—waiting—thinking of her in his company! To be so alive to her beauty, so burningly desirous of her favor, and so heart-sickeningly conscious of his own frail hold upon it, which even this puppy had been able to loosen! To fancy a bright smile turned towards his fool's face, while only cold looks and averted glances were the reward of the faithful and earnest love which maddened at such miserable rivalry! To revolve, wearily, all the past, and to feel as if the future were a dreary blank without peace, rest, hope, or happiness! And to scorn himself for being there, incapable of shaking himself free in spite of his degradation, and cherishing a pitiful wish for the perpetuation of his own slavery!

At ten o'clock, the staircase and passage became fragrant with the odor of boiled tripe and onions, and, not long afterwards, Mills appeared with a general flavor of those edibles pervading him (he had previously fetched the beer), and resumed his hat and comforter for the purpose of departing homewards to his lodgings in Somers Town. He came to bid Paul an anxious good-night; or, if possible, to persuade him to give up his intention of staying till Kate's return. He was just remarking, for about the dozenth time, that it *was* very late for Miss Sabin to be out, and that he couldn't imagine what detained her, when they heard the tread of feet on the doorstep, followed by Kate's well-known, loud double-knock. Paul's heart gave one great leap at the summons, and then began throbbing rapidly, painfully.

Mills went to the door and opened it, without closing that of the back parlor. Paul heard Kate thanking him—and the voice of Mr. Milfin. Both seemed in very great spirits, especially Miss Sabin, who immediately began talking about the weather, the muddy walking, and the delightful evening she had enjoyed at Bloomsbury Square—Miss Milfin was such a dear, kind, old lady, and so pleased at her acceptance of the invitation insisted on her coming again, and so on. Was it really ten o'clock? She didn't think it had been half so late. Mr. Milfin must come in and see himself. Here a half-muttered communication from Mills (the purport of which Paul knew as well as if it had been shouted in his ear) produced an "Oh, indeed!" some whispering, and a general adjournment to the front parlor.

Now Mills had taken the one candle, by its dismal light of which poor Paul had been brooding, to show the arrivals in; so that ill-used young man was left in partial darkness, listening to Kate's prattle, as she untied her bonnet strings and removed the warm shawl, the unauthorized appropriation of which had provoked Tib's objection. The door between the roof being wide open, he did not miss a syllable. I turned sick with passion at the sound of his voice.

Presently, indeed almost immediately, it came to him, bringing the light and leaving it. Milfin to the society of Mills. She knew was there, of course, but started at his pale face and haggard air, as he stood leaning against tall, old-fashioned chimney piece, in which fire had long gone out, though it was a chilly night in November.

"Why, Paul, I should never have thought your waiting here all this time—" she was ginning with a loud affectation of unconcern, cordiality, when Paul sprang forwards and laid her by the hand, which he squeezed so un-

fully that her accent changed to one of resentment and alarm, as she tried to pluck it away from him.

"Listen!" he said. "I have something to say to you, and you *shall* hear me! You knew it was my birthday, and that I should come, yet you deliberately absent yourself and go out with that puppy, whom—"

"I shall do as I please!" interrupted Kate, red and struggling—he observed how handsome she looked, the whilst, and it angered him the more—"and I insist on your taking your arm away directly, sir, or I'll call Mills and—"

The sentence was not completed, for the person she would have named here appeared in the doorway, with almost as pale a face as Paul himself, and advanced into the room.

"Mr. Gower," he said in his most melodramatic manner, and raising himself on his tiptoes—he was a little fellow, a head shorter than Paul, but by no means ill-looking—"I will not permit this! You are detaining Miss Sabin against her consent and inclination!"

Paul sprang at him with an execration. Simultaneously Kate flung herself between them, entreating Paul to be quiet and ordering her champion to quit the room. There was a confused struggle, mainly on Paul's part to get at his rival. Mr. Mifflin ordinarily carried a little cane, which he now flourished, rather for effect than as an available weapon against the headlong onslaught of his adversary. It was torn from him, snapped in twain, and the fragments dashed in his face. The next moment, he found himself borne violently backwards, and he would infallibly have been precipitated head-first into the adjoining room, had he not come into collision with Mills, who was just then entering, and that so rudely that both went to the ground together. At which catastrophe the victor paused, being rather ashamed of his triumph.

Kate was flaming with indignation. "It was cowardly, brutal behavior," she said, "to one his inferior in strength—he wouldn't have dared to act so to his equal. His conduct was disgraceful! She would never speak to either of them again—never!"

"Come!" said Paul, still abashed at his recent violence, yet more exasperated at her taunts, and at her coupling him with Mifflin; "let him get up; I won't hit him again, only don't let him speak in that tone to me." And his fallen antagonist rose, together with Mills, both looking extremely discomfited.

"There's enough of this," Paul continued; "and we'd better understand each other for the future—all three of us. Mr. Mifflin, I want to know your position with respect to Miss Sabin. Has she encouraged—accepted your attentions?" A question one would think rather superfluous, only there are some truths which we are always unwilling to recognize. Wherefore Paul repeated it.

"To be sure she has," exclaimed a fresh arrival on the scene, as Tib entered, morally charging her sister, as it were, with fixed bayonet, while Mr. Mifflin walked up and down the room theatrically, without speaking. "And Kate, it serves you right, that it does, and I don't pity you one bit, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself! And Mills what do you stand there for staring like a stuck pig and mother thumping down stairs like madness to stop the noise!" Of which unpunctuated sentences Tib delivered herself with the shrillest rapidity, the fact announced in the last being corroborated by a subterranean pounding.

Mills put in his usual disclaimer of "T-Tibby!" while Paul felt that the scene was becoming ridiculous, and seized his hat. All the time, Kate had been reiterating her passionate declaration that she repudiated both suitors from henceforth; still Mifflin kept pacing up and down, with his arms folded. When Paul made towards the door, he paused.

"Stop!" said he; "since Miss Sabin won't answer you, I must. She *has* said that she could be happier with me than with you—I have that and more in writing! I demand if she can deny it? Let her make her election between us." He spoke in his usual stilted manner, yet like a gentleman.

Kate only repeated her objurgations, appearing, indeed, to great disadvantage. Again Tib and the knocking down stairs broke out clamorously. With a final glance at her sister, in which real feeling had banished affection, Mr. Mifflin turned on his heel as if to go, when she whom Paul loved sprang up, crying out not his Christian name, and ran after his rival to stop him.

Paul saw it and felt as if his heart had been torn out and stamped upon. He thought he should go mad. Rushing out—actuated by a simultaneous impulse to escape from the temptation to violence, and a wish to wrestle with an agony which he hated himself for feeling—he staggered and fell swooning in the passage. When consciousness returned, they were bathing his face with water, his rival, with a scared countenance, standing aloof, and the cause of all clinging to him, crying and protesting that she would be his—go with him—anything—if he would recover. He could not bear to look upon her.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOCKED OUT FOR THE NIGHT.

An hour or more subsequent to the events described in the preceding chapter, Paul Gower stood in the street, at the threshold of his grandfather's house, knocking for admission. As has been already intimated, it was not an uncommon predicament in the young man's experience, after an evening at Newnau Street, where he frequently lingered until he found it impossible to get home by eleven o'clock, at which hour the street-door was invariably locked, bolted, and barred, and the chain put up, although his arrival, five minutes later, might necessitate the unfastening of all these precautions. This rule had been so long in force that it amounted to a superstition of the most uncompromising character, especially affecting all the women of the household: it was akin to that which impels some British wives to sit up to any hour, rather than allow their husbands the unholy privilege of a latch-key. Of course Paul stood as much chance of obtaining that piece of ironmongery (which, in Mrs. Gower's opinion, opened the door to the seven deadly sins) as of the post of Pope or Grand Lama: even his grandfather had never possessed one; nor, during his entire married life, attempted such an outrage upon conjugal decency. Long ago, the old lady had, by the purest feminine logic, arrived at the conviction that, unless the street-door were locked, bolted, barred, and chained every night, at the hour appointed, she couldn't sleep in her bed—nay, that she should expect to be murdered in it, and the house robbed, or set on fire; so, for upwards of forty years, she had endured the alternative of having her rest and that of others disturbed, whenever her sons or grandson came home late—as young men will do even when brought up in religious families. It was tacitly understood that offenders in this respect were to perform a sort of quarantine before obtaining admission, to be commonly supplemented by a scolding in the morning; which punishments had come to be regarded as a matter of routine, involving little idea of amendment or change of conduct on either side. Paul, however (a poor relation, and kept very much alive to the fact), had hardly attained such indifference. Hence, a conscious criminal, he stands, near midnight, knocking at the door, and waiting until one of the two woman-servants shall come down, shivering in night-attire, and demand, in the combined accents of reproach and martyrdom: "Is that you, master Paul?" in form and manner provided, preliminary to letting him in.

It is a dull night and the wind blows hollowly down the dreary street, accompanied by fitful spits of rain; and overhead the murky heavens are black with the promise of more. The pot-boy at the public-house opposite is noisily putting up shutters. Two or three last customers are emerging from the swinging doors; one, drunk and obstreperous, is presently coaxed away by a companion, with whom he goes off staggering; the sound of their unsteady footsteps echoing in the distance. Paul listens to the sequential bolting and barring, watches the turning off of the gas, and the ascent of lights bedwards, and feels all the lonelier for the change. He knocks again, retires a few paces and gazes upwards at the windows.

No response. No dull illumination behind the blinds, indicative of the tardily-lighting candle; although he can almost cheat his senses with the impression that he discerns the flash of the preparatory match. The rain increases, falling fine and fast on his upturned countenance, and driving him close to the house for shelter. Ordinarily he would possess his soul with patience and wait; perhaps counting a hundred between the intervals of knocking. He has done this often—generally with a preposterous fancy that his admission depended upon his accomplishing the number deliberately, just as he set out to do. But he is past that, now, because very wretched.

The catastrophe at Newman Street had ended in his quitting the house, as he intended, forever, feeling utterly shipwrecked in hope and happiness. On recovering from the swoon into which overwrought emotion and the discovery of Kate's perfidy had precipitated him, he was too much beaten down to care to continue the miserable contest, or to answer her protestations. He was glad to get away. He had loved and worshipped that which never existed but in his own imagination. It was all over; he was alone in the world. So, faint and heart-sick, he departed with Mills and his rival; the latter of whom left them almost immediately, but not before he had expressed his regret at what had occurred, and shaken Paul by the hand. Mills bore him company the greater part of the way home, striving to give comfort; but Paul was not sorry to be relieved even of the task of listening to him. Wretched and exhausted, both in body and mind, he returned home. Let us rejoin him, as he stands waiting at the door.

A policeman, in shining oil-cloth cape, turns an adjacent corner and approaches, his heavy, measured tread sounding loudly on the wet flagstones. Paul knows what is coming, and, even in his dismal mood, is susceptible to annoyance. The constable perceives him as he passes, and, pausing at an arm's distance, directs a stream of

light upon the hypothetical burglar, standing in the dark doorway, which brings that person's figure into startling relief, and casts monstrous fantastic shadows upon the house-front. In a climax of exasperation, Paul seizes the knocker and uses it loudly—desperately. The policeman moves on.

Another interval of five minutes' wind and rain and darkness, succeeded by a shuffling of feet in the passage, and a voice, apparently near the keyhole, making the usual inquiry.

"Yes, it's me, Becky. Open the door."

"Oh! Master Paul, I can't! Missie have been and took the key up stairs, to bed with her—under her pillow. You're locked out!"

"What?"

"She's been and done it, at last! She said it 'ud be a lesson to you. I thought I'd creep down stairs and tell you, for I couldn't bear to hear you knocking; but please don't say nothing about it. And, Master Paul—"

Master Paul, with a half-laugh of humiliation and half a good-night on his lips, was turning to depart, when the utterance of his name recalled him.

"You'd better go and sleep at a coffee-shop. And, excuse the liberty, but perhaps you've no money, and here's half-a-crown—I'll push it under the door—you can pay me whenever it's convenient."

Cordially thanking the warm-hearted housemaid, but rejecting her offer, Paul flung away from the spot, and strode down the street as if he would fain have turned his back on the fact of his application. He had reached the Euston Road before he paused to think whether he should go, and what do, to secure a lodging for the night. The prospect was not cheerful.

It had come on to rain heavily, steadily, with a vicious persistence, suggestive of a misanthropical intention on the part of the elements to be as disagreeable as possible. Paul could hardly see anything but water in the atmosphere, through which the houses loomed black and dismal, while the street lamps gleamed, red and dull, through a halo of mist, to be cheerlessly reflected in the puddles below. The mud lay thick in the roadway; the gutters were brawling channels of filthy water; and as bitter a north-east wind was abroad as ever searched out latent rheumatism in the bones of shivering humanity. Nor did the appearance of such pedestrians as were abroad tend to enliven the night. Now a belated wayfarer hurried past, under a sheltering umbrella, resonant to the rain-drops; or some homeless vagrant, drenched and shivering, his arms folded and his head bent downwards, slunk by. Once a wretched woman addressed Paul, with a joyless laugh and a sentence of street-slang. Vice and poverty had their exceptional representatives abroad, but little else was stirring. And this, Paul thought bitterly, was the night of his one-and-twentieth birth-day.

Becky's guess as to his impecuniosity was perfectly correct; he hadn't a penny in the world. His grandparents kept him very short in that respect, recognizing pocket-money no more than liberty, as indispensable to youthful existence. He would have been wiser if he had accepted the half-crown, and very likely thought so, as he stood in the rain, revolving his chances of obtaining shelter. His resources were limited to two places—Mills' lodgings, at Somers' Town, and those of Richard Sabin in Great James Street. Paul had once visited the former (in company with Kate and Tib, in the execution of a sort of picnic, involving the consumption of sausages, bread and butter, and porter, the entertainment being provided by the guests), but the distance and the hour disinclined him towards that expedient; while he supposed Sabin to be in the country, whither he had gone with his cousin, Harry Franklin, nearly a month ago. But there was an acquaintance of Dick's, who lived in the same building, had the run of his friend's apartments, and whose habits rendered it not unlikely that he might be stirring. Paul knew him well enough to warrant the attempt; so he set out incontinently.

Arriving at Great James Street, in a perfectly saturated condition, unexpected good luck awaited him; for the illumination of Sabin's windows proclaimed somebody's presence, and a knock at the street-door, supplemented by a few small pebbles, thrown at the panes, soon produced Richard himself, who came to the portal, yawning and very much unbuttoned, and gave Paul a hearty but surprised reception.

"Why, how pale you look!" was Dick's exclamation; "and as wet as if you'd just been flung out of the river. Come up-stairs and tell us what's the matter." And, so saying, he led the way to his sitting-room, where, notwithstanding the hour—now nearly one o'clock—a cheerful fire was blazing, while beneath the grate lay a pile of oyster-shells, the recent contents of which had evidently furnished a rather late supper for Sabin and his companion—the person already mentioned, a red-bearded artist from the lower floor, who was, if possible, a more inveterate Bohemian than Richard himself. "Get into these, drink off this, mix another and convince yourself that you're a warm-blooded animal." And Paul exchanged his soaked garments for a French blouse (which had been purchased by Dick in Paris, whither he not unfrequently went

for a month or so), an old pair of trousers and other articles, disposed of a steaming glass of whiskey-and-water (although his head was hot and throbbing enough, despite his paleness, to render it, in one respect, a superfluous indulgence), and endeavored to follow the advice of his friend.

He easily succeeded in satisfying or rather diverting Sabin's curiosity: told him he wanted a night's lodging, and then inquired about his recent absence from town; of which Dick began talking with a freedom bred of his satisfaction at returning.

"I got back only a couple of hours ago," he said, "and was glad enough to have kissed the London pavement, dirty as it was. Not but what I had a decent holiday. But the country is awfully slow when one has too much of it. Wasn't there somebody who cried out for old London at fire-and-plague time in preference? Here's his health! I'm quite of his opinion."

"Well, you look all the better for it," answered the red-bearded artist; as was certainly the case, for Dick's face was ruddy with health, and, as he reclined in a low-backed arm-chair, with his feet in another, puffing away at the blackest of clay pipes, he appeared the impersonification of bachelor comfort. "And I don't half-believe you're in earnest, either."

"Just as you please. Only it's true, for all that. One field is as much like another as the sheep are—though a live mutton or a landscape painter may pretend to find a difference. So are the days, after one has exhausted the first agreeable sensation of having nothing to do, and nobody to poke you up for not doing it! Life becomes one great yawn of stereotyped despair of something turning up to interest you in your own existence: it's the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. You're in danger of fossilizing into an anachronism with your civilized fellow-creatures. I don't wonder that country people are all Tories: the faculty of believing that the world moves has died out of 'em, just as those fish you were romancing about,"—turning to his comrade—"in the what-d'y'-call-it cave of Kentucky, have lost their eyes, from living in perpetual darkness for so many generations. (I suppose it's a lie, but it'll do by way of illustration.) I don't wonder that they attach a preternatural importance to their own pigs and can never tell you that one is to be killed, or that a horse has cast his shoe, without a redundancy of detail which is absolutely maddening. If ever—"

"What cockney nonsense!" interrupted the other, who was country born. "Did you never read Charlotte Brontë or George Elliot?"

"No. I don't care about novels. When they're not bosh, excavated out of the author's own consciousness, they are seldom so amusing as the real, live men and women one may know any day—in town. I prefer using my own eyesight to other people's spectacles."

"Just as if your two-pence-a-half-penny worth of observation could compare with that of the writers I've mentioned!" The red-bearded artist was a great novel reader from sheer indolence.

"Perhaps not," yawned his friend; "only I like things at first hand. And, after all, you can't sample the sea in half-ounce bottles, or in lumps of prepared salt. It's better to have a good swim in it, if you want to know what it's like. Your novelists only take some fellow and put him through various kinds of sprouts, whereas in life there's as many heroes as characters. A book written on that plan would be worth reading."

"It would require Sam Weller's double-million magnifying gas microscope to do it. It's impossible."

"Very likely. And I'm not expecting it—only preferring fact to fiction. Just as I'd rather look at a real landscape—if I must look at one—than one of your tea-trays, old boy. I'll come down to printer's ink, perhaps, when I'm too old to relish flesh and blood, but not before."

"Well, but you're all wrong about country folks, to begin with. I suppose you read the newspapers?"

"Sometimes. Why?"

"Because they might have informed you that your notion that country people are only so many sheep, pasturing on beans and bacon, is all rubbish. Character is just as distinctly developed as in towns—perhaps more so, as lacking the attrition of the multitude. Look at the crimes, for instance. Whenever there occurs, I won't say a particularly atrocious murder—those are not peculiar to the provinces—but one displaying an extraordinary amount of crude diabolism in the planning, and absence of all compunction in the execution—and after—ten to one it happens in the country. Your clown may be a duller dog than your cockney, but for exceptional wickedness I'd back him against anything born within the sound of Bow-bells. That's more combustible than bricks and mortar—flares up quicker when the match is applied."

Sabin nodded an indolent assent and glanced at Paul, who was drinking spirits very freely, and not paying much regard to the conversation.

"The dullness you complain of," continued the other, whose tongue had been loosened by the same stimulant, and who loved talking, thinking he shone in it, "is inevitable; and the tendency

to dilate on trifles is as common in town as in country, only cockneys have more to cackle about and less leisure. It's the same with the passions. 'Arry and Villikens have plenty of opportunities of letting off steam, but Fodge's chances are limited; hence it's no wonder if he explodes sometimes and breaks things. His life ordinarily runs in very narrow channels, and when a chasm *does* occur, in he goes, head foremost." Sabin yawned again. "But go on with your yarn, old fellow, and excuse interruptions."

"I was telling Mops here (who'd talk a dog's hind-leg off, if you'd let him)," resumed Dick, addressing Paul (Mops, be it observed, was a nickname bestowed upon the red-bearded artist in recognition of his capacity for drinking, or, as it is vulgarly termed, "mopping" up beer; and perhaps an allusion to the old pantomime equivalent ("mops and brooms") for inebriation, his real name being Humphries) "and whose defence of his brother bumptkins only amounts to this, they go mad sometimes out of *ennui* and bite one another, about the Franklins. However I'd pretty nearly finished, and if you'll look into that sketch-book it'll save me the trouble of talking. There's the whole history in the mug of the stepmother; and I've got her, sir, as neat as ninepence. You know the party, and will recognize the likeness. By the way, Harry takes it rather ill that we are not going to start for America immediately, but agrees to wait for our company."

Paul did as he was directed, Mops drawing his chair beside him and sharing the inspection. They soon found occasion to admire and laugh at the variety of sketches with which Richard had illustrated his country sojourn, and, allowing for a tendency to caricature, these afforded a pretty complete history of his recent occupations. There were village and farm-yard pictures, fishing and shooting scenes, and above all figures and faces; in short whatsoever of rural life, animate or inanimate, had struck the artist's fancy.

He received their compliments with tranquil satisfaction. "There," he said, "if they don't confirm what I've been saying, I'm an oyster. Most country faces have no outline to 'em—no clear-cut, sharp, decided lines. Their noses are nubbly, and their chins have as much individuality as potatoes. I'm not speaking of the poor devils who grind out their lives at the rate of ten shillings a week and become paupers, as a matter of course, when their backbones give out—they have angularities enough, God knows!—but of the better sort, the farmers. Look at that group, sketched at the Bear, in —, on market-day—a fifteen-penny ordinary—and wonder that I haven't drawn some of 'em on all-fours. I shouldn't have been surprised to see them put their fore-feet into the plates. Not one but looked as if he had systematically over-eaten himself for the last half-century. The young fellows are better; but there seems something in getting a living off land which has a tendency to reduce one's brains to the same consistency."

"Well, if you were as full as they are, and got up as early, you'd be hungry too."

"Hungry? They're never hungry! They can't be, on five meals a day, and two-thirds of them in the cannibalistic shape of swine's flesh. It's purely an animal indulgence, brought to a high state of perfection by hereditary practice. They think more of eating than any other class of people, and talk about it with an amount of interest which attaches to no other consideration—except, perhaps, money-getting; and if you want to see mammon worship in its most sordid, avowed, coarsest shape, you must go not on 'change, or in any of the conventional resorts, but among the green trees, purling streams, and toral ruralities of the country. A meal missed or delayed is a calamity, rather than risk which they'll undergo any amount of premature repletion. I believe their interest in pigs originates in a fellow-feeling. Tell them there are folks who get on very comfortably with a couple of meals a day and they'll disbelieve it, or despise them. It was Sidney Smith, I think, who reckoned up how many wagon-loads full of superfluous meat and drink he had consumed in the course of his life—if that were done for the British farmer, and the quantity for one generation piled up on top of the roads and villages of England, they'd be utterly obliterated!"

"Shows how much you know about it!" retorted Mr. Humphries, who was rather irritated at this stream of invective (which was not, indeed, very generous on Richard's part, seeing that he had been living on the hospitality of the class he abused, for the past month). "All you say applies only to the old school, and is monstrously exaggerated besides. The modern farmer bears no more resemblance to the animal you describe than to an ancient Briton. Except that he dines earlier, and has less time to bestow upon it, he's as temperate as any Manchester or Birmingham manufacturer, and not unlike one in his brisk, business-ways. He cultivates his farm exactly on the same principle that the other manages his factory by—the adoption of certain means to a certain end: they only differ in what each produces. He knows all about draining, soils, phosphates, and agricultural machinery and chemistry, breeds cattle according to the most profitable patterns, and takes a

daily paper. And you can't tell his wife and family from any others of the well-to-do middle classes, except that they look healthier, ride a cock-horse, worship the landed gentry, and think double-Gloster and triple-X of themselves. Hullo! what a jolly-looking old boy!" The speaker suddenly broke off in admiration of a drawing of an elderly farmer on horseback, whose bluff, manly red face (Dick sometimes sketched in color), figure and costume would have made no bad model for the conventional representation of John Bull.

"That's my uncle, Miles Franklin. A hearty old buck enough, but with a soft spot about him somewhere, or he'd never have allowed himself to be picked up by the party on the next page. Turn over. There's the woman I was telling you about."

"Why, she looks like Dante, I'm hanged if she doesn't—only there's less forehead and more wrinkles. What a wretched countenance!"

"It's but a faint presentment of her disposition, I can assure you. Who's Dante?" Mops told him, almost in the words of the contemporaries of the great Italian poet, when that most sombre of visionaries passed along the streets of Ravenna.

"Seen hell, had he?" was Dick's comment. "Well, I'll back Mrs. F. for infusing as much of the element proper to that region into the lives of others as any of her sex—which is saying a good deal, too. Ugh! the catamaran! By Jove, how I have learned to detest her!"

"I wonder you stayed there so long, under the circumstances," retorted the other, not unnaturally.

"Do you?" said Sabin, a little annoyed. "Then I don't. The house doesn't belong to her, does it? That's just what mean and detestable people like—that their inclinations should be deferred to, without regard to others; they don't mind being hated so long as they get their own way. I go in for defying 'em. Besides, I was out of doors best part of the time, as you may see by the sketches."

"All right, old fellow; I was only joking." Mr. Humphries perceived that his companion was really nettled. "And what's this?" he continued, adding some praise of the sketch at which he was looking.

"That's a harvest-home supper in a barn, with yours truly in the chair. You should have heard some of the singing."

"Did you pick up anything?" inquired Mops, for Sabin had a great reputation as a vocalist, in Bohemian circles.

"I wish I could have got hold of a song about a highwayman, captured while asleep in a corn-field, and his horse trying to wake him; but the singer only knew part of it, and was too drunk to make that intelligible."

"It was Turpin," cried the novel-reader; "you'll find it in 'Rookwood.'"

"This was about one Mansell Somebody or other—I forget the name—a local party. They show you a house he lived in at —, and it's chronicled in the history of the town. I dare say the incident's related of half a dozen highwaymen besides. Tell it to my father and he'd swear it belonged to the famous Yorkshire thief, Nevison, whom he regards as most iniquitously defrauded of the reputation of the ride to York. A great stickler for the honor of the county is dad—fond of quoting some old bird who gets off no end of rignarole to prove it's the best shire in England.* But if you like, I'll sing you another song which has, at least, some rustic oddity to recommend it." And imitating the vernacular of the midland counties with a good deal of felicity and humor, Dick sang as follows:—

I've lived in a 'ood for a number of years,
With my dog and gun draw away sorrow and fears:
I've a swate little cottage, the roof it is secure,
If you look onderneath you'll find ground for the floor.

CHORUS—Ground for the floor! ground for the floor!
If you'll look onderneath you'll find ground for the floor!

My cottage is surrounded with brambles and thorns,
How awa-c is the noat of the birds in the morn!
I've a guinea in my pocket and plenty moor in stoer,
In my swate little cottage has got ground for the floor.

My bed's made of straw for my limbs to repose,
And for covering, I've but one sheet of clothes,
It's made of good ticken, and stitched up secure,
If you look onderneath you'll find ground for the floor.

As for grate or stove I've none, for my fire's on the ground,
And for cheers I have none, for toset myself down:
I've a three-legged stool, the chief of my stoer,
In my swate little cottage has got ground for the floor.

God bless my old feather, for he is dead and gone!
I hoap his soul* in heaven, and never may return:
He's left me all his riches he's heaped up in stoer,
And a swate little cottage has got ground for the floor.

When my life's spent and gone and death he dras near,
I 'ool leave to the better God beason and beer:
With the daasles above me, while time shall endure,
I'll lay snug in my coffin with ground for the floor.

This performance diverted the current of the night's conversation, or rather that of the morn-

* Fuller, whose argument turns on the patriotic assumption that, as all shires are excellent, this being the largest, must necessarily be the best.

† The author disclaims all responsibility for the songs introduced in this story. They are simply what they are represented to be in the text.

ing, into a decidedly social and bacchanalian channel, whither it is not my intention to pursue it, especially as it led to the consumption of much more whiskey and water than was good for the partakers thereof. Mops sang: Richard sang again: Paul sang: they all sang together. I am sorry to say that the three young men became extremely intoxicated. Paul had gone through so much during the last three or four hours, that he was not proof against a temptation, preferring at once forgetfulness and exhilaration. But he paid a dear price for his folly. The indulgence, after getting wet through and being rough-dried in his damp under-clothing, superadding upon considerable mental excitement and bodily exhaustion, was too much for him. Before twelve hours had elapsed, he was stricken with a high fever.

INFIDELITY AT THE ANTIPODES.

[In answer to the inquiries of several readers of THE INDEX, the following article is reprinted from the Boston Investigator, in which it appeared a year or so ago, as an extract from the Dubuque Times.—T. W. R.]

Australia is determined to check Infidelity, and goes at the work in a way which speaks volumes for the earnestness and zeal of our antipodal Christian brethren. Mr. Wm. L. Jones, a sculptor and a member of the Royal Academy of Arts, lives in the town of Paramatta, sixteen miles from Sydney. Sometime in January last Mr. Jones was drawn into discussion with a preacher in that vicinity. In the course of the conversation, Mr. Jones asserted that the Bible was of no higher authority or divinity than any other ancient book, and was to be judged by the same civilized standard; that portions of it were no more fit for children to read than some portions of Shakespeare and other writers of former ages—the result of the difference in public sentiment then and now; that Moses was a liar and a robber, in that he falsified to Pharaoh, and stole all the jewelry he could get hold of from the Egyptians; that he, and David likewise, were "cruel wretches," in that both commanded general slaughter; the latter, not content to murder, ordering his victims to be placed alive under harrows, and chopped and sawed into pieces (2 Sam. xiii. 31, 1 Chron. xx. 3). All this was proved by the prosecution, on the evidence of the preacher with whom the conversation was held.

On the part of the defence, it was proved that Mr. Jones spoke of God "with great reverence," and declared Jesus Christ to be "the highest and purest character known in history." Evidence as to his good moral character was ruled out. The jury, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of "guilty" of the crime of blasphemy. Mr. Jones was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at hard labor, and to pay a fine of two hundred pounds (\$1,000). His hair has been cropped, he has been compelled to don the prison dress, and is now working out his sentence inside of the stone walls of the prison at Sydney.

It will be seen that our Australian friends are somewhat in advance of us in their methods of suppressing Infidelity. Here, although some of the States have laws upon their statute books to punish men for promulgating such blasphemous views as were expressed by Mr. Jones, they are, owing to a demoralized public sentiment and an unseemly weakness on the part of those appointed to administer the law, rarely enforced; the popular punishment being—as illustrated in the case of Mr. Underwood, lately of this city—a modified form of lynching, in the shape of rotten-egging. A move is now making, however, to secure the Constitutional recognition of "the Bible as the Supreme Authority of the Land"—a convention for the purpose having just closed at Monmouth, Illinois; and when that is accomplished, we shall be a step in advance of our Australian friends—for the Bible punishment for blasphemy is death.

THE MEANEST YET.—Some gentlemen were talking about meanness, when one said he knew a man on Lexington Avenue, who was the meanest man in New York.

"How mean is that?" asked a friend.

"Why he is so mean that he keeps a five-cent piece, with a string tied to it to give to beggars, and, when their backs are turned, he jerks it out of their pockets."

"Why, this man is so mean," continued the gentleman, "that he gave his children ten cents a piece the night before the Fourth of July; but during the night, when they were asleep, he went up stairs, took the money out of their clothes, and then whipped them in the morning for losing it!"

"Does he do anything else?"

"Yes; the other day I dined with him, and I noticed the poor little servant girl whistled gaily all the way up stairs with the dessert, and when I asked my generous friend what made her whistle so happily, he said: 'Why, I keep her whistling so she can't eat the raisins out of the cake!'"—*St. Louis Globe.*

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

N. B.—Brief and pithy extracts for this column will be gratefully received. Please send marked copies.

SEND THEM TO CHURCH.—If you cater to the childish and unwholesome whims of your children, suffering them to absent themselves from church services, you are sowing within your own homes the wind, and you must reap the whirlwind. The Church of Christ is of divine origin, and neither day schools, nor Sunday Schools, nor home worship will supply its place; therefore, "Forget not the assembling of yourselves together."—*Rev. Mr. Corbit, in the Church Journal.*

BLESSING OF THE BELL.—The new spire of the Church of the Star of the Sea being now ready for the reception of the great bell which Father Cassidy has procured, it was solemnly blessed by Bishop Loughlin, at vespers, on last Sunday. The bishop was attended by Fathers Cassidy, Taaffe, O'Callaghan, McCarthy, etc. Amongst the sponsors were—Mr. James McGill, Mr. Herbert Gray, Mr. Hayacinthe Lamarche, Mr. Frank Lamberson, Judge Delmar, Thomas Foran, Mr. Edward J. Rorke, Mr. George W. Gibbons, Mr. Frank Turner, Mr. Ross McMahon, Dominick Roche, Captain Ferry, Mr. William J. Cody, Mr. John Roberts and Mr. John Hughes. This bell weighs 3,500 lbs.—*Catholic Review.*

RATTLING THE GATES.—Oh, that God's Spirit would strike harder to-night, and that each one of these citadels might be captured! Forward, ye troops of light! Wheel round the thundering field-pieces of God's law! Let the arrows of conviction shower the soul. Charge! Charge! Up! to the parapets with the standards of Immanuel! Surrender, O immortal woman! You want a new heart. Why not get it right away? Have you not postponed it long enough? I would with both hands lay bold and rattle the gates of your soul. For this night's work you and I must answer when the earth is burning and God is coming and the trumpet is sounding, and the song of the righteous shall rise into a perpetual anthem, and the wall of the wicked drop into the groan of unending pain.—*Rev. Mr. Tahnage, of Brooklyn.*

CHRIST THE CENTRE.—He who is tall enough to overlook the present boundaries that hamper and enchain Christian men has no trouble to see that a new tendency has set in toward Jesus Christ. In all the denominations he will see men and women whose faces are turned outward from sect centres, toward the Church's primal Head. These men are not organized but they are in organizing processes. He who draws will also organize. The Spirit that broods over the present chaos will bring out yet such generous unity and such high harmony as shall make the "morning stars sing again together, and all the sons of God shout for joy." We see the divine process as it goes on. We see the new brotherhood that is to be. We see the Church of the future whose base and bond is to be the constant and all-sufficient Christ. And we pray out of our soul, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly."—*Living Christian (Providence, R. I.).*

A RECENT MIRACLE.—At Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, on the 26th of April, 1872, a child of six years old was playing in the square in front of the railway station, and looking up at the marble statue of St. Felix, of Nola, Bishop and Martyr, the patron of the city, saw it turn its head and arm towards Vesuvius. In great fear that the statue would fall down and crush her, the child ran screaming to her mother who was employed in an adjoining rope-walk, and a crowd of persons soon collected. They saw no movement, but were terror-struck at seeing that the statue had turned completely round from the base upwards, and changed its position and attitude. The eruption took place immediately after, at Naples, and the inhabitants of Nola are convinced that the miracle was a warning of the event. The ecclesiastical authorities for a long time refused to interfere or take notice of it, but the inhabitants all desired an inquest, and the Bishop of Nola, Mgr. Formisano, at length consented. Sculptors, painters, masons, proprietors, and persons of every class were examined. All Nola was witness to the previous and actual position of the statue and its changed attitude. There could be no mistake as to the fact which is too patent for contradiction, and after an inquiry of six months the Bishop has published a decree as to the authenticity of the miracle, which is open to any one going to Nola (which is very near Naples) to verify for themselves. Not the slightest flaw in the marble exists, and all the experts have joined in declaring that by no human means could the alteration have been effected. A solemn Triduo was celebrated on the feast of the saint, and the devotion of the people was testified by the immense crowds which filled the church of the Poor Clares, where it took place, and by the conversion of a great number of public sinners and "Liberal" Catholics.—*Irish World.*

Poetry.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

THE HIGHER VIEW.

BY JENNIE FERRINE.

If I saw not beyond the moment's pain,
Perceived no purpose working thro' the strife,
My pen should not be moved to write again
Of such a heartless mockery as life.

No wonder that the fretted souls of men
Sink to the level of their tollsome days;
The end and the beginning from their ken
Is hidden by life's dim and dusty ways.

Let for a moment from the toll-stained hands
And from the o'er-taxed brain the burden fall,
Forgetting the imperative demands
That gain and labor make upon us all,

And through the upper regions of the soul
Moant to some height ideal, where one sees
From lofty peak the clouds beneath him roll,
And where the very shadows serve to please.

Then from the distance through the enchanted air
The sounds of life in harmony shall roll,—
Sorrowing, rejoicing, and the voice of prayer,
United rising in a rhythmic whole;

And you shall see earth's mighty hosts advance
Through twilight unto such a shining land,
That you shall turn away your dazzled glance
Before a light too mighty to withstand.

Feb. 24, 1872.

LOCAL NOTICES.

FIRST INDEPENDENT SOCIETY.—The regular meetings of this Society are held at ODEON HALL, St. Clair Street, on Sunday evenings, at 7½ o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.

SHARES EACH \$100.

The Association having assumed the publication of THE INDEX, the Directors have levied an assessment of ten per cent. on each share for the year ending Oct. 26, 1872. All future subscriptions are subject to this assessment. Not more than ten per cent. on each share can be assessed in any one year. By the original terms of subscription, the Directors are forbidden to incur any indebtedness beyond ten per cent. of the stock actually subscribed; and this provision will be strictly complied with. It is very desirable that the entire stock of the Association should be taken, and subscriptions are respectfully solicited from all friends of Free Religion.

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BUSINESS NOTICE.

To the Patrons and Friends of the Index:—

It was with much regret that we received the resignation of Mr. Abbot as editor of THE INDEX. The Board were well satisfied its promise to the public that no debt should be incurred by the Association could not be faithfully kept under Mr. Abbot's business management, he holding to the idea that the necessities of this year could be met by a loan in anticipation of next year's receipts. The Board differed with him in this respect as well as in many others wherein he was deemed impractical, and in separating the editorial and business management it acted upon its best judgment of what was right and absolutely necessary to keep THE INDEX alive. It was further considered that the editor's time was too valuable in his own particular department to be consumed by the very many details necessarily incumbent on the business management, all of which could be done as well by others now in the employ of the Association, without any increase of salaries, thereby relieving the editor from this annoyance and leaving him to devote his entire time to editorial work. This would enable the Board to reduce by \$1,500 a much too high appropriation for paid contributors during the present year.

The Board never did interfere with Mr. Abbot's editorial management and never intended to do so; but when an editor claims that, as editor, he has the right to exclude from the advertising columns of the paper he edits, the authorized advertising rates (assented to by himself) as well as the name of the authorized Special and Advertising Agent, there should be some authority to control him, and when he refuses, as Mr. Abbot has done, to insert them after being ordered by resolution of the Board, a sharp control becomes a necessity, in so far as the business management is concerned.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Board, March 13, 1873, the following resolution was passed unanimously, Mr. Abbot consenting, and after it had lain over two months for full consideration:

Resolved, That the resolution adopted at the meeting on June 3d, 1872, relative to the powers of the editor, be amended so as to read as follows: F. E. Abbot is hereby appointed editor of THE INDEX, and shall have charge of the general business of the Association, subject to the direction of the Executive Committee and the Board.

The change in this resolution placed the editorial and business departments under the control of the Executive Committee as well as the Board, where before they had been only subject to the direction of the Board. The resolution separating these departments simply repeated the provisions of the above resolution.

When Mr. Stevens accepted the position of Acting Editor, at a salary of \$3,000 per annum, there was certainly an implied obligation on his part that he would, while acting in his editorial capacity, remain neutral in this controversy. That portion of the Executive Committee who joined in the resolutions of which Mr. Abbot complains, regret that in the salutatory of the Acting Editor he has forgotten what seem to be the plain duties of his position.

The majority of the local board believe that when an association of individuals have contributed their means towards an enterprise which both their agreement and the law declare shall be managed by their duly elected representatives no one official can say that those means must be left to his uncontrolled management and discretion.

This question of "untrammelled editorial and managerial control of THE INDEX" is of more serious character than the opinion of the majority of the Board concerning Mr. Abbot's practical capacity as business manager. It should be settled now. We trust that it will be speedily determined by the Association.

The friends and patrons of THE INDEX can rest assured that so long as it is published under the management of the present Board of Directors its business will be conducted with strict integrity and its tone will not be lowered in any respect as compared with the past. We trust that the Board will soon be able to announce the name of another editor who will be a man of ability and culture, and whose heart and soul will be entirely devoted to the cause for which THE INDEX has so firmly stood in the past; and we believe that the friends of this cause have too much confidence in it to feel for a moment that any one man, by withdrawing his advocacy and support, can at all hinder its final success.

CALVIN CONE,
ASA K. BUTTS,
PETER H. BATESON,
EDWARD BISSELL,
Directors of the Index Association.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All letters and papers intended for Mr. Abbot should be hereafter addressed simply to "F. E. Abbot, Toledo, Ohio." All letters addressed to the "Editor of THE INDEX" will come to Mr. Stevens.

The Index.

MARCH 22, 1873.

VALEDICTORY.

With the present number I cease to be editor of THE INDEX. The reasons of my forced retirement are as follows.

When the paper was first talked of in the summer of 1869, and I was asked to be its editor, I hesitated long before making up my mind to accept the offer. Journalism was something I knew nothing about by experience: it was not in my line; I had formed plans of study which it cost much to relinquish. But the great need of a weekly organ of Free Religion was very evident to me, and I did not feel at liberty to refuse when two gentlemen promised to pay all losses by the experiment for a year to the extent of \$3000. I made only one condition—that I should be ABSOLUTELY FREE in the editorial conduct of the paper; and it was very soon afterwards agreed that I should have a veto-power in matters of business management. These two conditions were most faithfully observed, and I threw myself into the work without any fear of being hampered editorially or compromised by any of the equivocal practices which are usually regarded as essential to success in journalism. Much as I desired the success of the experiment, I did not want it by questionable means, and should have preferred to fail rather than stoop to the doubtful methods by which it is easy to buy an undeserved success. When the present Index Association took the paper, it was understood at the time that the same two conditions should be observed; otherwise I should not have continued to edit it. By a special vote of the Directors passed only three weeks after the transfer of the paper into their hands, the general business management of the Association was entrusted to me at a meeting of the Board which I called for the very purpose of dissipating all doubt on this point. A large proportion of the money raised had been contributed by persons at a distance, in spontaneous response to appeals made by me; and if any improper use had been made of the funds, they would justly have held me responsible. Many of my distant personal friends who knew nothing of the local friends of the paper had allowed their names to be connected with the Association through their confidence in me; and they could justly hold me to account for any transaction which might compromise them in any degree. Furthermore, I believed then, and believe now, that radicalism ought to be held strictly to the highest ideal rules of integrity; that business can be done profitably and prosperously without the necessity of having recourse to any doubtful expedients; and that the most brilliant success of the Association would be ruin in disguise, if purchased by departure from these ideal rules. These were the reasons, and not any love of business details or fondness for the exercise of power, which made me desire to be business manager. I felt it an absolute necessity to the work I was about that no whisper of reproach should ever be breathed against the perfect purity of our business management,—that no Book Concern or *Credit Mobilier* corruption should ever be allowed secretly to pave the way for our downfall, while I was all the while publicly summoning men to obey a higher law than that of the churches. The only way to be sure that no such disaster could happen to the cause I worked for, was to keep myself informed of the business and to have power to hold it up to the highest standard of honesty and equity. I have had no other reasons for wishing to be business manager, for in themselves business details are to me a nuisance and a bore.

Editorial freedom unrestricted by any control but that of my own conscience, and the general (not particular) direction of business matters, were thus the two conditions on which alone I consented first and can now consent to edit THE INDEX. If they are unreasonable, and not to be complied with, then I am content to seek other fields; but every man has an undoubted right to fix the terms on which he will work, if at all.

Hitherto these conditions have not seemed unreasonable to the Directors of the Index Association; but now, following bad counsels, a local quorum (a minority of the whole Board) think otherwise. They are under the hallucination that a paper can be edited by a Committee or by a Board, and that there is no necessity of picking carefully the right man and then giving him full power and responsibility while he is kept in office. They forget that doing business is not the primary purpose of this Association, but only a secondary one, a means to an end; namely, the furtherance of the great cause of Free Religion. They forget that the only sure way to a permanent success even in our business is to make THE INDEX intellectually the first paper of the land, and to make the Association morally the soundest institution of the land. If they are prepared to sacrifice either of these objects, they must prepare for failure total and complete.

At the meeting of the Directors on March 13th, the following proceedings took place.

"The following resolution, laid over from the regular meeting in January last to this meeting, came up for action (to wit):

Resolved, That the resolution adopted at the meeting on June 3d, 1872, relative to the powers of the editor, be amended so as to read as follows: F. E. Abbot is hereby appointed editor of THE INDEX; and shall have charge of the general business of the Association subject to the direction of the Executive Committee and the Board."

"Adopted."

"Mr. Cone offered the following:

Resolved, That on and after April 1st, 1873, the editorial and the business management of THE INDEX shall be entirely separate, and that neither shall be responsible for the acts of the other, but both be subject to the control of the Executive Committee and the Board.

"Mr. Butts offered an amendment that the date be March 20th, 1873, which was accepted by the mover.

"Mr. Bissell took the chair, and Mr. Abbot offered the following as an amendment:

Resolved, That further consideration of the above resolution be deferred, and said resolution be laid upon the table until a meeting of the full Board can be had upon special notice.

"Yeas and Nays were called for with the following result: Yeas, Abbot; Nays, Cone, Bateson, Butts, and Bissell.

"Lost."

"The resolution and first amendment were then adopted.

"Mr. Butts then offered the following:

Resolved, That P. H. Bateson be appointed business manager of this Association, to have charge of its affairs other than those connected with the editorial department, subject to the control of the Executive Committee and the Board.

"Adopted."

Feeling deeply my duty to the stockholders and the subscribers, I thought that a resolution which, if passed, was well understood by all present to involve the necessity of my retirement, ought not to be forced through by four only out of the nine Directors; and knowing as I did that the absent four (Messrs. Macomber, Higginson, Potter, and Hallowell) were opposed to its passage, I regret that no choice was left me but retirement. If I am to be subject to the dictation of Committees and Boards in my editorial utterances, it is not my calling to be an editor.

All that I have of strength, mental and physical, I have given for the past three years and more to THE INDEX. For the first two years I received no salary at all. For the third year I received a salary of \$1000, and paid back into the treasury \$1071, including the \$416 which was my share of the purchase-money paid to the original proprietors. For part of the fourth year only have I received a salary adequate to the necessities of my family; and this is now cut off, leaving me poorer than when I came to the paper. I will not pretend indifference at such a time. I care, and care deeply, for the insidious peril that now threatens this child of my love; but I beg all my friends to rally round Mr. Stevens, whom I rejoice to leave in charge of THE INDEX. He is a true man, every inch; and I most cordially approve his course in remaining with it under the circumstances. In the crisis caused by my unexpected and forced retirement from the editorship, the Executive Committee (Messrs. Macomber, Cone, and Abbot) found it

necessary to act promptly; otherwise the next regular issue of THE INDEX could not appear. At the urgent request of the Committee, Mr. Stevens consented for the present to be Acting Editor; and while he continues to act in this capacity, it is my earnest wish and hope that he shall have the fullest possible support from all who sympathize with his and my views as to the right conduct of the paper, in distinction from the views of those who would convert it into a mere business speculation.

And now, dear friends, farewell! You have most nobly stood by me, and I have done my utmost to stand by you. But even in your service I cannot submit to the control of a Board of Directors whose fundamental purposes are irreconcilable with my highest ideal of integrity and honor. Nothing is left me but to retire. If in any other than the editorial capacity I can still serve your true interests, I will most surely do so. All is not yet lost. And even if THE INDEX is carried away captive and diverted to other objects than those for which the money of the Association was originally raised, still the cause of truth, of right, of freedom, of pure and ennobling religion remains. To that let us all be faithful, come what may of papers and Associations,—aye, and of ourselves!

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE INDEX.

It is with unfeigned grief and pain that I refer you to another article in these columns, headed "Valedictory," where is to be found a statement of the occasion for what here follows.

Mr. Abbot's retirement from THE INDEX, and the circumstances compelling such a step, furnish me with a sufficient reason for no longer remaining in my present position. When he goes, in my eyes go also the central intellectual life and light of this journal, that which I think has given to it its chief power and influence as a great, brave, invincible organ and exponent of radical ideas and convictions; and without him I do not expect or hope that it will continue to be what it unquestionably has been with him. Moreover, the causes which have conspired to produce his banishment from the untrammelled editorial and managerial control of THE INDEX appear to me, if unchecked, to be pregnant with gravest perils to its very highest interests. Believing, as I most thoroughly do, after a close personal observation extending through six months, that Mr. Abbot's conduct of the paper, both as editor and business manager, has been characterized by the most distinguished integrity and unselfish devotion, and also in the main by eminent prudence, forethought, and sagacity,—and agreeing with him so nearly as I do in the spirit, methods, and aims of such conduct, and also disagreeing so largely with the manifest spirit, methods, and aims of those who now partially and would wholly control the Index Association and the paper it publishes,—I cannot, under these circumstances, entertain for a moment the thought of remaining permanently connected with THE INDEX in any capacity. Hence I have handed in my resignation as "Associate Editor and Business Agent."

At the earnest solicitation, however, of the Executive Committee of the Index Association, I have consented to remain as Acting Editor for the time being, until the full editorial functions of THE INDEX may be assumed by those who are willing and competent to exercise them. I need hardly say that I do even this with some hesitation and great diffidence, knowing full well that I cannot so much as temporarily prevent the great and terrible loss which accrues to the paper from the forced retirement of Mr. Abbot. At the most, I can only hope to bridge over if possible the interim between the known present and the unknown future, until wise or unwise counsels shall prevail to either save or sink THE INDEX. I most earnestly bespeak the generous co-operation and kind indulgence of all who can be patient in tribulation and hopeful of the final triumph of truth and right. May the Divine Spirit which every good man worships, and by which he seeks to be inspired, rule and overrule us to its own wise ends!

A. W. STEVENS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE INDEX appears late to its readers this week, and chief among the reasons for delay is briefly this. The article headed "Business Notice," in another column, was, in the night-time, and without my knowledge or consent, inserted in the "forms" after they had been "made up" by Mr. Abbot and sent to press. I resisted the attempt to thus improperly and illegally set aside the authority of the Acting Editor and that of a majority of the Executive Committee under which he temporarily acts. I resisted this, until Mr. Edward Bissell—one of the signers of that "Notice"—came to me and apologized for the manner in which that "Notice" was sought to be forced on the readers of THE INDEX, and requested of me its publication. Wishing to be fair even to those whom I honestly believe to be in the wrong, I consented to its publication. But I ask all the readers of THE INDEX to suspend their judgment on the various points made in that "Business Notice," until Mr. Abbot can fairly meet them with his own statements.

A. W. STEVENS.

THE FETTER OF SCIENCE.

Even clergymen have now learned to speak with distrust of the "theologic method" and with respect of the "scientific method." But I think we must steadily remember that there is more in man than the scientific method yet knows how to reach; and the dogmatism of science may be just as shallow and hasty as that of theology. In the long anti-slavery contest, for instance, we had to make our battle not merely against the Doctors of Divinity, but against the men who claimed to teach science: Nott and Gliddon, even Agassiz, were constantly quoted against us, and the university lecture-room helped Garrison not much more than did the Church. It was the popular sympathy that always went in advance. So long as Canaan was cursed, it made no difference whether it was according to Scripture, or according to measurements of the facial angle. But when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* found readers, and slaveholders at the Bowery Theatre were shot down by fugitive slaves, amid thunders of applause,—then it was that both science and theology became subordinate matters. Since then, no doubt, science has been ready enough to recognize the humanity of the negro; but then so has theology.

In the present advance of science, there is, very properly, a constant effort to push it into the whole domain of history and sociology. But this takes us at once into vast fields, as unlike as possible to those which the microscope commands,—fields where the facts themselves are furnished by no trained corps of accurate observers, but are to be taken by wholesale from all sorts of travellers, letter-writers, and journalists, so that years of verification must be regained before even a substantial basis for a system can be laid. The very copiousness of facts presented by writers like Lubbock and Tylor, for instance, is dangerous, and their most important inferences may often depend upon the hasty assertions of men who have not sufficient accuracy of mind to report a dog-fight in the next street without introducing copious modifications of their own. Even Darwin, with his wonderful thoroughness and guarded moderation of statement, comes to this same difficulty when he goes beyond the facts of animal life, and discusses (rarely, to be sure) questions involving observations on human life and social phenomena. And we all notice, I think, in the modern school of English or French or German scientists, this over-confident step from the limited world of the laboratory into the vast and confused world of social observation.

Perhaps I can illustrate this better by an instance. In a long series of statements as to the lowest condition of man, Bächner has the following about the negro,—cited from Wilhelm Bischoff, who gave in *Ausland* for 1860 his impressions of the American Slave-States: "The genuine woolly-head, especially as he is not seldom found among the plantation-negroes, makes on the European who is not accustomed to such a sight an extremely disagreeable impression, which is aggravated by their character being, as a rule, in perfect correspondence with their ugly

exterior. It would be difficult in Europe, especially in Germany, to find a stock that could even remotely be compared with this race. Except speech and form, these negroes have in them scarcely one mark of humanity; all their movements, their entire deportment, remind one rather of the brute, and they seem totally incapable of any higher culture," &c. "Almost all are thieves and liars; hence the evidence of a black has no validity in a court of justice. It is useless trouble to make them understand the wrong of this, because they are altogether ignorant of the word *shame*." [Man. 333.]

Now here is a matter which I ought personally to know something about; for it relates to a class of people among whom I lived for many months, under circumstances most favorable for the study of character,—being put under heavy bonds, as it were, from day to day, to observe them carefully and make no mistake in judgment. But I declare my belief that the facts he describes are not facts of race, but of condition, and that under favorable conditions and judicious treatment these people whom he describes as "having scarcely one mark of humanity" are, on the contrary, intensely human; that, instead of being incapable of higher culture, they respond readily to it; that whereas, as slaves, they may have been thieves and liars, they had, as soldiers, no more of these weaknesses than other soldiers; and that, as to the sense of shame, they are peculiarly and distinctly sensitive to it. What sort of an observer the man was may be seen from the fact that he throws the rejection of negro evidence upon the sufferers themselves instead of the dominant class; as reasonable a thing as the wolf's charges against the lamb. Wherever, the world over, it is desirable to make a subdued and defenceless class still more helpless, it is done by depriving them of the right to testify as to their own wrongs. But it is adding insult to injury to impeach character as well as crush liberty and life, on this ground.

So much for this particular case; but what is its further bearing? This, that if I find facts thus superficially recorded in one case, it may be the same in another; and so on through the whole book and all this class of books. When this is so, we have the scientific method and pretension, without a sufficient array of facts to afford the basis for science. And this seems the defect, at present, of a large class of books. Herbert Spencer, Galton, Buckle, and all that school of writers, seem to me to have great merit in shaking off the merely theologic system; but what they call a scientific system may sometimes involve as little discrimination and as much dogmatism. It seems therefore important that those who discard the *fetich* of theology should not deliver themselves wholly over to the newer *fetich* of science.

T. W. H.

GOD IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

It is asserted by some who oppose the exclusion of the Bible from the public schools, that we who demand the complete secularization of the schools are bound by this principle to prohibit, not merely the Bible, but "God" in the public schools. They say that, if the State must recognize no religion, then it must recognize no God as well as no Bible; for God is the very cornerstone or the central idea of religion. But does not the State recognize and teach a God, when it permits text-books to be used in public schools containing selections from authors which instruct children to believe not only that there is a God, but that his attributes are Wisdom, Power, Benevolence, and so forth? Does not the principle of entire secularization of public schools, to the end that Church and State may be completely divorced and independent, demand that God, much more than the Bible, be prohibited in such schools? Expunge the name of "God" and all appellations of Deity from all songs and text-books, they cry, or you are not faithful to the logic which expels the Bible.

Again, as a matter of justice to atheists; what right have the theists or Christians, simply because they are in the majority, to teach theistic doctrines in public schools any more than atheistic? Is this not sectarianism in schools? If it be wrong for the majority to force the Bible upon children in public schools, why, they ask, is it not as great tyranny to force "God" upon them? Why should the child of the atheist be compelled in his Reader to read Chalmers on the "Benevolence of God;" or sing the "Star Spangled Banner," which tells us, "In God is our trust;" or sing America's—

"Our Father's God, to thee,
Author of Liberty!" &c?

If the Bible is an offence to a Romanist, Rationalist, Infidel, or Jew, why may not lessons about a "God," a "Creator," a "Providence," be equally offensive to a disciple of Feuerbach who, it appears, believes in no God at all; believes that the word God "is only a name given to the ideal nature of man himself"? This is unjust to the atheist. He has rights which we are bound to respect. Do not override his conscience because you happen to be in the majority. Consult his feelings, humor his prejudices, be just to his sacred atheistic convictions, and remove God from the public schools, and thus

make the public schools absolutely unreligious and unsectarian, as you profess to do. To this dreadful atheistic pit, they tell us, we are forced by the logic that begins by excluding the Bible from the public schools; a *reductio ad absurdum*, only to be escaped by abandoning the fourth demand of liberalism, and joining the American Bible Society. We have not yet made up our mind to do either.

However plausible the above reasoning may appear, it is clearly fallacious; and the fallacy lies in changing the second premise of the syllogism. We do, indeed, demand the complete secularization of the public schools. To that end we demand that the Bible as a book of religious service should be prohibited; and so we would prohibit any other book, a prayer-book or a dictionary, if it were only used as a book of religious worship. It is not the Bible in schools that we oppose, as our opponents assume, but religious services. If the Bible can be used as a text-book in Jewish history, as a reader or spell-book or any other text-book, merely for secular instruction, we have no objection to its use. It seems to us that this distinction between the use of the Bible as a text-book and its use as a book of religious worship has been overlooked by some of the readers and writers of *THE INDEX*. We are not called upon to defend Mr. Abbot; he is well able to defend himself. But we understand that he does not, in his fourth "demand," protest against the use of the Bible in schools solely and in good faith as a text-book of secular instruction; but he protests against its use "ostensibly" as a text-book, or, in other words, really and actually not as a text-book, but a book of religious worship.

It is, then, only to the use of the Bible in schools for religious services that we are opposed; because, when used as such, the Church founded on the Bible becomes, to a certain extent, a State Church, which we believe is contrary to the theory and the highest interests of our republican institutions. It follows from this that, as we have no objection to the use of the Bible in public schools as a book, not of religious worship, but of secular instruction, so we have no objection to the use of the names of the Deity in songs and readers for the same purpose. The object is not theological, but purely secular education.

If it be true that within the next thousand years some atheist is now and then offended at the bare names of the gods of the nations in school readers, he ought not to feel sorely aggrieved; nor would he, if he reflected that the lessons were selected not with reference to any doctrinal theistic or atheistic purpose, but solely with an eye to their literary, historical, or scientific value. When the Bible or "God" in the public schools is used for religious services, then it is a sign of the union of Church and State, and should be removed. But against the use of the Bible as a text-book for non-religious instruction, and against the use of the various names for the Supreme Being in the lessons of the public schools, not the most rigid advocate of the disunion of Church and State, it seems to us, can object.

W. H. S.

At a recent meeting of ministers in Boston, called to protest against the opening of the Public Library on Sunday, Rev. Dr. Fulton is reported by the *Boston Journal* as saying: "As the clergy stand, so stand the people, who look to them for their opinions on the observance of the Sabbath." In this case the wish was father to the thought. Dr. Fulton has mistaken the century in which he lives.

Dr. Buchner is usually regarded as a scientific man of high attainments. For this reason we were surprised to see, in a report of one of his recent lectures, a statement to the effect that "from one original cell has sprung every living thing, be it plant, fish, animal, or man." Surely the doctor cannot be ignorant that such minute organisms as the Foraminifera, which exhibit no distinct parts or organs, have no cellular structure at all. The cell is no longer the starting-point of biology, but rather unorganized protoplasm.

LET US BE FAIR.

It is pretty well known through the country that the managers of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York recently refused the use of their large hall to our friend John Weiss, for the delivery of his lectures on Shakspeare. It is equally well known that the act called forth indignant comment from the press, both secular and religious; the more liberal Orthodox papers condemning it on the score of ungenerosity, and the less liberal, so far as we know, venturing no defence of it. The independent papers, as they call themselves, were furious in their contempt of the bigotry that marked the deed. The wits sharpened their pens and dipped them in the blackest ink; the rhetoricians let loose their most resounding sentences against the organized sectarianism that was as illogical as it was mean. Had the managers made inquiry into the religious unbeliefs of Froude? Had they cross-questioned Mrs. Siddons or Mark Twain? Had they satisfied themselves that Bret Harte and John Hay were sound on the main issue? Had they defined the articles by which the applicants for the honor of speaking in their fine building were to be tested? Had they agreed on the precise tint of azure admissible in a candidate who would discourse on spectrum analysis or recite the "Pied Piper of Hamelin"? These and similar pungent suggestions were ejaculated with all the glees of triumph.

Possibly the Young Christians have somewhere made reply to the criticism of their ill-wishers. If they have, it has obtained no publicity, and a word of defence in *THE INDEX* will, at all events, not be out of place.

The justification might be something like this. The Young Christians make it no concern of theirs to inquire into the religious views of the applicants for their hall. Their opinions are their own so long as they keep them to themselves. They may be Unitarians, rationalists, transcendentalists, materialists, infidels, atheists; while they hold their opinions as private individuals and not as public teachers, inquisition into them would be an impertinence. Mr. Froude is publicly known only as a historian, Mr. Harte as a man of letters, Mark Twain as a humorist, Mrs. Scott Siddons as a dramatic reader, Mr. Bellows as a reciter. The public are interested in them, are acquainted with them, in these capacities alone.

But Mr. Weiss is publicly known as a preacher of very heterodox opinions; one of the wittiest, most outspoken, most resolute of the men who assail the religious system which the Young Men's Christian Association was organized to maintain. So saturated is he with his convictions that they go with him wherever he goes, and are associated with him wherever he appears. Whatever subject he lectures on, he speaks from his own mind and betrays, unwittingly perhaps, his interior persuasions. We cannot be sure that, in writing about Shakspeare, he will not by some side remark or subtle implication, cast reproach on the beliefs we hold precious,—will not rank Shakspeare with the Bible, or raise a laugh at the expense of believers in the depravity of mankind. Were we morally certain that he would not commit such indiscretions, still his name, profession, calling, render him distasteful to us; we dislike and fear him. The more attractive he is, the more he would interest people in him; and interest in him might excite interest in his religious opinions, and the deadly work of perversion would be accomplished, indirectly, by our connivance. Religious teaching with Mr. Weiss is primary, criticism of Shakspeare is incidental. He lectures to put money into his pocket; he preaches to put unbelief into other men's minds; and therefore we feel justified in refusing to him, even for secular purposes, the use of a hall in our building which was erected purposely as a bulwark against minds like his.

The case, thus put, assumes a very different aspect from that presented by the critics of the Association. If it be objected that the ground taken is not solid as adamant, it may be replied that there is no solid ground anywhere, in the whole region of the debatable land; they that

walk through a swampy country must be content to plant their feet on the spots that look firmest, taking their chances of mishap. The distinctions that are without a difference are the distinctions that excite the fiercest differences, and there is no wisdom in treating them lightly. In our judgment, the managers of the Young Men's Christian Association were justified in their action. We should think so had Mr. Weiss suffered in consequence of it. We can afford to say so, seeing that he was mightily helped by it.

O. B. F.

LONDON LETTER.

EUROPEAN RADICALS ON AMERICAN REPUBLICANISM—THE MISTAKES AND CORRUPTIONS OF AMERICA A STUMBLING-BLOCK ABROAD—THE UNITED STATES NO LONGER A POLITICAL MODEL.

LONDON, Feb. 15, 1873.

THE INDEX is not a political journal; but I recognize in it a strong consciousness that the free religion it advocates is related immediately to the social and national well-being of America and to the political rights of mankind. There is a fraternity among truths, and they who embrace one are the more likely to embrace others so far as they are perceived. I feel, therefore, constrained to-day to call the attention of the thinkers whom *THE INDEX* represents to some phenomena of Europe which have long appealed for the consideration of Americans—are now especially appealing for that—and which have thus far been as unrecognized by them as the ghost which, overwhelming Hamlet, was mere vacancy to his mother.

Some years ago I was walking on the banks of the Neckar with Strauss, and he told me that he had originally been induced to publish his *Leben Jesu* by a perception that the people could never become politically free in an atmosphere of supernaturalism. The relation between these two terms I leave your readers to ponder. But I have before me at this moment *Der alte und der neue Glaube*, by that same pioneer of religious liberty, and I find constitutional monarchy defended in it against republicanism. What explains this phenomena? Why, simply that American politics have disgusted him. Better a hereditary occupant of the chief seat, though a dummy figure, than the quadrennial election of a (generally) third-rate president. The American "Rings," "Oakes Ames scandals," etc., are paraded on this side of the Atlantic with an attentiveness rarely accorded to other news from that quarter; and every newspaper in Europe has its comments upon the sharp practice of demanding of an arbitration-tribunal twice as much as would honestly cover the damages alone contemplated in the decision. The fact is that America whose grand example created European Republicanism, kindled the French Revolution—whose fires have remained potent to burn up every throne raised in France since '93—has become to the present revolution in Europe a reaction and a hindrance. This morning, we read that the new Republic of Spain, already too wise to repeat the Two-Chamber system of America, is being warned not to fall into our fictitious system of antiquarian and unequal States. I have reason to know that from all parts of Europe, republicans are writing letters to Figueras and Castelar, imploring them to beware of the American errors—the king in citizen's dress, called a president, and their electoral methods. So long as I have resided in Europe, I have never heard an educated republican referring with admiration to the American Congress; but on the contrary it is a common thing to hear our system extolled by monarchists.

Since the day when Jeremy Bentham warned the French Republicans against taking their model from America, on account of the monarchical features it had preserved, this skepticism concerning our institutions has been steadily increasing, until now we find that nearly every philosophic radical in Europe, Mill, Mazzini, Louis Blanc, Karl Blind, Etienne, Bagehot, Louis Buchner, Feuerbach, Freiligrath, and others, have reluctantly borne their testimony against the same, and in favor of the Swiss forms, with exception of the two chambers of Legislature

which the latter has unfortunately preserved. Many of the eminent men I have named have stated their objections in papers or works which have commanded general attention in Europe, and have substantiated them with facts and arguments. These facts and arguments have as yet met with no reply from America; no American thinker or statesman has as yet given to the world a defence of the constitutional features assailed. The result has been that, in the tribunal of advanced political thought in Europe, the verdict has gone against the organic forms of the United States by default. If our country had shown in the outcome and working of its political institutions results that might be quoted as arguments, the silence of its political thinkers might have been dignified and just; but no one who has noted the scandals of the past and of the present associated with legislation at Washington, Albany, or other capitals, or with our presidential elections, can say that the arguments of European critics have been levelled against a success so palpable as to require no justification or defence.

The practical result of these unanswered criticisms by distinguished and resolute European republicans has been, I repeat, a situation which, as it seems to me, no American can regard without shame. In England, we have seen one of the most important republican associations distinctly disavowing any inclination towards copying the double legislature and the presidency which have afflicted the United States, and proposing to abolish the throne and the House of Lords without putting either legate or president in their place. In Germany, the Junkers are quoting the "necessity," as they like to call it, which America has found for an Upper House, against those who would abolish the relic of feudalism represented in their *Herrenhaus*. The English lords similarly defend themselves in the names of the founders of the American Republic. In France, the use that is being made of the United States is particularly distressing. There the republican party is being fought by a party of reaction, ranged under the American flag. Circumstances have compelled M. Thiers and other old and ingrained monarchists, to espouse for the time what is called the Republic,—a Republic under which suppressions of the right of printing, and of assemblage, and massacres of honest men, are taking place, equally odious with those which have dyed with historic infamy the reeking hand of Napoleon III. All Europe sees through the thin disguise of these monarchists, who are trying to crush the new-born Republic of Spain with one hand, while with the other they are trying to secure the final defeat of the Left by establishing an Upper Chamber to paralyze them. And this they are doing with treacherous appeals to the example of the United States! When such a man as M. Dufaure is engaged in betraying Republicanism by handing to the country a proposition for stereotyping the power of a usurping majority, insidiously wrapped up in references to the American Senate, it surely is time for the friends of freedom in the United States to revise their institutions. The French Republicans cannot forget that it was out of a government substantially modelled upon that of the United States that there sprang the cruel dynasty from which, after twenty cruel years, they have been rescued—barely alive. What must they think when they find the example of America being used to rebuild for them preliminary steps descending toward the same abyss? "Whether," writes the president of the Left to me, "whether we shall know how to turn to account the lesson we have repeatedly received, remains to be seen. I hope it will be so. Certain it is that now-a-days many are they in the Republican party who consider the presidential office as a mere stepping-stone to ascend the throne. If others have some doubt left as to the necessity, both of a President and a Second Chamber, it is because they are under the impression that that system works well in the United States. To correct such an error is to do good service to the cause of republican institutions."

Now I do not ask thinking Americans to agree

with M. Blanc, and the other European radicals to whom I have referred; but I put it to them whether this is not a subject that ought to be dealt with by the leaders of public opinion in America? Surely these European thinkers ought either to be answered or followed. I affirm plainly that the political institutions of America are being used in Europe mainly in the interest of reaction and despotism. Every evil result is quoted for the disgrace of republicanism; every good result is quoted to the assumed credit of the degree to which we have preserved monarchical forms in the "Upper House" and the "one man power." The republicans believe that to our preservation of these unrepublican forms are to be attributed our lobbyism, our presidential scandals, and the proverbial want of dignity or ability observable in our House of Representatives. Between such antagonists as these, how can earnest and cultivated Americans remain silent?

M. D. C.

A TOUCHING LETTER.

When it is said, as it sometimes is, that THE INDEX "has no spiritual nutriment for hungering and thirsting hearts,"—that it is simply "destructive," and does nothing for the "religious upbuilding" of men and women who have cut loose from Orthodoxy,—we are conscious of a strong wish to take such critics into our study and read to them some of the great piles of letters of which the following is an average specimen, written less than a month ago from Dakota Territory:—

"... I am keeping a file of them [the papers] and intend to get them bound at the end of the year; and so of course I cannot spare a single number. . . . I feel that you are in a noble work, and can bid you God-speed with all my heart. I do not think there is a copy taken in this town; still that may be a mistake—hope it is. I have long felt the need of some such periodical, calm, able, scientific, and ever ready to beard the lion, superstition, in his den; and the best of it is that the lion's minions can neither wheedle nor buy you off. All my life long I have felt that my reason was at war with Christianity and all the theological teachings of my youth; and I have suffered years of agony in consequence. Often have I told my wife that I would willingly be roasted alive, if by that means I could reconcile reason and revelation—yes, and meant every word of it, too. We were both members of the Free-Will Baptist Church, then, and could not come out because we had no leader; and superstition had so blunted our senses and benumbed our feelings that proscription for opinion's sake began to lose somewhat of its hideousness, as Pope says of vice being 'seen too oft;' but we had not yet embraced the monster. There are millions of earth's unhappy sons and daughters whose minds revolt at the absurdities and contradictions of Orthodoxy, but who, like myself, have not sufficient independence of mind to break away from it, and let reason assert her rights, without a leader. That leader I have found in THE INDEX: would to God I had found such a leader twenty-five years ago! I feel now that life has higher aims, and is more intensely real; and that the infinite God is not the author of confusion but of peace. But I am tiring your patience. Please excuse these hasty, rambling thoughts, and believe me, etc."

We print this letter for three reasons,—to show the incredulous that Free Religion is the bread and water of life to at least some famishing spirits; to encourage and stimulate our fellow-workers in THE INDEX, who little know the profound good they are doing by their labors, yet whose thoughts call forth hosts of such touching expressions of gratitude as the above; and to quicken the zeal of our readers to extend the blessings of religious light to the great multitudes still groping in darkness. If you whose eyes now read these lines did but comprehend a tenth part of the good which we know that THE INDEX is doing, you would surely be most willing and glad to help us extend its circulation,—yes, even at the expense of no little time, labor, and money. The obstacles in the way of its extension are far more numerous and formidable than is dreamed of by those who are not intimately acquainted with the facts; and the indirect but very valuable aid given to most journals by the general press is studiously withheld from a journal whose cause is so unpopular as ours. THE INDEX has had to dispense with allies, and owes such success as it has achieved to

the intrinsic merits of its cause and the widespread co-operation of many individual friends. On these it must still rely. Will they not be stirred to fresh exertions by the letter printed above, which is only one out of many grateful and encouraging "voices from the people"?

THE TRUE POINT.

It would seem that some regard our earnest advocacy of the Liberal League movement as an implied censure of all who are not convinced of its necessity, and therefore take no part in it. Not at all. We believe that the highest welfare of the nation requires an immediate and determined effort to carry out faithfully the fundamental American principle of non-union of Church and State; and we consider it, therefore, as our private duty to urge this effort as a great public duty. But it is a duty to no one, if our belief is wrong. The discussion should be wholly on the main question: *is it necessary to organize now, or at any time, to carry out the above principle?* On this question let all sides be heard; and we specially desire an able discussion of this subject in THE INDEX. Strong articles touching it, *if brief*, will be heartily welcomed to these columns, no matter which side they take; and we intend to give them the precedence of all others. Pack your weightiest objections into few words, and they shall be hospitably entertained. But do not be offended if we reply to them. If others do not think organization a public duty, that is no reason why we should forbear to urge the contrary opinion. There is no question of motives now, but only of THE MOST ENLIGHTENED VIEWS OF DUTY. Let us all stick to the point, take each other's fidelity to conscience for granted, and ask only what wisdom commands.

P. S. The above was in type before the Directors' meeting of March 13. Of course we must cancel what is said about future articles in THE INDEX.

Proudhon declared that "cannibalism still subsists amongst us: witness the eucharistic sacrament and the Code Penal." It would be difficult for believers in transubstantiation to deny the justice of the charge.

Pierre Joseph Proudhon, the apostle of "mutualism," laid down in his *Mémoires sur la Propriété* the famous propositions that "property is theft," and that "God is evil (*Dieu c'est le mal*). In his *Système des Contradictions Économiques ou Philosophie de la Misère*, he laid down his third paradox that "the true form of government is anarchy."

According to the *Cleveland Leader*, which gives details of a revival going on in that city, Rev. Mr. Duncan (Baptist) remarked that "the devil makes the sinner ask this question, 'how to come to Jesus?'" Now we confess we do not know how to "come" to him; and since it is the devil who would prompt us to ask how, we incessantly drop the subject.

The *Christian Register* says: "If you have friends inclined to ultra-radical speculations, be sure to send them copies of Mr. Abbot's 'Impeachment of Christianity,' at your earliest convenience. This 'flimsy pamphlet,' as the *Westminster Review* calls it, is a sovereign remedy." We shall be happy to furnish our good friend of the *Register* with a generous package of the tract in question for free distribution, and will run our risk of the consequences.

Mr. Hammond, the revivalist, testifies to some remarkable events (if the *Iowa State Leader* is to be trusted); among which is the following. A congregation in Atchison, Kansas, prayed that their church might be struck by lightning without injury to any one, when "infidels" should be present. This prayer was granted the very next day, when an "infidel" arose and declared, "There is no God!" Mr. Hammond asseverates that he was on the platform at the time. Why did not the congregation pray that the lightning might strike the "infidels"? Probably they will next time, now that they have discovered how influential they are with Providence.

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

OUR SATURDAY EVENING Transcript gives us, under the head of "Religious Intelligence," a pretty good intimation of what is going to happen in the churches the following day. It is often interesting reading. Perhaps it is the cream of the whole matter. Here are notices of forty different services. So much talking, preaching, praying, and praising, in one little city! What a religious Babel a Sabbath day must be to the ear that is supposed to gather in all sounds! To be prayed to, and to be praised so!

"Praise to the face
Is open disgrace."

runs the couplet. And the Supreme, the Hear-er, with good grace might he not complain, "Why pray these people so noisily? Let them put their hands to the plough." But I see that it is all right, the passing phase of our evolution, and I do not mock it; only look on to the time when Godhead will not be so poorly apprehended. I recall sometimes, by Mr. Fairfield, strange lines to many; lines that picture God-head "seeking itself in object."

"Seek, seek, seek,
Till my fullness I wreak
Of Godhead on the Man:

On, on, on,
From dawn to dusk, from dusk to dawn,
World days and nights,
Along the heights
Of Time's historic plan,
Upward I toil,
Through nights of dream and through days of tur-
moil,

A pilgrim worn and wan;
Till on the height,
Scarce yet in sight,
I shout the psalm of the Future Man,—
Till on my Godhead's topmost peak,
That found which yet I seek,
My clarion blast I wreak
Upon the fullness of Historic Man.

Godhead, though conditioned as thought,
For the fashion of that which is not
I struggle forever,
With restless endeavor,
Till my Godhead in Manhood be wrought."

And all good souls will strive with Deity for this divine accomplishment.

"For object is the glass subject creates
To see its face in."

IN GOING THROUGH THIS LIST of topics for the sermons of yesterday, I found that some one—Mr. Ware, I presume—would speak in Arlington-street Church of "People worth Knowing." No doubt he would make a most judicious selection. And yet—well, one likes the privilege of knowing everybody if he chooses. It isn't just the thing to throw *anybody* to the dogs. But, alas! the dogs are but too well fed.

E. E. HALE WOULD HAVE a sermon on "sympathy and kindness the method of Jesus, and the only true method in restoring and reforming the criminal." A timely word, I should say; but little will it be heeded. A people whose highest idea is that of the State and the protection it guarantees, or the redress of force, enter not swiftly or confidently into the forbearance and charity towards offenders that precede the re-creation of human nature in higher and nobler forms. The spirit of murder is in the air, and shared by the criminal and his judges as well. One can hardly say which was the most appalling, the original murders or the proposition of a New York journal to hang the whole batch of murderers at one and the same time for effective example. What a stench of blood! And this will redeem and protect the land. No!

MR. FOOTE WILL REPEAT a discourse on "our personal responsibility for the national sins." I suppose all the national sins are *personal*. It is Ames, Colfax, Wilson, Brooks, and other names too numerous to mention. The tempter said, "Put money in thy purse," and lo!—the story is familiar. Will it not come finally to appear that *money itself* is the wicked root; for if it were not, who of us could love it? Perhaps, however, the real offence lies in the fact that money so largely represents not one's own creative industry but that filched from others. While *dead money* earns so much, *living men* will fold their hands, and smile, and sn. National sins! Yes, indeed; not of Congress alone, but of the whole business community. "I am your friend; but then, business is business, you know." This double-headedness, as John Wetherbee might call it—can the two mix for good?

MR. ALGER, AS I mentioned last week, would speak of "Dramatic Art and Human Life." There is one thing to object to in these otherwise admirable discourses, if the reports I see are correct. I confess I suspect them, and so will not say, "Mr. Alger said," but speak of the ideas as I find it, come from where it may. "The divine plan for lifting the multitude is to give them some noble man for an example to imitate. Christ is a divine soul, held up for reverend contemplation and dramatic representation by his disciples." I distrust the words "imitate" and "dramatic." Doubtless there is enough of imitation, and enough of dramatic display; but in so far as these abound are we strayed away from

the verities and realities of life; and *that's* what's the matter, O preacher! Imitate Jesus? Play the part of Jesus? I know of few people who, if they would actually play *their own part*, and neither attempt the Lord's nor the Devil's, would not place all the rest of the world under a debt of gratitude. Even William Shakspeare, writing for actors could say:—

"To thine own self be true."

OTHER SUBJECTS I find on the list, such as "Words and Things;" "The Young Man of To-Day"—a wishy-washy subject; "Did Jesus teach I guess if I do about right the Lord will take care of me?" by Mr. Dunn, the Christadelphian of Pennsylvania; one might think that Mr. Dunn, or anybody else, so doing, could take care of himself; "True Religion," by Mr. Winslow; "Piety and Politics," by Dr. Fulton, and on Monday noon he will answer the question, "Why are wealthy and cultured men not converts to Christ?" And so these subjects drift about, and the question presses upon us, How much wiser, how much nearer the kingdom?

I HAVE HEARD Miss Sarah Smiley, who has so much fame as an effective preacher in Evangelical pulpits. She seems to be the soul of kindness; a very sweet orange. A little tart in the fruit preserves it as abidingly palatable. As to her discourse, Miss Smiley preaches like the majority of her brothers; only her words are always affectionate, and I don't suppose she says much about "the lake of fire." Just wherein her power lies, from one hearing it is difficult to report. Possibly it is in the fact that in Orthodox pulpits a woman is a most refreshing novelty.

MRS. CAROLINE H. DALL has been giving three lectures before the Second Radical Club, on the subject of woman and her share in *human rights*. The first two were biographical; the last was a summing up of the cause of woman, going over the ground in the most thorough and convincing manner. I don't know that I have ever heard the subject so well stated before. And these lectures were all written and delivered here in Boston seventeen years ago. Mrs. Dall is one of the pioneers, and though less famous than some, she has toiled hard and with large practical results. A little too severe in her speech upon some of the later "reformers," to satisfy my own sense of fair play, she nevertheless has a real and large fund of charity which I doubt not would make her actions wise and good. Not to be "shocked," not to be too confident that everything new is "*absurd*," not to condemn outright strange theories as *vicious*, and their advocates as *vile*; these are some of the *neutralities* which inhere in a progressive civilization.

Literary Department.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—All books designed for review in these columns must be addressed to THE INDEX, TOLEDO, OHIO.

TYLOR'S "PRIMITIVE CULTURE."

AN ABSTRACT.

ARTICLE SECOND—PREVIOUS WORK BY MR. TYLOR.

In the earlier volume devoted by Mr. Tylor to a record of results of ethnographical study, the *Early History of Manhood*, a single problem was kept in view through a series of examinations of several outlying topics of the general subject, the more important branches of which are now discussed in the two volumes on *Primitive Culture*. This problem was this. When similar arts, customs, beliefs, or legends are found in several distant regions, among people not known to be of the same stock, is this similarity to be accounted for by the like working of men's minds under like conditions, or is it a proof of more or less direct relationship or intercourse between the races among whom it is found? If the former, the similarity will have no historical value whatever; but if the latter be the true explanation, the historical value of the fact will be very great. In the case, for example, of general belief in the continuance of the soul's existence after death, it is impossible to argue justly that all mankind have inherited this belief from a common source, because we find an ample possible explanation of the belief in savage experience of dreams, visions, apparitions, similar to those of modern spiritualism, which suggest in the most forcible manner that man still exists, a shadowy or ethereal soul, after the death of the body. Two great theories of dreams and visions are proved, by a great variety of facts, to have been current among the lower races: (1) that the figures which appear in dreams come into the presence of the dreamer, or (2) that the dreamer goes out from his body and meets these figures, as his soul journeys abroad. On either theory the dreamer has abundant reason for believing that spirits exist apart from bodies. The argument is urged in certain quarters of late as a new ground of sure conviction; but ethnography finds it in full vigor in the lower stages of mental development,

a natural product of savage observation and thinking in the remotest regions of the world. This being the case, extreme ignorance alone will permit the assumption that widely prevalent notions of a future state are due to diffusion from a single geographical centre. On the other hand, this assumption might be made in regard to certain stories which appear in the mythologies of various parts of the world, though it is by no means easy to convert the permissible assumption into anything like a strong certainty.

The use of gesture as a mode of utterance, and the universality and uniformity of gesture-language, wherever occasion for it has arisen, to the extent even that savages will at once comprehend it as it springs up among the deaf and dumb, and have everywhere made themselves intelligible to one another by means of it, furnishes Mr. Tylor, in his *Early History of Mankind*, with a capital field for suggestive initial application of the method by which he proposed to penetrate the problem of the earliest growth of the human mind. Modern experience with the deaf and dumb had shown beyond a question that minds incapable of learning ordinary language will, by their own independent working, derive a gesture-speech well answering the purposes of utterance, and readily comprehensible by other minds in the same situation; that such minds will do this of themselves far better than it can be done for them, and will attain a proficiency in gesture-speech almost without effort, which the educated speaking man can with difficulty attain at all; and that this gesture-speech is readily understood, is in fact recognized with delight, by the Indian, or the Chinaman, or any other representative of the lower levels of culture. Hence the ground for assuming that gesture-language is a natural mode of expression common to mankind in general, and essentially one and the same in all times and all countries; a fact which strongly suggests that in the more elementary processes, at least, of the mind the various races of man are not marked by specific differences.

From this it is easy to pass to word-language, as a higher form of utterance, alongside of which gesture-language has played an important part in the original utterance of mankind, and which may reasonably be presumed to have been formed under the law disclosed by the formation and use of the gesture-speech. The subject is obscure, but it certainly seems more likely than not that there may be a similarity between the process by which words came to serve for utterance, and that by which gestures are seen to serve as words. Beyond certain classes of words the living connection between word and idea is now dead; but the considerable evidence which we have from the study of gesture-speech points distinctly to the view that certain words were at first used to express certain ideas, for some definite reason. *Man* is essentially what the derivation of his name among our Aryan race imports—he who thinks, he who *means*; and we may reasonably suppose that there was reason in the primitive adoption of words. However, it is to be confessed that we know very little about the origin of language.

But of picture-writing again, as of gesture-speech, it can be said that it is found among savage races in all quarters of the globe, and that its principle seems to be the same everywhere. Not only do savage paintings, or scratchings, or carvings on rocks, have a family likeness, whether we find them in North or South America, in Siberia or Australia; but the picture-writings of savages are like what children make untaught even in civilized countries. This seems to prove that the mind of the uncultured man works in much the same way at all times and everywhere.

From picture-writing to word-writing is a step which can be traced in more than one important instance, though only in that of the Egyptian hieroglyphic alphabet can the development from the stage of pure pictures to that of pure letters be clearly followed. As to most of the alphabets which are or have been in use in the world, we are unable to tell how they came to be made, yet are fairly warranted in assuming for the earliest of them a pictorial origin.

Another direction in which man may be observed in a state like that of early childhood, just commencing to learn and aiding himself by the most primitive methods, is that of savage use of images and names, which are supposed to have a real connection with the objects for which they stand, so that these objects can be affected through the image or the name precisely as if directly acted upon; as when the strong craving of the human mind for a material support to the religious sentiment has produced idols and fetiches over most parts of the world, and at most periods of its history; or in the mass of customs and superstitious relating to personal names, which imply that the name is part of the very being of the person who bears it. Sorcery becomes an intelligible and natural art at the level of minds accustomed to identify whatever had belonged to a person with the very being of that person; hence the ethnologist judges with considerable confidence that the practices of the sorcerer among the lower races belong naturally to the savage level, and are not

to be regarded as mutilated and misunderstood fragments of a higher system of belief and knowledge. That the similarity of these practices everywhere may indicate diffusion from a common source can be plausibly argued, yet no conclusion to this effect can be safely drawn in the existing state of the evidence.

As to the general question, whether the lower races, as we find them in their earliest history, are to be supposed advancing from a still lower state, or may be presumed to have declined from an original higher condition, Mr. Tylor's important chapter in his *Early History of Mankind* presents a variety of interesting facts which lead him to pronounce with some confidence, that the history of culture as a whole is one of progress, not of degeneration, and that from age to age there has been a growth in man's power over Nature which no backward influences have been able permanently to check. Further special proof of this is derived from a careful demonstration of the fact that a transition from implements of stone to those of metal has taken place in almost every district of the habitable globe, and that a progress from ruder to more perfect modes of making fire and boiling food is traceable in many different countries.

The survey made by Mr. Tylor of several groups of customs which are everywhere found deeply rooted in the early history of mankind, pure products of savage psychology, and of some myths of observation, which actual facts originally suggested to the savage mind, with a concluding examination of the geographical distribution of myths, filled out the plan of the preliminary volume, *The Early History of Mankind*, to which we have briefly referred. The results of the study thus far conducted seemed to be that the wide differences in the mental state of the various races of mankind are differences of development rather than of origin, of degree rather than of kind; that the history of mankind has been on the whole a history of progress; and that progress has been sometimes by independent invention, sometimes by inheritance from ancestors in a distant region, and sometimes by transmission from one race to another.

E. C. T.

Communications.

S. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.

An eloquent and popular Orthodox clergyman of Cleveland greatly electrified his audience a few Sundays ago by the following burst of rhapsody: "Hear it, O ye heavens; ye angels that wing your flight from world to world; ye blood-washed saints around the throne! hear it, O blessed martyrs that have gone up through much tribulation! hear it, ye archangels that do the will of the most High! hear it, O Son of the ever living God,—our blessed Christianity is impeached! Yes, impeached by a man up here in Toledo—the editor of a paper called THE INDEX; and, my brethren, if I had the power I would put it in the Index Expurgatorius!"

The question is, has the reverend gentleman been reading THE INDEX so that he knows what he is talking about, and would he really allow his congregation a like valuable privilege? That certainly is what his declaration means, whatever he may have meant by it. Let us enlighten the gentleman on this important point. The "Index" was established by the popes of Rome, and consisted of two parts: 1. The *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*—books that were not allowed to be read; and 2. The *Index Expurgatorius*—books that were considered safe to be read and were allowed and commended (see *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Mendham's account of the *Indices Prohibitorii* and *Expurgatorii*).

I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will take the gentleman at his word and send some one to solicit subscribers in his congregation for your paper. But if he recants the declaration and asserts, as I have no doubt he will, that he intended quite the contrary and would rather see THE INDEX burned than read, then perhaps his congregation might have something to say about submitting to such papal authority. Possibly his hearers may want things thus cut and dried for them. They may remember perhaps that the *Index Prohibitorum*, into which their preacher would put the Toledo INDEX, has contained some of the noblest works ever written. As a rule, indeed, the best have been thrown out and the poorest retained and ordered to be read.

At the same time, it may as well be said to that congregation that Francis E. Abbot is not the only man who impeaches Christianity. Let them not falsely suppose he stands alone, or that, if he and THE INDEX were either effectively prohibited or expunged, there would then be an end of impeachment.

W.

AN APPEAL FOR AID.

MR. GILEAD, Ohio, March 3, 1873.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

Allow me to call the attention of all the friends of Woman's Suffrage in this State to the importance of looking well to the candidates that shall come before the people for the Constitutional Convention. If this question is of the importance which we believe it to be, we cannot be too earnest in our endeavors to secure such a delegation as shall frame a Constitution strictly accordant with the fundamental principles of our government. And when the best efforts have been made in this direction, there will still remain the necessity to canvass the State for signatures to petitions, which shall make it apparent to the Convention that the people are ready for this important change; also to secure such public sentiment as may lead to its ratification by the voters of the State.

To carry out such an enterprise must require money to meet the large expense necessarily involved. The Executive Committee of the Ohio Woman's Suffrage Society enter upon this year's work without a dollar in the treasury, and yet they are expected to accomplish this herculean task.

We appeal to the earnest friends of progress throughout the State, to come to our aid in this work. Give us your influence in the political movements which shall decide the character of the Convention. Give us your names, and your influence to secure other names, to a memorial that shall express your views to the Convention; and above all contribute means to aid in carrying forward this enterprise. A dollar, or five, or ten dollars, to those who give no appreciable time to this work, will be a trifle compared with the sacrifices made by the active workers in the cause.

Any sums that our friends may contribute may be forwarded to Mr. Abbot, of THE INDEX, who will hand it over to the proper officer of the Society.

In behalf of the Ohio Woman's Suffrage Association,

H. M. T. CUTLER, President.

NEW YORK ITEMS.

Mr. Frothingham's sermon on the "Naked Truth" doubtless disturbed preconceived ideas in the minds of some of his hearers. The naked truth, according to his showing is, in a vast majority of cases, not at all a desirable thing; is in fact not the *real truth*, but merely the unsightly skeleton thereof. The clothed truth is the real truth, and is what we want. Nudity is seldom or never beautiful. A narrow-souled person may present what he calls the naked truth in respect to a transaction involving the reputation of his neighbor. The picture is drawn in the rude, hard lines of actual happening, and is really nothing but an outline. Not until this is taken and covered with a net-work of circumstances and conditions,—things which preceded, surrounded, shaped, colored, and otherwise influenced these bare outlines, will the real truth of the transaction be apparent.

Passing on to higher illustrations: "What richness and beauty," said the speaker, "gather about our ideal of a God, as the ages roll away! Compare the God of Herbert Spencer and of John Tyndall with the bald, bare God of the ancient Hebrews." Yea, verily; but, O courageous preacher, what scorings you will have to take for the utterance of this most happily clothed truth!

—In speaking of Prof. Tyndall, I am reminded of the unanimous verdict of lecture-going New Yorkers, that by no other scientist has such glamor of fascination been cast upon those reserves of Nature which for want of a better term might be called her Shadow Land; since it is by means of shadows or spectra that most of our knowledge is gained. Many of the experiments impress one like perfect pictures or poems; not only embodying some eloquent fact of natural truth, but by suggestion reaching far out into the realm of the imagination. Of all the delighted throng who witnessed the lovely marvel of the lead-crystals; who watched it growing like a plant under their eyes, putting forth here a leaf and there a cluster, here a delicate frond, and there a coiling filament,—I can scarcely believe one will ever again speak of "dead matter" without a mental reservation. The goose-girl who sat beside me said it was like a glimpse of fairyland, and she half expected to see the weird thing next put forth legs or wings, and calmly betake itself to the duties of life. Surely if these are not the first blind gropings of the life principle, it is difficult to imagine anything that could better counterfeit them.

—An occasion of pleasurable interest was Miss Faithfull's reception by the women of New York at Steinway Hall. She is a stoutly built lady, plain in dress, with a kindly and resolute face, a good voice, and thoroughly self-possessed manner. Her sketch of the average English girl of the middle-class gave pitiable proof that shallowness and shams in education are not confined

to our side of the water. "Dipped in a weak solution of boarding-school study, she emerges with a thin varnish of accomplishments, pretty enough at first, but which soon wears off." "To will to work, and to work with a will," is the motto she is endeavoring to bring within the comprehension of these aimless, useless ones. Miss Faithfull enjoys the personal acquaintance and sympathy of many leaders of reform in England, both men and women, and has already won for herself hosts of friends in this country.

—At the close of the lecture a poem was recited, so really beautiful in its spirit of human tenderness, yet so marred and enfeebled by a debilitating religious sentiment, that I am tempted to give it here a few words of analysis. The story was of a woman who dwelt by the sea-shore, very poor and, but for the one child that now lies dying in her arms, utterly alone. Watching at midnight for her darling to draw its last breath, she perceives a sudden glare light up her room, and, looking out upon the reddened waters, her eyes behold the fearful spectacle of a ship on fire. Its wretched multitude must perish unless boats can reach them. In the hamlet behind the rocks the three fishers are all asleep, but by ringing the chapel bell she can rouse them to the rescue. She makes the heroic resolve to leave her unconscious babe to die alone, while she speeds on her errand of mercy. Softly she lays it in its little crib, kisses its cold cheek, and then to our ill-concealed dismay—she kneels down by the bed, and in a prayer two or three stanzas long commits her babe to a merciful Christ, and asks his aid in the work she is about to do.

After this fearful delay, we are prepared for disaster; but no—she hastens to the church, climbs in at the window (for the rusty door-hinge has not been oiled for her coming), pulls the bell-rope vigorously, and in five minutes more the hamlet is astir, and boats are being launched. This is very sweet and tender. We feel that she has earned the precious reward which the story grants her, of hearing that every soul on board the ship is saved. But this does not satisfy the sense of religious justice in the mind of the writer. So when the heroine recovers from the swoon into which she had fallen, she is greeted by the cooling words of her child, who is brought before her astonished eyes in a state of rapid convalescence. This is reward number two.

Even with this, improbable as it is, we feel in no heart to quarrel. But when in further addition the good woman's husband, whom she had believed long since lost at sea, is suddenly heard from, and the promise of his early return guaranteed, a prosperous and well-to-do seaman, to the bosom of his waiting family, something in our conscience protests against this heaping up of the rewards of virtue. We are uneasily conscious of an inclination to smile through our tears. Irreverent as it seems, we cannot help being reminded of Hood's quack doctor, who sold his infallible nostrum for deafness to a woman who had not heard the loudest sounds for forty years; and with such startling results, that we are told how—

"The very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!"

Seriously, in view of such diluted moral teaching as this, is it not time that other religious papers, as well as THE INDEX, should put in a plea for "Robust" against "Sentimental Goodness"? H. L. B. R.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1873.

CLEAR DEFINITION.

It is insisted in some quarters that the movement represented by THE INDEX is a narrow one, because it insists upon a certain definition of Christianity as a justification of itself. It is called a creed movement. But is not this a confounding of two different things? A creed is one thing; a clear definition is another. To make a creed a test of fellowship is vastly different from insisting upon clear ideas of things. If Christianity in the popular apprehension can be made synonymous with perfect liberty of thought and action, we have no objection to accepting it, provided there is a distinct understanding all round that such is what it really means. But when as a matter of fact it is not so understood,—when in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is understood as implying outward authority of some kind,—have we not a right to understand it so, and on that ground reject it? Is it not just as bigoted to insist upon a broad definition of Christianity as to insist upon a narrow one? Is not Mr. May just as bigoted as Mr. Abbot? He insists that we admit his loose definition of Christianity as true, and stay inside; with this disadvantage, however, that he is almost alone in his definition, while Mr. Abbot's is practically accepted by the vast majority of those who profess to be Christians, and who are supposed to know what they profess. But when such radically different ideas are attached to a word, have we not a right for our practical guidance to attach what seems to us the most proper idea, and not accordingly? Mr. May and the *Christian Register* have a right to make their definition of Christianity as broad and loose as they consider—

little or no education, and of those who have received something of that which is so called, the process has been such as to awaken no desire for continued study, or to hint at the means by which self-improvement might be carried forward.

And here we come to the chief rational hope of the world in regard to all reforms. And this lies in the education of the young, from their very birth, and even before their birth, would but those who are destined to become parents acquaint themselves with the laws which regulate the highest well-being of their offspring. The right and the value of compulsory education, which the State as well as all humanity owes to itself, is gaining ground in this country as well as in Europe; and, where it has been tried, results seem to warrant its adoption. And why should not our State governments immediately enter upon an earnest consideration of the subject? Prof. Huxley, speaking upon this subject, remarks: "If my neighbor brings up his children untaught and untrained to earn their living, he is doing his best to destroy my freedom, by increasing the burden of taxation for the support of jails and work-houses, for which I have to pay."

But then our schools themselves need reforming, in order to secure desired results. A knowledge of Nature and of her laws should enter more largely into their course of study. If the forces which govern matter were made known, and their laws as applied to mechanics were explained, together with the powers and limits of man in relation to them, how much thought might be stimulated which, by observation of the operations connected with daily toil, might lead to still improved inventions. A general knowledge of the laws of Nature would infuse something of enthusiasm into the otherwise listless labor of the worker. He would come to feel something of his own kinship to the universe at large. As part and parcel of it, he would find pleasure in feeling that, in his individual way, he was contributing somewhat towards the progress and perfection of his race. How much food for elevated thought would thus be provided, to interest and enliven each day's labor, and to animate him in seeking still farther to penetrate Nature's mysteries! By these means, too, the certainty of a penalty, sooner or later, arising from a violation of Nature's laws, *moral*, as well as physical, would naturally be discovered, and thus crime prevented; as few would be found so fool-hardy as to "kick against the pricks" of their own foreseen destruction. A. H.

CLERICAL AGITATION.

EASTON, Pa., Feb. 21, 1873.

MR. ABBOT:

Dear Sir,—A meeting was held on the 20th instant at this place, at which delegates were chosen to attend a convention to be held at the Cooper Institute, New York, on Wednesday next. This movement to tamper with our constitution and rob it of its best feature, if successful, will bring anarchy and ruin upon our government, and would be but the forerunner of one of the most terrible wars the world has ever known.

In a country like ours, composed of the most incongruous of religious elements from all countries, such a movement can be attended with nothing but a disastrous result, either to the government or the Christian religion. As the Constitution now is, it admits all on an equality, regardless of their religious ideas, and leaves them to follow the dictates of their own minds. The amendment proposed, if carried out, would disfranchise all disbelievers in Christ as a ruler of nations, undermine the government, and enslave the people.

One year ago, when I heard you lecture in Fraternity Hall, Boston, I hoped this issue would die out of itself; but I had my fears, which grow stronger as I look around. Like the murmur and sigh of the distant tempest, perhaps it may burst upon us with a hurricane of religious persecution and fanaticism. This very issue has caused the downfall of empires and nations. Franklin, Paine, and Jefferson, plainly seeing the disastrous effect of any combination of State and Church, framed our Constitution to give all sects equal rights as long as they do not interfere with the government or the individual rights of others. That this present movement is inaugurated and instigated by the clergy, who seek for power, is beyond doubt; their first object being to destroy our Constitution in its present form, as it is impossible to accomplish their purpose as it now is. A reverend gentleman at the late meeting stated that there were *thousands of young men who would be glad to lay down their lives to see the present proposed Amendment passed, if need be*. But I hope civilization is too far advanced to repeat the scenes of carnage of the past. But these are the sentiments with which we have to contend in the coming contest. Thomas Paine was criticised, and slurs cast upon his name; and THE INDEX was brought forth and was criticised with zeal worthy of a fanatic. The arguments used were, that the majority must rule, and that their opponents were a miserable minority of infidels, Jews, etc. The people are supreme and must

rule. But I would inquire, if the people are supreme, is the minority to be thrown into a state of religious slavery without a struggle? I hope this proposed Amendment will go no farther than the source whence it originated.

Yours,

F. SYMMES.

THE SUNDAY LIBRARY QUESTION.

[From the Boston Journal of Feb. 25.]

An adjourned meeting of clergymen opposed to the opening of the Public Library on the Lord's Day was held in the vestry of Tremont Temple on Monday, the Melancon being in use. The room was crowded to overflowing. Rev. James B. Dunn presided, and Rev. Mr. Garner was Secretary. The President hoped that in these deliberations they would remember that they were a spectacle for angels and men.

After the reading of the records of the last meeting, Rev. Dr. Webb presented the report of the Committee appointed at the previous meeting. He explained that the report did not fully express the feelings of individual members of the Committee on the question, as individual opinion was held in abeyance in order that a wise and judicious report might be made and approved. He then read the report of the Committee as follows:—

REPORT.

The Committee in presenting their report make no attempt to cover the whole ground, nor to give anything like full expression to their individual opinions concerning this broad vital question. They aim at such utterances as will command the cordial assent of all those who agree with them in principle, and offer the following resolutions:—

We regret the decision of the city government to open the Public Library on the Lord's Day, as encouraging one of the evil tendencies of the times.

Resolved, That the tendency to obliterate all distinction between the Sabbath and other days of the week is greatly to be deplored. Beyond all consideration or doubt, the remembering of the Sabbath day to keep it holy has been one of the grand causes of our prosperity. Perhaps at this juncture we may find an intimation of our duty in the command of the Lord to Samuel when Israel clamored, "Now make us a king to judge us like all nations." And the Lord said unto Samuel, "Hearken, for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them. Howbeit, yet protest solemnly unto them and show them the manner of the being that shall reign over them." The history of the world shows that the only cure of some sins is for the perpetrators to suffer the consequences. To that same people it was said, "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee. And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen, and the Lord will not hear you in that day." And to see in these modern times that history repeats itself, requires not much more than ordinary discernment.

Resolved, That we do not see the necessity for opening the Public Library on the Lord's Day, either as a place of pleasant resort or as a means of public improvement. We have already more sanctuaries than are filled, more church parlors than are used, more Sabbath schools, Bible classes, and mission chapels than are sought after. Besides all these and what cannot be forgotten, in every family there is or may be a Bible, the book of books, whose words divinely inspired are spirit and life, without which with all our libraries the world is poor, and with which without any of our libraries the world is rich, the light of the individual soul, the salt of society and the life of national freedom,—in every family there is a Bible, and loyalty of heart and conscience to the God of the Bible is the only sure basis of sound morals, of private and public virtue. A sound philosophy indicates, and the statistics of crime as presented by both Scotland and France prove, that education dissevered from morality is more likely to prove a curse than a blessing. Mental power uncontrolled by moral principle may be a sword for the defence of the right, or an ax in the hands of a mad man. Development of the intellect, purchased at the expense of a dwarfed and despised morality, is too dearly bought.

Resolved, That the reason assigned in our community for the opening of the Public Library on the Lord's Day, viz., the accommodation of thousands of young men who have no comfortable apartments in which to read books and pass the hours of the Sabbath, if the real reason, is not all met by the opening of a reading room in which only a few scores, at most, and those of the first comers, can find place to sit or stand, and that to the practical exclusion of the hundreds and thousands who come afterwards. If the necessity for such accommodation exists, and this is a humane and genuine movement, to meet it, then, long rooms in the whole building should be filled with chairs and tables, and supplied with Bibles, religious books, and periodicals. Nor this alone, but other buildings, furniture, and books should be multiplied an hundred fold.

Resolved, That the interests of the working

people who are deeply involved in the questions of the Lord's Day demand its religious observance. In lands where the Lord's Day is not regarded, professed Christians have no time either for rest or worship, the factories are run, the stores and markets continue their traffic, and all secular employments go forward as on other days. At the same time, as the results prove, men earn no more in seven days than in six, wages are depressed as the time is extended, while ignorance and superstition, the instruments of wrong and oppression and tyranny, gain on every side.

Again and again it has been proved that man cannot bear the strain of daily toil, without the rest of the Sabbath. Recently, in San Francisco, merchants, printers, actors, barbers, and representatives of all classes, petitioned for the restoration of the Christian Sabbath. But mere rest is not enough for man. The criminal, compelled to hard labor, profits greatly by a seventh day of criminal rest. But what is enough for the ox and the ass, is not enough for man. Neither unthinking relaxation nor intellectual employment meets man's necessities. His religious nature is the highest and worthiest part of him, and to refresh, quicken, and ennoble this nature, the religious observance of the Sabbath is a necessity. Compared with the full religious advantages of the Christian Sabbath, with its sanctuaries and Bibles, all the libraries and lectures, papers and periodicals, excursions and entertainments in the land, are of small account.

Resolved, That for the sake of what the Christian Sabbath has done and is, above all else, divinely ordained to do, wherever it is kept according to the fourth commandment—for the sake of that intellectual and moral quickening which it invariably secures—for the sake of that social elevation and political liberty, justice and purity which it is sure to foster and develop—and for the sake also of that holy communion with our God and Savior which its needful rest and quiet allows,—we are bound by all the ties of brotherhood and motives of benevolence to make every honorable exertion to preserve its sacredness and perpetuate its blessings.

Mr. Capen thought the report laid itself liable to criticism, and spoke of the distinction between the Sabbath and the Lord's Day.

The Chairman called attention to the call which was addressed only to clergymen opposed to the opening of the Library.

It was then voted to limit speakers to three minutes each, and to act upon the report by separate resolutions.

The report was signed by E. B. Webb, Justin D. Fulton, George C. Lorimer, Edward Annand, L. L. Briggs, A. D. Sargent, S. F. Upham, Jas. B. Dunn.

The first resolution was again read, after which Rev. Mr. McKeon said that the City Government must know that the moral sentiment of the people was opposed to the opening of the Library, and that they had done wrong in voting to have it opened.

The resolutions were then adopted without further discussion.

The question was asked whether the Committee had thought that the action of the City Government was against the law of the State.

Rev. Dorus Clark, D. D., thought something ought to be done if the City Council had violated law.

Rev. Bradford K. Pierce, D. D., hoped the meeting would not attempt to decide a question of law.

Dr. Pierce also offered a resolution for the printing of the report in pamphlet form, to be circulated through the churches and in the secular and religious press.

The President stated that there was a layman's Committee who had charge of such questions, and it would be proper to refer that subject to them.

Rev. Dr. Webb said the matter was before the Committee and that they concluded to leave the matter to some others to bring it before the Supreme Court.

Rev. Dr. Young moved to amend by instructing the Committee to appear before the City Council in person and read the document to them. He wanted a good stout Committee to go before the City Government and make them tremble.

Rev. Mark Trafton hoped the motion would be withdrawn. It was too much like the Donnybrook Fair business—whenever you see a head hit it. If the City Council wanted to read their report, all well; if not, then just as well.

Rev. Dr. Young said he made his motion out of respect to the City Council. (Laughter.) He withdrew his motion in accordance with the apparent wish of the meeting.

The following were appointed by the meeting a committee to take charge of any business which might naturally grow out of these meetings: Rev. J. D. Fulton, D. D., Baptist; Rev. Dr. Briggs, Universalist; Rev. S. F. Upham, D. D., Methodist; Rev. James B. Dunn, Presbyterian; Rev. J. M. Manning, D. D., Congregationalist; Rev. A. H. Vinton, D. D., Episcopalian; Rev. B. F. Edmonds, Christian.

After prayer and the singing of a hymn the meeting adjourned.

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Lafayette 8:40 "		8:25		
Bloomington 11:00 "		4:00		
Decatur 12:57 A. M.		11:00		
Peoria 2:30 "		12:40		
St. Louis 7:50 "		2:10		
Springfield 4:15 "		5:50		
Jacksonville 6:00 "		7:15		
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[For THE INDEX.]

Moral Light and Darkness.

A SERMON PREACHED IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LONDON, JANUARY 28, 1872.

BY THE REV. CHAS. VOYSEY.

"And God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light."—GENESIS I. 5.

In this gem of early Hebrew poetry, the simple grandeur of which is universally acknowledged, we may find, I think, an emblem of what has taken place in the moral world. Although analogy is not proof, and should never be pushed too far, we may sometimes obtain by its means a clearer insight into the true nature of things than we can get by mere dry reasoning.

We notice first that light is something positive, whereas darkness is only the absence of light; just as heat is a positive, cold only a negative, the absence of heat. Light and heat are realities; darkness and cold are not. Could we suppose ourselves to be transferred during sleep to a perfectly darkened chamber, as we lay still at the first moment of waking we could not possibly know by what objects we were surrounded. We could not tell whether we were alone or in the company of others, we could not tell for certain a single fact about the size or shape of the room, where the door or windows were placed, what furniture if any might be there. Even to a person long accustomed to light and eyesight and hearing, there could be no certainty on any one of these points. All would be pure conjecture, unless he began to rise and move about the room, groping with hands, and thus calling in the aid of the sense of touch, which is so invaluable an organ to the blind. So long I say as he remained still, he could discern nothing. But now let us suppose a faint streak of light to enter the chamber; very faint indeed. This would only illuminate, and that very feebly, the few objects on which it fell; leaving the rest of the contents of the room, and the holes and corners, in almost total obscurity. He sees in fact in proportion to the light which has been allowed to enter the room. If the light be gradually increased, he not only sees more objects, but sees them more distinctly. Two pieces of furniture which at first were mistaken for one, are now seen to be separate; the very size of objects becomes more correctly perceived, as well as their more delicate outlines of shape and shades of color. In fact, the more light which shines up to the degree which the human eye can make use of, the more true and accurate is the observer's perception of the objects by which he is surrounded. But the most important point of all is that this perception of the objects is in fact the perception of their differences which only the light could possibly reveal. In the darkness all was one uniform, unbroken blank. There was nothing to call an object of sight in the mass of dark space all around. There was not even anything to indicate space. To the eye there was absolute nothingness, if one may coin a word for the occasion. But the light coming in, first by a streak and then by degrees more plentifully, makes objects at first dimly perceptible, and then reveals more and more clearly the difference between one object and another. And the same process would be exactly reversed if the light were to be gradually withdrawn and finally extinguished; only with this important distinction, that the knowledge gained during the presence of light would remain after the light was gone.

Now from a moral point of view, the race of mankind, and every individual belonging to it, has been at one time in a state of total darkness; that is, a state in which all actions, motives, principles, were alike unrecognized and undistinguished from each other—in which the very

existence of a moral world was unknown, and of course, therefore, no moral distinction was thought of, much less perceived, between certain modes of action. It may be taken for granted that this total moral darkness continues for longer or shorter periods of early infancy, varying in its duration in the case of each infant according to the moral antecedents of the parents, to their calling forth or not calling forth the sense of duty from the very earliest days of its being. The duration of the darkness may vary also according to the healthy or diseased condition of a child's brain. But whatever may serve to hasten or to retard the entrance of moral perceptions, we must all agree that a state of total moral darkness, a state of complete unmorality, is what we all pass through in the earliest period of our lives. And as with individuals, so also with different races of men, and with the first pair or contemporaneous pairs of the most primitive human beings. Whole races we may well conceive have existed, so far as morals are concerned, in precisely the same moral darkness as that through which we have each and all passed long before we can remember.

The first man could scarcely have had more moral light than that savage who, met by one of our missionaries and being asked what was the difference between good and evil, said: "Me take other man wife—good; other man take my wife—evil." I allude to this view of the earliest stages of humanity, because it seems to me not only most desirable to overthrow the popular theological belief about the original righteousness of Adam and Eve, but also because any scientific opinion, such as we may rely upon as certain or as very highly probable, which may come to us with the sanction of such students of Nature, language, and primeval art as Darwin, Max Müller, and Lubbock,—any opinion I say given on such authority on the subject of primitive barbarism will serve to strengthen the position which I have taken up with regard to moral evil. The order of Nature has been, first darkness; afterwards light. Scarcely a creature is born, or a germ animated into vegetation, but passes through the darkness; begins its life, I ought to say, in the profoundest obscurity, and is only allowed the light when it has become previously prepared for it.

The same order is observable in all branches of human knowledge and skill. First the darkness of ignorance, then the light—the dim twilight of half knowledge and faint, erroneous perceptions; and then the full brightness as it seems to us, because it is the highest yet attainable. Those who know anything truly know that we are only yet in early dawn. Why should not this order be preserved also in the moral world? It is only Orthodoxy with its world upside down, or standing on its own head, that has made us ask the question. Of course it is true also in morals that the darkness came first; that whether we regard the human race collectively, or consider the members of it individually, the state of absolute ignorance of moral distinctions always precedes a knowledge of them; the darkness ever goes before the light. In that primal darkness, if it be total, there can be neither moral good nor moral evil. The wildest savage that God ever made would be perfectly innocent so long as he had no moral sense; and the most perfect angel of rectitude we can imagine, who did not know right from wrong and whose conduct was only right because he could not help it, would not differ morally from that wild savage by a hair's breadth. Both would be equally unmoral. Now if there could be no virtue, no moral goodness, without the perception of the difference between right and wrong; and no guilt, no moral evil, without the same perception, it follows that what produces one produces the other likewise; that the thing which in its earliest action makes men feel wicked and even do wickedly, is the only agent by which men can ever become good, or do what is right.

Now the state of each man's mind with regard to right and wrong being at first a perfect blank, or a total darkness, what is it which acts like the light and to which may be traced both moral good and moral evil? For convenience, I will call it the moral sense. By that term nearly every one will understand the same thing. It is not merely a law or command addressed to us from without, for these do not always impress us

with a sense of obligation to keep them. A law or commandment may or may not receive the approval of the inward voice. It is not merely the judgment at which we arrive after calculating our own interests in the matter; for we are sometimes impelled by the moral sense to go dead against our own interests, to risk all in our unknown future and to give up palpable present advantage as well. Nor is it the echo in our own breasts of the public opinion around us; for we sometimes feel bound to fly in the face of that opinion, and, at the certain loss of social privileges which we value, and of friendships more precious still, to do what we feel to be right while every body else thinks it wrong. It is neither law, nor interest, nor regard for public opinion by itself, nor all of them together, which can account for the moral sense. Every one of these and other things too which I have not named have an enormous influence on conduct, have power to alter the light as it shines in each man's heart; to make it bright or dim; to scatter it into every recess in the chambers of his soul, or to confine it to the rigid lines of straight beams and to concentrate it all on some few striking objects; to bring it pure and colorless into the soul, or to make pretty effects by varied color (as men do by staining the windows of their churches) at the expense of truth and power. Yes, indeed; the pure light of the moral sense has been distorted, discolored, disguised, as well as often obscured by the officious art-decorators of human conduct. The priests and ministers on one hand, and the tyrannical arbiters of custom on the other, have dimmed and stained this precious light from heaven. But light from heaven it is. All their windows and drapery together could not make it; could only disguise it and weaken it, or perhaps supply it with more objects in order to multiply the lights and shades. But make it? Never! No; it is born of human nature itself. At the right moment when all is ready for it, when the darkness has brooded long enough to quicken the chaos into inarticulate aspiration, God says: "Let there be light!" and there is light. For the first time the eyes of the human spirit open upon the objects of the moral world and perceive differences undreamed of before. The moral sense, be it strong or be it weak, steady and clear, or made flickering and perverted by the mediums through which it acts, is a part of human nature which was before all law spoken or written; is higher than self-interest, and is victorious over public opinion. Law itself, as framed in words and codes and commandments, is but the child of the moral sense; the expression of the consciences of moral individuals. Self-interest dies in its presence, to yield up crown and sceptre; and regard for public opinion bends like the reed before the storm when conscience bids us stand alone and give defiance to the world. We cannot tell what the moral sense is, any more than we can perfectly analyze any other mental faculty, or define life itself. We only know that explanations of its origin which have hitherto reached us go but a very little way in accounting for its wonderful play and power. It is enough for us to know what it does, to feel how it works, and to tremble before its imperative mandates, in order to be very sure that it is a part of our very nature and not the mere accident of our training or solely the result of civilization.

Whatever be the ultimate cause of it, however, the moral sense is just like the light shining in a dark place. It comes to reveal differences unperceived before; differences only to be described as right and wrong. We see by its light that which we ought to do and that which we ought not to do, at any given time and under any given circumstances, unless it is not clear and strong enough to enable us to determine; in which case the moral sense itself holds its possessor guiltless, whatever alternative he may actually adopt. Its verdicts are neither uniform nor infallible. They depend on the windows and drapery, so to speak, of each man's own circumstances and training. But in one respect they are invariable and infallible. In every man the moral sense urges him to do what he thinks to be right, because it is right or seems to be right. It never says: "Do this because it is wrong." The moral sense never says: "Do this or that because you will gain by it." In other words, the faculty of

self-interest in all its forms is perfectly distinct from the moral sense. No sooner does this light shine in one's heart, than our first impulse is to do the wrong thing and to evade the right. The first awakening into moral being is not a pleasant sensation, nor are the first years of moral growth years of happiness and ease. We are called upon to make efforts which seriously tax our energy and to do things most repulsive to our taste. In this disturbance of our repose, moral evil is analogous to pain; our first impulse is to get rid of it, to cease to be tortured by inward conflict. For a long time perhaps the impulses to do what we like overpower the dictates of the moral sense, and the consequence is a succession of guilty acts attended by remorse more or less deep. But in the majority of cases the moral sense prevails at certain points in the line of battle, though seldom in all. It is more rare that a man never outgrows one of his childish sins, never makes a single moral conquest, never takes one step forward in the right direction. Exceptions there certainly are to every rule; but even the worst cases of degeneration of character which ever came under my notice were accompanied with the keenest perception of right and wrong, and the deepest distress and self-reproach. From these one could only learn that if the outward life had been a moral failure, the aspirations after goodness had been all the while growing more intense; and perhaps under new conditions these worst of sinners would become the noblest of saints. In a moral point of view the man who feels himself to be a slave, to be tied and bound with the chain of sin from which he cannot release himself, is in a really higher condition than one who, not having done anything half so wicked, is yet quite unconscious that he needs any amendment. No one indeed could be so low in the moral scale as the man whose conscience has never upbraided him at all. Such an one would be next of kin to an idiot or a madman. All this goes to prove that whether the first visible effects of the moral sense be sin or virtue, we must regard the possessor of it as in a higher state than he could have been without it. To wake up to the conviction of being a sinner, to know that one has failed in duty and done wrong, is not to fall but to rise; not to suffer deterioration but to gain an incalculable advantage. It is in fact a passing out of darkness into heavenly light. If we set the smallest value on civilization, on harmonious intercourse between members of one family, of society in general, of a nation, and between nations with each other; and if we value the blessings of peaceful commerce all over the world,—let us remember that every one of these blessings had its rise in the dawning of the light of conscience first upon one or two individuals and then upon whole tribes and peoples of every clime and tongue.

Taken with all its perversions, distortions, and corruptions, the moral sense has been the savior and redeemer of mankind; will continue to save and redeem it from savagery and animalism till the world has outgrown and forgotten the first errors of its childhood. But it is only reasonable to expect that in this early stage of our being every aspiration must be attended with more or less failure and disappointment. See how the tender infant stretches its tiny arms and hands right and left to lay hold of the food which it craves. How perfectly futile are these efforts; how wild and ill-regulated and therefore how vain are these impulsive movements! But though they avail not one iota to secure what he desires, yet he is thereby strengthening his frame for useful work in time to come and exercising faculties which would never be developed at all but for these early, fruitless, and apparently mispent exertions. He grows older, and aspires to walk. What is the result? Never yet in the history of man did baby walk at the first attempt without a fall. We all fall as a matter of certainty; and fortunately too, for otherwise the strain upon the muscles when they are feeble and unused to the work would ruin them for life, if it were kept up a moment longer than the muscles could bear. This is why we fall, and why no one ever regrets or weeps over the first infantile failures. And I believe it is precisely the same in the moral life. We have an aspiration to do right coming to us in the shape of the voice of conscience, and at the first effort to obey it we fall down as a matter of course and do wrong instead; or if we succeed in walking uprightly for a step or two, we soon tire and succumb before the strain of unaccustomed moral effort. I should as soon complain that we were not born full-grown men and women at once, instead of being born infants and growing up gradually to manhood, as charge God with error or indifference for having made our moral life and development analogous to the physical. Men and women entering at once into moral perception without the antecedents of previous moral evil and imperfection would, if they could be made at all, be unnatural, monstrous, and devoid of permanent moral qualities; far more displeasing to the highest human taste than those rarely precocious children who talk and act like grown men, and who either die early in consequence, or grow up to be little better than fools. Everything is lovely in its season, even the infant's awkward and futile muscular plunges, and the child's bab-

bling of bad grammar and broken pieces of words.

But the failings and imperfections of infancy and childhood are only lovely because we know they are reasonable and also fleeting; and the hope that our little ones will grow up to be men and put away childish things, not only reconciles us to their present little follies, but also calls up a peculiar satisfaction with the several stages of their growth, as they come on in succession. If we rightly call him Father, who has appointed every pathway of human progress within and without, can we deny to him some such delight as we parents feel in beholding the successive stages of the growth of his children? And if we do not hesitate to grieve and disappoint our little ones, taking refuge in the warmth of our love and in the confidence of our good purposes, shall we not more readily conceive of him as taking the divinest pleasure in the needful discipline he imparts to us; unmoved by our childish complaints, because he loves us more than we love ourselves, and as beholding with a calm satisfaction the disturbance of our whole being at the entrance of his light into our souls, because he knows—with the certainty of God—that all things are working together for our good, and that the new light which has created all this disturbance of our repose and quickened us into activity and aspiration can never again be extinguished, never again be overpowered by moral darkness and chaos, but shall "shine more and more unto the perfect day."

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY OR ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XVI.

ESTHER FRANKLIN.

It was definitely settled that as soon as Paul's health was re-established and spring had come—for his grandparents entertained old-fashioned ideas of the perils of a winter's voyage across the Atlantic—he should bid them farewell. He might have urged a speedier departure but for a personal reason; the delay would insure the company of his friends, Dick Sabin and Harry Franklin; who, he knew, had agreed to embark for New York about the time proposed. That is to say, though the latter was as eager to leave England as Paul himself, his cousin's indolence in earning the money necessary for emigration, or prodigality in spending it, rendered such a postponement inevitable. In fact Richard had talked of getting ready for any time during the last six months, and being quite assured of his capacity to do it in a couple of weeks, whenever he chose to apply himself, naturally procrastinated until, as he acknowledged, "it was likely to be a toss-up" whether he shouldn't have to borrow from his intended fellow-voyagers, to pay his passage. Hence Harry had consented to wait till March or April, as the latest date for their projected departure; and hence Paul's willingness to comply with the wishes of his grandparents.

In the meantime it may be easily surmised that, in his present state of mind, he was quite ready to accept Mr. Blencowe's invitation, directly the doctor gave him permission. At the first mention of Northamptonshire in winter, that gentleman demurred a little, and suggested that he should have recommended a warmer latitude; but as it was clearly the ex-invalid's only chance of a holiday; and, as he really incurred small danger so long as he adopted ordinary precautions, the welcome assent soon warranted the journey. Mr. and Mrs. Gower offering no objection (for sickness and indolence had virtually emancipated their grandson from their control), Ruth had the satisfaction of writing to her guardian announcing her speedy return, and presently of carrying off her brother with her into the country.

It was his first visit to Thorpe Parva at this season of the year; and the circumstances under which it was paid, as well as his condition, rendered him peculiarly sensitive to its influences. To get away from town, with all its harassing, miserable, humiliating recollections was, in itself, a great relief and happiness; and how much more so when he was going to a place the associations of which were of the unmixedly delightful character described in a former chapter. Then he could not but reflect that he re-visited it for the last time for some years, perhaps forever. As the "fly" which conveyed him and his sister from the station and town of — rattled along the hard high road, on a clear, frosty afternoon in December, the well-remembered yet unfamiliar landscape, lighted up by the fitful beams of an

early declining sun, seemed at once to smile a welcome and farewell. There was a suggestion of this in the sound of the echoing hoofs of the horses; in the wind that swept over the bare fields and through the hedges, shook the skeleton branches of the wayside elms and congealed the waters of the distant, willow-fringed stream (at which he had been used to bathe in summer) into ice. When they dashed down the once green lane, past the Hall, and round the corner of the low stone wall, by which you approached the ivy-clad church and trim vicarage, Paul's heart was so full that, what with his weakness from recent illness and present sentiment, it almost ran over at his eyes. There are but few Englishmen so unfortunate as to be destitute of affection towards their own beautiful country; and Paul had fed his patriotism with the fancies of its poets and fictions of its novelists, until he felt more than the average of anticipatory regret at the thought of parting. And, naturally, he identified much of this kind of sensibility with the spot where he had been happiest. Mr. Blencowe, who came bustling down the box-bordered walk in a great state of interest and excitement, on the stopping of the carriage, attributed his visitor's emotion to debility and the fatigue of the journey, and was anxious to get him in-doors, out of the cold. The old clergyman had very little idea of Paul's love for the small village in Northamptonshire.

The incidents of his sojourn were as simple and uneventful as usual; and, but for its bearing upon his future fortunes, the visit might have been omitted from this narrative altogether, or left to the reader's imagination. He went abroad with Ruth in the clerical basket-carriage, when the weather permitted; took walks, made calls, read, dozed, and ate and slept prodigiously. It was almost worth while being ill to have such an appetite—and the means of satisfying it. Mr. Blencowe (who attached no small degree of importance to his meals, himself) said it did him more good than his dinner-pills, to see Paul use his knife and fork. The old gentleman was very kind and hospitable to him; indeed, more so than ever, partly out of good-nature and commiseration for his lot in being obliged to leave England for the United States—a country of which he entertained the very worst opinion, having somewhere heard that its constitution contained no public, official recognition of a Supreme Being; wherefore he had no doubt of its ultimate ruin and destruction—and partly, Paul could not help observing, from a desire to secure his concurrence in retaining Ruth. For though their father had written a very cordial and friendly letter, deferring almost indefinitely to the clergyman's proposition, and even thanking him for the kindness which suggested it, Mr. Blencowe was not quite satisfied. The bare fact of the existence of the paternal claim sufficed to render him uneasy. In short he had led such a comfortable, prosperous, feather-bed life, that he was prone to borrow a little trouble occasionally, and torment himself about imaginary or distant evils. Wherefore he was at the pains to hold forth to Paul, on all convenient opportunities, on the great loss everybody at Thorpe Parva would sustain if Ruth quitted it; how she was morally certain to suffer in health, and perhaps decline and die, if transferred to the semi-tropical climate of Louisiana (which, on the other hand, would be sure to agree with her brother), and much more to the same purpose. Paul laughed at the old gentleman's transparent cunning, wondered that, at his age, it never seemed to occur to him that a few years might end all his earthly anxieties, and liked him for his affection for his sister. He had long known that he himself was quite a secondary consideration.

Of course he renewed his intimacy with his intended ship-mate, Harry Franklin, for whom he entertained a friendship dating back to his first knowledge of Thorpe Parva, and cordially reciprocated by the young farmer. Their dispositions were not dissimilar, and their mutual discontent with home and its petty tyrannies, and aspirations towards independence, formed a common bond of sympathy. They both loved books and poetry; and, indeed, had both tried their hands at the latter, communicating the results in a correspondence, which embraced all sorts of topics, literary, theological, and personal—nearly every thing but their respective love-affairs (if that term may be applied to Harry's undivulged passion for his friend's sister), of which, however, they were fully cognizant. Some of their effusions had even appeared in the *Poet's Corner* of the — *Guardian*; Harry's being of a thoughtful, not to say melancholy, tendency, while Paul had supplied "To R—, on her Birthday;" "A Request for a Lock of Hair;" "A Lover's Remonstrance;" "The False and the True;" &c. &c.—all ringing the changes on his enthrallment and its contingencies. Perhaps it was Harry's diffidence which withheld him from committing himself so openly; perhaps the knowledge that Miss Gower would see his productions, and a dread of her criticism; for she had, more than once, spoken impatiently of Paul's verses, and had her own, personal reasons for being embittered towards such sentimental considerations. She knew, also, that Harry Franklin worshipped the very ground she

trod on, and rather resented that fact than pitied him, thinking him merely a shy, sensitive, reserved young man, whose social position put him quite out of the pale of eligibility. For Dick Sabin's reflections on the peculiar self-esteem cherished by the small gentry of England are by no means without foundation; and, as has already been intimated, Ruth was not superior to the influences by which she had, almost from her birth, been surrounded.

The person to whom Miss Gower expressed the unfavorable opinion of her brother's rhymes above alluded to (who wondered at her severity and thought the productions in question beautiful) was Harry's sister Esther, a young woman already mentioned in the course of this story, who must now, as a not unimportant character in it, be introduced to the reader. Always the best of friends to Paul as well as his sister, a kind of virtual confidant of his passion for her cousin Kate (who had told her all about it, and was, indeed, generally communicative, not to say boastful, on the subject), Miss Franklin's presence rendered the old farm-house very agreeable; especially as the temporary absence of her stepmother relieved her, together with the rest of its inmates, from the restraint ordinarily imposed upon their goodness and hospitality. For that objectionable woman (who had not been slandered by Harry, in his conversation with Dick Sabin) had gone to Warwickshire, in company with her son, Mr. Pennethorne; being moved to the journey by the news that an old bachelor brother of hers was ill and likely to die; wherefore it became necessary to look after his testamentary and spiritual dispositions, with respect to which she entertained the gravest apprehensions. And there both of them remained during the whole of Paul's visit, to the extreme satisfaction of everybody. In fact, the Franklins had never been so happy since her first disastrous appearance among them.

Miss Esther, then, at nineteen, her present age, was unusually tall for her sex, being full five feet, seven inches in height and, like her brother, slender of figure and rather thin; having, as the phrase is, outgrown her strength and, besides, suffered in health and spirits from the execrable temper of her stepmother; but she only wanted plumpness to have been exactly symmetrical and, indeed, so charmingly proportioned that nobody but the hypercritical or malicious would have taken exception to her stature. She was neither gawky nor scraggy, but had shapely arms, a dainty waist, and very pretty, slender hands and feet, though the former were reddened by hard work, and the latter, during her school-days, had regularly carried her, five times a week, from Thorpe Parva to—and back (over three miles each way), and therefore obtained plenty of development. Moreover she walked erect, with an easy, natural grace, quite unlike most country girls, who commonly hobble on their heels, or are flat-footed. Her eyes were brown, neither too large nor too small, but wonderfully kind and earnest-looking, beneath shining, black, arched eyebrows. Her hair, of the same color, or near it, was so luxuriant that, had it been released from the modest bands which confined it, it would have reached below her waist. I cannot say that her nose belonged to any recognized order, but only spite could have called it a snub; she had rather a large and therefore expressive mouth, and white if not perfectly regular teeth. In conclusion, she was more sunburnt than fair, a little subject to freckles in summer, and, generally, such a fine, kindly, wholesome-looking country lass that you were instantaneously prepossessed in her favor; which good opinion materially increased upon acquaintance.

I am afraid, however, that she will cut but a homely figure when I come to speak of her education and accomplishments; nevertheless the truth must be told. She could neither dance nor play upon the piano, nor talk better English than most farmers' daughters, and had, besides, a little—just a little—rusticity of accent, savoring of the speech of antiquity. She had read but few books, and, very likely, would have preferred the poetry of Mr. Tupper to that of Mr. Tennyson. She was not clever or brilliant in conversation, rather deficient in self-assertion, and the last person in the world to set herself up for a heroine or paragon. Yet I question if you would not have preferred her to hundreds of young ladies whom she supposed were her superiors and who, themselves, would never have dreamed of admitting her even to the honor of a comparison.

Imprints, then, if she could not play on the piano, she could sing, and had been gifted by nature with such a sweet, kind, harmonious voice that it was music enough in itself, without accompaniment; while it may be questioned whether her inability to perform those dreary instrumental "pieces" which are only too common in middle-class England was not a positive advantage. Then, though she knew but little of books, she could not be considered ignorant or uninformed, especially as regarded her domestic duties, for which she had a capacity amounting to genius, transacting them with a natural fitness and spontaneous grace which seemed to turn the meanest of household affairs "to favor and to

prettiness." Whether in the dairy, the poultry-yard, the kitchen, or the parlor, she always appeared equally at home and in perfect harmony with surrounding circumstances. As clever a needle-woman as her cousin Kate, she made all her own dresses and bonnets; while in practical good sense, integrity, and real depth of character she was certainly her superior; besides being entirely free from her cardinal sins of vanity and coquetry. She would not have known how to flirt, would Esther, had she possessed any inclination thereto. Nurtured in what had been, until her father's second marriage, the kindest nest of a home in the world, the girl had grown up as unsophisticated as she was good, to be schooled into a higher capacity for helpfulness and self-devotion, as well as suffering, by the bitter discipline of a shrew's tongue. She inherited the gentility of temperament of the Sabin family from her dead mother (old John's sister, be it remembered), bettered by feminine earnestness and unselfishness. When I have added that she entertained an unusually strong affection for and high opinion of her brother—as was evinced by her resolution to ultimately share his fortunes—I shall leave the rest of Miss Franklin's attributes to be developed in the course of this history.

Naturally the impending emigration of Paul and Harry drew the two friends nearer together, and made Esther feel kinder than ever towards both of them; wherefore it followed, as a matter of course, that scarcely a day passed without Paul's dropping in at the farm-house, as freely as if he had been one of the family; though Ruth's visits were less frequent and more ceremonious. Not that she timed them religiously to a certain hour in the afternoon, was always shown into a severely kept parlor where Esther (after running up stairs to put on her best dress) went through a sort of cut-and-dried conversational formula about the weather, the crops, and the neighbors—as is commonly the case in the country, when a clergyman's wife or daughter calls on his parishioners; but position is position, and as we have before had occasion to observe, nowhere more curiously defined and habitually recognized than in rural England. And though Miss Gower had a great regard for Miss Franklin—indeed, a sincere friendship—she was fully aware of her own social importance, and not the kind of young lady to make herself too familiar with anybody.

The circumstance that the father of the brother and sister virtually ignored his son's intention of leaving his native country and tacitly discouraged all reference to it—on the principle of the proverbial ostrich's hiding his head in the sand—inevitably imparted something of a confidential nature to the talk of the young people, whom he did not, in other respects, interfere with. A great, hearty, sturdy bluff-looking farmer, over six feet high and bulky in proportion, Miles Franklin furnished a good illustration of the significant truth how little a merely healthy, easy-going animal nature can hold its own against a constitutionally selfish and domineering woman whose creed and disposition alike rendered her tormentor of the household; and who was, as her step-son has informed us, morally incapable of kindness or justice. Having drifted into marriage—principally through a connection originating in business relations with her son, on whom he had contracted an unlucky habit of calling, when he went to—on market-days, and so gradually succumbed to brandy-and-water and the widow Pennethorne—he endured the penalty of his folly with no more remonstrance than an occasional attempt at a joke or reflection on the sex, commonly getting out of the way as much as possible—too often in the direction of the village tavern. However, at present, Mrs. Franklin's absence relieved him of the necessity of seeking this resource, and deprived the landlord of the "Hare and Hounds" of some profit; as, during her sojourn in Warwickshire, her husband was content to smoke his pipe and drink his one or two glasses of British or foreign spirits by his own fireside, subsequently retiring to bed with great regularity at nine o'clock, and leaving the hearth to Esther, Harry, and sometimes Paul, who would sit up (if) midnight or later, conversing about America.

I do not know whether Paul was more relieved at discovering that Miss Franklin had heard nothing of the catastrophe at Newman Street and consequently of his humiliation, or disappointed because she could afford him no news of Kate's behavior afterwards, and how she had been affected by his illness; but such were the facts. There was an irregular correspondence between the cousins, but Kate had either not written of late or, what is as likely, avoided the subject; while Esther's other friend, Ruth Gower, thought the affair too discreditably to her brother to mention it, especially as she had only arrived at the knowledge through his own involuntary confessions. Esther, therefore, supposing the relations between the pair the same as ever, ventured a few innocent allusions to them, which were as gall and worm-wood to Paul, until Harry, his confidant, told her what had occurred; when she was very sorry and sympathetic, and shocked at Kate's perfidy. She had always sided with Paul in the many

talks she had had with her cousin about him, admired his letters (considerately exhibited to her) and wondered at Kate's cruelty and coquetry. Kate laughed at her reprehensions, regarding them in the light of compliments, and thinking her a good-natured but very simple girl—of course her inferior in accomplishments and understanding. She was not the only person who has patronized her betters and plumed herself on her own selfishness, mistaking it for strength of character.

[To be continued.]

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

I ask the common question, "What is THE INDEX without Abbot?" True, I can see that the paper could be run; that another might edit it, and that the enterprise could possibly be carried forward with a degree of success. But that is not what we want. THE INDEX has grown up around and out of Abbot. It is his offspring, and we want to see him conduct it to its manhood, at least. That thought is primary, and should modify and control all else. I feel sure that no mere divergence of opinion as to the business management should displace Mr. Abbot from the position of master of THE INDEX. We want him there, and no one else.

But the case as now presented is involved in difficulties. Let us see if there is not a short cut out of them.

I set aside at once all speculation looking to a compromise. Nothing can be patched up that will hold together better than the experiment just tried, which has so signally failed. I propose then that THE INDEX be transferred, body and soul, back to Mr. Abbot. Let him have it; let him own it; let him assume the responsibility and conduct it. To whom does it belong if not to him?

I take for granted, of course, that no one of all the present company of stockholders has any speculative pecuniary interest in the concern. They took stock in the idea Mr. Abbot pledged his paper should represent. They desired to help him and not themselves to run a paper. This being the case, I doubt not all concerned would cheerfully waive any claim for funds already paid in, and the greater part would pledge themselves to contribute their yearly ten per cent. payments as a donation, assuming no other responsibility. I respectfully and earnestly commend this suggestion to the consideration of the stockholders. If they would at once signify their disposition in the matter to THE INDEX, and let their communications promptly appear there, it seems to me that the true solution of the vexed question could be speedily and satisfactorily arrived at.

Besides those who are already subscribers to the stock, there are many I doubt not who would be glad to contribute smaller or larger sums, according to their means. I have heard of some who declined to take stock because they would not make themselves liable for the debts of the concern. Here is a chance for all such to act, and set their own limit to their responsibility. Towards such a fund which shall place THE INDEX entirely in Mr. Abbot's hands, with means to run it, I will contribute \$100, to be paid in yearly instalments of \$25 each.

Boston, March 26, 1873.

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- PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. April, 1873. New York: SAMUEL R. WELLS.
- THE CINCINNATI MEDICAL ADVANCE. March, 1873. T. P. WILSON, M. D., General Editor. Cincinnati: EVERETT W. FISH, M. D., Publisher.

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The Index.

APRIL 5, 1873.

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 VOTSEY (England), Prof. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England),
 Rev. MONCURE D. CONWAY (England), FRANCIS E. ARBOT,
 Editorial Contributors.

A CARD.

Under existing circumstances, it is thought best to reduce THE INDEX temporarily to its former size. At the meeting of the Board of Directors on March 13th, it was voted that "the editor be instructed to get released from his engagements with paid contributors to the extent of \$1500;" and this action not only renders impossible the fulfilment of the promises made to the public in the "Prospectus of THE INDEX for 1873," but also defeats the chief object of the recent enlargement of the paper; namely, the securing of contributions from as many as possible of the best minds in the radical ranks. Whether this object can ever again be realized or not, will depend upon the action of the stockholders of the Index Association at their Annual Meeting early in June. Meanwhile we solicit the kind indulgence of the subscribers to the paper, in the hope that it may speedily be restored to its former dimensions.

A. E. MACOMBER, } Executive Committee
 F. E. ARBOT, } of the
 Index Association.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All letters sent to this office should be directed to "Drawer 38." This is the only post-office drawer which THE INDEX or the Index Association is responsible for. Any other direction of letters would take them into somebody's private drawer. In addressing the business department, write "Business Manager of INDEX, Drawer 38;" or the editorial department, write "Editor of INDEX, Drawer 38."

A. E. MACOMBER, } Executive Committee
 F. E. ARBOT, } of the
 Index Association.

We have on hand many communications for THE INDEX, some of which are quite valuable. We hope to be able to use all these before long, and in the meantime ask the patience of the writers.

We trust that no true friend of THE INDEX will, in this emergency, withdraw his support in any way from the paper. Rather continue it with unabated and even increased measure, in the great hope that all will yet be well.

Let not any enemies of free religion triumph in their anticipation of the downfall of THE INDEX. The sun of THE INDEX has not yet set! Only a few clouds at present obscure its brightness. We believe it will yet shine forth with rays strong and increasingly mighty, to pierce the fog-banks of superstition and error and melt them all away. If not THE INDEX, then it will be something else to do this. The cause cannot spare—it will not spare—either the journal or the man!

Mrs. C. A. Dall, of Boston, writes us that Mr. Morse, in referring to her three lectures recently delivered before the Second Radical Club, did her injustice in attributing to her the use of certain sharp language in reference to particular opinions and the holders of them. She says that before beginning her lectures she remarked: "I am not going to criticize individuals, and if I find it anywhere asserted that I have, I shall be both grieved and astonished." It is enough that so brave, faithful, and efficient a reformer as Mrs. Dall is and long has been should strive only to be candid, just, and truthful, without taking to herself any anxiety if others think she has been severe in her statements. The public have no business to overhaul and blinder the honest reformer, with demands for apologies, every time he squarely levels his words at their falsities and follies. Let those flutter who are hit. Knowledge, veracity, and sincerity,—these only have we a right to require of the public teacher; and these we are sure cannot be denied to our friend Mrs. Dall.

THE WORTH OF AN IDEAL.

Life is poor without a grand ideal hanging like a star in its highest heaven. Without that, half the inspiration possible to us never comes. Without that, the deep significance of life fails to appear. The "new birth" consists in getting sight of the ideal that overshines and outflashes the actual. When once seen, the universe wears a new face, existence becomes a divine boon, the soul swells with high desires, destiny waits on our steps, the mortal becomes immortal!

No service so signal can be rendered to any young man or woman, by any teacher, philosopher, friend, or guide, as to cause to rise on the horizon of their life a thought, an idea, a vision, which changes the entire ordinary course of their living and lifts all their hopes and plans and aims to a higher level. In New England, thirty years ago, Ralph Waldo Emerson did this for the young men of that day, and Margaret Fuller did it for the young women. It was a new gospel these two great souls preached—a gospel which the churches somehow seemed wholly unqualified to produce. New England owes a large part of its very best culture, intellectual and spiritual, to the influence which streamed from these radiant minds. The idealism which they taught was the deep blush of conscious soul mantling the cheek of hard Puritan theology and Yankee worldliness. A sweeter, purer, nobler life found its fountain-head in the inspiration they felt and gave, which has flowed out into the country through many channels all these years since.

And to-day we need a revival of true idealism, which shall not be vague and misty, but which shall take the hand of truescence and walk into the minds and hearts of our people. A so-called "revival of religion" does not answer; we want a revival of intelligence, a revival of conscience, a revival of desire for the best possible thought and life. We want an ideal which the churches are too effete to generate and too contracted to contain; an ideal which shall re-fashion all our institutions, infusing into them a purer spirit and a nobler aim.

But when we have opened our eyes on such an ideal, we must be faithful to it if we would keep it. Some there are—many indeed, we trust—who have caught a glimpse of the real Better and Best, who are striving to attain to these, to develop the perfect out of their imperfect. But it is a slow and difficult work. There are many things to hinder and to obstruct. The world moves tardily towards the brighter age; truth finds the walls of error thick, and reason discovers that superstition and folly are long-lived foes. Men disappoint us with whom we had coöperated and in whom we had put high faith; causes for which we had earnestly labored and freely sacrificed languish and threaten to fall on our hands; exigencies and crises occur which demand of us, even in the face of discouragement, greater toil and larger sacrifice and further commitment of vital hopes and interests. Altogether we are sometimes led to say: "What boots it thus to try to right wrongs, to correct errors, to straighten out entanglements, to advance the cause of truth and right? Why fly in the face of the world's obstinacy and stupidity and folly and selfishness; why not conform, or let alone, or retire?"

But there is the ideal over-shining the actual! That shames us if we are false and unfaithful! We must be true to that, or where is our self-respect, our honor, our integrity, our manhood? Rich we can never be with the poor actual; poor we can never be with the rich ideal. Content and happy will we be, though lonely and shunned, though over-clouded by defeat and disaster, if we have been constant to the right and loyal to the highest revealed to us. Let us not lose our faith and courage too easily. Let our disappointment go not one step in advance of the hard facts, to apprehend something worse beyond. Let rather our trust stand on tip-toe peering over the rim of evil, full of expectancy to see the on-coming good. If there is a God, he surely sides with the right; and his side wins. But God or no God, the Universe at least is honest and sound at heart; its laws are full of integ-

rity and cannot be broken: no bad man can wrest them to his bad mind. The Ideal is above the actual. Let it ever invite, allure, and command us!

LIBERAL LEAGUES.

It is not from any lack of sympathy with the Liberal League movement that the Editor of THE INDEX has decided for the present to omit the article headed "Organize," hitherto kept standing on the first page. Many reasons render this course advisable, and I entirely concur with him in this as in other matters. In accordance with his wish, however, I hope to prevent the subject of Liberal organization from falling out of notice, believing as I do that organization is the one thing now most necessary to the progress of the radical cause. The present movement is spreading far more widely than is indicated by the brief list of Leagues hitherto reported to THE INDEX.

For instance, Mr. E. G. Blaisdell, of Vineland, New Jersey, has just enclosed to me a copy of a printed Call, signed by thirty-one citizens of the place, summoning a "Mass Meeting of the Liberals of Vineland" to convene in Plum Street Hall on March 25; and he adds: "We shall undoubtedly organize upon the basis of your 'Demands of Liberalism,' and adopt the Constitution which you propose, with slight modifications. You will perhaps recognize Mr. and Mrs. Bristol as old friends in your cause, as old subscribers at least; and we hope to bring all our best citizens of Vineland into full accord with your noble and earnest appeal." The Call is excellently framed, and declares that "it behooves all those who profess liberal sentiments, whether Unitarians, Rationalists, Materialists, Spiritualists, or any and all persons of whatsoever shade of belief, constituting the liberal wing of religionists, to organize their forces for the protection of these [religious] rights."

So also Miss J. E. Udell reports a similar movement in Andover, Ohio. A card in the Andover Enterprise states that "in many places the people are arousing themselves and forming Leagues and Sub-Leagues." At the Universalist Church in that town, on February 22, after a lecture by Miss Udell, twenty names were taken at once as members of a League; and a county convention was summoned to meet at Jefferson on March 12, at which the following officers were elected: President, W. H. Crowell; Vice President, J. E. Curtis; Secretary, A. Giddings; Treasurer, E. Wood; Executive Committee, L. B. Crowell, M. A. Giddings, and D. D. Holmes.

Mr. Hudson Tuttle, one of the most influential Spiritualists of the country, writes to me that in Milan, Ohio, where he has lectured for five years, "last Sunday [March 23] several of the most earnest founded a Liberal League with every prospect of success. The deepest interest is manifested, and the hall is filled as never before. The people are awaking to the great danger which threatens freedom of thought." In my opinion the Spiritualists deserve especial credit for their promptness and activity in this movement. When men of so unsectarian a spirit as Mr. Tuttle engage in it, there is no danger that excessive zeal for a special belief will interfere with the breadth and liberality which are essential to success.

In numerous papers, in all parts of the country, I see evidences of the rapid spread of the movement, and I do not doubt that many others fail to come to my notice. It would be a great favor if local friends of organization should send me marked copies of all articles bearing on this subject. It would be also a great favor if lists of officers should be promptly sent in the case of every new League that is formed.

I will close this little article with the following wise words contained in a recent note from Mr. Edward M. Davis, of Philadelphia, one of the most active and best known radicals of the land: "How can people think there is no danger from the idolaters of our country, when they are so many, are so well organized, have so many churches, so much money, and for the sake of their idea of Jesus—an idea held in common by them—will sink all differences? There is danger, and much of it, from our want of organization."

F. E. A.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The grandest temple of the Israelites in the United States being in want of an English preacher the better to meet the needs of the congregation that assemble within its vast walls, and having sought in vain for some months, a member of the Board of Trustees (if that be the name given to the body in authority) proposed, as a candidate at a recent meeting, the name of a radical preacher,—a free religious man, of local reputation. Whether the suggestion was made in sincerity or in sarcasm, the maker of it alone knows. It seems to have excited neither indignation nor scorn. The chairman very properly declined to entertain it, or present it to the assembled voters, on the sufficient ground that none but an Israelite in faith could officiate as minister in a Jewish temple; and there the matter ended.

But need it end there? The radical Jews are pure theists; and their theism has been almost wholly detached from the mechanical monotheism of the ancient Hebrews. It is as simple and rational as theism can be and retain its substance as an instituted faith. They have set aside most of the ceremonial law, if not all of it; they dispense with technical usages so far that mere shreds and remnants of them are left; they interpret the Scriptures rationally; in their worship the men and women sit together in pews; the use of the Hebrew language is quite incidental in the temple service and is likely soon to be dropped entirely, seeing that it is no longer taught to the children in families and is unintelligible to many of the adults. The radical Jews are connected with their ancestral Judaism by a thread of tradition alone, and that thread is rapidly wearing away by the friction of numberless causes that operate to bring the Israelites into practical sympathy with American civilization and with modern society. Efforts are making among them to abolish the few visible distinctions that remain to separate the Jewish from the Christian community. Even so fundamental a point as the abolition of the Hebrew Sabbath is seriously entertained, and the expediency of observing the Christian Sunday is discussed,—not solely or chiefly on economical grounds, as allowing another day for business, but on general considerations of fellowship with the people whose religious customs prevail in the community. There is a strong dislike of being thought peculiar in things external which is shared by those hitherto regarded as especially peculiar, the people who have been known by their peculiarities; and this feeling is multiplying agreements and diminishing the number of disagreements even in grave matters.

The majority of Jews in this country—certainly in New York—are Germans; but they do not wish to be distinguished as German Jews. The distinction is not socially to their advantage, and many of them are willing to let incidentals go, and are not disposed to increase the list of peculiarities which act as barriers between them and their fellow-citizens. Hence the desire to have an English as well as German preacher in the temple just referred to.

Now what a fine thing it would be, what a splendid innovation, for the worshippers in the temple to declare themselves, what virtually they are—a company of theists; to cut the already invisible cord that binds them nominally to Judaism, and to institute theism as a system of faith in the heart of New York! Nothing but sincerity would seem to be needed for its accomplishment. Superstition has been outgrown. There is no cumbrous theology to be discarded. The rites are already attenuated to the last degree. The idea, the purified idea, remains. Not a step would have to be taken; only the steps that have been taken would have to be acknowledged, and their logical sequences allowed. Then the venerable mother, with fresh garments and a renewed youth, would step on in advance of her slow-footed child and gather into her bosom new generations.

Such a movement as this would command the hearty sympathy and the active coöperation of a great body of people who, having cast off the Christian faith, retain their allegiance

to a faith. The Free Religious men are not the only ones who would hail such a movement with joy as answering to a great need, a bridging over an awkward chasm, and as leading boldly into a new land of promise a multitude ready and anxious to leave their Egyptian bondage. Let advanced Jews discard their Judaism—and carry their institution into new territory. There are intelligent and earnest men enough who have discarded Christianity to join them in maintaining a noble theism—that, being neither Hebrew nor Christian, but human, will satisfy the reason and dignify the worship of the best minds. There is no living preacher of a free religion who would not feel honored by an invitation to minister in a temple consecrated to such a faith. The points on which rational believers, whether of Jewish or Christian antecedents, agree are not only more numerous than the points on which they differ, but they are more cardinal. All others in fact are incidental. Each class can give something to the other. Each can give up something for the sake of unity. The chest behind the speaker's desk will hold all the bibles; so that the old one of the Hebrews will be in goodly company, and in fresh regard by modern people will find compensation for the hospitality it exercises. The old faith will furnish for the new a historical basis; the new faith will supply the old with modern life.

O. B. F.

"GO, AND SIN NO MORE."

The story of Jesus and the woman taken in adultery, as all scholars know, is an interpolation in the text. As it is found in only one of the Gospels, and not in the oldest manuscripts of that Gospel, there is no reason for believing that the event as recorded ever happened. Still, the majority of Christians accept it as gospel truth, as genuine and authoritative as the Sermon on the Mount. Illustrations of the event, of the persecuting crowd, the compassionate Jesus, and the humiliated, perhaps penitent woman at his feet, hang up in conspicuous places in hundreds of Christian homes; while these magic words are daily used to shut the mouths of merciless condemners of men through all Christendom, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." We are told that if this story is not, strictly speaking, "gospel," that it is good enough to pass as such; and that after all we may believe that it is not improbable that somewhere, sometime, Jesus did say something like these words to somebody. Well, grant it are they altogether wise words?

Ought he not to have condemned her? Is adultery such a light offence that we should simply dismiss the offender—man or woman—with a gentle, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more"? Is not such amiable treatment of criminals weakness rather than wisdom? Jesus was not called upon to condemn her to be stoned to death according to the laws of Moses; that power belonged alone to the civil judge. Perhaps, too, there were palliating circumstances in that special case, which made such tender treatment politic and wise. But looking at it from the standpoint of a modern judge trying the case of a modern adulteress, we should say that it would have been wiser if Jesus had rebuked the woman for her great sin; had condemned her, and then turned to the Pharisees and denounced the extreme severity of their laws against adultery. But he simply said to the woman: "I do not condemn thee; go and sin no more." And for aught we know she danced off to join her sisters in the "thrifty vice," singing over her good luck at her last escape, and fully resolved, not to reform—oh no!—but to look out sharp for the police next time.

And there seems a good deal of romance in the other part of the story. The Pharisees, it is said, were "convicted by their conscience," when he said to them: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast the stone at her." Some of them were rakes, perhaps; but were they all guilty of adultery? His answer was admirably adapted to teach others mercy and compassion in dealing with such criminals, but it taught them also to let go scot free everybody, unless they could find somebody "without sin" to in-

flict the deserved punishment. Was there nobody in that crowd sensible enough to reply: "I am not sinless; but I have yet to learn that a man must be perfect before he can condemn a woman taken in adultery. My duty now is to vindicate the law, and I am prepared to do so." We think the Pharisees with some show of reason might have condemned Jesus for letting an adulteress go so entirely uncondemned.

And we have often wondered why Jesus did not make some inquiries about the man taken in adultery. He seems to have overlooked him, as too many do to-day. We can condemn the woman severely enough perhaps; turn her into the streets and drive her into the brothel, and then drop a tear of pity for the poor "unfortunate;" but the man—we can make him a general, send him abroad as foreign minister to represent us, invite him to dine with us, permit him to dance with our wife and marry our daughter, and if anybody raises a stone, cry out, "Hold! 'he that is without sin, let him first cast the stone.'"

We think it high time that our judges and juries began to cast a few stones. What do the prostitutes or libertines, the swindlers in Congress and out of it, the bank defaulters, railroad robbers, and murderers care for your sentimental appeal to "go, and sin no more"? Just nothing at all! What this age needs, in place of such mushy sentiment, is justice that executes the law against offenders, and, as Heine said of his enemies, will "forgive them not till after they are hung." Not that we approve of hanging; we think it is, as John Wilkes once said, "the worst use a man can be put to." But we would punish criminals by stoning them to death; that is, by casting them inside of stone-walls, and compelling them to earn their bread and help pay the taxes of the State,—and, we are tempted to say, by taking away the pardoning prerogative of presidents and governors. All that our great criminals fear is punishment. They are perfectly willing to be forgiven. They will bow their heads submissively to your awful sentence of "go, and sin no more;" and then go about their regular business of robbing banks and cutting throats, and thanking God that this is a free country where every man has a right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and one man is just as good as another. But let Stokes, with his brandy and cigars, receiving the sympathy of all the "go-and-sin-no-more" sort of people, know that "killing men with intent to murder" is not exactly the right and proper thing in a Christian community, but a crime whose penalty is death,—and we think that the Stokeses and Fosters will not enjoy the pastime of using men for marks to fire at, or rapping them over the heads with car-books. Thanks to Gov. Dix that he has got some sense as well as sentiment, and has some mercy for society and respect for law! It is well to temper justice with mercy, but not well to take all the temper out of justice in doing it.

W. H. S.

We allow "Voices of THE INDEX Constituency" to be heard in our "Communication" department, because we think they have an especial right of expression at this time, when matters are occurring in which they have so vital an interest.

Rabbi Isaacs, of the Forty-Fourth Street Synagogue, in New York, claims to have married 812 couples within the last thirty-five years; not one of which marriages he says was "mixed"—un-Christian every one of them. And, moreover, he says, not one of these couples has ever been divorced. The lesson of this is that marriages which are not Christian, and not "mixed," are quite apt to be permanent.

The N. Y. Herald of March 23 says: "Our latest news is to the effect that Christianity, by an imperial edict, has been promulgated throughout the empire of Japan." This Christianity includes of course the doctrines of the trinity, vicarious atonement, original sin, total depravity, and everlasting punishment. Can we feel very glad that these superstitions have been "promulgated" to our Japanese brethren? In just so far as they receive them, their civilization will be darkened and hindered.

LONDON LETTER.

REV. STOPFORD BROOKE ON THE POET SHELLEY.

LONDON, March 1, 1873.

The Rev. Stopford Brooke, well known as the able and sympathetic biographer of the late F. W. Robertson, is just now exciting considerable attention, and not a little astonishment, by a series of discourses given in his church on Sunday afternoons, upon "Theology in English Poets." The poet whom he has been considering in the last two Sundays was Shelley, and he is to give a third to the same remarkable character. The phenomenon of a clergyman of the Church of England dealing with an atheistic poet, of the extreme heresy brought into the proximity of lawn sleeves, was one that I could not allow to pass unexamined; and so I went to St. James' Chapel, whose congregation is one of the most aristocratic in London, to hear what such a man could make of such a subject. They who are altogether unacquainted with the mind and character of Stopford Brooke may anticipate that poor "mad Shelley"—as his fellow pupils at Eton used to call him—was held up as a bogey, and his sad life, his virtual exile from his native country, his sadder end, were recalled as an instance of the divine judgment upon atheism. How could fire and water—the sea that drowned him, the pyre upon which all of him was burned save that "cor cordium" above which heretical pilgrims hang their chaplets at Rome—purify the name of one who detested the Christian religion? But if any who helped to make up the thoughtful and attentive company which filled Mr. Brooke's church anticipated a piece of unctuous denunciation, they must have been surprised as well as disappointed. The preacher, who has a well-merited fame for eloquence, is a very handsome man of about forty. His look and manner indicate the gentleman and scholar preponderant over the clergyman, before he has opened his lips. He reads his prayers from a little card prepared for the Lent services, and I must confess reads them in a rather wooden way, his voice never rising or falling. The first time that I hear any tone coming from any deep place in the man, is when he reads the lesson, which so touchingly relates the purchase of Macpelah by Abraham as a place for the burial of his dead; here the voice, with its simple and artfully-artless expression, conveyed the full pathos of the little oriental scene. But when from the desk and the lectionary the preacher ascended to the pulpit, he became transformed. There, without taking a text of any kind, without any Bible or Prayer-book dangling the chain by which they held him, he passed at once into communion with the lofty human spirit whom he evoked from his storm-tossed era and set before us in radiant reality. The speaker's manner is most charming. He makes but few gestures with hand or arm, and those of the simplest; for he needs none, with his voice that subtly vibrates with every emotion which fills him, and an eye that passes through every shade, from the almost azure light which beams with the contemplation of a fine poetic idea, to the dark flash with which he opens an abyss for meanness and selfishness. When excited, his voice does not rise, rather it is lowered; his arms do not move, they are even more still; but there is a nervous quivering and quickening of speech, a moving of the head suddenly to one side, as if he saw something in his manuscript too awful to read, or as if the cool reflections in the study had failed to write there any adequate statement of the picture or feeling now controlling him.

The particular discourse to which I propose to devote this letter was introduced with a singular statement concerning Shelley's "personal morality." How can an atheist have any personal morality? The speaker anticipated the question. Shelley was, he declared, in his later life, and so far as he chose to define his belief, rather an ideal pantheist; and, whatever ignorance or bigotry may say, pantheism is not atheism. But even supposing him an atheist, there is no proof that immorality is necessarily linked to atheism. Whether morality follows belief in a God depends upon the character of the God believed in. Belief in the God of some people may tend to immorality,—in a God, for example, who has elected some of us to be saved for his own glory, which leads directly to selfish isolation from mankind; and to believe in a God who has elected others for eternal torment is to trample justice, love, and truth in the dust. Neither theist nor Christian ought to be thought of as moral merely because of a confession of a belief in God. The converse is equally true; the atheist is not immoral merely because he does not confess to belief in a God. At the same time I hold, said the preacher, that the belief in God as a Father, absolutely good, is the strongest and most lasting impulse to morality, particularly as it involves a sense of relationship to our fellow-men. "We converse of God as the Father, Educator, and Lover of all men without exception, and of all men as his sons—unable to divide them-

selves from him. That conception at once establishes between us and all men the relationship of brothers and of a communion which is bound to be a self-devoting and loving one. It lays a glorious foundation for social, national, and international morality. It intensifies all mutual duties by sending into them the spiritual force of love, and it connects them all with an eternal source of love, which bestows on them the bloom of immortal hope." Shelley could have accepted this faith and kept intact all his ideas as to the moral regeneration of man; but not accepting it he was not thereby immoral. The godless philosophies of man supply almost every motive that the Christian philosophy supplies towards morality; they are eminently reasonable; they do not despise but encourage self-devotion; they too exalt love to the race into the loftiest place as an impulse to morality. As Lord Bacon says: "Atheism leaves to man reason, philosophy, natural piety, laws, reputation, and everything that can serve to conduct him to virtue."

At the same time, the preacher believed that the theoretical atheist is insensibly influenced by the idea of a God under which he is born; and if that idea were utterly blotted out there would follow a gradual lowering of the morality of the race. Then passing to Shelley he described him as surrounded by a general belief that he was immoral while he was not, and was denounced with every opprobrious epithet. This sort of thing never threw him into the immoral life in which Byron took pleasure. After he had poured out a few hot lines of wrath he forgave his enemies, and his life was lived in harmony with a gentle and noble ideal; and with the intensest desire to fulfil his mission for the good and progress of man. At this point Mr. Brooke launched out into a vigorous arraignment of the statute against atheists, demanding that the law should be purged of anything so untrue and unjust. Though obsolete in men's thoughts, the law is by no means obsolete in practice. And if an atheist is entirely conscientious, and will not take an oath in the name of God in a court, he is to his grievous loss put beyond the protection of the law. It seems to me shocking, said the preacher, that such a thing should exist. Christianity needs to be clear of such a wrong.

I must reluctantly deprive your readers of much that was exalted and powerful in Mr. Brooke's discourse; and I have had, especially, to omit much interesting criticism upon this poet and his poetry, deeming the general philosophy of the speaker of greater importance. I conclude with a passage in which that philosophy is blended with a very important and noble estimate of Shelley. The way the poet reaches the perception of the moral virtues, said the preacher, is different from that of the philosopher. The latter reaches them through reason, and Shelley attained that in an unfinished treatise. The former reaches them through emotion, and Shelley reached them through love of man. That was the first thing in his nature, and it was felt with all the strength and all the weakness that belonged to him. It was given form to by the French Revolution, and the form it took was the doctrine of equality. All men were to be equal and free, and, because loving one another as brothers, to be freed from law. To proclaim that good news, he dedicated all his powers. But he did not, like a political philosopher, adopt it because it commended itself to his reason; he made it his own because the idea moved his whole being with the same life-giving, life-moving passion that the breath of spring bestows upon the woods. And then out of it, as goddesses rising from the sea, there arose for his worship—Justice, who bears the light for love, so that the equal rights of men are supported and their equal duties balanced; Truth, so that Wisdom might grow among all men, and with wide-spread wisdom, wide-spread freedom; Purity, so that none should injure others; Forgiveness of injuries, so that man's freedom might remain unstained with blood; Fortitude, Endurance, for these, in nobly bearing woe and wrong, wrought out deliverance from wrong for men; Obedience to Fate, however sore its blows, not in blind submission as a bound to its master, but in indestructible belief in the final victory of good (good always being conceived as greater than that which men call fate); Hatred of all evil, or rather hatred passing into infinite pity for all evil persons, mingled with stern resolution for the pitiless destruction of the evil in them. When out of this long, intense rapture of desire and hope for the equal blessedness of all had arisen the great moral powers of the human heart, and taken up their thrones in the palace of Shelley's heart, he bound them all into one, and—reaching the same point as he reached when he thought of that idea which men call God—named them Love, and said: "Love is the law which shall govern the moral world."

I am sure that it will require no comment from me to impress your readers with the phenomenal and important character that must attach to a discourse such as I have so imperfectly described, delivered by a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, on Sunday, and in his own pulpit.

M. D. C.

Communications.

VOICES FROM THE INDEX CONSTITUENCY.

DETROIT, March 25, 1873.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir,—As one deeply interested in THE INDEX, I cannot forbear expressing my extreme disappointment at the course pursued by the directors at the late meeting which resulted in the resignation of Mr. Abbot. To me that is the end of THE INDEX, and I say it in no disrespect to those true and able men associated with Mr. Abbot therein. It must be remembered that the paper grew around this man, not that the man was called to the paper.

I believe I express the sentiments of every stockholder in Detroit, when I say that the subscriptions were made solely because the paper was a means of making public Mr. Abbot's ideas. The subscribers here had and still have faith in his heart and his head, and wish the paper to be a vehicle for the expression of both,—not under the supervision or direction, in any particular, of Mr. Butts, or Mr. Cone, or Mr. Bateson, or Mr. Bissell, or any one else. Had the first mentioned of the above-named gentlemen stated, when soliciting subscriptions to stock in THE INDEX in this city, that the paper would be so managed that, in the event of a difference of opinion as to its policy, existing between himself and Mr. Abbot, the latter would have to give way provided he (Butts) could get two or three or even a dozen to side with him, he would not on such a statement have received a dollar, but would certainly have been informed that, so far as the paper was a means of expression for Mr. Abbot, we took an interest in it and no farther; and that while Mr. Butts might be both able and wise we did not know it, and were desirous of giving an opportunity to another man whom we did know to express publicly his thoughts, which are believed to be valuable, on matters we deemed important.

The investments in INDEX stock were not made with a view to pecuniary return. They were made for the furtherance of ideas not supposed to be popular, and for the support of a paper on a plan which of necessity would place money-making as a secondary consideration. It would seem to me that the signers of the business card in the last issue of THE INDEX had reversed this order, and thereby defeated for a time at least the purpose and aim of the paper, and violated the implied conditions on which the stock subscriptions were obtained. Against such action I emphatically protest.

Yours very truly,
T. T. IVINS.

NEW YORK, March 22, 1873.

TO THE "ACTING EDITOR" OF THE INDEX:

The undersigned, contributors to the fund of the Index Association, have read with the deepest regret the action of a minority of its Board of Directors, at their recent meeting of the 13th of March.

The name of Mr. F. E. Abbot is so indissolubly connected in our minds with THE INDEX, that the one without the other seems to be an anomaly. Our subscriptions were made solely upon the bona fide understanding that they would be under the personal control of Mr. Abbot; and if his forced withdrawal from the paper should be final, we should most unwillingly consider ourselves bound by them, and should strongly object to the payment of any further instalments.

We therefore hasten to protest against that action of the Board on the 13th instant, and deem especially worthy of censure their refusal to pass the reasonable resolution of Mr. Abbot asking that the matter might be deferred until it could be laid before a meeting of the entire Board.

We still hope that the resolutions referred to may be reconsidered, by a full Board, and that the talent and integrity of Mr. Abbot may be restored to their connection with THE INDEX.

E. CHRISTERN,
A. HALL,
E. BOCK.

BOSTON, March 24, 1873.

MR. A. W. STEVENS:

Dear Sir,—It is difficult to sit quietly under the outrage to Mr. Abbot; and I believe that his forced retirement, beside being an outrage to him personally, will remove from THE INDEX its chief attraction. I believe with you that when he goes "go also the central intellectual life and light of this journal, that which has given to it its chief power and influence as a great, brave, invincible organ and exponent of radical ideas and convictions; and without him I do not expect or hope that it will continue to be what it unquestionably has been with him." Can nothing be done to recall him? Is there no way in which you can call a special meeting of the Association? I believe that nine-tenths of the shareholders in the Association will be on Mr. Abbot's side.

Very truly in haste,
HENRY K. OLIVER, M. D.

The Christians of this world of ours have from the very earliest period exhibited a peculiar capacity for getting along inharmoniously, which seems to augur ill for the success of heaven as a communistic experiment, and to discredit the possibility of the sunrise of the Millennium ever being seen of mortal eye. One of the latest instances of rival sects

fighting like devils for conciliation, hating each other for the love of God, is reported from Vermont. In a town in the southern part of the State, the Methodists and Universalists united in building a church, which the former denomination should occupy in the morning and the latter in the evening. The church was completed, and all went pleasantly for some weeks, till, one fine Sunday morning, the Universalist asked his Methodist brother to announce that the sermon that evening would be on the subject of "The Death of the Devil." The latter—that is the Methodist clergyman—disgusted at this summary taking-off of a Scriptural character exceedingly useful to Orthodox believers as a boggy to frighten sinners into heaven, made the announcement, with a postscript that the occasion would be a somewhat peculiar one, since the funeral sermon of the father was to be preached by the son. The Universalist assigned the disciple of Wesley to the place which, according to Universalism, has no existence; the congregations entered zealously into the dispute, the arm of the law was invoked, the church is about up, a first class suit is in progress, and the only persons who are profiting by the squabble are the lawyers. The Table-Talker is of opinion, therefore, that, if the devil is dead, he has left to those popularly accredited as his sons a rich legacy in the matter of prospective costs and fees.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A more or less worthy Scotch wife was remonstrated with by her minister for her habit of beating her husband. She explained that her husband's conduct was not at all what it ought to be. The minister recommended kindness and forgiveness, enjoined her no more to use her flats and nails, but to "heap coals of fire upon his head." "Well, minister," replied the now enlightened wife, "since you say so, I'll try the coals; but I may tell you that two or three kettles of boiling water has wrought no improvement."

A little four-year old beset his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked. "Don't you see how busy I am baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charley, won't you have a pie?' That would be funny for you!"

An old lady gave this as her idea of a good man: "One who is keener of his clothes, don't drink aperite, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on wash-day without grumbling."

THE STATEMENT OF THE

Directors of the Index Association, concerning their controversy with the late editor has been published and a copy mailed to each of the stockholders. If not promptly received, it will be mailed on application. This statement will be mailed to any subscriber of THE INDEX on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

The undersigned has prepared a more complete and detailed statement, expelling the real cause of these troubles, which will also be sent with the above, on application, and stamp to pay postage.

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All cheques, drafts, and post office money orders, should be made payable to "THE INDEX ASSOCIATION." No responsibility is assumed for the loss of money or neglect in the fulfillment of orders, unless these directions are STRICTLY COMPLIED WITH.

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[FOR THE INDEX.]

The Controversy between Religion and Science.

BY PROF. F. W. CLARKE, OF BOSTON.

From time immemorial, science and religion have seemed to be at war; and thus far science has steadily advanced. Theologians have abandoned many positions which they once deemed essential. To-day, a man may be looked upon as Orthodox, and yet reject the traditions of a literal six days creation, a universal deluge, and a miraculous stoppage of the sun. The great battles at present are over the theories of evolution, the inviolate regularity of natural law, and the differences between mind and matter.

But in spite of the defeats already experienced, many theologians are still pugnaciously inclined. A new theory broached in the scientific world is to their minds a challenge; and, too often without waiting to examine and understand, they run full tilt against it. And they find their chief justification in the statement that material science is universally materialistic in its philosophy, and therefore opposed to all true religion.

Of late years, however, the opinion has generally gained ground that science has nothing to do with religion; that the two travel in entirely distinct paths; or rather, since all truth is one, that they are like the two poles of a magnet, necessary to each other, and yet mutually repulsive. This view is partly correct, but only in part. For example, it is a fundamental question whether mind and matter are distinct and separate entities, or merely different manifestations of one essence. It is plain that before the controversy can be reasonably settled, the evidence of matter must be taken. Matter has much to do in adjusting the balance of probabilities. Physiology can at least say whether, in face of the facts which it is her province to establish, it is possible for an immortal soul to exist; although by admitting the possibility of such an existence she need not commit herself to a belief in it. More than this; supposing the existence of a soul to be clearly demonstrated, even then, although material science may not be able to interpret the laws to which it is subject, she must certainly be consulted in discussing the relations between that soul and the physical universe. All phenomena must be considered before valid conclusions can be reached.

Now, in order that we may understand some of the causes of the clashing between ecclesiastics and men of science, let us look at the various classes of minds with whom the latter have to deal. To begin with, we find in every community, through all grades of society, many persons who are by nature doubters. In spite of interests, friendships, and associations, notwithstanding that they may have been trained from childhood to believe in the wickedness of unbelief, they find themselves unable to accept extraordinary dogmas through mere faith in authority, and question vigorously, though perhaps silently, every doctrine which the churches have to offer. The first misgivings strengthen into doubts, and these receive accretions from many sources. The doubter, whose thoughts have made him to himself both sphinx and victim in one, goes, perhaps, in the first flush of his scepticism, to the churches, hoping that all his difficulties may be plausibly explained. There he sees bigotry and hypocrisy in high places. He hears learned doctors, who profess belief in charity and brotherly love, wrangling like cats and dogs over the most insignificant questions. Blas-

phemy, masquerading in the garb of prayer, often falls upon his ear. Curses seem louder and more numerous than blessings. And he is threatened with damnation unless he believes with all his heart a dozen contradictory dogmas presented by as many different authorities. He continues to doubt, and no wonder. In his disgust he forgets the good which the churches have done, and overlooks the merit in them at the present day. Their faults seem to him too great to leave room for any virtue. He becomes misanthropic. Doubt develops into unbelief; which, like a weed, flourishes upon the weakest nourishment, yet exhausts the strongest soil. He begins with slight misgivings, and at last disbelieves everything. And then he seeks for absolute certainty, and for confirmation of his own ill-matured opinions, in natural science.

In most cases, the sceptic of this class, seeking to destroy his adversaries at a blow, rushes to the scientist with two or three direct questions. Among others he asks if there be a God, and if the soul is immortal; and demands square, unflinching answers—yes or no. If science does not at once affirm a certainty upon each question, her querist is apt to misconstrue her, and to assume that she utterly rejects all religious notions. But here he goes astray, for upon such points science affirms nothing. If she is unable to prove the existence of a personal Deity, she is equally unable to disprove it. She may furnish links in a chain of proof, or clews to a new evidence; but she proves nothing. She weighs the probabilities based upon material evidence alone, and cannot, at least upon these subjects, deal in certainties. But the human mind always construes doubtful or ambiguous evidence to the advantage of its own prejudices. The doubter, accordingly, turns from science with his doubts increased, but at the same time scolds her more cautious interpreters for their seeming timidity. Being unable to hold his judgment in suspense, he stands really in opposition to the true spirit of scientific research. He is arbitrary and careless, and takes things for granted upon the negative side, forgetting that negative as well as positive assumptions require proof. And yet he is needed to prevent stagnations. He prepares the way for truth, even when he brings none with him; for he clears away rubbish, undermines many superstitions, and forces people to think whether they will or not. But by his misrepresentations of science he becomes something of a nuisance to scientific men, who prefer to work cautiously, and reduce uncertainty to a minimum.

In direct opposition to these doubters, we find a large class of people who identify faith with credulity, and accept without discrimination whatever certain leaders or authorities may endorse. It is in this class that bigots are commonly found. Not but that there may be bigotry in excessive doubt, as well as in excessive belief; it is only more conspicuous in the latter. For the doubter has in most cases seceded from the credulous class, and, knowing the difficulties which he himself has had to encounter, is able to make allowances for the apparent faults of his antagonists. He, on the other hand, who has always believed unthinkingly, cannot appreciate the difficulties of his neighbor, and never having experienced doubt, knows not how to pardon that which seems to him to be a sin.

But the man who has never doubted has probably never thought.

Now these people commonly stand in a most comical attitude towards material science and rationalistic methods. Whenever either science or reason lends any confirmation to a pet dogma, they are praised to the skies, and their sayings are quoted far and wide as second only to inspiration. But if, on the contrary, they throw doubt upon a doctrine, no matter how unessential that doctrine may be, both science and reason are denounced as illusive, pernicious, and controlled by the Devil. For, strangely enough, these omni-believers fail to see that, if reason and science are essentially delusive, they are as likely to deceive in confirming as in overthrowing a dogma. This peculiarity of their minds becomes clearly manifest upon studying the history of science. A few centuries ago, when certain investigators called the attention of ecclesiastics to the fossil marine shells imbedded in the rocks on the tops of high mountains, their

observations were held to confirm the Biblical account of the Deluge, and the Almighty was praised for having preserved such unquestionable records. But when it was found that the petrifications were likely to bring discredit upon the Mosaic cosmogony, the churchmen turned to the right-about, and asserted that the seeming remains were not remains at all, but mere deceptions, invented by Satan to win men from the truth. Equal folly is sometimes displayed even at the present day. Plainly, however, one reason for this peculiarity of the ecclesiastical mind may be found in its tendency to confound that with theology which is quite foreign to its nature; for instance, cosmogony. Although theology may assert that the universe came from the hands of God, it can know little of the natural laws involved in its creation and development. Science, on the other hand, discovers these laws, finds history written in the objects and processes of Nature, and interprets God's methods accordingly.

But the chief cause of the divergence between the man of science and the theologian lies in the radically distinct methods of thought which they follow. Science deals wholly with the reason, submitting all problems to its tests; while theology gives a nebulous and ill-defined something called "faith" the pre-eminence, and makes it the final referee in every question of religious belief. But it seems easy to show that reason must take precedence of faith. For faith never exists except as faith in something; and one cannot put faith in anything until he has decided whether it is worthy of such confidence. You cannot put faith in God until you believe in his existence; and here, before faith can come into play, reason must give its decision. But there seems to be prevalent a total misconception of the nature of faith. Many religionists appear to look upon it as a definite entity by itself; whereas it is merely a peculiar attitude of the mind. It serves as a balance to the understanding, and keeps the latter from being too much troubled by perplexing uncertainties. It will aid no one to discover God, but through it those who have found him become better able to say, "Thy will be done." But it is with faith much as it is with virtue; the loudest boasters have the least.

Now many believe, especially among the more poorly educated of the clergy, guided, as they claim, by faith alone, and take it for granted that a certain church, creed, or book is infallible, and scarcely look, except in the most one-sided manner, for reasons for such belief. But if they cling to a church or book for no other reason than that it claims or has had claimed for it a Divine commission or direct inspiration, they are logically bound to accept every church and every book for which similar claims may be made. If the Bible is held sacred merely upon the strength of faith in authority or tradition, independently of historical or critical evidences, then the Zend Avesta, the Vedas, the Koran, and even the Book of Mormon, must be held sacred also. And as these books in many instances contradict each other, such a blind faith must necessarily lead into quagmires of doubt and uncertainty. But if, in accordance with the dictates of common sense, reason be first called in to decide upon the comparative merits of the various creeds and churches and Bibles, the final decision must be at least in some measure affected by the much decried uncertainties of reason, and the seeker after truth must remain as far as ever from an absolutely unquestionable starting-point. The trouble is that there are sources of uncertainty and of possible error present in every system of religious thought. That ecclesiastical method which ignores this truth merely stiffens its adherents. The scientific method, however, recognizing the uncertainty, strives to reduce it to a minimum; and, in consequence, the man of science has received many insults from the theologian, who is often inclined to throw stones regardless of his own windows.

It is very noticeable that one of the chief clerical objections to scientific conclusions is that they are in many cases uncertain and changeable. Now, having seen that uncertainties also beset the path of the theologian, let us compare them with those which stand in the way of the scientist. But, in passing, it may be well to

remember that science is essentially progressive, and that progress implies change. Life is constant change, of which death is the cessation. May not this be as true of churches as of men?

Looking first at natural science, we find that its leading duty is to study relations and to classify the knowledge so obtained. For purposes of classification, in order that large numbers of individual facts may be grouped into masses and conveniently handled, theories are devised; and these theories are continually undergoing revision. Perhaps not one of them is altogether faultless. Many of the clergy, who in general give but superficial attention to scientific matters, misled partly by their own carelessness and partly by the slovenliness which too often attaches to popular teachings, confound these theories with the facts which they symbolize; and, seeing the change in the former, attribute it to uncertainty concerning the latter. But in many, perhaps in most cases, the changes are due not to the invalidation of old discoveries, but to the addition of new ones. Thus, in chemistry, certain symbols are used to represent chemical operations. During the past quarter of a century, one system of these symbols has become practically obsolete, and another has taken its place. The old system was good nevertheless. It represented in convenient form the knowledge of its time. The new, however, includes the old, without denying it, and adds in a better and more intelligible form the later discoveries of the science. Indeed, scientific theories grow, much as trees do; and the full grown law no more invalidates its germinal hypotheses than the adult oak contradicts the seed from which it sprang into being. It is true, however, that incompetent men often seek to force wild speculations into scientific acceptance. But their hypotheses are no more to the discredit of science than the fanaticism of a Torquemada is to the dishonor of religion. A scientist may err, but so may a theologian. Is not error discreditable in both cases? But be this as it may, it is clearly the duty of the theological critic of natural science to distinguish carefully between mere speculations, well-based theories, and the facts of observation themselves. Without such discrimination his criticisms will be worthless.

In dealing with the facts which underlie scientific theories, it is found that most of them are of such a character that they can be re-observed and verified by any person of proper training. Now and then untrained investigators record observations which, having been carelessly made, are good for nothing. Even skillful observers sometimes fall into errors. But if the worthless observations seem to have any important bearings, many keen intellects are sure to examine them critically, and at once expose their faults. So that in the great majority of cases recorded facts of observation may be looked upon as practical certainties. The immediate deductions from them are of a similarly certain character. Thus, for instance, if delicate impressions of ferns are found in the solid rock a thousand feet below the surface of the earth, it is as nearly certain as can be that those impressions were originally formed by actual vegetation, that that vegetation lived before the rocks above its imprints were built up, and that vast periods of time must have elapsed since its death and decay. Here we have a single fact of observation, *plus* several deductions; the latter being so firmly grounded in the fact that no one but a madman would dream of denying them. If we examine more complex cases, and get at last into the domain of theory, we shall find that every scientific doctrine in general acceptance is similarly composed of facts of observation *plus* deductions which are more or less intimately connected with the facts themselves; and in most cases the facts must be denied before the theories can be reasonably overthrown.

Science, then, both in its facts and in its theories, can claim in general to reach as near to absolute certainty as man can attain. Its changes are due more to addition than to error. And when its statements are doubted by those outside of its priesthood, the chances are vastly in its favor. But certainty in its highest sense—the absolute, unquestionable truth of things—is doubtless inaccessible to us. The pure oxygen would be fatal. The wine of life needs to be mingled with water.

Now let us look at the uncertainties of theology; leaving out of account the errors into which single individuals may carelessly or ignorantly fall, and dealing only with the difficulties which attend all attempts to decide certain great and important questions. Since ecclesiastical doctrines are built quite largely upon authority, it first becomes necessary to select some standard, and this selection at once lays the foundation for doubt. If the teachings of an individual, of a supposed revelation, or of an organized Church, be made the basis of thought, the uncertainties may possibly be very great.

In the first case, we must examine not only the character of the individual, but also the sources of our knowledge concerning him. We must make sure that he was neither an impostor nor a madman. If he left no autograph writings to testify to his views, then sayings and acts not his may have been attributed to him, and we are

bound to look sharply after our witnesses. They may have misrepresented him willfully, but with the most pious intentions. Perhaps they were blinded by enthusiasm; or, it may be, they allowed popular rumor and hearsay to bias their reports. If the individual whom we think to follow as a leader lived in times long anterior to our own, we must not fail, in making up our final estimate, to consider the opinions which a majority of the more judicious among his contemporaries held concerning him. Each of these considerations opens up uncertainties which, though possibly very slight, must ever continue to exist.

In the second case, the supposed revelation upon which we rest our faith may not be wholly worthy of our trust. It may contain contradictions, and statements which can be proved untrue. If it has been handed down to us through antiquity, it may be full of interpolations and of blunders made by stupid copyists. And if it claims no inspiration for itself, and if the very names of those who first set up such claims in its honor are unknown, then the doubts concerning its value as an authority may be very great. Then the character of each inspired writer must be taken into account. Were they inspired in all that they wrote, and how do we know that they were inspired at all? Surely, if the eternal welfare of our souls is to depend upon matters of belief, we ought to gain satisfactory answers to all these questions before we put our faith in a supposed revelation which may save us or destroy us all.

In the third case, we must examine closely the character of the Church which claims authority, before we can rationally trust ourselves to its guidance. In doing this we are forced to scan critically the persons of its founders, and to test in the most thorough manner the authenticity of all its records. These investigations necessarily involve all the uncertainties already pointed out. We must dig up old controversies, and fight old battles over again. And with every step we take, new doubts will arise to confront us.

Suppose, however, that in spite of all uncertainties, a standard of authority be assumed. Then come the doubts attending the interpretation of its canons. And who can quiet these? Thus, for instance, if we take the collection of books known as the Bible for our standard, we shall find partisans proving all sorts of contradictory doctrines from its pages. Unitarianism and Trinitarianism, eternal punishment and universal salvation, all these and more are found by opposing churches within its lids. The Catholic learns from it the Divine commission of his church, while the sensational Protestant finds Rome symbolized as the "scarlet woman." And who shall decide, beyond all possibility of doubt, which side is right and which wrong on any of these questions,—especially when many of the texts upon which great doctrines are built are as unsubstantial and ambiguous as a politician's platform.

In systematized theology, then, the uncertainties are not only numerous, but cumulative. The slightest doubt of authenticity, or a trifling lack of clearness in a record, may vitiate the foundations of an entire system. Such doubts can never be quite unfounded, and absolute clearness rarely exists. If we contrast in a general way these doubts with those which occasionally stray into the field of science, we shall find that the fundamental difference between them is of a very simple nature. Most of the great theological systems are built on cornerstones of history or tradition; or, in other words, rest upon the recorded experiences of persons who lived many years or even centuries ago. These experiences no one now can absolutely verify. The doctrines of science, on the other hand, rise from repeatedly verified and easily re-verifiable observations; the accuracy of which almost any intelligent person of proper training can certify for himself. If, then, a controversy arise between a scientific theory and a theological dogma, although it is possible that the former may be wrong, the chances, as long as uncertainty exists, are vastly in its favor. This is admitted, I think, at least indirectly, by all the theological leaders of the present day, who seek strenuously to interpret the teachings of science in their own manner, in order to secure the weight of their influence.

The argument based upon uncertainty, then, as used by theologians in attacking science, or in warding off its blows, falls to the ground as worthless. The twin argument of changeability goes with it. Theologians are constantly shifting their ground with regard to the essential. That which is necessary to religion in one age becomes wholly unimportant in another. Worthy old Cotton Mather denounced a disbelief in witchcraft as little better than infidelity. And now the credulous divine's theological posterity hurl the name of infidel against the Spiritualists, who are but the believers in witchcraft of the present day. Often it is that the heretic of one age becomes the saint of another.

But perhaps there is no more harmless epithet in common use than this once terrible name of "infidel." The Turk flings it at the Christian, and the latter does not return good for evil. It

has been used so indiscriminately as to become practically meaningless. He is an infidel who holds opinions differing from yours. He is one who is *unfaithful*, and every one is unfaithful in some sense to the creeds which he rejects. But every creed-maker looks upon his own special views as essential, and holds all adverse views pernicious. So we find that creeds differ chiefly in their blunders, while the greatest blunderer denounces his neighbors most loudly. The cry of "infidel" comes most vigorously from the lips least competent to utter it. Would that we might restrict the meaning of that obnoxious term! Let it belong henceforward only to those who are faithless towards themselves,—to the hypocrites of all classes. They, and they alone, are unfaithful to the truth.

But between the extremes of doubt and of belief there lies a middle ground; and here we find many able thinkers who are striving to reconcile ecclesiastical and scientific method, and to bring faith and reason into harmony. Accepting authority to a certain extent, they say with much justice that, while it is bad to believe unreasoningly, it is bad to doubt unreasoningly. If a large majority of the best minds accept a doctrine as true, their decision, their *authority*, lends some degree of probability to it. They may be in error, but the average individual mind is more likely to err than they. Therefore their conclusions should not be flung aside without careful consideration and sifting of evidence.

Now, although these half-way people vary a great deal, they have much in common. Recognizing both faith and reason as proper agencies in determining religious belief, they seek to find for each its proper sphere of theological labor. But their custom seems to be to place faith and reason side by side as equals, whereas the man of science will insist that faith should always follow in the footsteps of its surer-footed companion. Accordingly, this class of minds is much affected by a tendency to seek a foothold for faith, independently of reason, by making certain unwarrantable, though possibly correct assumptions. Some assume at once the validity of Scripture in its general moral teachings; others take for granted the verity of a Divine incarnation; and yet others hold without due examination to a belief in immortality. But all seem to agree in starting with the reverently unquestioned assumption of the existence of a Deity. But here, despite the truth of the assumption, they are certainly wrong in method. For if God exists, there must be evidence of his existence somewhere; and if it is his will that we should believe in him, that evidence will be, in part at least, accessible to us. But we have no right, before duly weighing such evidence, to assume that he is, any more than that he is not; for the method of thought which would lead us to assert, *a priori*, the existence of one God, would permit us to believe in many. Theism and polytheism would be equally justifiable. A man's faith would be measured by the number of gods he believed in, and religion would become a matter of quantity rather than of quality. It is man's duty to search for the truth and submit its purest gold to the severest tests. A wise God can never be offended by the reverent doubts and questionings of honest men and women. Just here lies the most radical distinction between the man of science and the average theologian. The latter says, "Believe, and question not!" The former says, "I dare not profess a belief which I have not tested and found worthy."

Here, perhaps, I am very likely to be misunderstood. The thorough believer may say, "I have no need of evidence upon these lofty questions; I hear God's voice in my conscience, and know that he exists; I feel within my soul the truth of immortality." But in speaking thus he is merely citing the evidence upon which his belief is grounded—the evidence of his own intuitions. He cannot doubt consciousness, and therefore his faith, so far as he is himself concerned, is fully justified. He believes certain primal doctrines because his "experiences" lead him to look upon them as reasonable. Without this exercise of reason he could have no belief.

[To be continued.]

M. Renan, speaking about the Italian Government at a banquet given to him by the Masons of Rome, said: "The government of Italy has a curious way of speaking with apparent respect about Catholicism and religion. But God, the Pope, and the Church are nothing to the Italian ministers but a means of governing. God is a kind of whip in their hands to keep order with something like a gendarme's baton, or police man's staff; but they do not, of course, believe in anything, and only aim to see the whole religious edifice overthrown."—*Brooklyn Catholic Review*.

The Boston Pilot says: "The Catholic priests are the only clergy in the land who mind their own business, confining themselves to their mission of fighting sin and saving souls; while the non-Catholic clergy meddle in politics, ignore panders to human weakness, and strive to swell with the bubble-puff,."

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY OR ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

A man is never so alive to kindness from a woman as when he has been recently jilted or ill-used by another; a truth of which Shakespeare could scarcely fail to leave us an illustration (in *Romeo and Juliet*): and Paul could not be insensible to Esther's concern and sympathy, though he had no idea of emulating the celerity with which the youthful Montague transfers his passion from an old love to a new one; and, in fact, retained too vivid a recollection of Kate's luxuriant beauty to be much impressed with the comparatively quieter charms of her cousin. Like most young men, he had succumbed—as I think I have mentioned before—to externals. His regard for Esther resembled that semi-brotherly feeling which one commonly entertains towards an unusually agreeable feminine cousin; its very trustfulness and freedom from all elements of disgust seemed to forbid the probability of its ever changing its character. He had even kissed her, sometimes, thinking no more of it than did the honest country-girl, whose modesty was too genuine to be squeamish. ("It was only Paul," she said, "and she didn't mind him.") Besides—must I confess it?—at the bottom of his heart there lingered an undivulged hope, of which he was half-ashamed, of a reconciliation with Kate. His first overwhelming paroxysm of rage and jealousy having expended itself, leaving him the weaker for the indulgence, he had secretly come round to his old hankering after his former slavery; and was again willing to sacrifice his self-respect for the sake of her fickle favor.

They occasionally talked, at the farm-house, of Mr. Pennethorne's suit to Esther—if suit it may be called, which consisted of the most awkward, uneasy attentions, insinuated rather than expressed, and sometimes taking such curious forms as to afford matter for laughter; inasmuch that the woolstapler had become a kind of standing joke in the family—of course when his mother's back was turned. Thus he had once attempted to indirectly purchase the girl's good will by the present of an old pinchbeck buckle (such as were worn, a century or so ago, on shoes), evidently regarding it as an article of great rarity and value, and next to irresistible; and being quite overwhelmed with astonishment at her refusal. He was an original, in his way, of a character so peculiar as almost to involve incongruity and self-contradiction. His mother's counterpart in bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and avarice, he lacked her thorough-going selfishness and want of feeling; and never succeeded in persuading himself that he was one of the elect, and, as such, always in the right in his dealings with others, or in braving their opinions. Naturally a shabby fellow, he seemed at odds with destiny, and constantly tormented with a desire to be something better; perhaps in consequence of his extreme approbateness, which sometimes even led him to the verge of a good-natured action, which he would then either recoil from, or perform so ungraciously as to insure the contempt rather than the gratitude of the recipient. He was sociable, but easily offended; shy, but officious; cunning, yet so communicative that he often ran the risk of damaging his own interests by his loquacity; a petty despot over his servants and dependants, but also their gossip and companion. Then, though he made the main chance his guiding principle through life, he was so desperately susceptible to the charms of the sex that he had proposed to more than one portionless beauty and been rejected, before transferring his addresses to Miss Franklin, in whom both his interest and inclination might be supposed to centre. At first, the kind girl could not help being sorry for him, but his meanness and inherent vulgarity of disposition soon banished pity or merged it into contempt. "She would rather," she said, "go out to service than marry him for all his money!"—which was principally derived from a good business, inherited from his father and most diligently prosecuted by the son. It compelled him to travel during part of the year, and thereby relieved her from what might have amounted to a nuisance and persecution.

The winter happened to be a remarkably hard one, accompanied, about Christmas, with an extraordinary fall of snow, which rendered the roads well nigh impassable for a day or two, and almost isolated the village; circumstances not at all unfavorable to the cultivation of the social and in-door virtues, which our friends improved accordingly. One evening, however,

when Paul dropped in at the farm-house, rather later than usual, he found Esther alone. Her father had been tempted by the festive traditions of the season into a temporary relapse from the exceptional good behavior induced by his wife's absence, and was celebrating the impending anniversary at the tavern; while Harry, a little indisposed and fatigued by having superintended the distribution of the carcass of an ox to the poor of the village (a local charity), had gone to bed. Esther, herself, seemed thoughtful, not to say low-spirited, as she sat musing by the fire, the ruddy reflection of which was mirrored in her dark hair and soft, brown eyes.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Paul, after remarking on her position and returning her greeting, which included the news just imparted to the reader.

"I'll tell you for nothing," she answered. "I was thinking about you and Harry; and how dull it will be next Christmas, when you are both so far away. Ruth and I were talking of it, this afternoon, in church—how odd it was, to be sure!" Least two rather devout young women should be here suspected of irreverence, it may be advisable to explain that, in conjunction with the clerk, they had been employed in decorating the sacred edifice for the approaching festival—a proceeding which merely involved the swathing of the capitals of the squat Norman columns of the nave with holly and ivy, crowning the effigies of Sir Toby Edgecombe and his two wives with wreaths of the same, and sticking bits of box about the pews; for Mr. Blencowe would tolerate no more, on the score of anti-ritualistic objections, and the absence of "the family," on the continent, left him master of the situation.

"Why, Esther, you'll have to cross the Atlantic yourself, some day," Paul answered—"at least if you keep your word with Harry."

"Ah! but he'll come and fetch me, and I shall be with him, and that's so different from going to a foreign country, where you are quite unacquainted. But, after all, I wish none of us had to leave dear old England." And Esther heaved a deep sigh.

"Do you think your father will let you go, when it comes to the point?"

"I hardly know. Don't talk about it, please. It'll depend upon circumstances. Aren't you sorry to leave England?"

"Why," said Paul, "I might be more so. You know how I'm situated at home and that I can't be expected to shed many tears at parting. I have been happier here than anywhere else that I remember. When I think most tenderly of England, Esther, be sure that it'll mean 'Thorpe Parva.'"

She gave him her hand in sympathy, but made no reply. When two friends—especially of different sex—are alone together, they generally become confidential and communicative; and Paul, impelled by that rather morbid egotism in which we are all, perhaps, at times prone to indulge, went on: "I never had that which no success or good fortune in after life can, I think, make amends for the deprivation of—a happy home. My grandparents never seemed to care to teach me to love them, and, for the matter of that, I don't pretend to. All the obligations in the world won't insure affection, if there's not kindness. Like your stepmother, Esther, Mr. and Mrs. Gower's notions, both of this life and the next, are based on opinions which I do not share; and which, I believe, never made a single human being the better or happier, but, on the contrary, have poisoned existence to thousands. They—my kinsfolk—have not Mrs. Franklin's temper, to be sure, or her detestable, ultra, ingrained selfishness, but the principle is the same and the result not very different. It's an old story in our family, the more's the pity!"

Esther still kept silence, interpreting which according to his own inclination the young man continued: "Before I was born, it made my father's home hateful to him, set him at variance with his parents and, finally, adrift for life; when, with the exercise of a little charity and forgiveness—I had almost said natural affection (such as one sees, every day, in people pretending to no such sanctity)—his whole career might have been different, and a vast amount of wretchedness spared to everybody. And it has wrought more or less misery and mischief in the family for three generations. Self-seeking on one hand—the object transferred to another existence, but still self-seeking—and repression on the other, that's what my grandfather's creed amounts to; and it has been carried out with cruel fidelity in his life. A rich man, he allowed his children none of the advantages they ought naturally to have inherited; never, as it seemed, understanding that they possessed any claim upon him in that respect until after his death; and always, as it were, keeping them at a distance. Not one of his sons but has virtually repudiated the paternal faith, and retains bitter, humiliating recollections of his youth; while one daughter went mad, and at least two of the others married men whom they didn't love, merely because they were tired of home and wanted husbands. Not a very successful family history, I think! So far as I am able to judge, even worldliness—a positive indifference to all higher aims than mere getting on in the world and living for the present—works less evil than narrow-minded, partial, and arbi-

trary ideas of religion, however orthodox or generally accepted. If I were to tell you what I had suffered from them, it would frighten you."

Perhaps because she didn't want to be frightened, possibly from a disinclination to the subject (which was not an uncommon one with Paul, when very much in earnest and among his friends), Esther expressed no desire for such a revelation; but, instead, asked him, in rather a low voice, if he heard the Christmas bells, remarking how sweetly they sounded.

"They do," he answered, and proceeded to quote Tennyson and Charles Lamb, in reference to the sound and, almost, season; which passages need not here be repeated, because the reader is sure to know the first and ought to be acquainted with the second. "I wish there were nothing preached there out of harmony with them; or that I could listen like a child to the message of 'Peace on earth and good-will towards men,' untroubled by less heavenly considerations. But they'll read the Athanasian creed, even on Christmas Day, and a pretty commentary that'll be!" You were talking, Esther, about next Christmas. I dare say I shall remember this one when the time comes round, and perhaps feel sad and solitary enough, for all the novelty and independence I promise myself in the new world. I can fancy myself strolling along-side the great, lonely, cotton-fields, under the bright stars and humid night of a Louisiana winter, down to the levees of the turbid Mississippi (Paul had evidently been reading up, in preparation for the United States), thinking of to-night and England—conjuring up the picture of the dear old farm-house, the deep snow, the sound of the Christmas bells, and you and I sitting by the fireside. God bless this house, Esther!—and I had almost added, all belonging to it. If I were to come back and find you and Harry away, I should feel like a ghost, haunting the place where it had been most happy in a former state of existence—Esther, dear! don't!—I didn't intend—what is the matter?"

But Esther's feelings had been over wrought, and she was crying bitterly. There is no knowing how far Paul might have gone in his efforts to console her—for he had involuntarily put his arm around her waist and was immensely touched and surprised at her emotion—but, just then, the sound of the opening and closing of the little gate across the courtyard gave warning of the return of Mr. Franklin, which perhaps operated more rapidly than Paul's words (or actions) would have done in restoring Esther's composure. At least she exhibited all a woman's quick-wittedness in disguising her agitation, and was much less disturbed than her companion when the farmer entered—in rather boisterous spirits and by no means disposed to take exception at anything. Of course this arrival broke up the conference; and soon after Paul having pledged Mr. Franklin in a glass of gin and water—which he insisted on having, in honor of the season, though it was, in his case, a decidedly superfluous indulgence—the young man bade his friends good-night and departed. But as he crossed the wintry close and churchyard, leading to the vicarage, he could not help thinking a good deal of Esther's behavior; and somehow it afforded him remarkable gratification.

She told him on the morrow that she had "given away" in consequence of his melancholy talk and her own previous low spirits; as was, indeed, the case; but the subject was not again referred to between them. And within a few days afterwards Paul Gower returned to London.

RECEIVED.

COMMON SENSE THEOLOGY; OR, NAKED TRUTHS IN ROUGH SHOD RHYME ABOUT HUMAN NATURE AND HUMAN LIFE. By D. HOWLAND HAMILTON. Lewiston, Maine: Published by the AUTHOR.

INTemperance! And the Modes to Cure it. Speech delivered in the House of Representatives of Ohio, February 25, 1873. By Hon. GILBO MARX.

THE 'EQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.' A Discourse delivered before the Broome County Polytechnic Association, Binghamton, N. Y. By DAVID E. CROSBY, Esq. Dedicated to the International Workingmen's Association. Binghamton, N. Y.: Printed at the office of the BINGHAMTON TIMES. 1873.

THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CORPORATION OF THE WARREN STREET CHAPEL. Proceedings and Report. Boston: ALFRED MUDGE AND SON. 1873.

THE SANITARIAN. A Monthly Journal. April, 1873. A. S. ELLI, M. D., Editor. New York and Chicago: A. R. BARNES AND COMPANY.

THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW. April, 1873. Rev. JOHN H. MORRISON, D. D., Editor. Boston: LEONARD C. BOWLER.

THE MANCHESTER FRIEND. March, 1873. London: ELLIOT STOCK, 62 Paternoster Row.

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The Index.

APRIL 12, 1873.

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A. E. MACOMBER, } Executive Committee
 F. E. ABBOT, } of the
 Index Association.

Mr Abbot would like to make a few engagements to lecture, in places not far distant from Toledo, between now and the first of June.

All true friends of science will rejoice over the fact that Mr. John Anderson, of New York, has given the entire Island of Penikese (at the entrance to Buzzard's Bay), containing about one hundred acres, and fifty thousand dollars, towards establishing under Prof. Agassiz a normal school for students in science. This is so much indirectly in aid of free religion.

The enlightened State of New Jersey prosecuted John Gage, of Vineland, for chopping wood on Sunday. Mr. Gage pleaded "guilty," but offered in defence the state of his physical health which required exercise even on the "Lord's day." He was tried by jury; and they, notwithstanding Mr. Gage's plea, found him not "guilty." New Jersey will have to try again.

A fervently-pious correspondent of *The World's Crisis* and *Second Advent Messenger* (published in Boston) closes a letter to that journal by saying: "We believe Jesus is soon coming." Perhaps so; but we cannot help thinking that when he really arrives he will select a very different sort of company from that which his church-friends seem now to expect.

James Freeman Clarke, in a sermon on "Why the Unitarian Movement should be supported," says (speaking against creeds): "When we have faith in Jesus himself, we do not need a creed to tell us what to think about him." Very true; but why is it necessary to have "faith in Jesus himself"? If you insist ever so gently that it is, then you make such faith a creed. And this is just where Unitarianism halts on its way to freedom. It *does* insist on "faith in Jesus himself;" and that is what makes it a sect among sects, and keeps it from being a real, vital, progressive "movement."

For the numerous expressions of sympathy and confidence brought to me by every mail, I desire to return my grateful thanks. It is impossible to reply to more than a small portion of them, but I trust that the writers will accept this assurance of my keen appreciation of the generous support now so freely tendered. That the public opinion of the stockholders and subscribers would be overwhelmingly in favor of an honest prosecution of the work to which THE INDEX has from the beginning been devoted, and against the attempt by one or two men to pervert the funds of the Index Association to their own private advantage, was not a doubtful matter; and the responses now pouring in to Col. Higginson, to Mr. Stevens, and to myself are but the visible evidence of the fact. In this connection I wish to say that, with regard to the libels upon my character elsewhere advertised in these columns, I have nothing to ask but that the reader's judgment shall be simply suspended till my reply (shortly to appear) has been also read. No friend of mine need fear that I shall stoop to the level of my accuser. If my character cannot stand such attacks as this, the exposure has come none too soon.

F. E. A.

FORMATION AND REFORMATION.

Two distinctly different methods characterize the old and the new school of religion. The postulate of Orthodoxy has been that every child is born with a depraved and sinful nature, with which little or nothing can be done in the direction of hopeful improvement until a certain age is arrived at, when, by the act of God, that nature can be changed or supplemented in the process of so-called "conversion." In the beginning, comparative little stress was put by Orthodoxy upon religious education of the young. Inasmuch as their nature was evil, there was nothing in them to be educated; everything rather to be repressed. They were to be treated as sinners doomed to wrath, until God in his own time should change their hearts by giving them the "new birth." Each soul, then, was to be brought to perfection, not by training and development, but by providential conversion and regeneration.

Entirely different is the method of radicalism. We look upon every soul as a candidate by nature for perfection, as containing within itself the germs of the most ineffable improvement. Just as it is, we consider it glorious; with its capacity of becoming, we consider it more glorious still. We receive the new-born child as the subject of immediate education. The natural process of evolution already has brought it to our hands; and, as months and years climb into its being, we seek to aid this process of development by every method of training which from time to time becomes applicable. We take the nature of the child as a unit, not overlooking any of its faculties, not omitting to make educational provision for them all. We do not expect that it will ever need mental or moral regeneration any more than physical. As we now regard it, it is thoroughly born once in all respects; we do not look for it to be re-born in any particular. Being born, we expect only that it will *grow*; and our earnest and reverent desire is to help that growth to be clean, vigorous, thorough, harmonious, and successful.

Radicalism, then, lays *all* stress upon education; none at all upon conversion. It would begin at the beginning; not in the middle, or at the end. In working up human civilization it does not sollicit good-sized sinners for its raw material, thinking by some ecclesiastical *prestomarche* operation to convert them into saints. It prefers rather the docile age and the docile condition, when minds are forming and capable of being formed; and it seeks to produce as its crowning result *character*, not "salvation." Its idea is that formation is better than reformation: what is once rightly formed does not need to be reformed. Transformed everything may become by growth, passing by the process of development from the lower into the higher. The human soul's perfection does not proceed by those spiritual jerks known as "conversions," but by the steady law of progress, and under the influence of wise education and culture. Not that there is never any crisis in growth, as indeed there is; but this crisis is never a change of nature—only a budding of new functions, a blossoming of new features, a fruition of new results.

The thoroughly radical mind loves the ways of Nature, and seeks more and more to adopt them; seeks to be guided by her wise instruction, and shuns the shallow counsels of irrational men. It looks with grave disapprobation upon the popular methods of the Church, especially those so-called "revivals of religion" by which it makes the face of religion to be like that of the consumptive,—now pale and bloodless with feebleness and languor, and then crimson with the hectic glow of unhealthful excitement. No steady fervor of daily trust, of hourly earnest devotion to duty, of inward content and calm, and reverent recognition of the sublime orderliness of the universe, is possible under these circumstances. And the wise radical even sometimes wishes that there were fewer so-called reforms and reformers in the world; that so many good men and women would not *insist* on being so benevolent, nor try so hard to *make* all the intemperate temperate, all the vicious virtuous. He sees

that whatever grows must have long spells of being let alone, or at least of being sparingly and very judiciously aided. He knows that very often inward development is transpiring when none outward is apparent. His faith is in formation more than in reformation.

SELF-CONTAINED.

There is no finer or grander illustration of a commanding self-respect, a consciousness of integrity absolutely unassailable from without, than is found in the so-called "Apology" of Socrates; although his was the very antipodes of the "apologetic" spirit. As rendered in the noble version of Professor Jowett, there is something in such sentiments as these which must thrill every one capable of comprehending them: "I would have you know that, if you kill such a one as I am, you will injure yourselves more than you will injure me. Meletus and Anytus will not injure me: they cannot; for it is not in the nature of things that a bad man should injure a better than himself. I do not deny that he may, perhaps, kill him, or drive him into exile, or deprive him of civil rights; and he may imagine, and others may imagine, that he is doing him a great injury. But in that I do not agree with him; for the evil of doing as Anytus is doing—of unjustly taking away another man's life—is greater far."

What a magnificent serenity of spirit is here disclosed! What a boundless independence of the fears that make captives of vulgar minds! What a sublime confidence in the essential rectitude of Nature, and in the impenetrability of the shield she holds before every one of her children that calmly trusts in her! What a superb contempt of the power of mischief which the little Meletus and Anytus fancied they possessed, but which was shivered into as many fragments as a bit of pottery hurled against a granite obelisk! What a grave commiseration for the folly with which these small antagonists strove to injure another, and injured themselves alone!

There are many incomparable things of their kind in the Scriptures of the Hebrews and the Christians; but there is nothing among them all which so fascinates and invigorates my own mind as this picture of the invulnerable Socrates. The ideal of moral greatness it exhibits has such colossal mass, such invincible dignity, such indomitable pride of character, that all the smooth and yielding virtues of the Christian saint seem like thistle-down in comparison. Jesus was submissive; Socrates was victorious. Jesus was wounded; Socrates was invulnerable.

It is this vastness of moral strength in the presence of evil that gives me my grandest conception of human character. The graces, the sentiments, the mild attractions, are all lovely, and by no means inconsistent with intensity of moral force; but where this is wanting, nothing can fill the void. An absolute unyieldingness may suddenly appear the supreme virtue; and then to yield is the soul's general collapse. Self-assertion may at times be simply Nature's asseveration of her own eternal and immutable law; and because Socrates asserted himself without asserting any divine or human lordship, he stands in one vital respect superior to all the founders of religions. He was self-contained,—found the great fountain of power in his own nature, because he kept his own nature fresh and pure by obedience to the universal order. He needed no lordship, and had no lord. Hence came that tone of invincibility, that marvellous development of self-respect, that absolute and evident superiority to all the vindictiveness and malice of his enemies, which has made him, though seemingly their victim, in fact their victor. I find in the spirit thus exemplified a high type of what Free Religion is to accomplish for mankind; and I marvel that Socrates should seem to any one destitute of religiousness. Recognize the differences of type in this quality of all magnificent natures; and perhaps you will conclude that Socrates was one of the most religious of men because he was one of the most wonderfully self-contained.

F. E. A.

FALSE AND TRUE OPTIMISM.

Optimism—the belief that the world is the best possible, and that every act and incident in it at any particular time is the best possible in view of all circumstances, and in reference to the ultimate good of the whole—may be a true theory, and it may be a comforting theory to the theologian in his studies, to the philosopher in his speculations, to any person in moments of serenity, when individually free from the pressure of evil conditions. But I suspect that this belief does not generally come to comfort those who stand most in need of comfort. When the iron enters one's own soul, it is not so easy to be an optimist. There are ills in our human lot too profound, too heavy, too bitter, for any who are under the burden of them to have the heart to say: "This is all as it should be; this is what I need; this is the best thing which could possibly have been arranged for me." Could such a sentiment find utterance, it would be indeed a solemn mockery, and would betray a want of the very feeling from which must come the motive-power which is to resist the ills of life and triumph over them. If optimism is to be interpreted as meaning unconditionally, in the moral as in the material universe, that "whatever is, is right," as Pope put it in his oft-quoted aphorism; if it mean that everything in the world this moment is the best thing possible in the eye of Infinite Goodness, and just as we might conceive Infinite Goodness would approve and wish it to be,—then optimism seems to me most false both in theory and experience.

And thus understood, it not only seems to me groundless in reason, but dangerous to morals. I cannot bring myself to say that even all things are the best possible, considered with reference to the after and ultimate good of all persons; that Infinite Goodness, though looking to the future, were it to keep full control of human conditions and actions, would arrange everything, will everything, just as we find it today. Such a doctrine of optimism appears to me to blaspheme the Infinite Goodness nearly as much as did the old dogma of predestinating a portion of the human race to eternal misery. To suppose that a Being of infinite purity could look with complacency upon the assassin's crime, the swindler's plot of lying and robbery, the prodigal's infamous lust and treachery, the cruelties under which millions of human beings have been crushed by selfish power, because in the future his omniscient eye sees that good will come out of these evils,—much more to suppose that he has by his own free purpose and will arranged all these acts as the best way of producing this after good,—this is to violate the very idea of goodness, and to confound all valid distinction: between right and wrong. The only sense in which I can conceive optimism to be acceptable to a rationally and morally earnest mind is, that the world as a whole is the best possible, considering that human beings are responsible actors in it, and help to make it what at any moment it is; that is, that the conditions of human existence with regard to physical and moral evil have progressed as far as could rationally be expected on the plan of making man a prime agent in improving his own condition.

But Heaven forbid that we should suppose that with reference to man's future good all present things are alike available as material,—that one act is as good as another; that a bad man is as good for the purpose as a good man; that wickedness is as serviceable as virtue; that all moral distinctions vanish in the presence of some supreme transforming spirit that takes all our human conditions,—the ill and the good, the bitter and the sweet, the vicious and the virtuous,—and, putting them all together into its crucible, straightway brings forth a product always of the same texture and serviceableness! Heaven forbid that in any absolute, unconditional sense we should say, "whatever is, is right," and that we should lose our horror of evil and crime because possibly we may see some way in which they may, by and by, ages hence perhaps, be converted into good! All things do indeed work together for good. But they do so because men keep clear in their minds the distinction

between things as they are and things as they ought to be, and strive to make "the ought to be" actual. They do so because men see the difference between good and evil, and know from daily observation and experience that there are many things in the world that are not right, and that will not be likely to come right, or be transmuted into any form of goodness, unless they take hold and help do it. "All things work together for good,"—but not without man as a worker.

W. J. F.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

It is a curious fact that a great rival to Harvard seems likely to arise from one of the last quarters whence we should have expected it; namely, the Methodist sect. This Wesleyan University, which has very large endowments by legacies, is laying out its plans on a very broad scale, with the expectation of becoming the greatest institution of learning in the country. It has already organized its theological department, where I suppose the sectarian lines are strictly observed. But the law department has for its dean Mr. George S. Hillard, a Unitarian in religion, well known for his fine scholarship, but ranked among the most conservative of Boston literati.

At present the proposed establishment of the medical department is exciting great interest, since the University recognizes Homoeopathy as of equal standing with the old school, and gives the Homoeopathic Society the offer of managing this department, on the simple condition of paying all its expenses. The prestige and diploma of the University, however, are a sufficient inducement to the Homoeopathic Society to establish this alliance. At the same time, the New England Female Medical College, which was run entirely by its secretary, Dr. Gregory, having lost him by death, is likely to fall into the hands of this same University. The Methodists, accepting the doctrine that "in Christ are neither male nor female," open their departments freely to all comers, and women will have a fair chance to stand side by side with men. The Homoeopathic Association have asked for the transfer of this college to their care, to be incorporated with their medical department; and, as they have also freely admitted women to their Association, it seems as if a full and free opportunity was secure to women who have faith in this method of practice. A number of women have already applied for admission. We hope that the medical department will at once establish a high standard, and give its diploma only upon careful and thorough examination.

An effort has also been made to unite the Female Medical College with Harvard University. It would certainly be a very great step in advance for the old college to take the education of women in any branch under its fostering care; and we are glad that the Board have been able to give their attention to a matter of such trifling importance as the education of half the race. But they demand so very large an endowment with the Female Medical College that it is hardly possible that it can be raised in season to prevent the transfer to the Boston University.

So much for the medical aspects of this institution and its relation to the education of woman. But another question interests us. What effect will the establishment of this great University on a professedly sectarian basis have upon the cause of free religion? With so much of progress in all other departments, will it be a stumbling-block in the way of theological reform? The rise and progress of Methodism is a very interesting phase of Church history, and it has unquestionably done great service in contesting some of the harshest doctrines of Calvinism; but it also fosters many of the most extravagant superstitions, and as much or more than any other sect encourages that excited, emotional piety which we hold to be very injurious to true mental health and genuine religious life. But in thus allying itself to science in its freest and most progressive forms, will not the spirit of Methodism itself be changed? Will not the believing wife convert the unbelieving husband,

and the Boston University be led into broader paths than are now dreamed of by its founders?

We shall watch its development with interest, hoping that so great a power will be used for the progress of science and the advancement of broad and liberal culture.

E. D. C.

LONDON LETTER.

REFORM IN BURIAL RITES—CHEMICAL CREMATION INSTEAD OF INTERMENT—SENTIMENTAL AND SANITARY CONSIDERATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Sir,—Without waiting to know the effect upon your readers of my last letter about *Euthanasia*, I proceed to give them another violent shock.

From my past experience of human kind, I feel convinced that it is much more difficult to effect a change in their social customs than in their ethics. In every country the births, marriages, and deaths are attended by certain social rites which are more imperious than any demands of conscience, and it would be easier far to relax or to tighten the restraints of morality than to alter one of the social ceremonies. I half expect then that, for every one whom I may have startled by my last letter, there will be a score to be horrified by what I am going to say in this.

I wish to revolutionize our funeral rites. I want to abolish the burial of the dead, and the wearing of "mourning."

If the reader should lose his breath here, let me pause for a moment and tell him that my object originates in pure pity. I desire to relieve mankind of a great and needless burden; to remove some of the greatest aggravations to which we have foolishly submitted, in times of our deepest grief; and to institute customs which will be an unspeakable relief to the poor. My objections to the present system of interment, with its distressing paraphernalia of *Undertakerism*, are as follows:—

The first and least important objection is that it is needlessly expensive and an undoubted hardship on the poor. Second, that it is sooner or later a source of great injury to the public health. Third, that our cemeteries occupy a vast amount of space which could be more profitably filled. Fourth,—and this I reckon to be the chief of all objections,—it is a needless and cruel aggravation of our physical and mental pain in bereavement, to witness the process of interment.

There may be some persons whose feelings are not harrowed by this sight; but I can speak for myself and for thousands of persons of equally sensitive nerves and strong imagination, that it is positive torture to witness the burial of the body of a very near and dear relative. The outward form which we have loved and caressed we place in a coffin, close fitting to the outline of a human body (a coffin is in itself a melancholy object, quite apart from its associations); and this gloomy case, containing our beloved dead, we follow to the dark vault or deep grave, into which it is lowered amid choking sobs and a dead weight at our hearts. We leave the loved object at the bottom of a cold, dark pit, in which we picture to ourselves, for months and years afterwards, all the foul and revolting processes of chemical decay, our thoughts being positively scourged by this haunting picture. It is bad enough to lose our friends and to miss them day by day; but it is a monstrous aggravation of our physical pain in losing them, to be tortured by such visions, such memories.

Now what I would propose is this. As soon as death is perfectly assured,—after such an interval as would render it impossible for a medical man to doubt that death had ensued,—the body should be *chemically destroyed*. It should be placed in some receptacle containing those powerful agents known to chemical science, which would simply annihilate the outward form and practically destroy it. There would necessarily be some deposit, which one might call the "ashes" of the dead; and these might be reverently gathered and placed in a beautiful urn or vase, to be disposed of according to the wishes of the survivors. They might easily be deposited in consecrated places, in niches in the walls of churches, or in mortuary chapels designed for their reception. This, too, might be accompanied by a religious service; so that the religious element is left untouched by my revolutionary proposal.

The advantage of all this to people of highly-wrought feelings would be immense. I can imagine the peaceful calm which would steal over the mind when one could take reverently into one's hands the sacred urn and say, "This holds all that remains of my beloved." No horror of

dark vaults and damp graves, with their seething corruption. No precious body being eaten piecemeal by worms of the earth, or melting away in a loathsome stream. The form is changed; the substance really remaining after chemical burning is not in the least degree suggestive of the past or the future. The body is saved thereby from every possible dishonor, purified from every decay. No words can describe the relief which such a process would bring to many and many an afflicted soul. On the ground of health to the community, it would also be most salutary. We little know, in England at least, what mischief is brewing for us in our seething cemeteries. They are getting fuller and fuller, at the rate of I know not how many hundreds of corpses a day, the later ones being nearer and nearer the surface. Many are within four feet of the turf, and that is not enough to prevent the escape of the most foul and pestilential gases. I know of one old cemetery which is now occupied by a cooperage, and which is constantly wet with stagnant water. All around it typhus fever is perpetually raging. The danger would not be so great if the bodies were buried without a coffin. The earth would sooner disinfest them; but as it is, the mischief is nursed and multiplied a hundred-fold by the process of decay being delayed.

It is quite possible that an outcry might be made on the plea of my scheme being impracticable. I can only say that our undertakers might take this subject into their consideration, and see whether they could not furnish all that was necessary, and conduct the business of destroying the body with decency and skill. Science will not fail to furnish the best chemical agents for performing this service speedily and inoffensively.

I should not have touched on the question of economy but for my sad experience amongst the poor. The most ordinary burial costs them five pounds; that is a fearful sum for a really poor family to contribute, and that often after heavy medical expenses. Whereas my plan ought to be quite within the cost of a fifth of that sum, let it be done in the best manner possible.

As for the rites of burial in themselves, no wise man would care what became of his own dead body, so long as it was not left to be an injury to the living. I should not mind being sent to the dissecting room, or to the kennels. But the rites of burial assume a very important aspect in the interests of the surviving relatives and friends. And for their sakes I plead that that those rites may be made as little harrowing as possible; may conduce as much as possible to console and cheer them, and leave no artificially cruel memories and associations behind them. It is on this ground that I object to the barbarous practice of "Christian" burial and would do my utmost to revolutionize our customs in this matter, and introduce a refined method of burning instead. Christianity is deeply to blame for aggravating our fear of death, and for aggravating our grief when death visits our homes. It is time that we turned such a religion out of doors; not only expelling it from our hearts and minds, but driving out its offensive and oppressive customs,—thus claiming the privileges of consolation under bereavement, which are ours by nature.

In another letter I must write a word or two on the subject of wearing "mourning."

I am very sincerely yours,
CHARLES VOYSEY.

CAMDEN HOUSE,
DELRICH, S. E., March 14, 1873.

P. S. I have mentioned the subject to some of my most admired and cultivated friends, and I never met yet with a discouraging remark from them. All we want is for some brave family to set the example.

The *Christian Register* says: "The *Independent* has heard a young man, liberally inclined, and fresh from one of the columns of our Toledo contemporary, exclaim: 'If I wanted to become a High Calvinist or an Ultramontanist, I should diligently read this INDEX.' Very likely; and the explanation is that THE INDEX believes in and teaches the logic of 'Reason or Rome.' If those who follow its instructions cannot accept the former, they will then go to the latter."

Commodore Vanderbilt has given half a million of dollars to a Methodist University in the South. Has the commodore begun at last to think of old age and death, and of the fate which it is said awaits such worldlings as he in the hereafter? And does he now seek to buy of the Church its ready-made insurance policy against "the wrath to come"? Why not? If this ecclesiastical insurance company can take such risks as murderers offer, they can safely venture in the case of the commodore. It is only the risk of insuring a "mere moral man" that they stagger at!

Communications.

A LETTER FROM MR. BUTTS.

TOLEDO, April 2, 1873.

TO THE ACTING EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Sir,—Will you give place in your "Voices of THE INDEX Constituency" for me to reply to the criticisms which appear in THE INDEX for April 5, especially to those more personal to myself? I think Mr. Ives wishes to be a gentleman, and I do him the honor to believe that when he knows how grossly he was misled by the "Valedictory" of the late editor, he will make hearty apology for the tone of his letter. If he wishes to do me justice in this matter, he will read carefully the statement of the Directors, and my own arraignment of Mr. Abbot for insincerity and incompetency, which I have mailed to his address. If he will then say that he candidly believes that the Directors have made "money making" a primary consideration, have sought "pecuniary return," or that they have sought to put "the expression" of Mr. Abbot's "heart or head" under any supervision or direction at all, or that in any fair sense of the word "have forced the retirement of Mr. Abbot," then I will take the trouble at our earliest convenience to convince him of his error and the injustice he does us. Until he has fully and carefully examined the subject, I beg him to remember that the man who has thirty-two shares in THE INDEX stock has some rights as well as he who has but two. I hope it will occur to him that four men who have been in their present position from the start, who have known Mr. Abbot personally for years, may possibly know as well their man and the interests of the cause and their own responsibilities in the premises, as a man who knows Mr. Abbot mainly through the paper or the brightest side of his personal character. I think if he and others will save their heat, and read and ponder well the right and wrong of this unhappy business, they will see who has really attempted to violate "the implied conditions on which the stock subscriptions were obtained," and who, if any one, has made a "business speculation" of THE INDEX. I ask Dr. Oliver to read calmly and studiously my impeachment of Mr. Abbot in a circular I have sent him, with the information from the Directors that they have made their best efforts to call an immediate special meeting of the Association. In my circular, I have exposed Mr. Abbot's subterfuge as to a full Board. I now propose to Mr. Ives, and to others who sympathize with him, that as neither party would like to compel the other to support a man who is distrusted by that other party, that he or they name the per cent. on every dollar of investment which he will give or take. I will either buy out Mr. Ives' investment or sell to him my own at the per cent. named by him, the buyer to become responsible for all indebtedness, past or prospective. Permit me to say to those who write ill-considered private letters of admonition to me on this affair, that I undertake to reply only to those who have given THE INDEX as many cents as I have dollars. I must draw a line somewhere (I have received only three of these yet). I do however quite sympathize with these people. I myself had Abbotism on the brain, and heart too, a year ago, as bad as any of them.

I look through my reams of letters from Mr. Abbot, and find such profuse professions of honor and integrity on every page I wonder I could have taken all his glitter for pure gold.

My offer as above mentioned will stand open until further notice.

Very respectfully,
ASA K. BUTTS.

P. S. Mr. Morse's suggestions show many grains of sense. Here is a noble disregard of the property of others. Two men at least, without either of whom the paper would have stopped more than twenty months ago and died a final death, who breathed into its expiring body the breath of their own life, would like to know whether this proposition is serious or not. To be sure, if Mr. Abbot keeps on in his effort to ruin the property, they may soon be glad to pay something to be relieved from the burden of debt coming on them. But I hope the radicals are not disposed to be highway robbers just yet. If Mr. Morse means that THE INDEX should be bought of its present owners, by those who do think Mr. Abbot worthy, and presented to him, I can see some free religion in that proposal, and for my part will sell out for less than fifty cents on the dollar. What does Mr. Morse's experience and observation teach him as to the success of journals which are conducted alone by one man? Or by ex-ministers in couples? How could Greeley have got on with the *Tribune*, without McClrath and Sinclair? Does the history of the *Radical* teach us anything? Did Mr. Morse ever see a man run very fast without legs?

A. K. B.

[Our first feeling, on reading the above article in MS., was that its sneering personalities made it unworthy of publication; but, on conclusion,

we thought it better to allow it to appear just as it is, well assured that its proper effect will fall exactly where it belongs. It was also Mr. Abbot's particular desire that we should print it. The writer alludes to "past indebtedness" of the Index Association. We would simply say that the Index Association has no "past indebtedness," and that it is free from debt to-day.—Ed.]

VOICES FROM THE INDEX CONSTITUENCY.

MARATHON, N. Y., March 23, 1873.

EDITOR INDEX:—

With equal pain and surprise I read in the last issue of THE INDEX Mr. Abbot's "Valedictory," and also the statement of your own prospective withdrawal from its editorial management.

It is hardly possible, I suppose, for the local Board to realize how completely THE INDEX and Mr. Abbot have become identified in the minds of its readers. As one somewhat acquainted with the feelings of a portion of its patrons, I would if possible convey to those gentlemen some idea of the terrible mistake they are making in supposing that a pecuniary or any other success can be achieved in any other direction. THE INDEX is his child; born of the elemental forces of his brain, and can no more be put out to dry-nurse to these gentlemen and live, than it could have been generated originally by them. They have forgotten the fable of the goose that laid the golden egg. It seems needless to repeat the experiment again.

I am sure no man worthy of the position can be found who will consent to take the place on any other terms than those indicated by Mr. Abbot. Having had some experience in the editorial line, I feel sure that no paper engaged in leading such a movement as THE INDEX has awakened can do it successfully on any other plan than that substantially marked out by him. It must not become a mere machine for money-getting. Such a course would not be tolerated a moment. But Mr. Abbot shows himself possessed of thorough business capacities in that he is willing to trust the future somewhat to re-imburse present outlays. Horace Greeley made the *Tribune* the greatest intellectual lever of the age by just such a course, paying large salaries to secure the best talent when mediocrity could have been had for the asking. The result vindicated the wisdom of his course. Let these gentlemen remember that radicals, unlike politicians or Christians, will not tacitly uphold such injustice for the "good of the cause," well knowing that such a course would end in its ruin. I have read carefully their "Business Notice," and out of their own mouths, it seems to me, they are condemned.

Hoping that the difficulty will prove only temporary, and end in the return of Mr. Abbot to his post, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
M. L. HAWLEY.

KENDALLVILLE, Ind., March 22, 1873.

INDEX ASSOCIATION:

Gentlemen,—Your paper of the 22d inst., announcing the retirement of Mr. Abbot from the editorial control of THE INDEX is received. And now gentlemen, in all frankness permit me to say, that no man in America but Mr. Abbot can edit or control that paper with the consent of its subscribers. He and he only is the soul, life, genius, and power which has made the paper what it is, and without which it will sink into comparative nothingness.

I am not a stockholder in the Association, and have no right to interfere with its business management further than this, that the Association has contracted with every subscriber of the paper that Mr. Abbot should edit it untrammelled by you or the Association. Hence I can but brand your untimely interference as a gross breach of your contract with subscribers. You may rest assured, gentlemen, that your Association would never have been known far outside of the city of Toledo, but for the personal regard with which Mr. Abbot is held by the patrons of the paper; and under the circumstances no effort of yours will be able to bridge the "chasm" which you have opened between yourselves and the subscribers. With Mr. Abbot as editor, I want the paper; without (under the circumstances) not. I know nothing about you nor do I care anything about you, or any one else, when you or they voluntarily place yourselves between Mr. Abbot and the readers of THE INDEX. That I am most thoroughly out of patience with you is but too true; nor do I seek to hide it. Subscribers have some rights which publishing Association are bound to respect.

In the independence and freedom which THE INDEX was born to defend, I am

Yours for the right,

L. E. GOODWIN.

I fully concur in the above.

J. M. P. BACHELDER.

I do the same.

GEO. C. GLATTE.

Subscribers and stockholders.

THE KING IS DEAD.—Mr. Klaes, otherwise known as the "king of smokers," died not long ago in Holland. The Belgian papers say that he had amassed a large fortune in the linen trade, and one portion of a mansion he had erected near Rotterdam was devoted to the arrangement of a collection of pipes, according to their nationality and chronological order. By his will, which he executed shortly before his death, he directed that all the smokers of the country should be invited to his funeral, and that each should be presented with 10 lbs. of tobacco and two Dutch pipes of the newest fashion, on which should be engraved the name, arms, and date of the decease of the testator. His relatives, friends, and funeral guests were strictly enjoined to keep their pipes lighted during the funeral ceremony and afterwards to empty the ashes from their pipes on the coffin. The poor of the neighborhood, who attended to his last wishes, were to receive annually, on the anniversary of his death, 10 lbs. of tobacco and a small cask of good beer. He further directed that his oak coffin should be lined with the cedar of his old Havana cigar boxes, and that a box of French caporal and a packet of old Dutch tobacco should be placed at the foot of his coffin. His favorite pipe was to be placed by his side, with a box of matches, a flint and steel, and some tinder—for, as he truly said, there was no knowing what might happen. It has been calculated that the deceased gentleman, during his eighty years of life, smoked more than four tons of tobacco, and drank about 500,000 quarts of beer. It is sad to reflect that one evidently possessed of such noble qualities should have been thus prematurely cut off at the early age of eighty, doubtless owing to his indulgence in a pernicious habit! His fate should be a warning to all smokers.—*English Paper.*

There is a state of things in Holyoke, Mass., that excites the attention of those who are interested in the public schools. Five of those useful institutions have lately been closed, and the school expenses of the town have been reduced at the rate of \$4,000 a year. These remarkable results have followed a determination of the Catholic population to educate their children in schools of their own, and at their own cost—which they seem to have an indisputable right to do, if they like. The other tax-payers appear to labor under an impression that they can stand it; but the seceders, who pay their money and take their choice in the educational line, are inclined to complain a little because the antagonism of the State law and their church law obliges them to pay two moneys for one choice—which is unpleasant, no doubt, but probably irremediable, until they succeed in conquering their prejudices against a school system independent of sectarianism.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

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THE STATEMENT OF THE

Directors of the Index Association, concerning their controversy with the late editor, has been published and a copy mailed to each of the stockholders. If not promptly received, it will be mailed on application. This statement will be mailed to any subscriber of THE INDEX on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

The undersigned has prepared a more complete and detailed statement, exposing the real cause of these troubles, which will also be sent with the above, on application, and stamp to pay postage.

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It is, also, in the very warp and weft of it, an heterodox, rationalistic, anti-theological novel; its main object being the exposure of the logical results of certain so-called religious opinions on the life and character of those who hold them. Its author has endeavored to show how these, often sincere and conscientious persons, are and must be, not only not the better, but the worse for their adherence to certain theological tenets, now obsolete with all advanced thinkers, but still dreadfully potential with the uninquiring and acquiescent on both sides of the Atlantic. He exhibits how these opinions poison the kindly springs of natural affection, pervert character, and are, in short, utterly mischievous and deplorable. This, the fulfilment of a long-cherished purpose, has not, he believes, suffered from not being obtruded, didactically or otherwise, but allowed to transpire naturally in the course of a novel involving more than anti-theological objects. It is emphatically a story, with a distinct and carefully wrought-out plot, kept in view from beginning to end.

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The Report in pamphlet form, of the ANNUAL MEETING of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION for 1872, can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, WM. J. POTTER, NEW BEDFORD, Mass. It contains essays by John W. Chadwick, on "LIBERTY AND THE CHURCH IN AMERICA," by C. D. D. Mills, on the question, "DOES RELIGION REPRESENT A PERMANENT SENTIMENT OF THE HUMAN MIND, OR IS IT A PERISHABLE SUPERSTITION?" and by O. B. Frothingham, on "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY," together with the Report of the Executive Committee, and addresses and remarks by Dr. Bartol, A. B. Alcott, Lucretia Mott, Celia Burleigh, Horace Saver, Alexander Loe, and others. Price, 35 cents; in packages of five or more, 35 cents each.

WM. J. POTTER,
Secretary.

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A STUDY OF RELIGION: THE NAME AND THE THING.

BY F. E. ABBOT.

As the entire edition of THE INDEX for March 8 (No. 167), with the exception of a small number reserved for binding, has been already exhausted, the above lecture can only be supplied in tract form. See advertisement of INDEX TRACTS. PRICE 10 cents; 12 copies for \$1.00. Address THE INDEX, TOLEDO, OHIO.

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All communications without exception, on all matters pertaining to the business department of the paper, should be addressed to P. H. BATESON, BUSINESS MANAGER, DRAWER 90, Toledo, Ohio.

All cheques, drafts, and post office money orders, should be made payable to "THE INDEX ASSOCIATION." No responsibility is assumed for the loss of money or neglect in the fulfillment of orders, unless these directions are STRICTLY COMPLIED WITH.

P. H. BATESON,
Business Manager.

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[FOR THE INDEX.]

The Controversy Between Religion and Science.

BY PROF. F. W. CLARKE, OF BOSTON.

[Concluded.]

Now this evidence offered by intuition, although of incalculable value to some individuals, is to a very great extent worthless for demonstrating the truth or falsity of any proposition. For intuitions of this kind are easily tampered with. They can be made to order in periods of great religious excitement; and some "experiences" which certain of the faithful regard as overwhelming are known to be mere outgrowths of nervous disorder. Suppose a man of science, having no intuitions of his own, should attempt to shape his belief by those of other people. He would see sects and clans of religionists, each with its special catalogue of "experiences," contradicting and quarrelling with each other. Methodists, Baptists, Spiritists, Ecstasies of all kinds, Hindu, Fakirs, and many others, all rush at him with sets of intuitions many of which are radically opposed. What is he to do? If he accepts one portion of the "evidence" thus offered, he must reject a second. And if, contrary to our first hypothesis, he should happen to have some intuitions of his own, he might find them in direct antagonism to those of some other person. Moreover, he will see that almost every believer, in reporting his "experiences," adds to them quite unconsciously a variety of deductions which may or may not be properly based upon the supposed facts themselves.

It becomes necessary, then, for the truly scientific mind to distrust much of the evidence thus offered by intuition. Even his own intuitions, if he has any, cannot receive from him implicit intellectual faith. For he cannot with certainty say that his are all right and those of some other person all wrong. Such arrogance would be unscientific. Accordingly the man of science carefully compares all the evidence of this sort, and sees what intuitions, apart from the deductions drawn from them, are common to the majority of mankind. Having thus sifted the data, he compares this clear grain with the facts and established doctrines of natural science, and gradually attains to an approximate solution of each great problem. Instead of trying to reach the unattainable, he is contented to get as near certainty as he can.

Here we begin to get a glimpse of the true relations between faith and reason, and at the very heart of the scientific method of dealing with religious questions. Almost every man of science must hold some theological opinions, since a certain amount of religious thought is necessary to every intelligent mind. He accordingly begins by setting his reason carefully at work to weigh every problem simply upon its merits, and so finds which side is best supported by evidence. This side is probably the true one, although certainty is not reached. But the investigator, in regard to many of these questions, must find peace of mind somewhere. And here faith comes into play. Like oil upon water, it quiets the troubles of the reason, and gives the latter rest. Reason goes forward like a pioneer, and finds a home for faith. Better homes, and surer resting-places may be found by-and-by, and yet both reason and faith gain contentment for the present day.

But faith modifies faith. Faith in one doctrine may either prevent or necessitate faith in another. Thus faith, being the index of the mind's inmost belief, grows by a sort of evolution, and

follows the path of a logic which is sometimes difficult to express. How, then, let us ask, does the faith of the scientific man in Nature's revelations affect his theological belief? In entering upon this inquiry we must be careful not to transcend the present limits of physical science. We are to discuss, not the probable position of the scientist a hundred years hence, but his actual attitude to-day. Now, however it may be by-and-by, a true student of Nature may have faith in God, in moral law, in immortality, based upon evidence which seems to him entirely distinct from that upon which the creed of material science rests. He may believe in these things, and strengthen his belief with arguments drawn from the world of the senses. His faith in a Divine Being may be supported with the argument from design, which he of all men can frame the most skillfully. He may conceive of mind as essentially distinct from matter, and, recognizing the permanence of the one, draw from it an analogy to prove the immortality of the other. These doctrines he may believe, and still be at war with many theologians. His faith in science may so modify his beliefs regarding the relations between the world of matter and the world of mind, the visible universe and the invisible Deity, as to render them adverse to the majority of creeds and churches. The character of this modification is the proper aim of our inquiry.

Two beliefs are fundamental in the creed of science: a belief in the orderliness of Nature, and a belief in the capacity of the human mind to understand it. "Order is Heaven's first law," and the supremacy of intellect its second. Without these beliefs no science could exist. No regular sequences could be studied. No true reasoning from observed facts would be possible. The faith of man in natural law, his expectation that the sun will rise to-morrow because it rose to-day, his confidence in gravitation, and in the beneficent effects of warmth and light, are but expressions of these beliefs. The thinker puts these articles of his creed even more strongly than the every day man of the world. He cannot conceive of existence independent of law. Wisdom, truth, rectitude, are to him but synonyms of law. Law, regular and inviolate, governs the order of all things. It is the frame work of the universe; the ruler of all change; an essential portion of God himself. Perfect law is perfect love, wisdom, and beneficence; and these are Deity.

Armed with this firm belief in law, the man of science investigates Nature. Gradually he brings within the domain of regularity, phenomena which seem to prove the existence of the wildest disorder. Chaos ceases to exist. Rain, for which savages pray, is found to be subject to systematic conditions as much as the revolutions of the planets. Sickness is traced to filth, carelessness, and foul air. Insanity is no longer ascribed to diabolical possession, nor are hysterical fits attributed to witchcraft. But science has made all these forward steps in spite of the opposition of theological experts. The ascription of physical evils to demons, witches, or special Divine wrath, was long upheld by preachers, in the face of accumulating evidence. Some of these religionists still cling to the old medieval faith. Prayers for fruitful seasons, for the recovery of the sick, for abundant harvests, the abatement of pestilence, the aversion of calamities, are daily offered up in all Christian lands. And when a man of science recently suggested a test for the efficacy of such prayers, churchmen all over the world scouted the notion as profane. "Believe without proof," said they. "Prove first and believe afterwards," said science.

But the clerical party, as usual, has mistaken the attitude of science, and accused it of trying to abolish prayer. Science, they say, should not meddle with such sacred matters; let it stick to its own business, and leave morals alone; it ought not to pry into the communion of man with God. But they forget that this question of prayer is twofold. Prayer may be studied with reference either to its moral or its physical effects; and perhaps it may be proved to have no physical merit whatever, without its moral value being in the least impaired. It may bring consolation and peace to the mind, comfort the weary and distressed, strengthen the weak of faith, and yet be unable to raise a straw from the

ground or change the direction of a sunbeam. It may help the soul, but leave the body unaided. With all this the man of science has little to do. His tests do not touch these questions. He may even believe most firmly in prayer, and still have no confidence in its asserted medicinal powers. As a man of science, he wishes to know whether prayer has any physical value. And the question is only to be answered by physical evidence and physical tests. These tests must be applied. Attempts to evade them, either by denunciation or otherwise, are weak, futile, and demonstrative of scanty faith on the part of the pious objectors. Science has shown sickness to be the result of purely natural laws which, in the long run, work directly for universal good. Will a wise Deity interfere with their action because of the prayers of a few men? Can we expect God to gratify our wishes by thwarting the laws which he himself instituted? This the scientific man is disinclined to believe. It may be so, but he demands the proof of it. Until that proof shall be forthcoming, he withholds belief.

This faith in perfect order renders the scientist a sceptic about miracles. They are so contrary to the commonly observed sequences of events that he cannot easily believe in them. He cannot prove that the miraculous is impossible, perhaps, but he can show that his doubts have good foundations. But of course his attitude towards the miraculous depends much upon the definition of "miracle." If a subversion of law is meant by it, then science rejects the conception once for all as unworthy of a moment's consideration. If, on the other hand, a miracle is defined as an interposition of higher laws, guided by wise volition, science admits that a fair field is opened for discussion.

Well, then, according to this second definition, miracles may have occurred. The dead may have been raised, the blind made to see, water transformed to wine. Saints may have proved their merit, not by kind and generous deeds, but by feats of magic; and the uncleaned toe-nails of dirty martyrs may have cured diseases which baffled all the disciples of Galen. Science cannot prove that such events never occurred. But it can pronounce them quite unworthy of belief except upon the very strongest and most detailed evidence; and it can pile up probabilities against them more rapidly than proofs can be accumulated in their behalf.

As a general rule, extraordinary events need extraordinary evidence to prove them real. The mind naturally demands less testimony for common than for uncommon things. Were a friend to tell me that he had seen a man fall from a fourth-story window into the street, I should not hesitate to believe him. But if he said that the man leaped from the street into a fourth-story window, then, no matter how truthful my friend might habitually be, I should demand the strongest of corroborative testimony before I could lend credit to the tale. Doubt would be a duty under the circumstances. No one but the most credulous of ninnies could believe at once without questioning. The same policy of caution is needed in testing the reality of alleged miracles, and is practised in most instances by nearly all intelligent minds. Even the men who believe most firmly in the miracles of eighteen centuries ago are very critical with regard to marvels said to occur in our own times. With these people it is reasonable to suppose that the sun stood still for the convenience of a Jewish army, but absurd to believe that men can be made to float in the air without visible support to-day. With miracles as with mountains, it is "distance lends enchantment to the view."

With regard to the evidence by which the truth of the miraculous is to be established, there is plainly but one kind: the evidence of human testimony. A miracle is something so far out of the ordinary course of events that no *a priori* reasoning can help us much towards belief in it. It stands alone, to be positively verified only by eye-witnesses. We who are often deceived by our own senses must put our trust in the senses of others. "Hearsay evidence" is all we have to go by. From this we must eliminate the "personal error" of the observer. Admitting his truthfulness, we must consider whether he was critically competent. Did he scrutinize closely, and weigh with care; or was he hastily and blindly credulous, like the victims of fortune-tel-

lers and quack doctors to-day? We all of us know people of undoubted honesty whose testimony concerning the supernatural is absolutely worthless. They are so easy to convince that any charlatan has them in his power. No absurdity is too great for their belief. Then again we must ask whether our witness may not have been too partial. Did the alleged miracle tend to confirm his prejudices? Was he anxious to believe? For it is much easier to accept a miracle which harmonizes with our views than one which militates against them. When we read of a championship match in miracles, we must ask whether our account was written by Moses or by an Egyptian. One side may tell one story, and another, another.

If now we demand extraordinary evidence for the extraordinary event, we have first to settle all these questions about our observer. He must be a man of unusual candor, intelligence, impartiality, judgment, and acuteness. In order to command our attention, he must give us full details concerning the miracle which he describes, and refer us to good witnesses other than himself. His mere assertion that a miracle took place is not enough. The assertion must be supported before we can scientifically believe. But unfortunately there is no miracle on record whose chronicler is known to fulfil all these requisites. In most instances miracles are cited in proof of certain particular opinions; are the credentials of some saint or martyr, and have been recorded by pious believers in the doctrine to be established. Too often the relation comes to us at second-hand, like the "authentic cases" of ghost-seeing of to-day. The recorder is partial, credulous, and blinded by enthusiasm. He tells us not only what he has seen, but also what he has heard; and is not over-nice with regard to the sources of his information. An avowed partisan, he is daunted by no improbabilities. Perhaps he has been reared in some land where a belief in magic is almost universal. All these considerations, and many more, tend to vitiate his testimony.

Let us specialize a little, and see how the scientific man stands towards the popular faith. Many of the most strenuous defenders of the miraculous limit their belief. They practically assert that miracles never occurred except among the ancient Jews, and never occur to-day. The miracles of the Bible are all real; everything else is spurious. The wonders recorded of Apollonius of Tyana, and of the great multitude of Christian hermits and devotees, are nothing but silly tales. The spiritists of to-day are all impostors. Our miracles, which sustain our theories, are alone genuine. Go! seems to have lost the power which he exerted of old.

In this attitude the man of science cannot stand. Faith, with him, lives not apart from perfect fairness. If he is to believe in miracles at all, he must compare the various records, and accept by preference those which are best supported by evidence. Although there is not one miracle which can command belief, some are better sustained than others. Those claimed by the modern spiritists are perhaps the best vouched for. We know the witnesses personally, and have every detail given, yet find scepticism necessary. So much is imposture that we are forced into excessive caution. We must not let jugglery deceive us. We know how easily a credulous man is self-deluded. Sensorial impressions affect him, and psychological marvels excite his wonder. We doubt his testimony, even while admitting his honor. We cannot believe these tales, we say, until we have seen and experienced for ourselves. They may be true, but more evidence is necessary. Even if real, the seeming miracles may be misinterpreted.

Going back a century or two in time, we come to the miracles worked at the tomb of Deacon Paris. Here are marvels vouched by the affidavits of many eye-witnesses. The sick were miraculously healed in great numbers. Yet we doubt. Wonderful things happened, beyond question; but were they miracles? The witnesses were blinded, and probably exaggerated very much. We are therefore reluctant to accept their conclusions.

The farther back into history we pursue our researches, the more abundant we shall find our materials become. At every shrine, by every holy man or woman, miracles were performed. The atmosphere was charged with the miraculous. If half the tales were true, sickness should have been abolished during the dark ages, since the invalid needed only to touch some relic or visit some holy place in order to be cured. There were miracles by the thousand, and yet none was supported by the evidence we demand. More assertions are given us, and nothing more. Legends, and popular tales, are transformed into realities. The belief in miracles went hand in hand with a faith in magic, witchcraft, ghosts, fairies, dragons, giants, and vampires.

After awhile we get into Scriptural times. Here are marvels indeed! Thousands of intelligent men and women who laugh at spiritism as absurd, and reject the traditions of the Romish Church, believe devoutly in these miracles of the sacred age. How are they supported? By the extraordinary evidence which common sense demands? By testimony stronger than the vol-

umes of affidavits to the miracles at the tomb of Paris? By witnesses better competent to observe than those who testify to modern cases of *stigmata*? Do we even know who the witnesses were? No. Every requisite necessary for the demonstration of a miracle is wanting. Certain writers, who are practically anonymous so far as our real knowledge of their identity is concerned, and of whose powers of observation we know nothing, make certain strange statements. They say that miracles occurred, and we find that some other people believed the stories at the time. But whether these writers saw the miracles or only heard of them, we do not know. No details are given, and there is no corroborative testimony. We know, however, that the records were written among a people believing in magic, and that, however pure of mind and lofty of purpose the authors may have been, they were both partial and enthusiastic. Lacking, then, the extraordinary evidence for the extraordinary events, we say, not that the alleged miracles never happened, but that we have no adequate grounds for believing in them. This is the true scientific position. Were the man of science to accept these miracles of Scripture, he would feel bound to accept also the wonderful cures at the tomb of Paris, and the mysterious perturbations of furniture claimed by the mediums of to-day. These modern marvels are much more strongly sustained than those of the ancient Hebrews. The latter are even less credible than the strange stories told at the witchcraft trials of two centuries ago.

It would scarcely be worth while to go much farther in a paper of this scope. Ecclesiastics and men of science come into collision at so many points that volumes have been filled with their controversies. Each of these points, properly treated, would need a book by itself. My purpose has been to illustrate the antagonism rather than to discuss it exhaustively, and to show in what attitude science really stands towards religion. The thorough scientific man cares solely for the truth. He has no feeling of opposition towards religion as such. His hostility is directed at certain unscientific doctrines advanced by certain unscientific men. These doctrines, which are commonly taught in connection with various theological ideas, and even confounded with them, stand opposed to what he knows to be the truth. Therefore they must be overthrown. Doubtless the scientist and the theologian often misunderstand each other, and wrangle about mere terms. Only, the misunderstanding is most frequently on the ecclesiastical side of the house. The Churchman, seeing a minor point doubted, is apt to feel that his whole system is in danger. The Church held a belief in witchcraft to be essential to religion; but witchcraft fell. The clergy thought that madmen were possessed by devils and should be burned alive, until science taught otherwise. And to-day the priesthood asserts that supernatural agencies can control the order of Nature. "Not proven," says science. The scientific man proved that the world was not created in six days, and ecclesiastics accused him of teaching that God did not create it at all. In every case the men who have put the assertions of Hebrew literature against the truths of science have had to give way. Mere assertions could not stand against evidence. At every step in the controversies which have arisen, the Church seems to have exhibited wilful stupidity. It has not only misinterpreted science, but it has failed to understand its own limitations. It has indeed "become as a little child,"—a mere infant reaching out to grasp the moon.

But the main difficulties have been due to differences of method. The sects have all followed vicious and clumsy intellectual plans. They assume too much in their premises, and verify too little. In consequence they contradict each other like the blind men who visited the elephant. Science, on the contrary, verifies everything as far as verification is possible. It strives to account for the phenomena of Nature by rational processes, and puts but little faith in dreams, visions, and inexplicable marvels. It prefers suspended to snap judgments, and absolute doubt to irrational though comforting belief. It is knowledge in a state of evolution. Growth and development are essential to its being. Religion must become science before it can conquer the world. For science is truth, and all truth is unity.

The New York *Sun* heads its account of the Ministerial meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city not long ago, thus: "Real old-fashioned hell—sad falling off in the Methodist Church—going to heaven on sheet music—eternal damnation not enough preached."—*Tribune Blade*.

There was once an old woman who, in answer to a visiting almoner's inquiries as to how she did, said: "Oh, sir, the Lord is very good to me; I've lost my husband and eldest son, and my youngest daughter, and I'm half blind, and I can't sleep or move about for the rheumatics; but I've got two teeth left in my head, and, praise and bless his holy name, they're opposite each other!" It has been said this old woman was thankful for small mercies.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONTAINS EXPLANATIONS AND CONFIDENCES.

It might be that Paul's reception by his grandparents involved such a social contrast to what he had quitted, as to incite a desire for a warmer welcome; or simply because he wanted to see Richard Sabin as soon as possible; or that he was influenced by another object, which the reader will easily surmise: but, whatever the reason, on the day after his arrival in London, he took a cab and was driven to Great James Street, where he found both Dick and the red-bearded Mops, who hailed his appearance with that rough, hearty, unpretentious kindness which men generally bestow upon a returned friend and ex-invalid. It was with extreme pleasure that he responded to their salutations; and, seating himself in the old familiar room again, surveyed the old familiar pipes, prints, and pictures, and sniffed up the ever-predominant atmosphere of "turps" and tobacco; while smoking their accustomed calumets, Richard and Mr. Humphries beamed upon him from opposite chairs. One of the delights attendant on absence, or a holiday, is the getting back to our accustomed associations; as the satisfaction of convalescence is not a little augmented by one's friends' congratulations.

As soon as he had heard Paul's account of his illness, recovery, and country sojourn, Mr. Humphries uprose and departed to his own room, leaving Sabin and his visitor together; when, after some further conversation, the latter naturally inquired about Dick's interview with Mr. Wheeler (alluded to in his letter), and whether anything had transpired therein of interest to himself.

"Well, not much," the other responded. "He came here one morning and introduced himself, having got my address at Newman Street, whither he had been invited by Kitty and Frank, as I think you know. It seems he had promised your governor a personal report of you; and missing you on one occasion, and finding you floored by illness on another, thought it worth while hunting me up, just to ask a few questions. I gave him a highly favorable description of you, of course. I thought, from the drift of his inquiries, that he wanted to know whether you'd be likely to have any objections to going to America; upon which point I left him in no doubt whatever. Perhaps your father distrusted the shelving of his message, unless it reached the person most concerned. Wheeler was evidently acquainted with his history and aware of the family peculiarities." Richard spoke rather drily, having neither forgotten nor forgiven Mr. and Mrs. Gower's descent upon the house of Sabin.

"I wish I had seen him," said Paul; which remark set his friend criticising the American's appearance and behavior. "He was very civil," he said, in conclusion, "but I didn't much like him; he seemed so confoundedly hard-natured and business-like—just the kind of man who'd set his foot on anybody's face if it lay in his way, or would help him to climb upwards. If your governor resembles him—to be sure there's no reason why he should—I don't fancy you'll get on very well together."

The conversation then naturally turning on the young men's plans of emigration, Dick frankly admitted that he was no more prepared with money for the expenses of the voyage than he had been a month ago; and, perhaps in consequence (only he didn't say so), broached a proposition relative to the means of transit, which Paul had not, until then, contemplated.

"Now you've got a hundred and odd pounds in pocket," he said, "of course you'd be wanting to go first-class, in a steamer, like a swell. Well, I shan't be able to afford that, or don't care to. I should prefer roughing it and taking one's chances of it's proving more amusing. The steerage of a liner ought to be a picturesque place for sketching and free-and-easy observation of one's fellow-passengers. I'm never sea-sick, you know, and should like a whole month or more of salt water—it must be such perfect loafing, with no remorse to follow, because you can't do anything else. Besides, there's a kind of impropriety in making a ten days' jump from the old world to the new—from heavy and respectable and particularly over-civilized and self-righteous old England into democratic and bumptious and, I imagine, rather underdone America. Let's have time to realize the fact that there's three

thousand miles between them; and that Columbus really did something."

"What will Harry Franklin say?" demanded Paul, rather taken aback by the proposition; for, as his friend suggested, his self-esteem had risen a little with the possession of money, and Louisiana contingencies.

"Oh, he'll be willing enough." And here there ensued an amicable controversy, which came to no decision worth mentioning. It was presently terminated by Paul's inviting Richard to dine with him at an old-fashioned tavern in Holborn (familiar to the latter), where he ordered the best repast that the resources of the establishment could produce; and where the friends stayed for two hours, during which time the founder of the feast experienced a fearful pleasure, such as one might suppose attaches to the commission of wilful and agreeable sin, for he knew that he was expected home to the family meal. But with the greater part of fifty pounds in his pocket, and a latent sense of injury, which his return to the house of his grandparents seemed to revive in his memory, he felt inclined to assert his independence.

He longed, of course, to ascertain the effect of Mr. and Mrs. Gower's interference in Newman Street, and probably hoped that Richard would volunteer some information on the subject; but Sabin said not a word until, towards the close of the entertainment, Paul ventured on a timid question, when his friend spoke out with his customary frankness.

"Well, it has blown over now, though it wasn't pleasant while it lasted. I never saw the governor so riled in my life—he was actually ill-tempered about it—savage as a bear with a sore head towards everybody; just as if they'd been in a conspiracy to lower the dignity of the family and put him in a humiliating position. You know he never thinks or means harm to a living soul, so it was particularly d—d hard to be dropped on to in such a confoundedly unexpected and undeserved manner. He has forgotten rather than forgiven it, now, and—I don't want to hurt your feelings, Paul, but it was an infernal shame and an outrage; and after what has happened, you see, it won't do for you to show up at the house any more."

"I don't intend to," groaned poor Paul; "but Kate—what does she say? She doesn't blame me for this wretched business, I hope?"

"Nobody blames you, old boy," Sabin answered, with much kindness. "We understand all about it. We were all sorry for your illness; and when I couldn't call at Sam's, to inquire about you, Mills did. I hope you didn't think I neglected you, eh?" Dick drank a glass of wine, hesitated a little, and continued.

"About Kate and yourself, it's none of my business. You know best how you parted, and whether it's all up between you or not. I believe she has been devilish miserable ever since, and I think it served her right. I know the old lady scolded her infernally. She's going into the country for a change—to Thorpe Parva—and, if she likes it, will stay there for some time. I don't want to interfere, or to hurt your feelings; but if I were you I'd give it up altogether. It won't pay, you may bet your life of it. She is sorry, now, and hurt and humiliated; but crying won't wash out nature; and when she's got over it, she'll sink the chapel going—for she's taken to that—and be just the same as ever. She's ever so much older than you, though she don't admit it. Character is the one thing that never alters. Kate always was a coquette, and always will be; she used to try it on with my schoolfellows, when she could hardly toddle, and set them to fisticuffs about her. Look here, now; if you come together again, what follows? You are going to America for an indefinite time—all your life, probably; well, if you can depend on your own constancy (and they say the Yankee girls are deucedly pretty) are you sure of her? You'll write letters to one another until you're both sick and tired of them and of the business altogether. It'll be what the women call a long engagement (and they are quite right in objecting to 'em), with the dead certainty of, at least, Kitty's string of it and throwing you over the first opportunity that presents itself."

"It's clear that you're not in love, Dick," answered Paul, ruefully. "Your counsel is terribly matter-of-fact, and not at all complimentary to your sister."

"It's kindly intended," Sabin said, flushing a little; "and I don't mean to say there are not girls who would wait ever so long for a fellow, and be worth the waiting for; but is Kate one of 'em? She might have been, perhaps, if she had been brought up better. All of us might have been different. Paul, old boy, they've kept an uncommonly strict hand over you at home, but it may be that you are not so much the worse for it, after all. I've been thinking that more children go to the bad through indulgence than severity. I wish the governor had thrashed some of us into better habits."

A sentiment so foreign to his friend's ordinary opinions rather surprised Paul, who did not know that, while he spoke, Dick was evolving from the depths of his own consciousness an entirely imaginary and perhaps impossible Richard Sabin—one who might have been wor-

thy to aspire to the love of an equally ideal young lady, whose outward appearance resembled Ruth Gower. Paul's words had revived certain impressions, received in a brief interview already described in these pages, and induced a twinge of humility and a stricter moral estimate—lasting, perhaps, five minutes. Probably, too, Dick was not unwilling to allow himself to be diverted from the task of disparaging his sister, and persuading his friend out of his passion for her.

"However, it's of no use regretting it now," he continued, refilling his glass and lighting another cigar. "Let's talk about something else—wasn't it very cold in the country?" And though Paul made one or two efforts at returning to the subject nearest his heart, Richard quietly evaded them, and nothing more could be extracted from him concerning it, during the rest of the interview.

Paul promised himself amends from Mills who, he knew, would prove as communicative as could be desired. With this object, after he had accompanied Sabin back to his lodgings (whither Dick was obliged to return, in order to resume work on a big lithographic stone, to the completion of which he was pledged by a certain hour), he betook himself straightway to Soho Square, hoping to find the poor drawing-master at Mr. Bligh's office; as it happened to be one of the days upon which he gave lessons to the pupils. But he was too late; the Holborn banquet had been protracted too long, and Mills had departed; nor could the very friendly reception of the young gentlemen of their late comrade make amends to him for the disappointment. So it only remained for him to return home by way of Newman Street, that he might have the melancholy satisfaction of looking at the house fraught with so many recollections to him (there were two quart pots ornamenting the area-railings), and from which he felt as if he had been excluded for years; after which he went back to his grandfather's, expecting a scolding or at least inquiry as to the cause of his absence, and rather inclined to mutiny and put forth a general declaration of independence. But the old lady only gave him a queer, scrutinizing look, asked if he had dined, and talked of indifferent matters during the rest of the evening.

It was not until some days had elapsed that he succeeded in obtaining an interview with his humble friend; when, partly in the course of a walk about Soho Square, partly at their accustomed coffee-house, Mills confirmed in detail what Paul had already learned from Richard Sabin. Miss Kate, he said, had altered very much and become very religious. She went to chapel with her mother on Wednesday evenings, as well as twice on Sundays, and had joined a Bible-class. Likewise—and here the listener pricked up his ears—she had discarded Mr. Mifflin. He came to the house as usual after the catastrophe, and seemed as much in love as ever, but Kate sedulously avoided him; and, under the combined influences of her disfavor, the advances of "the kitten" (who thought it a good opportunity to secure the transfer of his affections towards herself), and old Sabin's newly-developed distrust of young men visitors, Mr. Mifflin's calls had declined, until they finally ceased altogether. He had taken his farewell in a most dismal and heart-rending copy of verses which, confided to Frank for delivery, had been by him adapted to the tune of "The King of the Cannibal Islands," and sung all over the house; and ultimately devoted, in its paper form, to making a kite for little Arty.

Paul could have hugged Mills for this intelligence. The thrill of pleasure which he felt at the news told him, for the first time, how much latent hope he had secretly cherished. Yes! he loved her still; though his passion had been sorely bruised, wounded, and humiliated. He was eager to believe that she had repented of the past and would amend for the future; acting in all things, as became her true self—of course the ideal of his imagination. He attached but little importance to her religious impressions, thinking, with her brother, that they would prove merely temporary. But what did she say about him? he anxiously demanded. Here Mills' information was less satisfactory, though he strove to render it as agreeable as possible.

She had really been very sorry for his illness, attributing it to her own misconduct on that night; and blaming herself so severely that even Tib desisted from the sisterly duty of heaping additional coals of fire upon her head; and, turning sharp round, justified her vehemently and abused Mr. Mifflin, imputing to his unlucky appearance in the house, and passion for Kate, the whole of the mischief. She had cried a good deal, and pronounced herself a wicked, miserable girl, quite unworthy of Paul's affection or even of his friendship. She had wished herself dead—which of course meant out of her present trouble—or that he had never known her. She had gone about the house looking so wretched that everybody pitied her, and her parents feared for her health, which John Sabin proposed to improve by the country trip already alluded to by Richard; while his wife recommended Calvinistic Methodism as the one thing needful for insuring her daughter's welfare, both in this

life and that which is to come. And the latter, Mills said, she certainly thought more of than of anything else: she had regained her composure, but was much sobered in disposition; caring only for her family duties and chapel. Finally, she considered that the "engagement" between Paul and herself had been broken off, to the advantage of both parties. She was afraid that she could not make him happy; they were unsuited to each other and, perhaps, had better not meet again. She hoped that he had forgiven and would forget her; and had no doubt that, some day, he would discover somebody more capable of appreciating his worth and devotion. For her part, she expected to be an old maid and was quite resigned to that destiny.

The natural upshot of all which was that Paul went home and wrote a long letter to her, expressive of his most ardent, most unchangeable affection; and, next day, committed it to Mills for delivery.

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

THE EVIDENCE.—The Bible contains the law of the most high God. It founds its claim to this divine origin on the harmony of its facts with the records of universal history, on the moral character of its inspired penmen, on the sublime yet simple majesty of its style, on the excellence of its doctrines, on the purity of its morals, on the rapidity with which its truths were originally promulgated under circumstances the most unpromising, and on the evidence of indisputable miracles and prophecy.—*Sunday Republic.*

CONFESSION OF MRS. LYDIA SHERMAN, THE MURDERESS.—It is about six weeks since I began to feel oppressed inwardly; to have an inward struggle; sometimes was pressure on my heart. I felt bad, and I felt as though I wanted to tell, but I could not make up my mind to do it. I kept feeling so bad, and I thought I could give all up to Christ and confess to him and all would be right, and I would not let the world know anything about it. That is what I thought.

I LAY AWAKE NIGHTS

thinking about it; could not sleep and could not eat. The jailor's wife will tell you that I did not eat anything. Finally one night I made up my mind that I would give myself up to Christ and confess everything and I did. I knelt down and said I was sorry, and asked him to forgive me. I felt better then; I felt that the burden was gone, and that I was forgiven. When I felt that I must confess it to the world, I felt it was my duty to do that, that others might be warned. I felt that I could not be forgiven unless that was done. In the morning I called to Mrs. Webster. (This was on Thursday, the 23rd day of December.)

OPENING HER HEART TO WEBSTER.

I called her in and said, "Mrs. Webster, I am a very wicked woman," and she said she guessed I was not very wicked now.

I said, "But I have been a very wicked woman, haven't I?"

She said, "I know you have been, but I think you have become a good woman."

I said that I felt that I wanted to let everybody know how bad I had been, and that I could not be forgiven unless I did.

She spoke to Mr. Webster, and he came in the next morning and asked me if I wanted to make a confession, and I said I did. Then of course I told him. After I made up my mind I felt better, and after I told him all the

OPPRESSION WAS GONE FROM MY HEART, and ever since I have been perfectly contented and my mind is at ease. I feel that I know that God has forgiven me, and that after I am done here I shall have a home there with him. I made up my mind that I would give up everything in this world and think nor care for anything here.

I think it was on Christmas that Mrs. Crumb came here to talk to me, and that it was she and her talking to me and praying with me that helped me to do this; and a great deal is owing to Mr. Lutz. He was here on Christmas day. Mrs. Crumb was the means of my making up my mind finally to

GIVE MYSELF UP TO CHRIST.

I would like the world to know how I feel. I feel that I have given up all hold on the world, and that I have given Christ my heart, and that my trust is in him. Years ago I was a professor of religion, and always thought I had religion, but I know now that I never was a Christian. I always used to think I was, but I know I was not, or would not have done as I did.

It being remarked to her that her quarters in the State-prison would not be as pleasant as those she had occupied, she remarked that she did not care; she had placed herself entirely in God's hands, and was ready to bear what he placed upon her. She also said she wanted Christian people to know how she felt, and not to have them paint her case as bad as some murderers.—*New York Herald.*

The Index.

APRIL 19, 1878.

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A. E. MACOMBER, } Executive Committee
 F. E. ABBOT, } of the
 Index Association.

TO STOCKHOLDERS OF THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

I wish to thank those stockholders of the Index Association who have sent me, without any request of mine, their proxies for the Annual Meeting. It is my full purpose to attend that meeting; and I hope there to form an opinion—which I have not yet allowed myself to do—upon the main questions at issue. Should I be absolutely prevented from going, I propose to entrust these proxies to the most impartial and honest substitute I can find. I shall avoid those now engaged in the controversy, if possible; for though they may be honest, they can hardly be impartial.

Where instructions have been given, I shall obey them; where otherwise, I shall use my own best judgment. Should I be compelled to send a substitute, it will be with the same directions. But I would earnestly urge every stockholder to attend the Annual Meeting, if possible; and meanwhile to withhold his judgment upon the points at issue between the contending parties. It is already evident that these cannot be fairly investigated, except on the spot.

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
 President Index Association.

NEWPORT, R. I., April 9, 1873.

The poor women of Utah have at least one right granted to them by the laws of that territory—that of obtaining a divorce for ten dollars, which the husband has to pay.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham is to write a new life of Theodore Parker. This he is to do with the approval and coöperation of Mrs. Parker. It is a noble life in the hands of a most fit biographer.

A lady—Miss Smiley—has been preaching to large audiences in some of the Orthodox pulpits in Boston. How can Boston Orthodoxy forget that their "Holy Bible" says, through the lips of St. Paul, "Let your women keep silence in the churches"? Miss Smiley is described as having "beautiful eyes" and a "sweet voice." Ah, perhaps these are what made the Orthodox ministers of our modern Athens forget brother Paul's injunction! In the interest of the infallible Bible, we appeal from these sentimental but creant clergy to Rev. Dr. Justin D. Fulton.

M'Elhane, who was hung quite recently in Cambridge, Mass., for wife-murder, partook of the "Lord's Supper" just before execution, listened with great pleasure to the singing of the hymns, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and "Just as I am, without one plea," and received from the attendant clergyman the blessed assurance of "salvation by the blood of Jesus." What a murderous and sanguinary affair all through! In the first place, a murder nineteen hundred years ago; and then these two recent murders—one by a man crazed with passion, the other by the State of Massachusetts in its coolest moment. The first and the last took place, one to condone and the other to punish the second. Thus both Church and State make one blood-stain wash out another. And all this is religion and law, Christianity and civilization!

THE UNBELIEF OF CHRISTIANS.

It is, perhaps, natural that those who belong to the Christian communion should charge those who do not with being infidels and unbelievers. So long and so blindly have Christians taken it for granted that Christianity is the sum and acme of true belief, that it is next to intellectually impossible for them to conceive or allow that those who prefer to roam the universe for truth, rather than be shut up in any small fold, can have anything like substantial or satisfying convictions. Christians seem to suppose that the special vocation of so-called infidels is to deny, not to affirm; that the genius of infidelity runs to disbelief, not at all to belief. And they really would appear to regard with great pity (when not with horror) every one who isn't a "Christian," because they think him to be without any sustaining or cheering belief, wandering hopelessly in the outer darkness of denial and scepticism.

Now we speak for one, and say that we do not desire that Christians should pity us. Indeed, we cannot for a moment consent to receive any such thing from them, or allow that we stand at all in need of it. We have never yet seen a Christian who we thought could afford to pity us: our state of belief has always seemed infinitely preferable to theirs. The fact is (to use a homely but expressive phrase), the boot is wholly on the other leg. We feel very sorry for them.

Our sorrow for them is, in the first place, that they have such a poor belief. Again and again have we seen Christians unhappy in their belief; seen them struggling with it as a sleeping man struggles with the nightmare. They held it in fear and dread, not in gladness and joy. There is a terrible alternative involved in the Christian belief, which hangs over the heads of all who hold it, and haunts them with the most painful anxiety and apprehension. That alternative is salvation or perdition—heaven or hell. They cannot succeed in maintaining an absolute certainty as to which will finally be their portion. They greatly hope,—but they also sometimes greatly fear. "Revivals" are gotten up in the Church quite as much to revive and confirm the faith and hope of "believers," as to convict and convert "unbelievers." The faithful are continually falling away from their faith. Now and then the sight of heaven pales on their vision, and the black horrors of hell move like ghosts before their fears. So their agonizing cry is constantly, "O Lord, increase our faith!" We once knew a good woman—almost a perfect saint—who was a devout Methodist, and who generally bore in her heart, with its light reflected on her face, a most serene trust and confidence in her Savior; but often has she confessed to us that sometimes there flitted even across her usually placid mind the appalling doubt if, after all, she were really "saved;" if indeed her "calling and election" were made sure beyond a peradventure. In these moments of suspense of faith, of wavering confidence, her agony of mind and spirit was something pitiful to behold. Thousands and tens of thousands of Christians are like her in this experience, and move our deepest commiseration. Often as a minister, called to cheer and comfort those who were troubled and sorrowful, have we found an infirmity and exility of faith amongst Christians that both amazed and saddened us. And the most "conservative" were often the most unbelieving. The radically-inclined we could generally help to some sure footing: they would at least trust in the firm and benignant laws of the Universe, and be steadied thereby. But those who had put their faith in traditions of sacrament and Bible and Savior were quite apt to go under when the waves of trouble rolled. These things, in which they had always thought they trusted, now seemed so far off, so unreal; while that in which we trusted, they had never learned to confide in. Thus, often, we found the most "Christian" in belief the most difficult to console and cheer.

But we are sorry for Christians not only because of the infirmity of their belief, but also because of their actual unbelief. Not many months ago, we had an opportunity to converse

with three very worthy, quite able, and somewhat distinguished Christian clergymen. Our conversation was very frank and free, and they made no concealment of the real state of their belief. One of these clergymen declared, unreservedly, that the facts of physical science had convinced him that the soul of man is not immortal; he said he could not resist the conviction that when he died his mind would cease entirely its operations. Another declared that personally he had the minimum amount of faith in a future life, and but for his faith in the faith of others, especially in that of Christ, he should surrender the belief entirely. The third argued wholly in the direction of materialism, hoping, as he said, to have his faith strengthened in its converse by our counter arguments. All these men took quite a sombre view of this life, and questioned if it did not cost us more than it was worth to us. Yet all these men occupy Christian pulpits, and perform all the functions of a Christian minister. We say we are sorry for them, and such as they, not because of any honest belief or disbelief they have, but because they still cling with all their hopes and fears to Christianity, and have not the boldness to launch off into pure rationalism and take the risks. Christianity will never cure their unbelief, unless they make an utter surrender of their minds to its most ancient and highest authority; nor will it help them to a better or sounder belief, because its method is not the right one. We are sorry for these men, and such as they, because they are on the wrong track, looking in one direction and trying to walk in another; because they hopefully or fearfully linger in the back-parlor of a decaying faith, a crumbling institution, and haven't the wisdom to take their hats and walk out into a larger place.

The Christian Church is honeycombed with doubt and unbelief, both as regards the laity and the clergy. Social levity has eaten into it like a moth, and corrupted it. Growing and irrepressible intelligence has also worked its way among the creeds and dogmas, loosening their hold on the minds of believers. Moreover, those whose dependence is upon the external, the accidental, the traditional, are sure in times of emergency to be disappointed, to lose their footing and come to grief. While those who believe only in the integrity of the Universe, who trust only in the sister laws above and below, who follow only the truth, grow more steady and serene every day; more full of confidence, more full of joy. The most pitiful and alarming unbelief is in the Christian Church, not outside of it.

REASON THE LAW OF LIFE.

Seldom has a single sentence made so deep an impression on my mind as one which several years ago arrested my attention in reading Col. Higginson's admirable translation of Epictetus: "To a reasonable creature, that alone is insupportable which is unreasonable." Reason itself forbids us to endure unreason; at least, if escape is possible at any cost. No price is high to pay for the privilege of living a rational life. No evil is to be compared with that of being driven to violate the dictates of a pure and enlightened intelligence; no good is so exalted as that of obeying just principles in every action, word, and thought.

It was this fundamental fidelity to the law of the universal reason, or, as it was often expressed, "living conformably to Nature," which constituted the glory and essence of the Stoic philosophy. Marcus Aurelius very finely puts it thus: "If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to Nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this." Dr. Zeller epitomizes the principles of Stoicism as follows: "As the Stoics considered that the Reason which governs the world is the general law of all be-

lugs, so they recognized in the moral demand for reason the positive and negative aspects of the Law of God." Hence it is evident that Epictetus uttered the very heart of his philosophic faith when he declared that nothing is insupportable except the intrinsically unreasonable.

But what is "unreasonable"? Whatever contradicts itself, or the order of the universe as discerned by the unperturbed reason of man. Thought must be self-harmonious, and at the same time must harmonize with the universal system of things. The thought which jars with itself or with Nature is unreasonable; and the action which outwardly flows from it is the very incarnation of unreason. Folly, ignorance, superstition, selfishness, injustice, unbridled passions, debased ideals, unregulated lives,—all such things as these are violations of the law of Nature, and come under the irrevocable ban which Nature lays on unreasonableness itself; and they appear to every "reasonable creature" as the only things never to be endured so long as escape is possible. Sorrow can be endured; sickness, pain, poverty, reproach, failure, death itself, can be endured. But submission to essential unreason or wrong (which are the same) is unendurable; and every other evil is preferable in comparison with it.

In an age when material interests loom up in such vast proportions, and command the idolatrous homage of the multitudes, there is great need that the gospel of resistance to unreason should be both preached and practised; for without it the spirit of reform must be extinguished in society at large, and every finer purpose of the individual must be suffocated by the poisonous atmosphere of prevailing corruption. It is a gospel not promulgated in Christian churches, where the spirit of conformity to great established evils has generally found shelter and sympathy. On the contrary, it is a gospel believed in by few and acted upon by fewer still; but it is these few that rescue the generation from moral death, and keep open the road of possibility of purer life. Some have been found in every age who sternly refused to endure unreason, to submit to wrong, to copy the pliant temper of acquiescing cowardice; and in the retrospect mankind are tardily coming to recognize that the gospel they lived by did a work for the race which the fashionable gospel of Christianity shirked and decied. The religion of to-day must be one of vigor, and not passivity,—of positive energy in the furtherance of right and the defeat of wrong, not tame resignation under evils which can be overthrown by courage only. Let the grand rule of Stoicism that the unreasonable is the insupportable strike root into all minds, and no man can paint too bright a picture of the future of the race; but let the timid acquiescence of Christianity in existing evils retain permanently its empire over the world, and I believe that civilization itself will rot slowly back into barbarism. For one, I contemplate no possibility of so lame and impotent a conclusion to the drama of history.

F. E. A.

THE REAL ISSUE.

We have heard till we are satisfied and more than satisfied, till it has become stale as an axiom, that there are really but two systems in religion—the system of authority and the system of liberty. Between "Rome and Reason," we are told, truly enough, there is no resting-place. Either all men must think for themselves or all men must think as they are bid by an imperial power, supposed to govern by Divine sanction. All sincere people find themselves monarchists or republicans; Romanists or Free Religionists.

They who make such assertions admit reason into religion; only in the one case reason soon ends its prerogative—in the other case it continues to maintain it. The system of authority is an intellectual system, fortified by arguments, grounded in philosophy, based on principles of reason, and defensible by strong minds who have read, studied, pondered much. An immense amount of thought has been expended on its construction; an immense force of thought is

implied in its stability; and they who accept it may do so with clear conviction of its reasonableness as a religious scheme, and may be quite unconscious of any mental servitude in accepting it. Between them and the rationalists, therefore, the issue is not an issue between reason in religion and no reason in religion; it is rather between one result of reason and another result of reason,—between one intellectual conclusion and another intellectual conclusion. Both systems demand a great deal of thinking on the part of their intelligent advocates. The zany cannot be a good member of either.

It is not fair, however, to suppose the same amount of intellectual interest on both sides. Practically, among average people, and particularly among the converts to Romanism, the issue between the two systems is one between reason and sentiment. It is the intellectual side of rationalism that fascinates, and the pictorial side of Romanism. It is not even *mind* vs. *feeling*, for hearty feeling is enlisted in both systems, and is equally fostered by each. It is *mind* vs. *sentiment*.

Sitting at dinner a few days ago, with a very intelligent man,—a man of active intelligence, considerable cultivation, large familiarity with current affairs, clear and positive opinions on many subjects,—I was surprised to hear him avow himself a Catholic. His father had been a column in Dr. Bellows' church: he himself had been brought up there; his position in society made him acquainted with a large variety of minds among the clergy. To my question why he was a Catholic, he frankly answered that it was less troublesome: he was not obliged to listen to sermons; he was permitted to listen to fine music; and the whole business of religion was taken off his hands. Religion, in every form, he said, was superstition; and he preferred his superstition picturesque and pure. For doctrines he cared nothing. His spiritual tendencies were not particularly aristocratic; he was a good republican, he was not jealous of the reputation of the priests of his church, and bore pleasantly allusions to archbishops that were not respectful. He simply wanted his mind for other purposes than those of religious credence; and now he had it—before, he had it not.

The conversation was instructive, and made me more eager than ever to employ thought on the problems of religion, and to apply the scientific method to its problems as to all others. It made me thankful, too, that rationalism was, as yet, and that it was likely for some time to come to be, intellectual; that it had few attractions for the dilettante class—no grand churches, no splendid choirs, no impressive ceremonies, pageantries, or pomps, no luxurious resting places for travelling minds, no finalities of opinion, no green pastures, no still waters; that it was on the road, and was therefore not likely to be joined by any of these strolling bands of idlers who infect a caravan because they know it will not proceed far before it reaches a pleasant camping ground.

The strength of every movement is in the active limbs of its advancing members; the weakness of every movement is in the number of its hangers-on. The strength of Romanism is in the powerful minds that maintain it as an intellectual system; its weakness is in the elegant loungers who enroll themselves in its communion because they are tired, or idle, or lackadaisical, or fond of music, or enamored of pictures. If the reliance of Romanism was on these, its conquest would be easy; if the number of these increases at the rate it has been doing for some years past, its conquest will be easy. A small, active, unincumbered phalanx will make short work of a legion of soft sentimentalist. The rationalists—I mean the clear-minded, resolute, energetic rationalists—are not numerous; but if they are sincere, simple, and serenely intellectual, their power will be felt. "There is no such thing," said my Catholic friend, "as a reasonable religion: when reason comes in, religion goes out. All religion is superstitious." If it is, said I in reply, then let it go. Let us have no religion. Let truth take the place of it. Let the issue lie between truth and religion. Truth

without religion will be better than religion without truth; and in a struggle betwixt the two I cannot doubt which will prevail, nor whose victory will be most beneficent for mankind.

O. B. F.

LONDON LETTER.

ALMS-GIVING—RAGGED AND CHARITY SCHOOLS—FREE SCIENTIFIC LECTURES TO THE POOR—MATTHEW AND WILLIAM ARNOLD.

LONDON, March 17, 1873.

It will, I suspect, be some day a question that will be much argued, whether in completely civilized and advanced societies anything can exist corresponding to the ancient virtue of "charity." Of course etymologically it must always exist, for *caritas* can alone make a society anywise different from the herding together of animals or men for mutual protection; but, in the ordinary sense of the word, does not charity mean that one is a mere dependent on the mere bounty of another; and does such a relation bless either him who gives or him who bestows? The late Archbishop Whately used to thank God that he had never given a penny to a beggar, though often sorely tempted so to do; and consequently had never been the means of encouraging any one to remain on the street. He spoke the voice of his country's determination, that the disabled shall have asylums as their just due, and paupers shall go to prison or to State-provided work. We have had here hitherto what is called out-door relief, but the party opposed to it has become strong enough to secure the application, in an increasing number of parishes, of the labor test; and it must presently be the case here that in no instance whatever shall any poor person enjoy that for which he or she has performed no service. There are fewer beggars every year in our streets, and more robberies. Meanwhile, one reads with a certain wonder the exquisite chapters which fill Oriental Scriptures concerning charity to the poor, to strangers, and wanderers. They were written clearly at a period when society was not yet organized on ideas of justice and human rights, and men had to depend rather upon the mercy of others than on any claims they might have. Not long ago I visited, in company with a number of antiquarians, an old abbey. The clergyman gave us a good archaeological account of it, and then invited us to a repast which his wife had spread among the ruins. As we were taking our leave, a learned antiquarian thanked our hosts for their kindness, and observed that there was something almost pathetic in the fact that the clergyman and his wife had been renewing that day the custom which had existed when abbays were built, but had decayed with their ruin, of giving food and kind discourse to the traveller on his way.

But that old idea of giving aid without hope of repayment, which the more scientific organization of society has so far driven away that one does not now drink even the "stirrup-cup" without giving a fee (not exacted but looked for and accepted) for the old charity so celebrated by poets, still lingers in regions where the State has not yet brought its statutes to bear. And until now this has been eminently the case in the matter of the education of the poor. Unquestionably the education of the children of the poor as a charity has failed. The great mass of the population is ignorant, and the State has had to come in with its rates, its laws, and compulsion. But the number of Ragged Schools, and the large number of persons who have been willing to give their time and money to Charity Schools, show that in one department at least the old virtue to which I have alluded has preserved its throne. It is perhaps in consequence of the many generations in which education has been deemed rather a merciful gift than a debt to the poor, that there are found so many eminent men always ready to instruct them without recompense. Such men as Professors Huxley, Tyndall, Carpenter, and others, could not be induced by even a large fee to leave their absorbing duties and lecture to cultivated audiences; but they continually go to lecture to assemblies of working people for nothing at all. And on such occasions they take as much pains to have their diagrams, apparatus for experiments, &c., prepared, as when they lecture for the finest audiences in their respective institutions. Recently the Rev. Septimus Haussard, the very philanthropic and energetic rector in one of the most populous parishes of London, got up a series of lectures for the poor, and he found no difficulty in procuring without money the services of the most eminent men. Mr. Norman Lockyer, the famous astronomer, is now delivering in that course a series of as excellent lectures as ever delighted the audiences of the Royal Institution. He has every week between

two thousand and three thousand working men and women who listen most intently to him, and who appreciate fully his admirable experiments. I have rarely witnessed anything more impressive than the intellectual hunger and thirst of these poor people, as they listen to the unfoldings by science of the great laws by which they are surrounded. Another feature is also very impressive. Some hundred and fifty deaf and dumb persons attend these lectures. Before them stands an interpreter who translates for them every word uttered by the lecturer. This man is a genius; his hands, lips, every feature of his face—his whole form—are in motion every second of the hour and a half, and the mutes look with a singular intensity. This teacher who thus brings his pupils to these lectures is a clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Stainer—and it is all a service of the heart; he receives no payment for it whatever. When Mr. Lokey began his first lecture on the Spectrum, he was so astonished, and also touched, when he saw this orator of gesticulation before him, that for a moment he was almost unable to continue.

Matthew Arnold is travelling on the continent, having been quite unfitted for his invaluable duties as the Inspector of the higher schools, by the repeated and severe domestic afflictions he has recently suffered; namely, the death of a dearly loved sister-in-law, and also several of his children. He has now, I believe, only one son left. His friends have had recalled to them the sad circumstances surrounding the death of his brother William some years ago,—the author of *Oakfield*,—who was an officer in the Indian service. He went out to India with a beautiful young wife who, while he was absent on his official duties, was taken very ill. He was sent for, and the poor little lady, knowing that she must die, had her couch placed beside the window that she might get the first glimpse of him on his arrival. One day she saw a little procession of natives and soldiers hurrying to the house, with her husband at their head. It was her last earthly vision. Her eyes closed, and when in a minute more her husband was at her side, she was dead. There were three children. Mr. Arnold felt that he could not survive his wife's death. "My only hope," he wrote to his sister in London, "is that I may be able to reach England and place my children in your hands." But he died, heart-broken, on the voyage home, and the children came on alone to be received by the sister,—the wife of the Hon. W. H. Forster, member of the Cabinet, who having no children of her own adopted these. Noble children they are, the oldest boy bearing the name of Oakfield Arnold, after the hero of the father's romance. This romance abundantly shows that the intellectual superiority was well represented in the author who died so prematurely. In it he attacked some of the abuses in the Indian service; and, as it was at first published anonymously, some officers in that region hinted that the author was afraid to put his name to the work. Mr. Arnold at once published an edition with his name, and there was no further criticism. Some of the finest selections in Mrs. Charles Lowell's *Seed-Grain* are from *Oakfield*, though the book was, I believe, never printed in America. Florence Arnold, the eldest daughter of William (Dr. Arnold's third son), was "presented" at the Queen's last drawingroom, and was much admired for her intellectual type of beauty.

M. D. C.

The New York East Conference of Methodists, at their recent meeting in Harlem, admitted a large class of the brethren into "full connection." One of the disciplinary questions asked of the class was: "Will you endeavor not to speak too long or too loud?" We heartily commend that question to be asked of all candidates for the Methodist ministry. By all means let it always be insisted on.

A striking case of the iron authority of the Church and the abject superstition of its devotees has recently occurred in Kalamazoo, Mich. A Catholic layman loaned to his priest ten thousand dollars to build a church. The priest gave his notes for the amount, and subsequently died. Then the lender presented his claim to the bishop of that diocese, who denied its validity and refused payment. It was the lender's whole fortune, and he commenced suit. The bishop excommunicated him; and, when the layman went to partake of Communion, publicly spurned him from the altar with terrible anathemas. The poor man finding himself robbed, excommunicated, and anathematized by the Church, became insane with superstitious fear and remorse, and speedily died. This same unreasoning dread of the Church's authority runs through all the phases even of Protestantism, and keeps many a creed-bound man and woman from the light of truth, who would otherwise seek it if they dared.

Communications.

THE IN-BREAKING LIGHT.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel*, of Jan. 13, has a quite significant article in reference to a sermon recently preached in that city by a Rev. Mr. Dudley, of the Plymouth Congregational pulpit. The sermon I have not seen, but judging from the notice in this paper and the strictures that come from prominent Orthodox quarters, one may infer it was marked by a frankness, a manliness in tone, and broad freedom of treatment—such as the representative leaders and custodians in faith in that section, and indeed anywhere, are little accustomed to.

The Chicago *Advance* (Congregational organ) finds heresy there, and especially regrets that so essential an element in the plan of salvation as the vicarious atonement of Christ should have been omitted from the preacher's theory. The Chicago *Interior* (Presbyterian organ) waxes much more wroth, finds the sermon in various ways a grave offence, and, taking the attendant circumstances into the account, pregnant with results of incalculable mischief. It is "remarkable," this organ says, "first and chiefly, as having been uttered in an Orthodox Congregational Church." "Thirdly, remarkable from the impossibility of determining whether the discourse is an indictment of his own denominational beliefs or of the New Testament Scriptures," and so on. And then it proceeds to crack the ecclesiastical whip about the ears of all concerned, in the most approved ecclesiastical manner. It summons the Congregational body to take note and respond quickly to the command of duty. Let it act decisively and sharply, condemning the heresy and hurling the heretic down from his sacred office, or else it shall stand self-convicted of falseness to its own standards, be branded with cowardice or utter imbecility. "If the Congregational system cannot reach and depose such a man, it is powerless to maintain sound doctrine in its pulpit. If it can do this and does not, it is thereby condemned as false to all its Evangelical traditions and professions as a religious body. We wait with some interest to see how long such preaching will be tolerated in an Orthodox Congregational Church." A very pointed and solemn adjuration surely! We too, with the rest of mankind, will wait to see what attention the Congregationalists will pay to this case.

But the *Sentinel* man takes it all very quietly. He intimates that there is little danger that the Congregationalists will be forward to move in the matter. For one thing, he mentions that the rule in the Congregational body is much less despotic than in some others,—the Presbyterian, for instance. In the former, there is more scope for individual liberty; the minister in the pulpit is amenable in his utterances primarily to his own congregation, and not directly to any superior judicature. He can stay there unmolested, uncondemned, so long as they are not offended with his doctrine. But secondly, and this is of much more importance he says, the denomination will not risk the consequences that will inevitably come of any attempt to take up and dispose of such a case. There is already too much freedom of thought in the lay element of the body, too wide-spread a spirit of scepticism or renunciation of cardinal doctrines in the Orthodox faith. "The heresy complained of is not confined to the Plymouth pulpit in this city, nor to any other pulpit, but permeates the rank and file of the denomination through and through. The pew is ten times more affected by it than the desk." (The italics are ours.) "The distinctive principles of John Calvin's 'plan of salvation' [much older than John Calvin, however] are generally repudiated by the rank and file of the Congregational denomination in the West. They do not believe in the Trinity, in original sin, in the vicarious atonement, nor in the endless punishment of the wicked after death."

Such being the condition, the *Sentinel* surmises and doubtless rightly, that the Congregational body will do no such thing as the *Interior* imperiously demands. They will ignore and put up with as best they can Mr. Dudley's preaching of hated heresy; or, more likely, will attempt silently, by covert means, to throttle, to restrain, and repress it. Openly they will not dare to appear, for the venture in the present state would be too costly, and might lead to issues most to be dreaded. The ecclesiastical managers in this case, as generally, are doubtless politic and calculating, and will make discretion the better part of valor. But the admission is a pregnant one and hints much.

Everywhere we see indubitable signs that the old foundations are breaking up. The great transformations are begun, are going forward to-day with a rapidity and depth of sweep that few even of the wisest seeing among us read or know. No opposition or threats, no fulmination of anathemas will in the least check or affect the matter. The straw will not turn Niagara. The stars in their courses fight against Sisera.

Honor, all honor to the man who will stand firm and faithful to his convictions, the truth

given to his soul, and speak it from his pulpit without fear or favor, knowing only fealty to the highest within him! May this Rev. Mr. Dudley—of whom I know nothing, I am sorry to say, save what the Milwaukee *Sentinel* reports—bear himself erect, outspoken, advancing, even though he find himself, as some have before, brought out of the fold of Orthodoxy, out of the Church, out of all churches of Christianity, and standing in the large and sun-visited domain of the free and uncontained Truth. The fields are white for the harvest; everywhere there are souls thirsting for these waters of life that shall flow from the lips touched with the divine quickening.

I think that the most effective preachers of the better faith, the ablest protestants and reformers, doing work the most searching and radically thorough, will come from the ranks of Orthodoxy, perhaps from hard, relentless Calvinism. There is a temper in this steel which makes it superior for service, a training by discipline, a directness, a stern, decisive quality, an upstandingness that you will scarcely find from the influences of the so-called liberal faiths.

Do the friends of a free and genuine religion apprehend the gravity of the responsibilities of this hour, and are they alert to meet them? There needs work, consecrated, persistent, unflinching work. The people perish for lack of knowledge, for lack of the true illumination. All over the land is saddest destitution of this means of grace. Hardly yet have a few spots even received drops of the waters of life. The spirits in prison—and they are everywhere—wait the ministrations of light which a free and catholic faith alone can give. Who of us is ready to devote himself undividedly to this service of humanity? The moment calls, and the glorious privileges of this time not long will linger.

There needs work of the finer, the affirmative cast. Criticism, not merely destructive but constructive, that deals with the facts, and works up to the high solution. Immense issues for the near and also the more distant future are wrapped up in the doings of this hour—hour indubitably appointed to be the birth-hour of the faith and worship of the coming time.

C. D. R. M.

SYRACUSE, January 30, 1873.

VOICES FROM THE INDEX CONSTITUENCY.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, Mar. 25, 1873.

ACT. ED. OF INDEX:

Dear Sir,—It is with great surprise and deep regret that I learn of the retirement of Mr. Abbot from the position of editor and manager of THE INDEX; and being a subscriber to THE INDEX and stock of the Association, I think it my duty to make my feelings known concerning the matter. Mr. Abbot has made THE INDEX what it is; given it influence and position, and I do not believe his place can be filled, because no man who is fitted for this place will submit to the dictation of others and allow them to prescribe his duties. As things now stand, the editor of THE INDEX is simply a tool in the hands of the Executive Committee and Board; and when such is the case it will not be made an able, independent, and influential journal. THE INDEX was started, not to make money, but to advocate the cause of religious liberty and to establish its principles upon an imperishable basis. The action of the Board of Directors was decidedly unjust, in not allowing time for all to be present; and I hope the matter will be reconsidered and Mr. Abbot recalled. I prefer to risk all that I have done and may do for THE INDEX and its cause with Mr. Abbot, than to trust its success to any Board of Directors or Executive Committee.

Yours most respectfully,
W. W. GRANT.

[We desire, in connection with the foregoing, to say that a majority of the present Executive Committee have voted not in any way to revise or restrain the editorial functions of THE INDEX so long as we remain acting editor. We could not have consented even temporarily to edit the paper under any other circumstances.—ED.]

OBERLIN, Ohio, March 21, 1873.

A. W. STEVENS:

Dear Sir,—I thank you most earnestly for your true and noble action in standing by Mr. Abbot. . . . I believe that a vast majority of the subscribers would indignantly repudiate such a shame and outrage as compelling him to retire. THE INDEX without Mr. Abbot would be a monstrosity, hideous and repugnant to every honorable friend of the paper. My experience in travelling for the paper [as agent in the employ of Mr. Butts] convinces me that the loss of Mr. Abbot would be the ruin of the paper. Even the criticisms on him, I have, on reflection, regarded as highly creditable to him.

I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,
J. E. HITCHCOCK.

THE VALUE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Early in December last, John Ware was hanged "by the neck until dead," in Camden, N. J., for parricide. This is a description of the death scene:

Sheriff Fredericks addressed him and said: "John, can you hear what he is saying?" "Yes," was the reply. "Won't you promise me to trust in God?" "No, I'll do it!" The Lord's Prayer was then recited in unison, Ware still refusing to take part in the ceremony, but bending his eyes on the ground. He appeared affected when his jailor, an old French gentleman named Brideaux, went down on his knees and prayed for forgiveness for him; and his eyes were filled with tears when one of the gentlemen present exclaimed, "Think of your wife and child, John—oh! think of them!" But when Sheriff Fredericks asked him to repent, he shook his head moodily and said he "would not." His legs were strapped together, his last look at this earth was taken, and the black cap pulled over his eyes and secured around his neck. Sheriff Fredericks then addressed him, saying: "John, have I not done all I could for you?" and he nodded in response. "Look to Jesus, John!" An almost imperceptible shake of the head was the only reply. "Then may God bless you!" The Sheriff stepped back, there was the quick flash of a keen hatchet and the sustaining rope was severed. The weight fell with a heavy thud, and the poor wretch was jerked up into the air, the recoil being about two feet.

Here was a man, "whose breasts are distended with milk" (to use a synonym for youth that we heard Choate use in the Tirrell trial), sent straight to perdition by his fellow-men acting in the name of the law. *Cui bono?* Is it likely, because Ware was hung for parricide, that will prevent any other half-witted, uneducated youth, crazed with anger and passion, from snatching his father? Now, is it not about time to make a concerted attack against that relic of barbarism—capital punishment?—*Exchange.*

Gen. Howard's book-keeping while in charge of the Freedmen's Bureau proves no more accurate than the accounts of his associates in other departments. In other words, he is proved a defaulter in retained bounty funds alone, for \$112,000. This gentleman is the great and good philanthropist so much boasted of a few years ago, and for calling whose notes in question Fernando Wood was bitterly assailed. Investigation proves worse iniquity than he was ever charged with. Like Colfax, we shall expect him to plead that he is a "Christian gentleman" as a bar to further prosecution. The money of course is gone past all hope of recovery.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer.*

WOMEN HOLDING OFFICE IN THE CHURCH.—The recent election of two deaconesses in the Clinton Avenue (Congregational) Church of this city, and in other churches of that denomination, the female deaconates being organized by the Episcopal Churches, and some other movements recognizing the ministrations of women in the Church, the Methodist heartily endorse and says it is the restoration of an office of primitive Christianity.—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.*

THE STATEMENT OF THE

Directors of the Index Association, concerning their controversy with the late editor has been published and a copy mailed to each of the stockholders. If not promptly received, it will be mailed on application. This statement will be mailed to any subscriber of THE INDEX on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

The undersigned has prepared a more complete and detailed statement, expelling the real cause of these troubles, which will also be sent with the above, on application, and stamp to pay postage.

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The second number will be found of even greater interest than the first. There is, as all book-sellers know, a large and growing demand for scientific works of a popular character. But publishers so far have not dared to print all that science taught on religious and social topics. They feared to offend the Orthodox religious sentiment. The MODERN THINKER, however, was started to meet the public want and to give tolerance to advanced thought without fear of consequences.

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For life itself is a battle, a conflict, a warfare, a discipline. Whoever takes part in life, takes part in a fight—a fight with many things, a fight for many things. Every child that is born, is born a soldier into the grand army of human activities, and has to meet and face both friends and foes, and wage a warfare that ends in glorious success or inglorious defeat. Life is a fight, and like every fight it is either a good one or a bad one. It is a good one, if we go into it with good motives, a good spirit, and inscribe on our banner a good cause. It is a bad one, if we engage in it with low aims, mean ambitions, and to accomplish some inferior ends.

In the first place, let us become fully aware that life is a battle; and let us intelligently ascertain what it is a battle with, and what it is a battle for; and so we may be inspired to take part in it with a noble purpose and to a noble end.

That life is a warfare, none can have lived it in earnest without having found out. The moment we begin to look on life with intelligent and serious vision, that moment we discover that we have arrived on the scene of grand activities and stand in the arena of magnificent opportunities. Everything around us is in motion. From the far background of the past eager ranks of contestants appear, and surge about us in the present and past us into the future. The powers of Nature mingle with the powers of humanity. The world itself, and all that it contains of mind and matter, is engaged in the strife to be and to become, to dare and to do. The forces that possess the field at once assume an attitude towards us which is either hostile or friendly; and, as they press around us in the general battle, sweep us into their ranks, suffering us not to remain an instant as neutral or inactive spectators of the fray. We find ourselves challenged straightway and drawn into the conflict, even while we contemplate it, and made to fight for the position we occupy, and for that still better one we may have desired in the distance and felt a desire to attain.

God has brought us where we cannot be idle and be great. He has put us into a position which is full of embarrassments and difficulties and perils even, until we boldly face them, and learn to cope with and overcome them. The place we hold in this world is, in the first instance, given to us by Providence; but unless we also acquire and conquer it by our own subduing energy, it is not really ours,—it is not a place in which and from which we generate and exercise power and influence. By the peculiarity of our native condition and surroundings God provokes us, if I may so say, to assert ourselves and to become conspirators with him in grand designs. In what dilemma do we find ourselves as physical beings confronting the material universe! We call this world our home, and so it is; but how did it become so? God did his part to make it so, and yet we have had to do ours. This world, noble and beautiful as it is, would never have been a comfortable and hardly a habitable home for man, if he had not put forth

efforts to make it agreeable and convenient to himself. Man had to subdue the world before he could abide in it; he had to conquer the earth before he could make it his dwelling-place. Nature is the mother of man, and she loves him; but she gave him a rough treatment at first, and made him her hardy child by putting him through no tender discipline. She buffeted him with her cold, she worried him with her heat, she pursued him with hunger and thirst, she harassed him with want and deprivation, she afflicted him with pain and trouble; and so she taught man that he had no weak and doting parent to deal with, who would encourage him in idle pleasure; but rather one who would throw him on his own resources, and put him to his genuine mettle, and make him work to eat, and exercise to grow, and exert himself to live. *By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt get thy bread!*—this was what the dear old Earth in the beginning said to her child; and she said it not in tones of anger and in words of cursing, but in accents of love and syllables of blessing, if only we can interpret them so. "Combat for your place in my domain!" said Nature. "Earn your title and right to my possessions!" And man did combat and did earn; and it was only in this way that he acquired power over her dominions, and got the genius to discover her secrets and avail himself of her laws. And from that time to this, man's relations with Nature have been one continuous contest, one steady series of efforts and alternate defeats and successes. From that time to this she has never ceased to make demands upon his alertness, his strength, his dexterity, his cunning. Man has stepped from his original burrow in caves to his home in our modern dwellings; he has cast off the rude implements of his earliest handicraft to take up those that are the wonder of the nineteenth century; but he has achieved all this progress, he has worked up all this splendid civilization, only by a hard battle with material elements, only by fighting a good fight with natural forces which, while they have not been inimical to him, have yet not become his aids and servants until he learned to throw over them the spell and power of his growing genius. The life of man, physically and intellectually, has been a warfare. The house he lives in, the clothing he wears, the food he eats, the vehicles that transport his body and his thought,—all these are the spoils he has brought back from his conquests over Nature.

And his intellectual triumphs, which have been not less, have been won at the same great cost of effort. Man has gained no amount of knowledge, he has acquired not a foot of territory in the realm of truth, which he has not had to battle for in a most vigorous and manful fashion. Plato, with his vast accumulation of ideas—Goethe, with his eighty odd years of literary culture—Humboldt, with his ninety odd of scientific lore—Agnassiz, with his magnificent fund of zoological information,—all these did not fill their capacious intellectual urns from some free and open profusion of wisdom's stores; but each delved for his treasures in the quarries of truth, and went forward into the domain of science as the conquering hero goes, subduing by might of mental shew the territories he took possession of.

But morally and spiritually, also, the life of man has ever been a conflict. Ask the heroes of virtue and the saints of goodness, if this be not so. Ah, yes! Listen to what they say! Socrates calmly speaks to us from the cell where he drank the poison hemlock, warning us that philosophic virtue and wisdom get no sympathy from the crowd. Jesus cries to us from under the cross that bears him down, telling us there is no ascending the mountains of holiness except by the way of the mounts of Calvary. Paul lifts up his voice in echo, saying that he wrestles with the principalities and powers of evil, and combats with the law of sin that warreth in his members. Augustine prolongs the testimony, confessing of the toughness of the conflict which so often ensues between the spirit and the flesh. But we need not go so far back as any of these for proof that there is a fight to be fought in the arena of the soul. Our own personal and private experience will each day assure us of this. There is no personal devil to fight with, as Augustine and Paul and Jesus believed; but

there are the lower propensities, desires, appetites, and passions of our nature to be dealt with,—not to be crucified, but to be disciplined, trained, and controlled by reason; these offer to us no slight and no infrequent conflict. We are face to face and hand to hand with them every day. They dog our steps, hang upon our flanks, and spring at us from many a covert as we pass along our accustomed way. Our whole path through life is ambushed by them, and we have them to confront at frequent unexpected crises. Sometimes one of the most powerful of them will spring upon us and drag us to the very brink of some awful depth, so that we can look into the horrible darkness of a possible degradation; and we have to summon all the divine within us, and call upon all the Divine above us, to enable us to cast off the might of this terrible power and hold ourselves back from precipitation to gulfs of sin and sorrow frightful to think of. But oftener they come in a less formidable and violent manner; skirmishing only with our unwary thoughts, parleying with our innocent intentions, or even mingling under show of truce with our better desires and higher motives. Yet even then the warfare has not ceased, the position of the unfriendly forces has not been vacated; and unless our sentinels are out, our picket line well guarded, one of these higher motives, these better desires, is suddenly captured, and we are led to say and do and be that which is all unworthy of our manhood and our womanhood. So that the battle for moral victory and spiritual success is hardly suspended at all with any of us. If a temporary lull occurs, and we indulge ourselves in rest, the need always is that we sleep upon our arms and be ready at any moment to renew the fight.

Yes; on every hand, and in every respect, life is a battle-field for us. God has turned us loose into this great arena of the world. Opposed to us are mighty powers, though on our side are powers more mighty still. There are no prizes given that are not contended for. Some may seem to be holding desirable things which they have not earned; but where this is the case,—where any one has possessions which his genuine merits do not entitle him to have,—most surely sooner or later they will escape him; they will perish in his very grasp and leave no true enriching behind, but only greatest loss and poverty. We enjoy no fruits of victory we do not somehow help to win and perpetuate. Life is a battle for all, and not for a few only. The field is large, and the service is various; but in some one part or another all are called to engage. Who is sorry that this is so? Who is sorry that work and toil and pains are the coin we have to pay for whatever is truly desirable? Who is not glad rather to be one of the great company who fight and win, who endure and triumph, who suffer and are strong? None but cowards will refuse to take part in a good warfare; none but traitors will fly from the field of a good cause. They who are sturdy in their mental and moral constitution, who desire to be intellectual and spiritual athletes, will welcome whatever fight may be inevitable and necessary, and will stand valiantly on the battle-field of life, contending for its best and noblest prizes.

Do some say ease is good, and quiet is good, and plenty is good? Aye, indeed, if they are well earned; but, under all circumstances, wisdom and virtue, manhood and womanhood, are infinitely better. We are so made and so conditioned in this life, that we cannot have the best and highest things without strenuously contending for them. What is that best and highest thing which any man or woman can have? Is it not character? Character which is built of the finest and noblest material—self-respect, self-reliance, energy, earnestness, purity, reverence. I tell you there is nothing, on earth or in heaven, so great or desirable as this. But this we cannot possess, cannot acquire, except we figuratively go through fire and water for it, through tears and blood, through earth and hell. The original of the word "fight," as used by Paul, signifies to agonize, or to exert oneself in the most strenuous, earnest, mighty, and even painful manner. This is the point—that in order to secure the highest and best we must agonize for it. As we hew out our noblest edifices from the quarry and the forest, so we must hew out that noblest edi-

flue of all—CHARACTER—from the hard and flinty rock of circumstance, from the intricate jumble and mass of opposing difficulties, from poverty, hardship, toil, pain, trouble.

Shall we, if we are or would be great, desire exemption from any needful discipline, from any hard or inevitable warfare, which, if we are faithful in it, shall bring us through to triumph and to fullness of joy? No! for this battle of life is a most rewarding toil, say what we will in disparagement of it when its burdens rest heaviest on our hearts. It brings us the grandest results, present and prospective. We greater in every hour of its conflict, when we stand steady and valiant and true. The chivalry of this common daily life,—let it not be despised; for it much ennobles us as we bear ourselves knightly and well through all the fray, keeping the point of our lance firmly set against every false and ignoble thing. How many good fights there are to be fought!—The fight for Liberty, of body and mind; the fight for Truth, which itself makes free; the fight for Wisdom, that enlightens the intellect and heart; the fight for Justice, that levels up all to the plane of brotherhood; the fight for Virtue, that makes heroes and heroines of us all. Grand contentions these! Oh, let me not be counted out from them; let not any of us be counted out! (Give us the armor requisite, that we may put it on; place in our hands the colors, that shall wave in brightness over our heads; reach hither the gleaming weapons, against which no foe shall stand! Then sound in our expectant ears the note of charge, and we will move on to victory and to glory!)

NOAH'S REAL NAME.—It is said that the Chinese declare that Noah's real name was Ah Boo, and that he resided in Pekin. Unfortunately Noah's family-Bible was lost in the flood, and we cannot ascertain from it exactly what his name was. His door-plate also seems to be missing, and he had a very careless way of neglecting to mark his shirts; so we are baffled in that direction. We have inquired at the libraries for a copy of the Pekin directory of that date, to see if Noah really figured in its pages; the only copy any of them had was out. For our part, we do not believe that his name was Ah Boo, or that he resided in Pekin. These Chinamen really claim everything that is going, from gunpowder up to newspapers. If we give them any ground in the Noah business, the first thing we know they will be out with the assertion that the ark was insured in the Pekin Mutual Company, and that Noah used to give the Pekin newspaper people free tickets to go in and see the animals perform. The interests of Christianity require that we should believe the Bible.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

"Barb," of the *Watchman and Reflector*, relates the following incident at the Fulton-street Prayer meeting:—

"After singing a verse, a young brother, with a smooth face, sharp, black eye, and an abundance of black hair artistically curled, arose and said he was amazed that somebody stated in yesterday's *Witness* that the Water-street Mission, with which he is connected, wanted money. In a sharp, steel-trappy style, he repudiated the unworthy suspicion; for, if the Mission did need money, nobody knew it but God. They had, indeed, often come to the last of their resources, but told nobody but God; and they had always had enough supplied. It was God's work, and God was responsible for it. Fifty ate at their table yesterday. Their day dinners and their midnight suppers were accomplishing a great deal. He felt it his duty to say this much. And, having advertised the Water-street Mission, the brother took his seat, and kept a sharp watch on every one who spoke or prayed during the meeting.

The *Boston Courier* remarks as follows on the late discussion in New York over the necessity of brimstone preaching:—

The early purity and strength of Methodism is apparently disappearing, and this degeneration seriously alarms the "good old Bowery school of theologians," who are casting about for some sure and speedy remedy. At a late meeting of the ministers of this denomination in New York, one Mr. Corbett, in discussing the causes of spiritual decay among the rank and file, electrified his brethren by solemnly announcing as "the reason why we do not get along faster, is because we do not have hell enough in our religion." This was a little too strong for his audience, and they rather turned the cold shoulder to Brother Corbett; but that gentleman is still firm in the belief that the only road to salvation lies in a return to the tactics of those days when preachers were wont to entitle their sermons, "*A Few Groans from Hell*," and "*A Nut for Damned Sinners to Crack*."

E. H. Lepper, of Cambridge, a scholar of Rev. George H. Hepworth, and a member of the Radical Club, has written a book named "*Oratone Buzz*." It is a satire upon schools of thought of all colors. The Radicals fall asleep, he says, not in the bosom of Jesus, but in the bosom of Mr. Emerson.—*St. Louis Globe.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by F. E. Abbott, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUDES WITH A STREET ROW AT THE DOOR OF MR. JAMES MABERLEY.

As the reader is aware, Paul's articles had expired on his attaining his majority; and he did not return to Mr. Bligh's office for the few months during which it was determined that he should remain in England. The architect seldom cared to retain his pupils when their time was out, on a salary; though they were welcome to stay as long as they pleased without. He always had enough young gentlemen in that capacity to enable him to carry on the business, with the addition of a couple of clerks. Some of these learned their profession pretty thoroughly, others indifferently, others not at all; Paul ranking among the second and most numerous class. As has been previously remarked, he had no particular liking for or aptitude towards it, and therefore had only acquired that part which is least practical. He could make a good water-color drawing, or "perspective," or "elevation," but was woefully ignorant of working details; inasmuch that perhaps it was lucky for him that his father's invitation had arrived just in time to relieve him from the responsibility of obtaining a livelihood by the practice of architecture—which, indeed, very few of Mr. Bligh's pupils succeeded in doing. And, in this connection, it may be worth while remarking how many ex-young Englishmen there are who have started in life in the same vocation, to subsequently develop into artists, actors, journalists, and what not. I am unaware whether the offices of the profession teem with pupils now-a-days, as they did fifteen or twenty years ago; but unquestionably Mr. Pecksniff was then a fact and a flourishing one.

Mr. Bligh generally cut his young gentlemen adrift with the greatest civility and a complimentary character; after which, if they did not get on, it was certainly not his fault. He was, as has been already stated, a man of the world, who believed in avoiding everything disagreeable: when he found it necessary to scold his pupils, he did it by letter, always writing short, severe, but very polite notes, the contents of which were sure to rankle for sometime in the mind of the recipient; the more so because they allowed no opening for reply. Very often, too, the architect reprimanded offenders through the singular medium of an ancient sister, who lived on the premises, and was supposed to spend no small portion of her leisure in watching the doings of the clerks and pupils from the back windows. Thus they would be informed, epistolarily, in the third person, that Miss Bligh objected to the too frequent appearance of the pot-boy of an adjacent public-house in the office; to his presence in the kitchen; to Mr. Grayling's kissing his hand and throwing cocked-hat notes to the servant girls in the neighboring court (which proceedings ultimately resulted in the fastening-down of the lower-sash of the casement looking in that direction, and the obscuring of its panes with white paint), and so on. In short, her brother used the poor old maid as a stalking-horse; or as Mr. Spenslow did the name of his partner in *David Copperfield*. In all his dealings with his pupils he was so shrewd that there was but one solitary instance on record of his having been got the better of. This was in the case of Bowker, who, articulated by a city-company for the usual term of five years, learned his business in three; and then, availing himself of the breach of certain indefinite promises of pecuniary emolument by Mr. Bligh, did so improve that grievance that he constrained his employer to assent to the cancelling of his indentures; and, when he would have disparaged his pupil's industry and abilities, put him to confusion by the production of a highly-eulogistic letter, previously written to the young man by the architect himself. But Bowker was always sure to make his way in the world, and at present owns a quarter of a mile or so of houses in the west end of London.

Paul, then, was not wanted in Soho Square, even if he had wished to stay there. Mr. Bligh shook hands with him cordially at parting, asked him two or three questions about America, without waiting for an answer, and talked business with Mr. Coulon during the farewell interview, which lasted five minutes. His fellow-pupils gave him a vaudeville banquet of beef-steak and onions, ordered from the public-house, and eaten in the office, Mr. Bligh being out of the way, and Mr. Coulon consenting to take the

chair; when the senior clerk unlaid, even to singing the part of Arioxomines, in an extemporaneous performance of the first scene in *Bombastes Furioso*,—being entertained upon the table, with Paul and Grayling standing on each side below, as first and second courtiers. These revels ended, Paul definitely quitted a place of which he had only pleasant recollections. He was his own master, with the prospect of nothing to do for three months; a delay which might have become rather irksome but for his newly-kindled hopes of a reconciliation with Kate. These, and the desire of the company of her brother and Harry Franklin in crossing the Atlantic, more than resigned him to his involuntary holiday.

It was tacitly understood between himself and his grandparents that he intended to make the voyage in conjunction with the friends aforesaid; to which arrangement they offered no objection, though Mrs. Gower's opinion of Richard Sabin had not undergone any improvement—indeed she disliked him worse than ever, in consequence of what she denominated his insolence, on the occasion of their meeting after the catastrophe at Newman Street. Still, with Paul's complete emancipation so near at hand, it would have been superfluous to quarrel with an intimacy which she would soon possess no means of controlling; and which was not unlikely to terminate altogether at New York,—Richard designing to stay there, while Paul went on to New Orleans. To young Franklin (of whom the old lady and gentleman had heard from Ruth and Mr. Blencowe) there could be no objection.

Of the project of going in a sailing-vessel—to which Sabin soon won Paul's consent, and which he propounded, not as emanating from his friend—Mr. and Mrs. Gower rather approved than otherwise, under the impression that it was much safer than in a steamer; and thinking also that the young man could not begin the world better than by roughing it a little as a stowage-passenger. It would save his father's money, the old lady remarked, which he was bound to take care of. So everything being settled, there remained nothing for him to do but await the 1st of March with as much patience as possible.

His condition at home had, for the present, materially improved. He was judiciously let alone for the first time in his life, and permitted to come and go very much at his own pleasure; abusing his liberty by the perpetration of no special atrocities. Being under little temptation to stay out of nights, now that No. —, in Newman Street, was closed to him, he seldom transgressed the eleven o'clock ordinance, or afforded other cause for complaint or reprobation. Perhaps the old lady would have preferred it if he had; scolding had become a kind of necessity to her, and it cost some self-denial to forego that indulgence. Besides Paul was so serious and silent that she could not help attributing his changed demeanor to some revulsion of feeling, originating in resentment of the interference of herself and her husband with his private affairs; and desiring to justify herself—after her fashion. But she found no suitable opportunity for more than a few general remarks, to the effect that however young people might be disposed to regard the exercise of authority in their present immature state, the time would assuredly come when they would acknowledge that those who were older and wiser than themselves had always acted for the best, and be proportionally thankful. To which Paul returned no answer. His approaching departure really softened his heart towards his aged relatives, and its consequences, was too vivid and humilitating to admit of such overtures to reconciliation. But for that, there would have been unwonted accord and harmony in the house near the Hampstead Road.

Paul spent a great deal of his time in the library of the British Museum, to which Mr. Blencowe had procured him admission some years ago, and where his reading was exceedingly desultory (being undertaken with no higher object than amusement), but not without its uses afterwards; also he haunted the studios of Dick Sabin and Mr. Humphries, and others of his acquaintance. The two artists of Great James Street led much the same lives as ever; though Richard made occasional spasmodic attempts at reformation, which always broke down after two or three days industry. He consoled himself with laying down fresh squares of Tartarean pavement. "I am going," he said, "to turn over a new leaf when we get to New York, and to sink all my bad habits in the Atlantic." And then, as the credit of future good intentions, he would throw up his task for the time being, and propose a visit to some place of entertainment, Paul, nothing loth, accompanying him. Once he gave his friend ten pounds to keep for him, because he couldn't; but asked for and spent it two days afterwards. Ultimately, indeed, he was obliged to borrow the money for his passage from Harry Franklin, subsequently remitting it to him in Canada.

After the conversation already related, Richard seldom mentioned his sister, except incidentally; as when Paul asked him how the fam-

ity in Newman Street were affected by his prospective emigration.

"They take it easy," he remarked—"all of them. The governor hasn't said a word about it since he went to Sam's—which he wouldn't have thought of, if my mother hadn't put him up to it. I don't believe he ever troubles his head about me, except when I run against him, which isn't very often. She—no! the mothers are always all right; I must except her—only I wish her affection would take some other form than exhorting me to propitiate Providence by a steady go-in at Little Bethel and the Reverend (Alvin Burnaby, or some such person. Then, she says, I shall be sure to prosper; but I don't understand bribing the higher powers by any such means. The girls gush and ask questions; but it's all blatherskite and gammon and spinnach. Kate was kind enough to offer me a lot of tracts and to talk like a missionary addressing a particularly unregenerate heathen—which is always pleasant, you know, especially from a sister. I don't think she's a bit the better for her slump over into what she calls religion; and so I told her. And I'm sure the house is ever so much more disagreeable."

By such exceptional confidences Sabin doubtless intended to throw cold water on his friend's passion. His objections to it had been quite honestly stated: he distrusted both Kate's disposition and Paul's constancy; regarding the latter as an excellent fellow, but a very young man, the fervor of whose feelings militated against their permanence—in which opinion, perhaps, Richard exhibited judgment. At the same time he might, and probably would, have been perfectly ready to plight himself to unlimited fidelity to any young woman—say Ruth Gower—whom he fancied himself in love with; if he had obtained an opportunity, and if she had smiled upon his addresses.

In addition to these discouragements, Kate went into the country without answering Paul's letter, as he learned from Mills. There were reasons, she told the poor drawing-master, why she didn't, why she couldn't, send a reply. Between her lover and herself there was a great gulf, which she did not expect could be bridged over—which she did not care to specify. It was better for both parties that they should not meet again. Hurt and disappointed, and more than suspecting the cause of his mistress's behavior (of which we shall hear enough in due time), Paul wrote to his friend, Harry Franklin, relating what had happened, and entreating him to use what opportunities lay in his power to ascertain the state of Kate's mind towards him. Also he enclosed a poem on their approaching departure, for the *Guardian*; in which he stated that he was "His home and country leaving, right soon should he be gone, Through the foamy brine fast cleaving, the sun's track following on;" and further intimated that "That many a sun would set and rise, ere he again might stand, In the country of his home and heart, his own dear native land;" with other information equally sentimental and superfluous—which, of course, he never expected would be read by Kate Sabin. Having despatched which compositions, he waited for an answer with some interest and anxiety.

About this time, too, firing of his idleness and learning from a friend, who belonged to an architect's association, that a Mr. Dornon, of Hanover Street, wanted a draughtsman for a month or so, Paul applied there and was engaged at a salary of thirty shillings a week; to do little more than occupy a small office, looking on the street, from nine in the morning till six in the evening, and to remit letters and messages by post to his new employer, when he was out of town. He was an old bachelor, who possessed a private independence and some practice, chiefly afforded by a Leicestershire baronet, which necessitated his almost constant absence in that county. When in London, he required Paul's attendance in his own room, a large, back one, lighted from above, and ornamented with framed architectural drawings and plaster-of-paris reliefs; where he sat opposite his chief, working according to his instructions, and at first finding it rather difficult to avoid laughing at his habits, of which he had contracted a great many, in consequence of living alone. Thus he not only talked to himself, every now and then coming out, in quite a startling manner, with some sentence he had uttered a quarter of an hour before, having kept silent during the interval; but was accustomed to express his approval or disapprobation of Paul's drawing or suggestions in a sort of iterative soliloquy, dwelling on the syllables in a kind of droning chant—*as, "ver—y good, Mr. Gower! ver—y good! ver—y good, indeed! Make it so! make it so! make it so, by all means!"* or, "*Ne—er do! ne—er do! ne—er do at all!"* and so on. But they got on very well together in the long run.

[To be continued.]

A whip is no insignificant agent in dispersing a crowd; but a nervous woman making through a crowd for the cars with a valise in one hand and an umbrella in the other, is about as appalling an object as the human mind can conceive and maintain its balance.

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

SINCERELY DO I REGRET if my brief reference to Mrs. Dall's lectures was not sufficiently discriminating to do her all justice. In reserving to myself the right of a slight criticism, I at the same time certainly held a very high regard both for her motive and her abilities. But she reminds me that she carefully avoided using any personal remarks in her lectures, and so my saying that she was "a little too severe in her speech upon some of the later reformers," was unjust. And I see now that my words were not so explicit as they should have been. True, Mrs. Dall did not mention names, but some of her pointed sentences suggested names to me, as I supposed they did to others; and a few of her statements I felt assured were not in accordance with facts. For instance, if my memory be not wholly at fault, she spoke of "free love" as being the "modern name for prostitution." Few people, perhaps, would take exception to that. But I for one do not believe that those who are now so prominently advocating "free love" have stored in their minds and hearts more of a desire to advocate "prostitution" than has Mrs. Dall herself; and that certainly is saying all in their behalf one need to say. I see no good reason why Mrs. Woodhull may not advocate what she calls "free love," and yet receive from all intelligent, good, and straightforward people,—and especially from people who have had no little experience in battling for obnoxious ideas which they deemed true and saving,—social recognition and respect. Suppose Mrs. Woodhull should visit our Second Radical Club. Should our fearless reformers gather their skirts about them, button up their overcoats, and depart? I don't believe so foolish a spectacle would be witnessed. On the contrary, even the most timid would soon summon courage to ask, "What do you mean?" And if they found her evidently zealous for the welfare of the race, though advocating social changes which they regarded as wholly unwise, I think they simply would say, "We differ;" just as they have often done among themselves on questions of exciting interest before. But, let who would fly the room, I venture to say that Mrs. Dall would not be of the number. She would stand her ground, listen and reply, and then go away (I venture again to believe) in full faith that in a country where there are virtually no questions *sealed* and under governmental ban, but where all questions are ever *open*, to be reconsidered whenever any one shows cause,—no evil, but increasing good must surely follow the wake of free discussion. Why not, then, cease our moral fluttering whenever a strange idea is launched, withhold our impeachment of motive or character either direct or implied, and quietly act and talk as though we had some sense ourselves, and doubted not but the public generally had, or at least would acquire a quantity sufficient for final salvation? I know, indeed, that even Boston "radicalism" has a touch of the cowardly in its nature; but not enough, I trust, to over-awe and prevent the free expression of its real self.

ONE CAN NOT ESCAPE POLITICS more than the small pox, when the only descriptive word is "miserable." Things may be worse in Spain, but the *real fact* about Spain or France may not lie on the surface as here. There is revolution, and things are in process of formation. Here we have a humdrum, settled state of affairs, and are trying to persuade ourselves that it is all very good. We have our Republican party without ideas or inspiration, bankrupt in head and heart, sunk in corruption, living on intrigue and cant. Yet still we hear of the glories of the past, and are overwhelmed with promises for the future. What of the present? This party believes every promise it makes; it has neither insight nor courage for to-day's use. If it has neither moral sentiment nor enthusiasm for the demands of to-day, what business has it to talk of the morrow? I will venture a prediction. *Before Grant's term expires, a new party will be in power in Massachusetts, and Grant will be the last Republican president.* On every hand I hear: "Well, this kind of thing has gone about far enough; it's time for a change." And the change is surely coming.

UP AT OUR STATE-HOUSE we have a debating club, and a very ordinary one at that. There are plenty of boys out West, who will crowd their club-room of an evening and discuss affairs of State in a manner to put our Bay-State statesmen (as represented by the last and the present legislature) to shame. I have listened this winter to debates on the Woman Question, and the Sumner resolutions; and know whereof I speak.

The woman debate was simply silly; counting out one or two speeches, it would, if published, astonish and convulse the world. The great party of progress went back on its own recorded promise of the last campaign. But what folly is it for these representatives to debate eight or ten days every year whether they shall submit a proposition to the people for their vote! Why not let the people vote at once? Let the people have a chance to give the subject "respectful

consideration." But the people choose their representatives? They do, and they don't. The politicians manage the thing mostly. Once in power, and under the wing of the prestige of a past victory, only a revolution unseats them. But such a revolution is in the breeze just now, and not likely to die away without result.

MANY DAYS WERE DEVOTED by our legislature to the Sumner resolution. The last legislature censured him for his proposal about the battle-flags of the national army. Could this resolution be expunged? By a very large vote, given by angry Republicans, the foolish record of the last legislature was declared to be sacred in the name of patriotism! Some one, whose heart is big enough to enshrine the world, speaks of "stupid patriotism." And surely, if patriotism can make no better show than this, which would forever flaunt in the eyes of a fallen foe—a foe that is to be no longer, but equal brother and citizen—the remembrance of the old feud inscribed upon the very flag under which they are expected to march and fight together for a common country's defence and glory, then indeed is it not only "stupid," but damnable. Gratitude to our dead soldiers? If we have no better way to show our gratitude than to divide forever the country they fought to unite, by this display of "hatred of treason and of traitors," far better that we should have done with gratitude, as being something not at all akin with civilization and decent humanity. If we are never to have union and peace, no more now after the war than before, what a crime was that war!

OUR OLD TIME FAST DAY came off on Thursday last. Little fasting, but a season for sports and games. The thin churches eked out a dreary sort of performance, because the Governor requested it. "A day of fasting and prayer," said he. The other word, "humiliation," conveyed too much irony by far, and he skipped it. Freeman Clarke redeemed the occasion by most timely remarks, and set "Fast Day" down as an occasion out of date. Dr. Bartol was even more emphatic, and gave, in his own unerring fashion, a running fire against the insincere custom. One always wishes that every such good, wholesome, emphatic word could be published. But, alas! the age is very slow as well as very fast.

"NEW YORK CITY, sitting in darkness, depending on a money-making monopoly," quoth a morning paper. Very good! "Money-making monopoly" hits the mark. Let the lesson have universal application.

GOOD CHIEF.

LIFT up thy voice all valiantly,
O prospering Cause of Truth
Whate'er betide our "ways and means,"
Toward thee the Age a-listening leans,
Thine is the voice of prophecy,
And thine the heart of youth!

RECEIVED.

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THE LADIES' OWN MAGAZINE: A Progressive, Literary, Household, and Fashion Monthly. April, 1873. M. CURA BLAND, Editor. Chicago: M. C. BLAND & Co.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED. May, 1873. New York: Edited and Published by SAMUEL K. WEISS.

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The Index.

APRIL 26, 1873.

ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS, *Acting Editor.*
OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WESTWORTH
HIGGINSON, WILLIAM J. POTTER, RICHARD P. HALLOWELL,
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VOTSEY (England), Prof. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England),
REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY (England), FRANCIS E. ABBOT,
Editorial Contributors.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All letters sent to this office should be directed to DRAWER 38. In addressing the business department, write "Business Manager of INDEX, Drawer 38," or the editorial department, write "Editor of INDEX, Drawer 38."

A. F. MACOMBER, *Executive Committee*
F. E. ABBOT, *of the Index Association.*

A mass meeting of the Spiritualists of America has been called at Cincinnati, for May 23.

The *Investigator* says that Dr. Bartol preached lately "in favor of abrogating the Sunday laws, on the ground that they are antediluvian, unchristian, and unjust."

O. A. Bronson says that "Methodism is a compound of sentimentalism and animalism." That is a very pungent remark, but not altogether true. Will this famous Catholic now tell us what Catholicism is?

Several correspondents in the *Church Journal* complain that the Episcopal Church has too many ministers—more than are useful. Without doubt. But is not that a fault of all the Churches? Apparently, the more ministers the less religion.

O. A. Bronson says that the "Reformation of the sixteenth century was an apostasy from Christ." True; but instead of being, as he says further, "in principle, a return to pure heathenism," it was a return to pure rationalism,—which our Unitarian brethren do not perceive.

Mr. H. L. Green, of Syracuse, N. Y., formerly agent of THE INDEX, has been having a lively controversy with some of the Orthodox clergymen of that city, in the daily *Standard*, concerning certain Orthodox doctrines; in which he appears to have had much the better of the argument.

We have received quite a number of letters from friends of THE INDEX cordially endorsing Mr. Morse's suggestion, that "THE INDEX be transferred, body and soul, back to Mr. Abbot;" and pledging amounts of money, more or less, to carry out the idea. At the proper time these can be made public.

Let it be remembered that the aggregate value of ecclesiastical property in this country paying nothing towards the support of the government is computed at over three hundred and thirty millions of dollars. Every tax-paying citizen is indirectly compelled to help support and increase this church-moneyed monopoly. Is not Liberalism justified in demanding its abolition?

Rev. Mr. Hammond, the great revivalist, said, in a sermon recently delivered in Denver, Colorado, that he "had noticed that great revivals are always followed by instances of sudden death." This is a frank but unwittingly fatal admission. It is, indeed, true that "revivals" have a most pernicious effect upon the sanitary condition of both body and mind.

Among the "contingent expenses" of Congress is a large item every year for "spittoons;" another for "combs and brushes;" still another reads thus wittily: "One dozen French snuff, for use of Senate, \$1.20." When God, and Jesus Christ, and the Bible, are put into the Constitution, we shall expect to see these immoral "contingents" abated.

Many Orthodox Christians are very much exercised just now to have discovered that the public secular press of this country is almost exclusively in the hands of rationalists or liberals. This is very naturally so. The strong breeze of intelligence that blows through the daily press sweeps before it the fog of Orthodox absurdities. Common sense is always a good antidote against doctrinal Christianity.

FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

We very gladly give place, at request, to the following invitation of the Free Religious Association to all friends of the cause to meet with them in a Social Donation Festival which they propose to hold in Boston during the week of the "May Meetings." We trust it will be largely responded to, and that one of the results of the Festival will be the replenition of the treasury of the Association, which has never suffered from plethora, and which, should it be furnished with ample means, would enable the Association to serve the good cause with so much greater efficiency. If any of our Western friends are proposing to go East this summer, let them anticipate the time if possible, and put in an appearance at this Festival, as well also at the Annual Meeting of the Association, which will immediately precede it. On this occasion, let Boston be our modern Jerusalem, unto which all of the house of religious freedom shall go, willing to be taxed and sure to receive a blessing. Our own "mouth waters" at the thought of the "feast of fat things" which will then be given to the faithful and the fortunate. Absent in body, we shall be present in spirit; and we send the most cordial benediction of THE INDEX to the friends then and there to be assembled, of whom we trust our friend Mr. Abbot will be one.

The Free Religious Association invite their friends to unite with them in a Social Donation Festival, to take place in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the evening of Friday, May 30, 1873.

The object of this meeting is to strengthen the Association by closer ties of sympathy and union between all those who accept the idea of Religious Freedom, to promote that "Fellowship of the Spirit" which is one of the objects named in its constitution, and to increase its pecuniary resources.

The records of the Society having been destroyed by the disastrous fire in Boston, it is desired to renew and increase its membership at this time. It is also important to its extended usefulness that its treasury should be replenished.

The time will be devoted to social conversation, music, and short speeches. Refreshments will be for sale from 6 P. M. till 10. Music and speaking will begin at 7 1/2. All persons, of every name, sect, or party, who sympathize with the spirit of the Free Religious Association, are invited to unite with us on this occasion. This invitation, endorsed by the names of those using it, will be a sufficient pass to the Festival, and those desiring invitations for themselves or friends can obtain them by application to any one of the Committee.

Subscriptions or donations for the Association will be received at tables arranged for the purpose in the hall, or may be sent by letter to the Treasurer, Richard P. Hallowell, 89 Commercial Street, Boston. The Committee will be happy to receive supplies for the refreshment tables, and also flowers, at the hall, on the morning of the Festival.

EDNAH D. CHENEY, RICHARD P. HALLOWELL, JOHN T. SARGENT, MARY C. SHANNON, THOMAS W. HIGGINSON, CHAS. K. WHIPPLE—*Committee on the Festival.*

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A PROTEST.

As one of the Directors of the Index Association, I wish publicly to record my most earnest and emphatic protest against the action of the Directors at the meeting of March 13, which led to the resignation of Mr. Abbot as editor. I must protest against it, not only as subjecting the editor of THE INDEX to a control from which he was always understood to be free, but as a violation of good faith, on the part of the Directors who were present and favored that action, towards those who were absent. Previously, and on less important matters, the Directors had been notified, a month or two beforehand, of special business that was to be considered; and the Directors who resided away from Toledo rested in the assurance that nothing

of grave import to the paper would be attempted without giving them a chance to be present to vote upon the proposition, or at least to express their opinion upon it by letter. But this action of the 13th of March, though involving consequences so momentous, was taken without any previous notice whatever. The other absent Directors, doubtless, hold the same opinion of it as I do, or may have already expressed their opinion, whatever it be; but at this distant point I cannot wait for the opportunity of consulting and acting with them before making my protest.

WILLIAM J. POTTER.

MAGNOLIA, FLORIDA, April 7, 1873.

SIGNS OF DECADENCE.

The Unitarians, when twitted on account of the smallness of their sect, are wont to say that their influence is shown in the modification of the popular theology; the more correct statement being that the modification of the popular theology is shown in them. They are a sign of theological decay, not a cause of it. In the same way, every rationalist or free religious society is a proof of decadence of a more radical decomposition. The congregation in New York—to take that as an example—is composed largely of people who were formerly associated with the Orthodox sects; some were Episcopallians, some Presbyterians, and some, even, Roman Catholics. Extremes meet there without jarring. The avowed atheist sits by the side of the aforetime believer in Trinity; the professed materialist dreads no contagion from the quondam expectant of irresistible grace from the Holy Ghost. And the remarkable circumstance is, that several of these attendants on services that pay the feeblest tribute to Christianity as a specific form of religion never formally abandoned their old faith, were never converted or perverted, never were malcontents, protesters, or doubters; had no wandering desires towards heresy, but rather dreaded it; kept away from association with it, and ventured into its neighborhood timidly and with reluctance. They came at the urgent request, perhaps, of a friend, or out of an impulse of curiosity; and they stayed because they were interested.

Still more remarkable is it that these persons experience no shock in passing from one of these extremes of opinion to the opposite; they go through no anguish of mind; they are sensible of no wrench of feeling, but take their places and partake of their strange food with a freshness of appetite, and a heartiness of digestion, which are not usual with people afflicted with mental distress. The agonies suffered by the doubters of the last generation are unknown to these latest come-outers, who tear themselves away from their birthright connections without a pang, and hardly express surprise, scarcely at all a disagreeable surprise, at the objects that greet them in the circle of their new acquaintances.

More noteworthy yet is it that the kindred and friends of these erratic believers take their vagaries with tolerable composure. Of course there is remonstrance in particular cases, and earnest opposition, but rather on social than on theological or even spiritual grounds. Radicalism is not respectable, and conservatism is. The fashion is all in the Orthodox churches. The nobodies are radicals. But when it is discovered that the free religious men and women are decent, civil, reputable, gentlemanly, and ladylike, inferior to none in intelligence, culture, or refinement, the opposition diminishes. The "Evangelical" husband hires a sitting for his wife in heretic hall; the wife, an ardent churchwoman, sees without a sigh her spouse take his departure, on Sunday morning, for the place where another gospel is dispensed to another class of minds. Fragments are suffered to split off from families, and are allowed—yes, sometimes encouraged—to revolve round centres in very different systems; and it never could be suspected, from the look on the parental countenance, that the erring son or daughter was in danger of becoming fatally erratic, and flying off into the awful insane.

All this implies a radical disintegration of the old systems, a loss of the cohesive force that held their particles together, and a decay of the links

of association that bound them closely up with human minds. Call the mood one of indifference, if you will. Indifference is disbelief, and disbelief of the most hopeless kind, because moral. The bitterest enemies of the popular theology ask nothing but indifference to it. They are willing to let belief in opinions of another kind go. They will give up proselytizing, which is adopted in most cases as an expedient for breaking down faith in the old dogma, rather than of begetting faith in the new; and will disband cheerfully their organizations, if their end can be attained without them. THE INDEX would be deprived of its chief ground of being, if a sudden indifference to the "Christian system" were to fall upon the popular mind. Its work would be, in one aspect, ended.

"Anything rather than indifference!" is a common cry. "Give us any faith rather than none!" We do not echo it; but exclaim in a very different tone: "No faith at all, rather than some that men profess to have." Is it not possible that a state of indifference may be a needful preliminary to a new and vigorous departure? Whether it be or no, the indifference is rapidly coming upon us. All the arts of architecture, decoration, and music are exerted, with only partial success, to arrest it. The theological spirit has died out. The ecclesiastical spirit is identical with indifference of a certain sort. The fashionable spirit is identical with indifference of the worst sort. The cause, or one cause, of the fewness and feebleness of radical societies—for they are both feeble and few—is not the interest in the old theology, which keeps people away from them, but an indifference to all theology, which carries people past them, and prevents their joining any religious society whatever.

O. B. F.

SCRAPS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

For the encouragement of the radicals who believe that Liberalism has indeed just "demands" to make, and that they ought to be urged with a determination tempered only by fairness and kindness of spirit, I wish to make a few desultory notes gathered from recent correspondence.

Mr. E. S. Beckley reports a new Liberal League as organized in Monticello, Iowa; the list of officers being given on the first page. He adds: "Your subscribers here feel a disappointment in the backset THE INDEX has taken. . . . Our sympathies are with the editors."

Mr. W. H. Crowell, President of the Liberal League in Jefferson, Ohio, writes hopefully of the work now doing, and is glad to "fall in with and assist the churches in their opposition" to the Christian Amendment. "The heaven is working," he says, "and North-Eastern Ohio is not asleep over this movement to unite Church and State." Leagues have been formed at Jefferson, Audover, and Geneva.

Mr. Geo. F. Rust, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., inquires about circulars, plans of organization, and so forth. The "Demands of Liberalism," and the article headed "Organize!" have been put into the form of cheap tracts, which will be sent on application from the office of THE INDEX. Mrs. M. A. McCord, President of the Liberal League at St. Louis, sends five dollars for a thousand of them. She kindly adds: "Our League deeply sympathizes with you. . . . THE INDEX is the organ through which the League expects to work."

Miss J. P. Titcomb, one of the secretaries of the Boston League, sends a very interesting letter, stating that one meeting "netted some sixty names" to the list of membership. There is great wisdom in these words of hers: "There are doubtless many who would gladly see the end attained of the divorce of Church and State, but are afraid that an announcement of active work on the liberal side will only serve to tighten the bonds now riveted by official hands. Yet the history of many successful reforms (that of our own oft-quoted anti-slavery struggle standing as a shining instance on the list) seems to prove that a bold start and unflinching warfare is the wisest and most promising course." While the Christianizers rely avowedly on the co-oper-

ation of the women of America in their bigoted movement, it is a good sign that some of the best and noblest of these do not hesitate to identify themselves with a movement which aims at diametrically opposite ends.

Mr. J. S. Burchard, of Leslie, Michigan, suggests that "the custom of railroad companies granting ministers half-fare rates or free passes should be abolished."

An anonymous party sends back from New York City a copy of the "Demands of Liberalism," with the word "demand" everywhere erased, and the word "recommend" substituted in its stead. A good soul in St. Louis, who also forgot to sign his name, but avows himself a "very old Wesleyan Methodist," says imploringly: "I endorse every demand you make, but for God's sake do not press the question or your requests in the form you do. It breathes revolution in every line. Many good people are not yet ready for the question as you offer it. 'We demand' is very peremptory, and signifies that it *must* be so. Brother, let us have peace." To these well-meant suggestions the words of Garrison come up as the most fitting reply: "I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice." The spirit of conciliation is beautiful in its place and season; but there are times when, in the presence of violated rights, one should forget to say *please*. Haughty and arrogant as the spirit of Orthodoxy shows itself, even in this land of boasted liberty, the freeman's heart rebels at assuming the attitude of a petitioner for that absolute equality before the law which by right is his already. I cannot persuade myself to any softer phrase than—"We demand." Let it stand unweakened and unrevoked. To those who think it too harsh or stern, the following letter may prove a tonic:—

MAHANOEY CITY, March 22, 1873.

Yesterday a pamphlet was handed to me in which were printed the demands of the *Liberals of America* with regard to the government. The doctrine of your demands clearly shows that your League is the body-guard of the Devil's army in our country; and really it would be in one sense desirable to see you, as the leading spirit of the Fool's-party. You, as the man whose name is below the nine demands, I would call a fool. Every school boy should call you so. Every Christian should take it up, until that name should sound and resound throughout the length and breadth of our land, and the word should sound in your ears and haunt you day and night, until, if possible, you could repent of your follies and be saved. Arguments so strong and convincing can be produced against your theory as would make the Devil himself tremble. I wish I could confront you face to face. But all I hope and pray for is that God would mete out to you the just punishment which you and your party deserve, during times of grace, so you will not be forever lost. God forbid that the blood of our pious men who established this great country should have been spilled in vain. If you desire to argue with me [!], I will cheerfully reply. You will please address B. H. Scheffer, Mahanoy City, Schuylkill County, Pa.

TO FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

N. B.—The very book you desire to abolish from schools is or was the foundation of our freedom. It was the light and guide of those who framed our Constitution. But enough this time.

B. H. S.

I print the above as illustrating a spirit which is widespread through the more thinly populated portions of the country. In the cities it is rarely found in such refreshing intensity; and radicals often grow sceptical as to its existence anywhere to-day. But it nevertheless abounds. The word "paganism" arose because the old polytheism lingered longest in the rural districts of the Roman Empire. Christianity itself is rapidly becoming the "paganism" of the nineteenth century.

Does any Liberal feel inclined to "recommend" to Mr. Scheffer the exclusion of the Bible from the schools?

F. E. A.

Rev. Dr. Newman, Methodist Chaplain of the U. S. Senate, has been appointed by President Grant Inspector of Consuls, which requires of him to take a pleasure trip round the world. Doubtless the doctor needs this relaxation after so laborious a season of prayer as was required to keep his senators virtuous. The prayer-test in his hands failed, however; for many of his prayer-subjects sadly deflected from the straight and narrow path.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

It is the frequent boast of the advocates of Christianity, as an established Church and a historical religion, that it has done more than any other agency to elevate the condition of woman.

They have this proof in their favor, that in the foremost Christian nations of to-day woman occupies a freer and better position than in any other part of the world; but how far this is due to the direct teaching of the Church, and how far to the old Germanic idea of woman, and to the advance of civilization through the mingling of Greek and Roman elements with it, it would take long to determine. If we go back to the spirit and character of Jesus of Nazareth himself, uncontaminated by alliance with the authority of the State, we find much which if carried out would tend to the exaltation of woman. His own nature, so full of ideality and sentiment, his purely spiritual idea of religion, his contempt for the practical demands of circumstances, placed him in close relation with the tenderer sex. He evidently found in women his most appreciative and congenial friends. Then his own teachings were against that appeal to the law of force, that deification of physical strength, on which the advocates of masculine superiority so largely rest their claims. Unquestionably these influences have done their work in the Christian Church, though much counteracted by notions borrowed from other sources.

The belief that sin came into the world by woman, and the idea of the unholiness of marriage, have done their part in degrading the ideal and the life of woman; and, foreign as they seem to the thought of Jesus, they have played a large part in the Christian Church. It is constantly held out to women that in leaving the shelter of the Church they give up that protecting care which most truly elevates and ennobles them, and that the cold atmosphere of rational religion is unsuited to their tender growth. A preacher in Park Street Church is reported to have said: "Rational religion has no place for a child." But what is the attitude of Free Religion towards woman, and does it help the solution of the great question of the day?

There are two parts to the woman question, which are often confounded. One is a question of right; the other is a question of adaptation—or function. Has woman a right, as an individual being, to decide for herself according to her own reason and conscience as to her work in life, her relation to others, and the social arrangements under which she must live? The absolute Church, denying this right to human nature, of course refuses it to woman. Submission and obedience are the first of duties; and as the Church has established its hierarchy—"Christ the head of the Church, man the head of the woman"—of course there is no appeal from this decision.

Now this spirit, in more and more modified form, runs down through all ecclesiastical organizations; and even the freest of them lay great stress upon the injunctions of St. Paul, and feel that it is not for the individual woman herself to judge of her position and rights. But Free Religion settles this question at once. No man has authority to decide for another; no man is bound to yield obedience to any command or doctrine of another. Not unquestioning submission, but reasonable acceptance, is the true relation of the soul to all law and all teaching. Of course, if it acknowledges woman as a human being, the same right inheres in her. The monstrous doctrine of the English law, that a woman does not incur the guilt of murder if her husband commanded the deed, has no meaning for Free Religion. No one soul can take the guilt of another upon it; every one must bear its own burden. This perfect recognition of individual right of conscience at once settles the main question of who shall decide whether a woman may vote or work or preach or do anything which she is prompted to do by her own conscience and judgment. Her right is recognized.

But there is another element in Free Religion which is of great importance in this question; and that is its faith in Nature, in the immuta-

bility of her laws, in the certainty of her retributions, and the ultimate beneficence of her providence. Now the opponents of woman's freedom seem to imagine that the law of sex can be annulled; that God requires the assistance of their barriers and laws to keep man male and female as he made them, and that a free development is sure to result in the destruction of one or both. Free Religion has no such fears. It accepts all natural laws as good, and believes that the more freely they are allowed to act, the more perfectly they will work out their good results. "No place in rational religion for a child?" No; there is no place for a child as a little monster of total depravity, under the wrath of God, and needing to be reclaimed by a bloody sacrifice, lest his little skull should form a part of "the pavement of hell." We do not feel the need of putting him upon "anxious seats" to harrow his little soul with fears of eternal punishment, or to awaken a morbid self-introspection that will poison all his life. In the atmosphere of Free Religion the child grows up in a glad joy in God and Nature, himself and his earthly destiny; and the sense of immortality steals in upon him as the natural succession and fulfillment of the life that now is.

And so woman in Free Religion feels no fetters upon her spirit, and in developing her own nature does not shrink from accepting its conditions or limitations, whatever they may be, if only they are the natural ones, and not the artificial barriers set up by authority or custom. She asks the full development of her physical strength and health; and then if man has more muscular power, let him use it for the general good, as she will whatever special faculty she has. The bird that flits through the air with perfect freedom, knows no grief that it cannot dart through the water like a fish; but confine it by artificial barriers and it is wretched. So woman in perfect freedom finding her own sphere, will be safe and happy in it; but let her liberty be bounded by artificial lines, and all the comforts and luxuries you can bestow upon her will not console her for the want of it. Christianity has given woman tenderness, and reverence, and adoration even; but Free Religion gives her freedom and the full opportunity for self-development. Whatever of tenderness or reverence is really her due, will remain to her, and the loss of the rest will only make her life truer and more healthy. E. D. C.

LONDON LETTER.

THE CUSTOM OF WEARING "MOURNING"—THREE GOOD OBJECTIONS TO IT STATED.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Sir,—I will follow up my last letter on funeral rites by a few remarks on the custom of wearing black as a sign of mourning for the dead.

The most obvious objections to it are—that it adds unnecessarily to the gloom and dejection already caused by bereavement, where grief really exists; that where there is no real grief, the putting on of signs of grief is a contemptible sham; that the custom of wearing "mourning" tends greatly to perpetuate unhappiness—and, as I conceive, false—views of death; and it is also objectionable in being compulsory upon many families who are too poor to bear the expense. I will say something upon each of these objections.

1. That it adds needlessly to the gloom and dejection of really afflicted relatives must be apparent to all who have ever taken part in these miserable rites. The houses are generally closed until the burial is over, and this of itself is a glaring instance of self-inflicted torture. When the physical frame is already weakened by long watchings, want of sleep, and floods of tears, common sense would direct the sufferers to seek the refreshing stimulants of air and sunshine; to throw open doors and windows and let in God's heavenly messengers of "sweetness and light;" to endeavor to turn the thoughts as much as possible away from the troubled past, and to relieve the dull pain at the heart by objects and occupations of cheerfulness; to avoid a darkened chamber, or a black dress, as one would avoid the devil—if there were any such "enemy of mankind." But no sooner is the breath gone from the body of one of the household, than all the blinds are drawn down and the shutters closed, and a fearful race against time is begun with the horrid preparations for "mourning." Dress-makers are in demand, the anxieties of economical shopping are multiplied, often at the very time when every penny is needed for coming wants or for past doctor's bills. And all is

black—crape—jet; everything hideously black, the blackness only deepened by the white cap or white edging in which it is set. A poor widow, for instance, must shudder afresh over all the realities of her woe, the first time she looks in the mirror after having put on the hateful garb. Her sorrow was surely enough without her being compelled to bear about on her own body its ghastly tokens. At the funeral, this is made worse still by "mourning" coaches, and that most repulsive thing that moves on earth—the hearse, with its plumes of black stuck all over it, waving and nodding like so many fiends mouthing at your grief as they are carrying off their prey. Long and costly handbags of crape and silk, dozens of costly black gloves which seldom fit, cloaks of the same eternal, infernal black,—all contrived to make you feel as miserable and wretched as possible, while the woe at your heart is almost unendurable! Why should we be reminded for months afterwards, by outward tokens, of our sad loss? Every time we brush the little ring of hat left us by the undertaker, we are carried back to that terrible day on which the crape or cloth was first put on, and the very things we ought to try to forget are forced upon our notice at every turn in our lives.

2. But when, as is often the case, there is no real grief, but perhaps a good deal of real rejoicing over the death, the putting on of "mourning" is a piece of hypocrisy and falsehood which nothing can justify. No one will contend that "mourning" is anything else than a sign of grief; therefore if the sign be assumed when there is no grief, it is an acted lie, and helps to corrupt society and make it love shams and pretences and varnished deceit. I greatly honor those really broken-hearted widows who keep their "mourning" on all their days, for it is with them a true token, an outward and visible sign of an inward and heartfelt grief which must abide with them through all their weary pilgrimage; but I utterly despise the custom of putting on "mourning" because it is the fashion, and because "people would talk so, you know," if the "mourning" were to be omitted. As a sign of grief, "mourning" would often be much more suitable before the death than after it, inasmuch as the grief of watching a beloved one pass through weeks and weeks of physical torture, with the certainty of no recovery, far exceeds the grief of bereavement. It is only a truism to say that death is often the greatest possible relief to the poor sufferer himself, and to the sorrowing relatives. The number of cases in which the grief before far exceeds the grief after death, is much larger than is generally supposed.

3. I come now to the last and perhaps most important objection of all. "Mourning" tends to perpetuate unhappy and false views of death. To those who have no belief in immortality and re-union with our dear ones after death, it might seem only natural to give oneself up to despair and to all its horrible outward signs. But to those who profess to believe, and who really do believe, that the dead are still living in a happier world, free from earthly pain and sorrow, it ought to be quite natural to rejoice and give thanks "that it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of the departed, and to deliver him from the miseries of a sinful world,"—to quote from the Christian Burial Service. Death ought to be looked upon as at least as much of a heavenly boon to the beloved one, as a source of bitter pain to ourselves. But that pain itself would be greatly diminished if we were trained to think of death as we are trained to talk about it; if we were brought up to feel that it is a manifest and real benefit, and however distressing to survivors, is not to be regarded from its dark side. By refusing to darken our homes and to gird ourselves in black raiment, we would make our protest against the melancholy—the unmitigated melancholy—of the popular views of death. We would shake off as much as we could that morbid weeping and sighing which is so destructive to health and enfeebling to the mind. We would let the world know that however great our loss, however irreparable it might be on earth, we still trusted in the loving kindness of God, and unselfishly resigned into his hands the soul of our nearest and dearest, believing that he can and will, as a faithful Creator, give us a happy meeting in a brighter home above.

I have myself resolved never to put on "mourning" again—not even for my children or my wife; and I will do my best to persuade others to get rid of this most cruel and oppressive burden. (In the case of a public "mourning," I would make an exception; but this would be altogether on different grounds, and would be worn for the sake of strangers who know not my private opinions.) One thing seems very clear; it is our bounden duty to mitigate and remove all the grief we possibly can. We have no right to add to our natural distress by artificial means, nor to bemoan any loss longer than we can possibly help. If we believed in God and in his fidelity more, we should be the better assured of our meeting again beyond the tomb.

I am, sir, yours very sincerely,

CHARLES VOYSEY.

DULWICH, S. E., March 31, 1873.

Communications.

VOICES FROM THE INDEX CONSTITUENCY.

ACTING EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

While the writer of this is eager to endorse the claim of your correspondents of last week, that Mr. Abbot is the soul of THE INDEX, and that without him it would not have existed, and, it is more than probable, would not long survive his entire withdrawal,—there occurs to him another consideration which was entirely ignored in your issue of the fifth instant. While few if any stockholders expect a pecuniary return from their investment, they have invested their money, and assumed the legal responsibility, with the implied understanding that the business department shall be conducted under precisely the same conditions as are recognized to be essential to the success of any like undertaking. To this end, the financial management has been entrusted to a Board of Directors, chosen by the stockholders, whose duty it is to supervise all business arrangements, and who are supposed to possess the experience requisite to make the enterprise self-sustaining and, if possible, capable of future growth and expansion.

Now with all deference to the zeal and intellectual ability of Mr. Abbot, of which his past course furnishes overwhelming proof, it does not seem either wise or prudent to virtually surrender the control of the business of the Association into the hands of any one man, however honest or capable. While Mr. Abbot's individual force and self-sacrifice has undeniably been the main element in attracting the present large subscription, the point has been reached when the capital at stake must, for the welfare of the journal itself and the protection of the interest of the shareholders, be guarded and controlled by the men who have been chosen for the purpose, and whose business knowledge and experience, it is presumed, fit them for the task. I cannot but entertain the fear that Mr. Abbot, in striving after his lofty ideal, has overlooked the practical, worldly demands of business where ideal views are likely to prove hindrances rather than helps, and where necessity frequently requires the relinquishment of one's wishes for the more urgent and immediate demand of current wants. I think, therefore, that under the circumstances the course of the Directors, in claiming to continue the financial control in their own hands, has been wise and prudent; and I trust that, for the sake of the great cause to which Mr. Abbot is willing to so nobly devote his ability and energy, he may be induced to reconsider and modify his position which, from any standpoint, seems somewhat ambitious and, certainly at this juncture, impolitic. I confidently believe that in these views, which though plainly expressed are offered in all kindness, no inconsiderable portion of the stockholders will coincide; and I would therefore ask for them the same publicity which you have permitted to the other side.

Yours respectfully,

G. K. WILKINGTON.

CINCINNATI, April 7, 1873.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Dear Sir,—Will you allow me to call attention to the following paragraph in my article entitled "The Plain Truth," published in THE INDEX of March 29, which I see has been overlooked by Mr. Wilkinson?

"It is unnecessary to repeat what I have already said in effect, that I have no wish whatever to have the 'uncontrolled' management of the funds and business of the Association. I should much prefer, in the business department, to be subject to a Board which recognized the necessity of leaving the editor wholly free, and of making the transaction of business simply a means to the great end of establishing a first-class journal worthily devoted to the radical cause."

In other words, the business manager should be subordinate to the Board as the ultimate appeal in all business matters; and in no other sense have I ever been, or ever desire to be, business manager of the Index Association. Mr. Wilkinson is entirely correct in his views on this point; and I can but regret the persistent effort now made by the signers of the "Business Notice" to misrepresent me concerning it, as if I had ever held, much less urged, any different views. The original understanding and agreement was that I should have a general direction of the ordinary or office business of the Association, subject of course to the Directors; I never proposed or desired any other arrangement. What I wanted was simply the power to prevent any disreputable or questionable practices in the common business transactions of which the Directors would be ignorant; for, as I told the Board on Nov. 17, 1871, in the improbable case that the Directors themselves should do what I thought wrong I "held the remedy in my own hands; namely, prompt resignation." I certainly never expected that they would supersede me by a business manager in whose hands the true interests of the Association are thoroughly unsafe.

F. E. ABBOT.

WIVES AND MONEY.

[From the Woman's Journal.]

Of all the little foxes that help to destroy the domestic vines, no one is more omnipresent, or busy, than that small pest which infests alike the houses of the rich and of the poor, which makes it necessary for the wife to ask her husband for money to supply the daily recurring family necessities, and her own.

It inevitably creates discontent, a sense of humiliation, degradation, and separation. The woman who had earned, and been free to use her weekly wages, or yearly salary, or larger income, before her marriage, and after that event, though her time is more fully occupied than ever, has no money except at her asking—and not always then—feels just as a man would feel who should be placed in the same circumstances.

She gave up her opportunity to acquire money by the usual methods, for the sake of the home and the family.

To this end she devotes her time, thoughts, and efforts, every day, and all the year, without cessation or vacation.

But custom everywhere, and law in many places, puts all the money of the family in the hands of the husband. The wife lives as a dependant. She has what is given her, cheerfully or grudgingly, as the case may be, but inevitably learns to hate her position, and to grow away from the man who gives only when he is asked. It may be mere thoughtlessness on his part, but the result with the wife is the same.

One of the most fruitful sources of discontent in the home is the too dependent position of the wife. If husbands would consider what it would be to them to be situated precisely in the same way, so far as money is concerned, every just and generous man among them would see to it at once, that his house should not hold so fruitful a source of unhappiness.

Many years ago, an excellent man told me his experience in this particular. He had not been married a year, but he noticed a change in the look and manner of his wife—she seemed less cheerful, less happy. The old glad welcome at his daily return from business had ceased. He knew no reason for the change. He sincerely loved her, and was miserable when he saw that she was not even comfortable as his wife. This state of things must not be endured if it could be cured. So he asked her frankly what was the matter, at the same time telling her that above all things he wished to promote her happiness.

Then she answered frankly: "You know that before our marriage I collected my own dividends, and the money I had was my own, to use as I chose, and it was all I needed. Since we were married you collect my income, and I never have a cent for any purpose, except when I ask you for it. It seems to me that if you cared for me in the least, you could not subject me to such humiliation. Look at these slippers; I have worn them beyond all decent use, because I could not ask for the money necessary to buy new ones. I feel it a degradation, just as you would, if you were in my place."

"Could you endure it, if I had the money, and you had none, only as you got it by asking me for it? I used to teach six hours, and had the whole remaining day for my pleasure. Now, all my time is occupied; I have neither money nor leisure, and I feel just like a pauper or a beggar, and I wish I were dead." Then she burst into tears, and cried as though her heart would break.

With an immense sense of relief, he asked: "Is that all?" "All!" said she, "it is enough to kill any woman."

The dreadful fear that she had ceased to love him, or that she loved some one else, fled. The whole matter was talked over with the largest freedom, until the husband said he seemed to himself to have been unspokeably mean.

"To think," said he, "that I had ever offered her just the twenty cents which she said she needed to buy pins, or the six cents necessary for shoe strings, and had not once thought that she must need more for other things, while all her time was devoted to make a comfortable home for me!" As a result of the explanation, the husband every week put a sum of money, double what his wife thought she would need, where she could get it without asking.

The young wife's face grew glad again. The feeling of pauper and beggar vanished. The end of the year showed a bank account of seven hundred dollars in the name of the wife, saved carefully from the money she had not needed to use. The only root of bitterness there had

ever been between them was plucked up. Peace and comfort returned and flourished. The story of this wife is the story of many others.

Sometimes, the law will recognize the undoubted right of the wife to her full share of the money value which accrues to the marriage firm.

Until that time, the thoughtlessness of really good men may be cured by the frank speech of the wife, who is daily hurt by a feeling of dependence which ought never to exist between the equally valuable partners in the home.

There are plenty of spendthrift wives and husbands, who waste the common substance and that of each other. They must always suffer loss. But the great majority of married couples bear each their natural share of the family burden, care, and toil, and they should be alike independent in money matters. L. S.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Briggs' New Quarterly Catalogue, issued by Briggs & Brother, Rochester, N. Y., has several novelties in the way of illustrations. The cover we do not understand, we cannot describe—it is beyond our powers of description. It is gold, and gilt, and goddess, and brown, and bronze, and black, flowers, screens and pedestals, all sketched in a way we have never seen before; while the last page resembles the title of a Japanese bible. Throwing all humor aside (for we like the firm—its respectability and good character and enterprise are beyond question), the interior of the catalogue is equal to the best issued by American seedsmen. The colored plate of the new cockscomb is really a beauty; so also the plate of Verbena, a novel form of colored plant, with pink and other colors on a black ground; also the engravings of the numerous chromes are well executed.—*Horticulturalist*, New York.

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Newport, R. I., March 26, 1873.

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[From the Westminster Review.]

Modern Scepticism.—Faith and Free Thought.

If there be one sign of the times more patent than any other to the eye of the dispassionate observer, it is to be found in the gradual decay of the old theological beliefs. The condition of religious thought in Germany is too well known to readers of this *Review* to render any further allusion to it necessary; and the subject has been brought under the notice of the general reader in a series of able sketches by the correspondent of the leading journal at Berlin. In France, the recent discussions in the Protestant Synod have brought to light the startling fact that a large proportion of French reformers have altogether thrown over a belief in miracles. We are in possession of evidence which would tend to show the immense progress of rationalistic views in America. We are, however, not concerned with these and other foreign countries just now, and must dismiss them with the remark that it would be indeed a strange phenomenon if a great mental movement, which is making itself so sensibly felt in other Protestant communities, should have no counterpart in Protestant England. It is of England that we wish to speak; and we say not only that it might be expected from what is witnessed elsewhere, but also that there is evidence that it is making very great progress. We are aware that in putting forth this statement, we are at issue with some great authorities; for example, the *Times* newspaper, and apparently Mr. Disraeli. In the opinion of the statesman speaking not long ago at Manchester, the objections of scepticism have been victoriously refuted over and over again by "inexorable logic." If this be so, then the unbelievers, being altogether an unreasoning, illogical class of men, can never hope to make progress, and may safely be neglected; like the gentleman who laid a wager the other day that the earth was flat. The *Times* newspaper takes very much the same view. In an article on the Duke of Somerset's volume, the reviewer seems to contemplate "fashionable scepticism" (for the existence of an infidel tailor or shoemaker here and there may perhaps be admitted) as the crochets of a few idle dilettanti, anxious to cut a figure in west-end drawing-rooms by their paradoxes. Probably a good-sized drawing-room would hold them all; and if by chance, or by a special interposition, the roof should fall in on them so collected together, we presume that no more would be heard of their silly notions in "west-end circles" for a generation at least! The same sort of language might doubtless have been heard in certain Roman "circles" with regard to Christianity, for centuries after the death of its founder. "A superstition confined to slaves and half-splitting Greeks, 'woolweavers, shoemakers, fullers, and rustics' (these are the words of Celsus), with here and there a Tertullian and a Cyprian recruited from the ranks of advocates and teachers of rhetoric,

or a philosophic pervert like Justin Martyr or Athenagoras. We do not profess to know exactly what the religion of these people is, but it must have existed a long time and made very little way; for we remember reading about it in our college days, in the days of Tacitus and the younger Pliny. Marcus Aurelius has noticed it, and Lucian too, by the by. And we believe that Celsus has taken the trouble to write against it. But as a general rule, none of our philosophers or historians or poets have thought it worth their while to take the least notice of it. No doubt the thing goes on, and converts are made; but one never hears anything about them in society except now and then when the emperors see fit to come down upon these lunatics." Such we may be sure was the sort of language used in fashionable company in the reign of Decius, and in the hearing of children whose old age was destined to witness the worldly triumph of the "deadly superstition," and the head of the State yielding spiritual obedience to the "Galilean juggler."

If we wanted any confirmation of the truth of our statement, we might refer to witnesses on the Orthodox side more competent from their position and the character of their studies to pronounce an opinion than Mr. Disraeli and the writer in the *Times*. What is the language of such men as Archbishop Thomson, Bishop Wilberforce, Dean Mansel, Dean Goulburn, Professor Mozley, Canon Liddon, Mr. Farrar, and a host of others; in fact, of all recent Christian apologists? We read of "a wide-spread movement of the mind indicative of the first stealing over the sky of the lurid lights which shall be shed profusely around the great Antichrist." [Bishop of Winchester. Preface to "Reply to Essays and Reviews," p. xi.] "The wide-spread movement against miracles." ["Mozley on Miracles," ch. ii.] "A wide-spread unsettlement of religious belief . . . an impression that the age is turning its back on dogmas and creeds." [Liddon. Preface to "The Divinity of Our Lord," p. xvi.] "The frightful prevalence of sceptical views among all classes of the community." [Goulburn. Preface to Bishop Magee's "Pleadings for Christ," p. i.] "A wide-spread defection from the faith which our fathers held." [Farrar. "Witness of History to Christ," p. viii.] "A time of much doubt and trial." [Archbishop Thomson. Preface to "Aids to Faith."] While a statesman who is at the same time a theologian, has not hesitated to speak of "hosts mustering and fields clearing for the greatest struggle which Christianity has ever had to face." [Marquis of Salisbury. Speech at Liverpool, April, 1872.] Utterances of this kind might be quoted to any extent; the stray specimens which we have given show that the Orthodox are at length awakening to the real character of the peril which threatens them. In Sheridan's comedy of the "Critic," one of the characters in the burlesque is rebuked by Puff (at least it used so to be acted by Mr. Charles Mathews, though whether to be found in the original we do not recollect), for looking out for the advent of an incoming personage on the wrong side of the stage. This is very much what the bulk of the moderate and Low-Church clergy and laity have been doing for some time past. They have been looking out for the advent of Romanism on one side, while Scepticism has been stalking in on the other.

In truth, no person who has looked beneath the surface of society can be in the least doubt as to the correctness of what is here advanced. Scepticism, if not rampant, will be found to be latent in the most unexpected quarters. Even if, at any time and place, we felt ourselves at liberty to mention the names of men eminent in the senate, at the bar, in the pulpit, from whose lips we have heard a practical disclaimer of all dogma, we should refrain from doing so, owing to our recollection of a jocosse piece of advice once given to us by Minister (afterwards President) Buchanan. "Young gentlemen," said he, "you have just told a story of something you saw in the United States, which I happen to know is true. But don't tell it again, for your own sake. Very few will believe you. Rather relate something which is not true, and which will be believed." Readers of Hawthorne will remember his exquisitely philosophical tale of "Goodman Brown;" how the poor man, on be-

ing persuaded to go to a witch's meeting, found his wife, his pastor, his seemingly virtuous old school-mistress, and all the most esteemed of his neighbors there. So, if any one should be brought to conceive doubts, let him go about and enquire, and he will extract similar doubts from the learned college tutor, the Orthodox rector, the tory squire, the Independent or Baptist leader. Every one remembers the story told (if we remember rightly) by Seneca, of the proposal which was made in the Roman Senate, to clothe the slaves in a distinctive dress, and of the reasons which were urged successfully against the project. If every sceptic were clothed in a like uniform to-morrow, we are of opinion that the result would be just as striking to all parties.

More than this, to any one who looks, not necessarily beneath the surface, but merely at the surface of things, it must be obvious that there are some strange appearances in the sky, though we do not regard them, with the early Christians and the Bishop of Winchester, as indicating the return of Nero, or of antichrist in any form. Nothing is more remarkable than the change in educated feeling which has taken place within the last thirty years; that is, within the recollection of men of middle age. We remember the time when an "infidel," a person who did not believe in the literal inspiration of the Bible, was to us a dark, malignant being, capable of every atrocity. We looked upon him as the ignorant pagans looked upon the Christian who refused to worship their gods, or as this same Christian contemplated the pagan demons by whom he believed himself to be surrounded. Now, on the slightest provocation, over the evening cigar, or it may be from fair lips at the dinner-table, free-thinking sentiments are uttered which would certainly at that time have relegated the speaker to Coventry. We should suppose that at the Athenæum Club, with its body-guard of bishops, a notorious unbeliever was once as rare a sight as a general smoking a short clay pipe on the steps of the Senior United. We have lived to witness both these phenomena, which, in the opinion of Dean Close and the Anti-Tobacco League, may have some connection with each other. In those days, infidel books were produced in dark shops and obscure alleys, somewhere in the neighborhood of Holborn and Temple Bar, whence the works of Tom Paine were occasionally smuggled into their dormitories by sixth-form boys at public schools. Now, the first publishers announce edition after edition of volumes, bearing eminent names, and which are as distinctly hostile to what is commonly called revelation as anything that Tom Paine ever wrote. A similar change has come over the spirit of the periodical press. Not to say anything of this *Review*, which may at any rate claim to have held its present views in days when they were far less popular, able publications have sprung up like our contemporaries the *Fortnightly* and the *Contemporary*, in which it must certainly be admitted that theological subjects receive a "free handling." A much stronger term might be used to designate some bold and spirited, but too contemptuous articles which have appeared in *Fraser*, with the well-known initials "L. S." And the ablest of the London evening papers, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has long been noted for articles, the tone of which may be judged by the following extracts:

"A third answer is, well, the whole subject (of religion) is involved in mystery; and whether the religion to which you have been accustomed is or is not exactly what one would call true, in that coarse and vulgar sense of the word in which we speak of a statement about common things being true, it is eminently respectable and useful; and, on the whole, speaking generally and subject to reasonable exceptions and modifications, it is not altogether improbable that the best course, at all events for the present, would be to take it as being about as true as it can reasonably be expected to be. . . . The third answer is that of the great majority of practical persons."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, June 3, 1872.

"The real question is not about the Athanasian Creed or the details of Mr. Bennett's language about the Sacrament; it is whether the whole Christian religion is or is not based on truth; and out of every seven members of the representative body of the French Protestant Church, four think that it is, and three that it is not. If any one supposes that questions which are asked under such circumstances, and which receive such answers at Paris, are not being asked and will not have to be answered in London, he does greatly err."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, July 4, 1872.

"The excessive activity of the clergy about all kinds of practical matters and petty doctrinal questions was probably never exceeded, but none or hardly any of

them do the one thing that is indispensable. They do not give to the questions proposed to them answers as direct, pointed, and emphatic as the questions themselves. It is as if an invading army were marching upon London, and public meetings were being held all over London, voting against the enemy, considering how people may be got to dislike him, passing resolutions condemning his proceedings, and, in short, doing every sort of thing except meeting and beating him."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Nov. 1, 1872.

The same change has manifested itself in the case of the provincial press. From the *Scotsman*, at Edinburgh, to the *Western Morning News*, at Plymouth, articles and reviews have of late appeared which completely strike at the root of the old doctrine of Biblical inspiration. After all this, well might Mr. Gladstone say, when speaking at Willis's Rooms in May last on behalf of King's College: "What is so common as to find, in the very best type, and in the best bindings, on the tables of drawing-rooms and of clubs, works in which Christianity is spoken of as an antiquated superstition?" And Mr. Farrar tells us that "the vital doctrines of Christianity have to be defended against whole literatures, against whole philosophies!"

More than this. The reader whose attention has been at any time drawn in this direction can scarcely have failed to notice that there is a large and increasing body of educated men in England (we might almost include in their number the bulk of the educated classes), Orthodox in name, but whose theological views, if put down upon paper, would be anything but satisfactory to an Orthodox examiner. These are men faithful to the offices of religion, who subscribe to churches and chapels and missions, who form the strength of the Church and the more educated dissenting sects. The precise character of their religious belief is a mystery to themselves; they hold what a learned professor of our friends once called a kind of *smudgy* Christianity; and, as they are particularly reticent on these points, it is very difficult for an outsider to form an idea of their creed. Yet, like every one else, they have their moments of expansion, and then we learn that, like Coleridge (who on this, as well as on all other subjects, was pre-eminently "smudgy"), they are satisfied with the Bible, "because it finds them, more than all other books put together; finds them at greater depths of their being," without pledging themselves to the dogma that every word in it is necessarily inspired. The attitude of their minds towards the greater number of the Old Testament miracles may be described as one of benevolent haziness. They may be literally true, or true only after some figurative and allegorical fashion; either way, they are parts of a sublime system, and, even if they were shown to be quite untrue, it would not, in the least, matter. Supposing all Bishop Colenso's finikin criticisms to be established, how would they affect the doctrine of the atonement? Supposing Methuselah did not live nine hundred and odd years, the Sermon on the Mount will none the less live till the end of the world. What does it matter whether there be a personal tempter or not? Surely there is implanted in us all a tendency to go wrong; and does not that amount to exactly the same thing? Of course they do not believe in the hell of Mr. Spurgeon (nor consequently, we must take the liberty of pointing out to these good people, in the hell of Jesus, for they are identical), but in the consequences of evil deeds following their perpetrator in some mysterious way into another world. Some of them are quite willing to give up the Apocalypse, others the Book of Daniel, others the Song of Solomon, others to our knowledge even the accounts of the Nativity, as possibly a legend that has been tacked on to the sacred narrative. They all of them repudiate the idea that men may be condemned hereafter for "honest mistakes," or "errors in belief conscientiously arrived at," as uncharitable and immoral. The extent to which these kinds of views are prevalent is not suspected by such of the clergy as do not share them; and, by the way, many, especially of the younger clergy, do share them. We say that there is scarcely an educated family in the land in which one or more of its members may not be found holding opinions such as these; and whatever judgment we may pass on them, it must at any rate be admitted that they are not identical with, that they are indeed diametrically opposed to, the tenets of Orthodox Christianity.

Concurrently with this phenomena of the advance of the sceptical and semi-sceptical views in England, we observe another one, common to England and all Christian countries, and which, though inseparably connected with the former, we may be permitted, in our brief limits, to characterize in a rough way separately, as the decay from internal causes of dogmatic theology. We believe that there is nothing within our cognizance upon which Time will not operate; that for *Kronos*, as for the French *sapeur*, nothing is sacred. If this be so, the popular Christianity of the nineteenth century could not possibly be the same Christianity as that of the first and second centuries. At any rate, it is not. The early Christian, if recalled to life, would be utterly bewildered at the loose way in which his creed at present sits upon its most eminent professors; at seeing them burn incense to gods, whom though not bearing the names of heathen deities, he would none the less stigmatize as idols and de-

mons. To him, it would be altogether astounding and abnormal that this world should be now-a-days so much to everybody, when the very key-note of his creed is that it should be next to nothing—*vilius aliquid*; that even the so-called "regenerate" should be devoting themselves with so much assiduity to worldly pursuits and money-making, during the brief interval of time which separates them from an eternity which, for all but a few, must be an eternity of physical torment; that bishops and deans should be consorting peacefully with the worldly, and looking out for good matches for their daughters from among them; that the Scriptures should not be consulted in every difficulty to which they apply, but, on the contrary, quietly ignored or, if need be, set aside; that all reference to them should be tabooed in the legislature and in polite society as "in bad taste;" that subjects of the highest, indeed to him of the only, interest should be treated with a languid indifference; that the debates in Convocation about the Athanasian Creed, and the procession of the Holy Ghost, should not awaken infinitely more attention than the debates on the Public Health and Ballot Bills. In short, the "secular spirit," with which the course of time has rusted over the old original creed, would be an inexplicable portent to him. Sometimes, even now, a man of this type, a primitive Christian "born out of due time," starts up among us and strikes even his co-religionists as a being, strange and wild and out of place, like a Hebrew prophet at the court of a Jewish King—a Henry Martyn, for instance, who laments that he has been at a dinner-party without saying one word about Jesus; grieves at having thought so little about God on his way from Cambridge to London on the top of a stage-coach, and in the course of a walk through the city; is led to attend a Gresham lecture on music, and goes away, "unable to remain longer in such a dissipated, unholy state;" mourns over his having been induced to "look into a Review," and, being led on by "detestable curiosity about the impertinent subjects of literature," is thankful that he is not struck dead in church for not being more attentive in prayer. Yet Henry Martyn (a holy and conscientious man, if ever there was one in this world) was perfectly consistent; and the inconsistent people are those who, professing to hold what Henry Martyn held, do not act as Henry Martyn acted. We believe his views to have been in many respects radically unsound, and based on a false view of Divine Providence. Yet they were the views practically enforced by Jesus and still held up theoretically for our acceptance. The founder of Christianity compares his teaching to new wine poured into old bottles; but now the religion itself has become an old wine, from which the original ingredients have largely evaporated. Hell fire, the cultivation of poverty, blind indifference to the morrow, the practice of celibacy, the anticipation not to be laid aside for a moment of the immediate return of Christ, humble submission to injuries—these and many other ingredients have escaped and left it a religion tempered, and so to speak doctored, by long keeping, to the altered character of the times. Whether the world would be any the better if the precepts of Christianity were everywhere strictly carried out, is a point on which we are not called upon to enter. Suffice it that they are not so carried out—that they are softened down into meaning something which they did not originally mean. And this is a point not to be passed over in a notice of the scepticism of the age.

No wonder that these considerations—except indeed the last named, which they either fail to perceive or else shut their eyes to—have at length frightened the Orthodox. The tendency of frightened classes everywhere is to form some sort of organization for their protection; and the tendency of frightened classes in England is to place these organizations under the patronage of as many peers, millionaires, and members of Parliament as can be secured for the purpose. In some cases, meetings are held and addresses are delivered by men of reputation, with a lord, if possible, or a bishop in the chair. "The Society for the protection of the interests of brewers and licensed victuallers (President, Lord Grains) will hold the first of a series of meetings to be addressed by Sir Cocculus Indicus," &c., &c. We are all of us familiar with this kind of thing, and it cannot be denied that it may be of some service to a threatened cause. Just to be sure, as a meeting of the crew of a ship convened for its protection during a storm may be of service in that it may stimulate the sailors to greater activity. But the ship, and the interests of the licensed victuallers, and let us add those of so-called Orthodoxy—it may be well to remind these worthy people—are tossed on the crests of huge waves in the ocean of human progress, are as the playthings to tides in the affairs of collective mankind, which will flow on in their appointed course as ignorant of them as of Canute, and against which it may be as useless for them to contend with "meetings" and "lectures," as for savages to shoot up arrows into the sky to keep off an eclipse.

[To be continued.]

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

(CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued).)

It may be remembered that the amiable Mr. Maberley lived in Hanover street; and, as it happened, nearly opposite to the office of Mr. Dorton. Paul knew the house well enough, though he had not entered it for some years; in his juvenile days he had thought it something of a privilege to go thither to visit his "aunt" and her children—three handsome boys and a pretty little girl, whom he called his cousins. The eldest of these he recollected as an especial scapegrace, who, playing with him in the garden of his grandfather's house, had excited his horror by tilting a ladder over the wall and through an adjoining skylight, and by his subsequent hardihood and impudence when arraigned for the enormity before Mr. and Mrs. Gower. But this young gentleman was now in Paris, qualifying himself for his father's profession; and Paul's acquaintance with the family had terminated when sentence of outlawry had been passed upon Maberley by the old lady and gentleman.

The doctor's establishment had once been a fashionable one, and proportionately profitable—for he did not lack a certain sort of flashy ability—but his profligacy and extravagance had undermined his position; and he was now financially involved in debts and difficulties, living recklessly from day to day, with occasional intervals in a sponging-house, and a financial catastrophe always impending. It was said that his creditors had a bill of sale for his very furniture. Still he attempted to keep up appearances; jobbed a brougham, in which to pay his few professional visits, and entertained a man-servant in livery. Paul saw him, sometimes, darting furtively and rapidly out of the house into the vehicle aforesaid, and being driven off immediately, as if he dreaded detention; and also poor Mrs. Maberley, at the upper windows, with her younger children, who had come home from school for the Christmas holidays.

One afternoon there occurred an incident at the house opposite, of which both Paul and Richard Sabin—who sometimes strolled to Hanover Street and spent an hour with his friend, in the absence of Mr. Dorton—were the accidental spectators; an incident which was odiously suggestive of Maberley's habits and associates. They were reminded of it afterwards; for which reason, rather than its individual importance in this history, it is here related.

Dick, then, looking idly over the wire-blind of the office window, just as the street-lamps were being lighted, and while Paul was finishing his daily note to his employer, beheld, approaching from Regent Street, a woman whose appearance and behavior presently attracted his attention. A more repulsive person, attired in fine clothes, it would have been difficult to imagine. Evidently a French woman, she resembled nothing so much as one of those horrible females, whom, in his intense dislike to the lower order of foreigners, the late John Leech used sometimes to portray in the pages of *Punch*. With her greased and bandolined hair strained back from her low forehead; her lewd, leering, wicked eyes, deep-set in their shady sockets; her painted cheeks, protruding jaw and evil face, through which the shape of the skull was distinctly visible,—she was as ugly as ugly could be, yet maintained an assumption of the airs of a beauty and fascination in her looks and manner, at once preposterous and revolting. Very much over-dressed, with her head aloft, her skirts sweeping the slushy pavement behind and ostentatiously held up in front, she came staggering along, being evidently rather intoxicated, and more than indifferent to the regards of spectators, some of whom paused to look at her.

It might have been in consequence of her condition, and because the large, silvered door-plate of "Dr. James Maberley," shining bright in the gas-light, attracted her notice and inspired her with a sudden idea; it might have been previous intention, but whatever the reason, she paused and, steadying herself by holding on to the railings, ascended the steps and rang the bell. The door was opened almost immediately by the man-servant in livery, to whom—as could easily be discerned on the other side of the way—she addressed some inquiry, answered by a curt negative, a look of very natural surprise and repulsion, and the slamming of the door in her face. Instantly she seemed to get into a towering passion, and, applying herself again to the bell, tugged at it so furiously that the wire broke and the handle came away in her grasp, nearly

"Evvy is ignorance; imitation suicide."—Emerson.

throwing her backwards. Additionally enraged at this, she then began thundering at the knocker; at the sound of which formidable noise the by-standers drew nearer and formed the nucleus of a little crowd, which soon collected about the portal.

"Come along!" said Sabin whose view was now intercepted, and the two friends crossed the street together. Before they had gained the pavement, the uproar was redoubled. The door re-opening, the woman had precipitated herself on the footman like a fury, demanding with oaths and abuse, both in French and English, why he had dared to insult her, and insisting on immediate speech with his master.

"He's not at home, I tell you!" cried the man, struggling and terrified, for he was no match for his assailant, who had already torn his coat, and was menacing his face with her left claw, like a wild animal. "Police! will somebody fetch a policeman?" And "Po-lice!" echoed one or two voices among the mob, which increased every moment, while the rest of its component elements laughed or jeered, deriding the footman and exhorting the woman to "pitch into him," after the amiable custom of a London crowd in general.

Looking over the heads of the populace, Paul could discern only a confused struggle; the woman trying to force her way in, the man to prevent her, and presently, in the background, the alarmed countenances of Mrs. Maberley and two of her boys. He was just proclaiming himself a relative of the family and, backed by the broad-shouldered Richard, endeavoring to effect a rescue, when a cry was raised of "Here's a policeman!" and, pushing through the crowd in that unceremonious manner adopted by the force, a constable arrived on the scene. Almost simultaneously a cab drew up opposite the door, out of which looked the shallow, surprised eyes, the white teeth, and dyed whiskers of Mr. James Maberley.

The policeman had got the virago in his professional grasp—just above the right elbow—had addressed to her the usual assurance of recognition, and inquired of the man-servant "if he gave this person in custody?" with all possible civility. Unlike the ordinary behavior of her sex, she made no resistance, but, apparently rather shocked by her position, declared that the footman had outraged her and provoked his punishment by denying her access to his master, whose friend she was.

"Here's the gentleman; let's here what he says," cried two or three bystanders on the outskirts of the crowd. And Mr. Maberley, who, alighting, had consequentially demanded the cause of the disturbance, and announced his right to do so, found himself passed from hand to hand until he confronted the actors in it, when he would fain have retreated if the closing-in of the curious mob had not rendered flight impossible.

Directly she saw him, the Frenchwoman addressed the doctor with shrill volubility. "C'est toi done," she said, "l'arrive just à temps. Dis à ces canailles que je suis une des tiennes, et dis lui!" (saying to the policeman), "de fichez le camp. Ha! tu flanches?" for Maberley, reddening through his rouge at the shameful recognition and the coarse comments of the crowd, made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. "Ha! ha! l'es chomette. Eh ben! zut! d'campes! je lui donnerai du fil à torde avant qu'il me paume, et tu seras pentêtre — crane de me tirer du plan avant le matin!"

"No! no!" cried the wretched Maberley, as the woman shook herself free of the constable, tore off her bonnet and shawl—apparently by a simultaneous movement—and stood at bay, prepared for immediate hostilities; "for heaven's sake let's have no more disturbance! What is the matter? What has happened already?"

Plenty of voices volunteered the desired information, the policeman's account being the shortest and most coherent. "She's in custody for assaulting of him," he said, pointing with his thumb to the person concerned.

"It's all a mistake. You'll retract this charge, Charles—to oblige me?" The man looked surprised, and began a speech about his "having been" and "abused for nothing," but finally assented; at which decision the mob shouted louder than ever.

"And you, Héloïse," Mr. Maberley continued, in appropriate, because bad French—while he shrunk from the uncomplimentary regards of the crowd, and would have looked pale and red by turns, but for his paint—"will go home? There's a cab at your service."

"Not unless you go with me! I want to speak to you!" the woman answered, brazen, insolent, and imperative. And then, full in the outraged hearing of his wife and children, there ensued between Maberley and his associate a scandalous controversy, only concealed from the jeering mob by its being conducted in a foreign language. It ended, as might have been antici-

pated from the man's cowardice, in his succumbing to the demand made upon him. Secure of his assent, the Frenchwoman uttered a screech of triumph, clutched his arm, impudently faced the crowd, and ordered the policeman to clear the way to the cab.

The shouts, the laughter, the hisses, the outburst of ironical applause provoked by this behaviour, may be imagined. It required some activity and exercise of authority on the part of the openly contemptuous constable to disperse the mob sufficiently to allow the pair to beat a successful retreat. Maberley slunk into the vehicle looking so cowed, so shamefaced, so utterly despicable in mien and manner, that if he had been a felonious cur, with a halter round his neck, conveyed to summary execution, he would have presented a less repulsive spectacle. The woman, on the other hand, laughed in tipsy triumph, defied the populace, and waved her hand in mock adieu, as the cab drove off amid a perfect storm of reprobation.

Another policeman coming up at this juncture, and the door of the house being closed—not, however, before Paul caught a glimpse of Mrs. Maberley's face—the mob began gradually to move away. The rather strong observations on the doctor's conduct and character, in which the young men indulged as they walked eastwards, need not be recorded. Paul told the story to his grandparents when he got home, to Mrs. Gower's intense indignation. The old lady fully expected the arrival of her niece next morning, and, but for Mr. Gower's remonstrances, would have anticipated such an application by going to Hanover Street herself, to offer the injured wife her usual asylum during the crises of conjugal tribulation—and to relieve her own curiosity. But the old gentleman had a great deal to say about the injudiciousness of interference, and, for a wonder, prevailed. Nor did Mrs. Maberley appear; and not long afterwards, there occurred in the house near the Hampstead Road an event of such engrossing importance, that it left no room in the mind of the old lady for other considerations.

RELIGION IN GOVERNMENT.—As American citizens, we can never forget the ancient landmarks, and the foundations upon which our liberties have been erected. The U. S. Senate in one of the first treaties they ratified, during the last century, happily hit the nail upon the head when they said, "the government of the United States is not in any sense founded upon the Christian religion" (treaty with Tripoli and Barbary, Nov. 4, 1790), and we think that our Governors and State Legislatures act wisely when they make no attempt to teach Christianity.

The election of a Chaplain to the Legislature, or to a public institution, is contrary to the spirit of our laws, and we hope that the day will soon come when praying for the members will be done by the churches in the respective localities where they reside. It will produce a better effect than those of some clergyman who has been lobbied into the office of Chaplain, and then illegally paid for his party praying.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer.*

Uncle Sam—a down east farmer known far and wide by this patriotic title—had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sundays; but after awhile this Sabbath breaker joined the church. One day our friend met the minister to whose church he belonged. "Well, Uncle Sam," said he, "do you see any difference in Mr. P— since he joined the church?" "Oh, yes," said Uncle Sam, "a great difference. Before, when he went out to mend his fences on Sunday he carried his axe on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his coat."

There is trouble over the income of Trinity Church, New York. A Sunday paper says the income of the church property amounts to \$60,000,000. The *Times* denies this, remarking that it never amounted to that sum in any one year. A correspondent of that paper says the yearly income of the church from all sources has never exceeded \$438,000. There may be an inside ring—a *Credit Mobilier*—connected with it and appropriating the chief portion of the funds.—*Tolcan Blade.*

The editor of the *Allegan (Mich.) Journal* went to church the other day, and after the regular service had closed and the customary exhortation given to speak, the minister inquired: "Who will be the first to speak?" Presently an elderly gentleman who weighs about three hundred pounds arose and humbly observed: "I believe it is the duty of the biggest sinner in the house to speak first—that's me, thank God!"

We are pleased to observe that the religious songs which were sung here by the Fiske University troupe are very popular among the students. These songs have an immense advantage over our sacred melodies. In singing them one combines amusement with religious worship.—*The Dartmouth.*

We recognize now the cause of their popularity at Amherst.—*Amherst Student.*

CASH RECEIPTS.

From March 15 to April 21.

New England News Company, \$14.80; T. R. Davis, 50 cts.; William Barrie, 50 cts.; J. N. Clarke, 50 cts.; Henry O. Bishop, \$1.50; H. Field, \$2; P. E. Toulon, 75 cts.; Dr. Garvin, 75 cts.; M. McArthur, \$3; Joseph Purinton, \$6.75; Ebert, \$1; G. W. Buchanan, \$1.50; Fred Stevens, 75 cts.; W. F. Criddle, 40 cts.; F. A. Jones, \$2.25; J. M. Holland, 75 cts.; Albert Waller, 75 cts.; Worthy Putnam, 50 cts.; W. F. Jamieson, \$1; J. W. Chamberlain, \$3.50; Hiram Vannert, \$1; Jno. E. Jones, \$2; A. C. Adams, 50 cts.; Susan Bixby, \$1.50; William Hill, \$3; Isaac Worthmer, \$2; William Smith, 75 cts.; M. E. Taylor, \$2.25; G. A. Dudley, \$1.50; J. H. Randall, \$1.50; Mrs. F. G. Harrington, \$1; Thomas Pollock, \$3; George E. Walker, \$2; William Thornton, 50 cts.; S. F. Hong, \$1; James Robertson, 75 cts.; L. L. Ross, \$3; F. Finley, 50 cts.; E. F. Dickinson, \$1; Victor Bishop, \$3; Herbert Fletcher, \$1.50; E. G. Potter, \$2; J. W. Goodrich, \$3; J. C. Reeve, 50 cts.; A. R. Morse, \$2; J. W. Buxton, 75 cts.; G. B. Purdy, 50 cts.; C. A. Jackson, 50 cts.; Julius Antisl, 50 cts.; A. Thompson, \$3; Wm. H. Bullock, \$2.50; E. Hiedenrelek, 50 cts.; F. Rice, 75 cts.; D. P. Wilcox, \$2.50; H. McKinstry, \$1; A. W. Russell, \$3; G. F. Monroe, \$3; R. E. Leeters, \$3.50; F. H. Goullie, 50 cts.; Miss J. T. Goullie, \$3; John Gillies, \$3; C. A. Gole, 50 cts.; Carl Leck, \$3; Benjamin Greene, \$3; Gardner Murphy, \$3; E. F. Sills, 50 cts.; L. P. DePurk, \$1.50; William Ganzhorn, \$1; G. N. Smith, \$4; S. S. Smeemaker, \$1.50; Richard Hurnphrey, \$2.25; Henry Gunther, 75 cts.; J. J. Titus, 50 cts.; W. K. Rogers, \$1; Geo. Lewis, \$1; H. C. Clark, 10 cts.; E. Manley, \$1.75; H. G. White, \$3; W. G. Marshall, 10 cts.; Zera Masters, \$2.50; C. Pearson, 50 cts.; H. A. Mills, 10 cts.; Francis Hineckley, \$1.50; E. E. Phelps, 50 cts.; Wm. C. Barnes, 75 cts.; Wm. C. Elliott, 75 cts.; Dr. A. Woodbridge, \$2; Darrock Robbins, 50 cts.; Aberdeen Keith, \$3; J. H. Howland, 75 cts.; Eliza H. Howland, 75 cts.; J. E. D. Laundon, 10 cts.; L. W. McNeil, \$1.75; W. H. Crowell, 10 cts.; J. E. D. Laundon, 10 cts.; A. McNeil, \$3; C. H. Dalton, 10 cts.; James W. Bartlett, \$2.25; Asa F. Moore, \$1; George Wm. B. Jenkins, \$1; E. F. Blaisdell, \$2; Israel Drake, 75 cts.; R. Dusenbury, \$1.50; Blaisdell Wright, \$3.37; M. Hellman, \$3; Woodbury Flak, \$4.15; H. Clark, \$1.50; St. Louis Book & News Co., 30 cts.; D. H. Clark, \$2; A. K. Butts, \$3.50; S. B. Gay, \$3; Mrs. C. Markt, 50 cts.; W. Forrester, \$3.25; L. S. Judd, \$3; E. W. Gunn, \$3; G. Garrish, Jr., \$1; J. S. Ross, 10 cts.; D. C. Dibble, 50 cts.; M. C. Smith, \$1; Leonard Church, \$2; W. S. Burton, \$3; J. H. Britton, \$3; H. J. Newton, 50 cts.; Milton Smith, \$5; Samuel Richie, \$2.25; L. L. Thaxton, \$1.50; Henry D. Maxson, \$1.50; Sidney McCloud, \$1.50; P. H. Bateson, \$1; J. B. Harrison, 70 cts.; Simeon Sharp, 50 cts.; Jacob Miller, \$1; M. S. Wood, 50 cts.; Jno. Gardner, \$3; S. L. Wilder, \$1; N. Grassner, \$3; Henry Hooker, 75 cts.; James Parton, \$3; A. Bruce, \$1.50; James E. Brynton, \$3; G. W. Kirk, \$3; H. Debniken, \$3; W. C. Cole, \$3; A. P. McMartin, \$2; M. H. Calhoun, \$3; Chas. Krebs, 50 cts.; John Monroe, \$3; Mrs. M. A. McFarland, \$3; C. S. Goodrich, \$1.50; D. H. Barstow, \$3; Wm. Shaw, \$2; W. B. Todd, \$3; Lucius Slade, \$3; J. W. Fowler, \$1; J. A. Barker, \$3; E. Naumburg, \$3; G. F. Whitfield, \$4.45; Christian Clock, \$3; William E. Whitfield, \$2; Merrill, \$1; George M. Wood, \$3; George B. Thorne, \$3; C. A. Wheeler, \$3; James Watson, \$1; Jas. L. Dunning, \$3.50; Edward Snyder, \$1.50; J. V. R. West, \$3.50; Robt. Amory, 50 cts.; Thomas Nye, 50 cts.; J. Gohard, \$3; C. J. A. H. Todd, 50 cts.; Eli Sink, \$1; Henry A. Dean, \$3.10; Joseph Westwood, 75 cts.; Wilber Austin, \$1; Samuel Powell, \$1.15; R. L. Roy, \$3; J. F. Frankenhoff, \$1.50; Fisher Doherty, \$3; Thomas A. Maskell, 75 cts.; L. E. Goodwin, \$1; S. H. Fisher, 75 cts.; C. W. Wendte, 10 cts.; Wm. Fry, 50 cts.; Wm. Harrison, 10 cts.; J. G. Eaton, \$3; Thomas Shaw, \$3; W. F. Shepard, 75 cts.; J. A. Coffin, 50 cts.; J. J. Keyes, 50 cts.; W. F. Shepard, 75 cts.; S. P. Putnam, 10 cts.; M. Altman, \$3; A. Van Brakle, 50 cts.; R. B. Fell, \$3; Thompson Harris, \$1; Clara P. Bourland, \$2.50; J. A. Barnard, 75 cts.; George W. Batchelder, \$1; F. B. Ferris, \$1; B. F. Gipple, 45 cts.; F. A. Maxse, \$1.12; D. F. Bruner, \$3; Harry Hooke, 50 cts.; N. B. Bryant, 75 cts.; J. C. Wilder, 50 cts.; B. George, \$1.50; D. T. Grem, 75 cts.; Amasa M. Eaton, 50 cts.; John Birks, 50 cts.; G. W. Newton, 50 cts.; G. W. Thacher, 80 cts.; Wm. K. Ketcher, \$1; A. B. Swain, \$2.25; Mrs. R. B. Hampton, 50 cts.; J. A. Burgess, 75 cts.; Anthony Barker, 75 cts.; E. R. Ring, \$1.19; Victor Bishop, \$3; Jno. McDonald, \$10; E. S. Wilder, \$1; Susie M. Johnson, \$3; L. Chesley, \$3.50; A. Starbird, \$1; Mrs. Mary Westphal, \$15; Darriek Stebbins, 40 cts.; Charles Willis, \$1; O. F. Mason, \$1; Z. J. Ripley, \$2; S. K. Hazeltine, 75 cts.; D. B. Scott, \$2.50; J. A. Roberts, \$2.50; B. B. Hershel, 50 cts.; Parker Pillsbury, \$5; Joseph Martin, 60 cts.; Maggie Devoy, \$1; Lois Ann Green, 25 cts.; James Robertson, 20 cts.; Jno. M. Samuels, 75 cts.; J. H. Keck, 75 cts.; Fulton Phillips, 10 cts.; R. M. Watson, 75 cts.; J. B. Smith, \$1.75; D. H. Fitzhugh, \$3; Jno. H. Hinkle, 75 cts.; Wm. Shank, 75 cts.; Susan A. Tyrell, \$3; Henry D. Dix, 50 cts.; J. A. Smith, 50 cts.; Addison Baker, \$1; A. M. Lathrop, \$3.30; James W. White, \$20; Pliny Smith, 25 cts.; Dr. E. H. Bowman, \$3; Jno. D. Rager, 75 cts.; Geo. Lewis, 50 cts.; Hewelman A. Haven, \$1.50; T. R. Davis, 50 cts.; Wm. H. Crowell, 50 cts.; E. M. Abbott, \$1; Gilbert Coe, \$2.25; Wm. J. Elba, 50 cts.; W. Fuller, \$1.20; M. Samfield, \$3; Alvin Hoyt, \$3; John Blala, \$1; C. D. Martin, \$1; G. A. Atwood, \$3; C. L. Knowlton, 75 cts.; R. M. Mellen, \$1; Warren Chase, \$3.50; B. H. Benton, 60 cts.; Josephine B. Tilton, \$3; Uriah Clark, 75 cts.; T. F. Heron, 10 cts.; G. W. Topping, 10 cts.; Chas. A. Barry, 10 cts.; G. W. Brunck, \$2.40; Jno. A. Zoller, \$3; R. J. Kendall, 75 cts.; Alfred Warren, \$1.30; C. L. Bartlett, \$3; Carl Doeringer, \$1.55; Ascension News Depot, \$2.00; E. S. Elder, 10 cts.; George Allen, \$1.93; J. W. Russell, 10 cts.; Wm. Inott, \$3; W. A. Whitting, \$3; Z. L. Hungerford, \$1.50; Warren Walker, \$1.60; Jno. Gordon, 10 cts.; V. Keene, \$3.10; Mrs. E. A. Ewing, \$10; Wm. F. Brechtel, \$1; David Porter, 10 cts.; Allen Keon, \$3; E. Wigglesworth, \$2.00; R. J. Jervis, 75 cts.; George Paddington, 35 cts.; J. M. Frost, 75 cts.; Mrs. Wm. Coates, 75 cts.; Pauline Carter, \$1; G. W. Topping, \$2.40; Washington Cross, 75 cts.; W. F. Perkins, 50 cts.; Y. Club, \$4; T. H. Pardon, 20 cts.; J. A. Walters, \$2; Harry P. Smith, \$3; E. P. Woodworth, 50 cts.; S. D. Fuller, \$1; George Riker, 75 cts.; B. W. Chase, 10 cts.; P. H. Clemens, 75 cts.; Mrs. H. B. Hostwick, 30 cts.; Geo. Lieberknecht, \$1.50; J. W. Russell, 10 cts.; Chas. Bonsall, 10 cts.; Mary Field, 25 cts.; J. H. Davis, 50 cts.; P. M. Greigsville, 10 cts.; J. R. Hawley, \$6.50; Alexander R. V. Brown, \$1; W. Newton, 50 cts.; American News Co., \$2.50; T. P. R. \$2; Col. Williams, 50 cts.; J. E. Beverly, 75 cts.; Charles Voysey, \$1.52; Mrs. M. A. McCord, \$3; F. J. Colden, 25 cts.; W. T. Menefee, 50 cts.; J. S. Ramage, \$1.50; J. O. Condon, 30 cts.; Perry A. Morton, \$2; Jacob Hoffman, \$3; T. B. Day, \$3; Nelson Martin, \$10; G. E. Corbin, 75 cts.; D. S. Caldwell, \$2.45; C. J. Briggs, 50 cts.; J. Thomas, 15 cts.; Geo. M. Scott, 75 cts.; Henry D. Maxson, 25 cts.; J. B. Tenney, 25 cts.; J. M. Page, 10 cts.; Mrs. R. F. Townsend, \$1.75; Albert D. Bass, 10 cts.; David F. Mender, \$1; Edward B. Winslow, 75 cts.; W. H. Holmes, \$2; W. W. Stout, 50 cts.; W. O. Mack, \$3; L. B. Williams, \$3.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipts sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

N. B.—If your INDEX mailing is not changed within three weeks after renewing your subscription, please notify us immediately. But do not write before the expiration of that time.

The Index.

MAY 8, 1873.

ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS, *Acting Editor.*
 OTTAVIUS BROOKS PROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WENTWORTH
 HIGGINS, WILLIAM J. POTTER, RICHARD P. HALLOWELL,
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 VOTSEY (England), PROF. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England),
 REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY (England), FRANCIS E. ABBOT,
Editorial Contributors.

Mr. P. H. Bateson is no longer Business Manager of the Index Association, having resigned that position April 21. Henceforth all letters intended for this office should be addressed to "THE INDEX, DRAWER 38."

We resume, this week, the regular acknowledgment of "Cash Receipts," the publication of which was suspended under the administration of the late business manager. The present acknowledgment includes cash receipts between the dates of March 15 and April 21, and their publication will hereafter be continued successively from the last-named date.

We once more devote a considerable portion of our space to matters of importance touching the Index Association. It is not our expectation, however, that it will be necessary to do this again before the Annual Meeting of the stockholders in June next; and although we have in our possession a large number of letters from subscribers and stockholders, some of which we had intended to print in part or entire, we deem it, under the present circumstances, undesirable to do so. Meanwhile we content ourselves with hoping and believing that out of this unhappy controversy the right will emerge and pass to that side which has been faithful to it.

The murder of Gen. Canby by the Indian Modoc chief, "Captain Jack," has excited a great deal of indignation throughout the country against the Indians, and a fierce cry for the extermination of all the Modocs and every other warring tribe is raised. Treacherous and cruel as are the savage red men, and deserving of punishment as they may be, we must remember, in palliation of their conduct, how long and greatly they have suffered at the hands of the Christian white man; how his greed and cunning and selfishness and rapacity have more than equalled their treachery and cruelty; how they have been deceived and cheated and plundered and robbed, hounded and driven from their homes and possessions, by those who claimed the right to the soil by virtue of being a superior race and having a diviner destiny. Christianity seems to know not how to civilize or Christianize races but by violence and fraud and persecution. It proselytes with the sword, it converts with the red right hand of force, it baptizes in blood before water. Its history plainly shows this to have been its method—to conquer and advance not by love and reason, but by authority and power. For the good of man, it is time that Christianity gave way to Natural Religion.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association will be held in Boston on May 29, 30.

Thursday evening, May 29, session for business and addresses at Parker Fraternity Hall. At this meeting, the question of Radical organization, including that of forming "Liberal Leagues," will be discussed.

Friday, May 30, forenoon and afternoon, Convention for essays and addresses in Tremont Temple. On Friday evening, a Social Subscription Festival is to be held, at which there will also be brief speeches.

A specially attractive Convention, having new features of interest, is anticipated. Further particulars as to subjects and speakers will be given in the Boston papers.

WM. J. POTTER,
Secretary.

NATURAL RELIGION.

Whatever religion is not natural, is false, and must eventually pass away. For God himself never did, and we believe never can, *make* a religion for man, or *reveal* one to him, more divine or more ennobling than that which human nature itself has been proven capable of suggesting and sanction. That religion which harmonizes and unifies mankind, which makes men brothers, proving to them their common origin, common destiny, and common nature,—that is the divinest and the truest religion. But it is very plain that so-called "revealed" religion does not do this. All its history shows that, so far from making men brothers, it has made them antagonistic and warring sectarians and partisans; so far from producing harmony and peace among men, it has produced monstrous strife and discord; so far from showing that all men have a common parentage, a common nature and destiny, it has declared that some are sons of God and some children of the Devil, that some are born with an elect destiny to good, and others with an elect destiny to evil.

Now the precise point that we here urge against "revealed" religion is that it divides and disintegrates mankind. And what we claim for natural religion is that it unites and fraternizes them.

"Revealed" religion deals with diversities of belief; natural religion deals with unities of belief. The one shows men wherein they differ; the other shows them wherein they agree. The one propounds dogmas, and urges authority; the other propounds ideas, and speaks of common sense. The one demands an unquestioning allegiance to certain *truths*; the other invokes an intelligent devotion to *truth*. The one works towards or on the surface of things, and ends in variety; the other digs for the deep-hidden, all-producing root, and ends in unity.

"Revealed" religion exercises its greatest power over men when their lives and habits are most artificial and conventional. When men are scheming and plotting each one for himself; when they are in the midst of every day's selfish pleasures, pursuits, and competitions; when they are farthest removed from the real sense of fraternity and the consciousness of generic humanity,—then, all the while, most likely, they are passively or actively believing in the doctrines of "revealed" religion, dwelling contentedly enough within the shadow or the pale of the Church, and sufficiently well aware that they are Presbyterians or Baptists or Methodists or Unitarians, or something else that ecclesiasticism approves. But let some event transpire in their midst that shakes them out of their ordinary individual selfishness, that awakens their common interest, rouses their common feelings of mercy, justice, indignation, hatred, that appeals, in short, deeply to their common nature,—and then we see them ceasing to stand apart and hastening together, looking frankly into one another's eyes and clasping cordially one another's hands; then we see them speedily jumping all their church barriers and coming together into one large place, forgetting their differences and remembering only their agreements; then we behold them under the sway of natural religion, and tending toward that broad plane of unsectarian and unpartisan brotherhood, whither it always leads.

The late civil war did much, for the time being, to emancipate this people from the disintegrating influence of church domination. The soldiers all fought under one flag, for one country and one cause; and one spirit of patriotism was in all their hearts. Under such circumstances it was difficult for one of them to remember that he was a Methodist, and that the man who marched by his side all day, slept by him in the trench all night, and fought with him all through the morrow's deadly fray, was a Universalist. But he *did* remember constantly that they were brothers in arms, and that both had vowed to live or die for one common fatherland. And so "revealed" religion faded out of their minds, and natural religion reigned there instead. It made the rank and file of the army a grand brotherhood, members all in the noble

Church of Humanity; and it sent the survivors home with a liberal religious education such as they had never received before.

In one of the largest printing establishments in New England, which gives employment to one hundred and thirty (more or less) men and women, and boys and girls, it has been our privilege to observe how easy it is for natural religion to flank "revealed" religion when they both come into the arena of real human interests, and how superior the former is to the latter in meeting real human wants. In that establishment we have seen collected almost every form of ecclesiasticism and non-ecclesiasticism, each one ordinarily quite self-asserting and proceeding to its own ends; and yet we have seen all these phases utterly disappear and give place to a whole-souled, large-minded liberalism, when some circumstance touched and tried all hearts in common. We have known some member of the office-family to be sick for weeks at a time, in penniless need and helpless invalidism; and then the others, on whom he had no claim but that of a common humanity, would come at the close of every pay-day to the foreman, or some other constituted receiver of donations, bringing from their scant earnings their generous tithes of kindness and pity for the poor unfortunate. From the proprietor down to the humblest and poorest, each would contribute what he or she could; and then when death was the end of sickness, work would be suspended, and Jew and Catholic, infidel and Calvinist, would go side by side to the funeral, listen to the simple, honest burial service, contributing flowers and hearty music, and then pass to the grave of one who, but for them, might have been homeless and friendless, a sufferer without kind care, a dying stranger without gentle consolation. Thus—

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

Natural religion will always assert itself when men themselves are natural and not artificial. "Revealed" religion, whatever else it brings to light, reveals not half so much of the innate nobleness of man, of the real Divine in the real human, as does natural religion. This last is sufficient, and needs no supplementing. Let us trust it, and be true to it, more and more.

DEFINITIONS OF RELIGION.

One of the best compliments I ever knew to be paid to a Free Religious Convention came from an Andover theological student, writing in the *Springfield Republican*. He complained that each of the speakers, on that occasion, seemed to have his own definition of the word "religion."

He did not assert that we quarrelled, that we found it impossible to understand each other, that we had no common ground on which to stand. On the contrary, he seemed to concede that we at least fancied ourselves to have some such common ground, and that we attained a reasonable amount of harmony in practice. But what business we with harmony or unity, when we did not all define "religion" just alike? This puzzled him.

Yet I observe that all other emotions are expected to vary with the individual who holds them,—to such an extent that no two could give absolutely the same definition of the feeling, if they told the precise truth. In a large family, all may love father and mother, yet no two love in the same way; a thousand delicate shades of confidence and fear, of utterance or reticence, of ideal and practical, will give for each a different type of emotion, even if there be no appreciable difference in quantity. Open a book of love-poems, and, among all the different bards who contribute to the collection, no two utter precisely the same feeling. If, now, there be this immense range of variation in the feeling inspired by a human and visible object, how much more with the profounder experience through which men recognize their dependence on the Unseen?

For one, I rejoice in Mr. Abbot's scholarly argument in favor of the derivation of the word "religion" from "*relegere*,"—meaning to read over, or investigate; and Cicero, from whom he obtains it, is undoubtedly far higher authority

than Lactantius, from whom the Church obtains the common interpretation. And Mr. Abbot's own definition of religion has at least this merit, that it draws a wide line. When I described THE INDEX to an eminent English savant as "a religious paper," he testified some indifference; but when I added, "Mr. Abbot defines religion to be 'the effort of man to perfect himself,'" he at once became interested, and wished to see it. Such a definition expands our horizon instantly, sets our feet in a large place. Every brave and noble spirit who makes atheism into a religion (and there have been many such), is brought at once into sympathy with the rest of the brave and true; and is entitled to claim the word, if he wishes.

But, after all, the definition of a word is not all; and if we use this word for this purpose, it simply becomes necessary to use some other word for the sub-orders and varieties of religion. We must still have some word (like "piety," for instance, if that could be rescued from the taint of bigotry and conventionalism) to represent what to many of us is the essence of religion,—the soul's personal relation to the Deity. One temperament must not dogmatize for another temperament. We cannot even predict all the emotions of our own. Emerson says well: "Though in your philosophy you have denied all personally to God, yet when the devout emotions come, leave your theory, like Joseph his coat in the hands of the harlot, and flee." Certain it is that for many temperaments the thought of personal contact with a higher power (what Mr. Abbot describes as the "transcendental" attitude, and thinks inadequate) is a thing essential to them, which no science can displace. It is like the sense of free will, which no analysis can prove to be legitimate, I think; but which re-affirms itself on the faith of an instinct. When a difficult decision has to be made, we know that our will is free, and that the responsibility rests on ourselves. In the same way comes (to certain temperaments, at least) the instinct of personal dependence on God, and of a guidance,—not of course infallible, but of unspeakable worth and value,—leading to results of strength and peace far beyond what any mere philosophizing or scientific study could attain.

Our American locust or *cicada*, whose shrill cry seems to translate the intensest heat of summer into sound, is hatched from eggs in the boughs of trees. It finds itself a wingless grub, unable to fly, hardly able even to crawl, fitted only to burrow in the earth which it has never seen. Nature guides it; and the little *cicada*, crawling to the edge of the branch, drops itself into the air, that it may reach its destined home and there undergo, months and even years hence, a farther transformation. There are temperaments like this insect, so organized that when their time of need comes, they can trust themselves in an unknown element thus firmly. We must have words to describe them, and definitions of religion that do not omit them.

T. W. H.

THE TRUE STORY.

As announced by a special "Notice" in the advertising columns this week, the four Directors of the Index Association whose action necessitated my retirement from the editorship of THE INDEX have legally transferred the one hundred and twenty-two shares of the capital stock of the Association owned or represented by them, amounting to \$12,200 in all, to an early and tried friend of THE INDEX. This transfer, made in acceptance of propositions offered by himself, involves their own retirement from the Board of Directors and from the Association, and marks the final abandonment of the attempt by two of their number to control the paper in their own interest, which had evidently become hopeless. Mr. P. H. Bateson has also resigned his position as Business Manager, thus leaving the paper wholly in the hands of those who represent the original purposes for which the Association was formed.

In order to secure these most desirable results, the new owner has assumed the liability of all future assessments on these one hundred and

twenty-two shares; and I earnestly hope (speaking wholly without his consent or knowledge) that other friends of the cause will step forward to emulate his great generosity by promptly relieving him of his disproportionate burden. All who wish now to help THE INDEX, so treacherously wounded in the house of its friends, can do so most effectually by subscribing at once for these and the remaining shares of the Association's stock. If this is done immediately, THE INDEX will go on more prosperously than ever; and no rebuke to the late attempted *coup d'état* could be so pointed or just as the prompt filling up of the \$100,000 without the aid of those exaggerated "services" which are declared to be "indispensable."

With his characteristic spirit of self-sacrifice and faithful friendship, Mr. Stevens at once offered to resign his present post that I might be re-instated without delay by the Executive Committee. But I could not consent, after what has happened, to return to my former place in any way which should forestall the action of the stockholders,—least of all by my own vote as a member of the Committee. An open appeal has been made to them by both sides in this controversy, and I mean to abide by it. It is too late to recall this appeal, as the retiring Directors well know. They have sent out over their own signatures, not only to the stockholders, but also to the general public, gross falsifications of facts touching my official course, though I am willing to believe that they were subscribed by one or two of the signers with culpable heedlessness rather than with deliberate purpose to deceive; and these false charges against my course as business manager of the Association still stand unrecanted and unmodified. Although I shall take no notice of the puerile slanders of my private character mingled with these charges against my official action, it has become a duty (not at all affected by the retirement of the four Directors) to make the following condensed statement, full proofs of which will be presented at the June meeting of the stockholders.

1. Messrs. Bateson and Butts have had *business interests in the Association wholly distinct from those of the other stockholders*,—the one as printer, the other as paid agent and advertising contractor. Their private interests not harmonizing either with the financial or moral interests of the Association, I found it necessary to check them in many ways; and, although they had previously been bitterly hostile to each other, it is now made clear by recent events that they conspired together a few months ago to get the business management of the Association into their own hands, partly to gratify personal pique and ambition, but chiefly to conduct the business with a view to their own profit and advantage. This purpose, which was baffled so long as I remained business manager, was the immediate and real cause of all the recent troubles.

2. I wholly acquit Messrs. Bissell and Cone of all participation in this purpose; but they failed to penetrate the cunning policy carried out with their unsuspecting assistance by Messrs. Butts and Bateson, because they disregarded my repeatedly and urgently expressed wish for a thorough investigation, and suffered themselves to be duped by misrepresentations of my conduct which they should have seen through at once.

3. The financial resources of the Index Association were ample, in my opinion, to meet all the expenses of the year beginning March 1, 1873; and the pretence of a "deficit" was simply an artful contrivance invented by Messrs. Butts and Bateson for the purpose of alarming their associates in the Board of Directors, and thereby persuading them to terminate my business management, since this was an insuperable obstacle to the success of their own schemes. At the regular monthly meeting of the Directors on July 12, 1872, on motion of Mr. Butts, and by the majority vote of Messrs. Butts, Bissell, and Cone, Mr. Bateson had been relieved from the duties of Business Agent, for undue charges in his weekly printing and mailing bills, and for refusing in general to itemize the bills which he presented for payment to the Executive Committee. Yet, as the records show, it was Mr. Butts him-

self who nominated Mr. Bateson at the meeting of March 13, 1873, to succeed me as Business Manager; and it was Messrs. Butts, Bissell, and Cone who elected him.

4. Even conceding, however, that a dangerous deficit was to be feared, it should be attributed to the action of the Board itself at their meeting of August 8, 1872, when the appropriations were made for the present fiscal year. This action was based on Mr. Bateson's estimates of the cost of printing the enlarged INDEX as compared with the receipts from the subscription-list, and also on Mr. Butts' guarantee to the Board that he would himself subscribe for all shares of the capital stock not otherwise subscribed for by October 20, 1872. But Mr. Bateson's estimates proved to be fallacious; and Mr. Butts wrote to me from Boston on Oct. 2, 1872 (only four days after I had yielded to his urgent solicitation and through confidence in his honor had publicly announced the enlargement of the paper): "I MUST AND DO HEREBY WITHDRAW MY PROMISE TO TAKE ALL THE STOCK NOT TAKEN" [by Oct. 26]. The pretenses for this direct repudiation of his own word of honor, on which most important action by the Board and by myself had been based, were frivolous and childish in the extreme. Whatever financial embarrassment was to be anticipated on March 13 (and at the worst it was only temporary) should be honorably confessed to be due to mistaken action on August 8 by the Board itself, including all the four Directors except Mr. Bissell, who was absent; and their only mistake consisted in putting faith in Mr. Bateson's estimates and Mr. Butts' promises. The attempt to shift the responsibility of their collective action upon my business management, which was an essential part of the whole plot, is cowardly, malicious, and glaringly dishonest. I charge the anticipated embarrassment directly to Mr. Bateson's untrustworthy estimates and Mr. Butts' broken pledges; and I stand prepared to prove the charge.

5. The allegation that I have been willing to run the Association into debt is another of the misrepresentations by which it has been sought to break down my reputation and secure the transfer of the business control of the Association to Messrs. Bateson and Butts. If it is illegitimate to incur expenses to-day which are certainly covered by to-morrow's income, I am guilty of the charge; otherwise not. I will cheerfully leave this question to the decision of business men.

6. The reasons why I did not silently submit to the Board's action of March 13, and, withholding all knowledge of the facts from the readers of THE INDEX, wait till the Annual Meeting of the stockholders for redress, were briefly these. Before that time foolish steps would have been taken by the Board which could not be retraced, and delay was ruinous; no opportunity could have occurred for secretly informing the stockholders of the existing dangers to the paper, even if I had been willing to meet a plot by a counter-plot; the only hope of rescuing the paper was to rouse the public opinion which could alone save it; and, lastly, self-respect forbade me to submit even for a day to be used as a tool by designing men. I knew that it was a bad thing to let such a disgraceful controversy as this come to the general public; but I also knew that no lasting harm could accrue to the radical cause by the doings of any individuals, provided the radicals themselves were prompt with their reprobation. I have tried my best to avoid making to the general public even this brief statement, incomplete as it is; but the cunning misstatements signed by the four Directors have been scattered everywhere, and will work great injury to THE INDEX unless the most essential facts are truthfully told in these columns. I resigned my post because no honorable man could retain it; and I tell the story because no true friend of THE INDEX in my place could withhold it.

7. What I seek from the stockholders in June is simply that they then permanently entrust THE INDEX to as competent and faithful hands as those which now temporarily direct it. It has been too laboriously, expensively, and painfully built up, and is altogether too valuable to

the radical cause, to be now either perverted or abandoned. All that I ask from them personally is to bear witness that I have been true to my trust hitherto; I do not ask to be restored as editor, and do not wish this if a better man can be found for the place. My own subscription to the stock is valid and binding in my eyes just so long as the paper is honestly kept to its proper work; and so long as that is the case, whether I am to edit it or not hereafter, I will do my best to support it in every possible way.

8. Rev. J. C. Learned, of St. Louis, has just published these weighty words: "We live in times when institutions, called by whatever name, are watched, and because they need it. Individual virtue is still sound. We see it in that very distrust of institutions, which latterly so tend to double-dealing and corruption. An increasing number of our best citizens stand aloof from party, from church, from all establishments and associations, from organized benevolence even, lest it be only another form of organized insincerity and fraud; so that the great practical problem of the present is how to purify institutions—how to put a soul and conscience into organizations." This has been my only crime, to strive to keep "a soul and conscience" in the Index Association; and the whole outcry against my conduct of its affairs has had its origin in a determination to get rid of all "soul and conscience" which stood in the way of private profits. In the cause of public morality I now invite and request the closest possible scrutiny of my business management, both as to its integrity and business wisdom, from the stockholders of the Association; I earnestly hope a committee of investigation will be appointed by them at the approaching Annual Meeting to report on this whole subject; and I demand that the rebuke of an indignant public shall fall with unrelenting severity on whatever party or parties shall be found to deserve it.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

Communications.

VOICES FROM THE INDEX CONSTITUENCY.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS AND SUBSCRIBERS OF THE INDEX:—

Since last August I have been engaged in obtaining subscribers to THE INDEX, also to the stock fund of the Index Association. I have, during this time, acted through Mr. Butts, one of the Directors of the Index Association. When Mr. Butts first called to see me at Battle Creek, Michigan, last summer, he gave me distinctly to understand that he was doing work for THE INDEX without compensation; that he was giving his time free of charge, and to the great detriment of his business.

Under these impressions I engaged in THE INDEX work. I first went West to St. Paul, returning to Battle Creek. To the friends of THE INDEX, who sometimes asked me how Mr. Butts was connected with the paper, I replied by simply re-stating his own assertions. I thus misrepresented his actual business connection with the Association, but unwittingly. Soon after I returned from the West, Mr. Butts gave me to understand that he was receiving two per cent. on all stock subscriptions. Late in the fall, or in the early part of the winter, while in the East, he told me he was receiving five per cent. I then thought the Board had raised the commission from two to five per cent., the first being inadequate to pay expenses.

It was not until after the retirement of Mr. Abbot that I learned that Mr. Butts was receiving a commission of ten per cent. on the stock raised by him or his agents; and also that this commission of ten per cent. had been voted to him at a meeting of the Board about two weeks prior to the time when he first made an arrangement with me to work for THE INDEX.

When the copy of THE INDEX containing the "Valedictory" reached me, I was at Springfield, Ill. I went at once to the office at Toledo. Mr. Bateson (present business manager) showed me through the books of the Association. Mr. Butts gave me a full account of all the difficulties then existing. I met Mr. Bissell and Mr. Macomber, both Directors of the Association. I talked with Mr. Stevens and Mr. Abbot. After remaining at Toledo for eight days, and looking up this matter as thoroughly as I had any desire to do, I came to the following conclusions:—

1. That had Mr. Butts kept the pledge which he made to the Board last summer, and had Mr. Bateson at that time given reliable printing estimates to the Board, there would have been no cry of deficit in the current expenses of the year.

2. That Mr. Butts and Mr. Bateson are determined either to get the power into their own hands or ruin the Association—they now care little which; and for this purpose they make the most of a represented deficit in funds caused by their own faithlessness, thinking this will quickest win the stockholders, who do not personally know Mr. Abbot, to their side of this controversy. To this end they ask both proxies and assignments.

3. That it has been Mr. Abbot's persistence in adhering to the truest and highest methods in the conduct of THE INDEX, in opposition to questionable ones, which has stimulated this attack upon his character and business qualifications.

4. That I believe Mr. Abbot's methods and motives are entirely above suspicion or question—that he has only to be heard to secure our hearty sanction and support as stockholders.

Hoping that all who are interested in this question will give time and thought to it before deciding, I am

Yours truly,

W. P. WILSON.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., April 15, 1873.

BOSTON, March 27, 1873.

MR. A. E. MACOMBER:

Dear Sir,—The small-potato rebellion in the Board of the Index Association took me by surprise, and made me feel pretty small myself. So Butts was paid a commission! That may have been earned, but why should he take pains to make me think that his labors were gratuitous, or nearly so? He certainly ought not to have charged or received any commission on my subscription to the stock, or on Mr. Sewall's; for, long before the stock scheme was started, I suggested the plan to him, in my office here, and told him I was ready to take stock,—and, when he called sometime afterward, I subscribed and Mr. Sewall subscribed, at my request. I stated to Butts, very distinctly, that my sole object in subscribing was to sustain Mr. Abbot in his noble position and all-important work. A Board of Railroad Directors would be very foolish to dictate to their civil engineer the materials and structure of a bridge. Why should our chosen and tried moral engineer be dictated to by such men as Cone, Butts, & Co.? My advice to these men is to subside instantly, with the best grace they can. They cannot control, probably, a share of stock save their own. I insist especially that the editor of THE INDEX shall have entire control of what shall be admitted into the advertising department. It is enough for the Board to regulate the prices. If there are any anti-Abbot stockholders who want to sell out, I think they can be accommodated at about par.

I shall authorize Col. Higginson to vote for me, if I find that I cannot attend in person.

Yours truly,

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

BOSTON, April 7, 1873.

A. E. MACOMBER, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—You are quite at liberty to make any use of my letter [of March 27] you see fit, though it was written hastily and not intended for publication. Messrs. Cone, Butts, & Co. are also at liberty to show a similar letter I wrote them. Their own circular must convince any candid and sensible person that they are wholly wrong and Mr. Abbot in the right.

Yours truly,

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

BOSTON, April 10, 1873.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

A word in response to Mr. Butts. I suppose that he is not himself "serious" in asking if I am. And not only am I serious in urging the transfer of THE INDEX to Mr. Abbot, but there is a general concurrence on the part of the friends of the journal this way,—all or nearly all hoping that such may be its fate.

As to the precise manner in which the Index Association can wind up its career and restore the paper to Mr. Abbot, it is not for me to speak. I had supposed, however, that the great majority of the subscribers to the stock never expected to get their money back again. They subscribed in that way because that was the manner in which the matter was presented to them. It was faith in Abbot that influenced them to act at all. Therefore I anticipate that they will cheerfully relinquish all claim to the property; and also that they will guarantee their full subscriptions to Mr. Abbot for the remainder of the term. Such is the disposition prevalent here. Of course those who oppose this plan should be compensated to the extent of their investments. Mr. Butts offers to take "less than fifty cents on a dollar." I doubt not that others who agree with him as to the management of THE INDEX will fall in with this example. Perhaps the sum required to satisfy their united claim will not be so formidable that it cannot be met, and Mr. Abbot still have funds sufficient to tide the paper over to the next year.

My experience in regard to "the success of journals which are conducted by one man" is that one man is as good as a dozen and better,

give him funds to work with. I doubt not if Mr. Butts was intimately acquainted with "the history of The Radical," he would quite agree with me in this. With means at command, Mr. Abbot can hire his "business man," and there will be no chance for a conflict of authority. In such an arrangement I see peace, and as reasonable a chance for success as in the management of a board of officers, be they who they may.

In this connection, I wish to say that I am led to espouse Mr. Abbot's side from no mere personal feeling. Nor do I seek to make out a case against Mr. Butts. He has, I feel sure, worked hard, and from an interest in the spread of rational literature. He is not a stranger to me, and I speak from knowledge. Not from friendship or unfriendliness do I write, but out of a strong desire to see the right man in the right place—a place which I believe (in spite of all "figures" to the contrary) Mr. Abbot has created, and can fill at the present time better than any other man.

S. H. MORSE.

MADISON, Wis., March 27, 1873.

MANAGERS OF THE INDEX:

Gentlemen,—For the credit of Free Religion, and lest a worse fate befall THE INDEX than was ever dreamed of, let the ignoble difficulty as to its executive management be promptly submitted to wise and impartial arbitration. Demand, in your next issue, that every subscriber to the Association shall hasten to express himself or herself—yea or nay—as to the propriety of permitting Abbot (whom I do not know) to resume the editorial management on the original condition of general supervision of the paper. Each one of the subscribers to the stock should be entitled to as many votes, of course, as he holds shares of \$100. If, as I confidently believe, the stockholders shall sustain the position adopted by Abbot (in view of the fact that it was mainly in response to his ardent appeals that they made their subscriptions, not expecting to receive in return any immediate pecuniary profit), reinstate the man in full authority. If his expenditures in the future shall be too profuse, rest assured that he himself will certainly be the greatest loser thereby, since his future must needs be so closely identified with the ultimate success of the journal that he must stand or fall with it. If, on the contrary, the stockholders (or a majority of them) sustain the action of the local Board of Directors, and insist upon their undoubted legal right of general supervision of the paper and control of its business management, let all and every one of the points in dispute between the Directors and Abbot be submitted to the stockholders themselves (who can easily signify their pleasure by letter or otherwise), and let Abbot, and those who agree with Mr. Butts, unite generously in accepting the decree of the majority.

Suppose Mr. Abbot to be permanently severed from THE INDEX, and that he succeeds in starting another and similar publication—I, for one, should support him in such an action, while much preferring the present organization should be preserved intact. While it is no doubt true that the cause cannot depend, in any great degree, upon the unassisted efforts of any individual, yet Abbot is next to certain of assistance; his eminent and conspicuous success heretofore demonstrates this fact. No mere hireling, no luke-warm editor, can ever effect the high purpose THE INDEX proposes: *nascitur non fit* is the supreme condition of success in the leadership of such an enterprise. Therefore, gentlemen, set an example of magnanimity worthy of the cause; do not imitate the petty feuds of the sectarians you have so fearlessly denounced, and thus bring contempt and derision upon those who are ready to pay all reasonable expenses.

A. WARREN KEISEY.

KENDALLVILLE, Ind., March 24, 1873.

TO THE INDEX ASSOCIATION:

Gentlemen,—In your last issue, I noticed with the most profound regret the compelled resignation of Mr. Francis E. Abbot, occasioned by what must seem (to all who love fairness) a most unwarrantable assumption of authority on the part of the Directors. Though I am no stockholder, I take the liberty to ask you if it would not have been an act of justice to your subscribers, before this decision had been made, to have given publicity to your intentions? As for my part, I look on the success of THE INDEX and the confidence the subscribers have in its continued existence, as due only to the corresponding confidence they had in the abilities and strong, unyielding principles of Mr. Francis E. Abbot.

I have always, since the commencement of your valuable paper, worked for its circulation; and I sincerely hope by the time you receive this you will have acknowledged your error and made such concessions as will have been necessary to secure to THE INDEX the valuable and efficient assistance of Mr. Abbot; as we all feel here that with him it is success; without him nothing.

Yours respectfully,

P. H. MAGNUS.

Weakness is more opposite to virtue than vice itself. — *Rachefoucauld*.

THE BIRTH OF CHEMISTRY.

When ancient learning had almost died out, and Europe was, intellectually, in a state of complete darkness, the Arabians were the most cultivated people in the world. It is to Arabia that we must look for the origin of several sciences which we are wont to attribute to other nations. The Arabians instituted universities, observatories, public libraries, and museums; they collected together all the remains of ancient learning, and through their medium the greater number of Greek and Latin authors which were read during the Middle Ages were known to Europe.

In the eighth century the Arabs had full possession of Spain, and at a somewhat later date this country possessed the most famous universities in Europe. The Arabs in propagating their new religion, propagated also the remains of ancient culture, which had already been introduced into Persia and Syria by the Nestorians, who had founded a school of great reputation at Odessa. Again, when Justinian closed the schools of Athens and Alexandria, many professors fled to Persia and Arabia, and formed new centers of learning. The works of many authors, including Aristotle, Dioscorides, and Pliny, were soon translated in Arabic and Persian, and became diffused.

In the eighth century the University of Bagdad was founded by the Caliph Al-Mansur, and in the following century it attained a pre-eminent position. A large medical school was connected with it, also hospitals and laboratories. The Caliph Al-Mamoun created an observatory in Bagdad, and an attempt was made to measure the arc of the meridian. It is said that at one time the University of Bagdad possessed more than six thousand students. In the sciences found a home, and every scrap of ancient learning was eagerly collected and often extended. When the Arabic Empire was broken up by internal dissensions into a number of small States, the University of Bagdad, losing the powerful patronage of the Caliphs, fell into decay, and soon ceased to be known. A celebrated school arose in Cairo in the tenth century, but we possess but few particulars concerning it.

We soon hear of Spain as a focus of learning. In the tenth century this was the most flourishing country in Europe, both intellectually and otherwise. The University at Cordova possessed great celebrity, and students flocked to it from all parts of the world. It contained a library of between 200,000 and 300,000 volumes, an unusually large collection of books prior to the invention of printing. The Arabians were great mathematicians and astronomers. Lalande places Mohammed-ben-Glaber (better known as Albategnius) among the twenty greatest astronomers who have ever lived. Again, Alhazen wrote a treatise on optics in the eleventh century, and there were many treatises on optics and medicine. The Arabs made but little advance in anatomy, however, because they were forbidden by the Koran to mutilate the human body.

After the above remarks it is almost needless to say that we must look to Arabia for the earliest treatises on alchemy and chemistry. Indeed, the Arabians cultivate the latter science without success, and the first work on the subject, with which we are acquainted, was written by Jaber Abou-Moussah-Djafer-al-Sofi, whom we call Geber, an Arab of the eighth century.—*Nature*.

When a little son of the famous tragedienne Rachel lay sick unto death, the father of the child sent a priest to beg him to permit that he be baptized into the church. Rachel, clinging to her grand old Hebrew ideals, refused again and again to yield. He should be no slave to blind superstition and all the mental ransy included in the act.

"Thank heaven," she exclaimed passionately, "he is my child. No husband can give me rights from me. If I were a Jew now, the law would permit the father to snatch him from my arms and torture in any way he pleased. But I am a Christian. Leave me with my child," she commanded the priest as she bent over with the tenderest affection.

"The custom of throwing rice after a bride is Chinese." The custom of throwing the poker or bootjack after her, is one of our Christian observances in America.

The readers of the *Times* will remember the recent published letter of "A Sorrowful Mother," in which she asked: "What am I to do? My little two-year-old darling is baptized Schuyler Colfax Pomeroy Horton. Was ever a child so afflicted; and what can we do?" The *Hartford Courant* has read the touching inquiry and responds: "Let him be 'born again.'"—*Chicago Times*.

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[From the Westminster Review.]

Modern Scepticism.—Faith and Free Thought.

[Continued.]

These reflections have been forced upon us on receiving the second series of lectures delivered under the auspices of the "Christian Evidence Society." This Society was founded nearly two years ago, "for the purpose of meeting doubts among the educated classes." It numbers among its lecturers an Archbishop and three or more Bishops, besides Deans, Professors of Divinity and Hebrew, Canons, a few eminent Non-conformist preachers, and other notabilities. Its list of patrons and chairmen includes such names as those of the Marquis of Salisbury; Lord Shaftesbury, Harrowby, and Cairns; Mr. Samuel Morley, M. P., and Mr. Stevenson, M. P. With such a "cast" as this, success of a certain sort was assured. The religious papers inform us that the meetings have been crowded, and the first series has gone through no less than six editions. Whether the meetings have been mainly attended, and the published lectures purchased, by the class of doubters for whose benefit the Association was devised, or by Orthodox persons anxious to assist at a demonstration of their own wisdom and the ignorance and blindness of their opponents, is a point on which certainly we cannot, nor perhaps can the leaders of the movement, form an opinion. Judging from analogy, we should expect the latter to be the case. We should expect a series of meetings convened against the liquor trade to be attended principally by permissive men, and gatherings convened against the Permissive Bill to be made up, for the most part, of licensed victuallers and their friends. Or to choose an illustration still more apposite, we should suppose (what is indeed the fact) that lectures against Christianity would be attended for the most part by infidels; nor should we expect that, except under some exceptional circumstances, such a course of lectures would have any very decided effect on the body of the Orthodox. At any rate, the Society may be congratulated on numbering among its supporters donors of such a munificent sum as a thousand guineas, and we should not be surprised to hear of other like sums being given, and of the lectures becoming, for some time at least, an annual institution. What we think the promoters may still more strongly be congratulated upon, is the tone adopted in these addresses. They are the productions of cultivated men, who may perhaps in some instances have felt the doubts which they seek to combat, who are at any rate aware that there are difficulties in the way of belief quite beyond the intellectual grasp of such divines as Dr. Cumming and Mr. Spurgeon, and we may add of the bulk of preachers, Anglican and Dissenting, and that such difficulties are not to be immediately solved by an exhibition of hell-fire. "I have some knowledge," says Dr. Rigg, the President of the Westminster Training College, and an ornament of the Wesleyan body, "of the difficulties of thought and belief which may lead honest men to be-

come pantheists; I understand the manner of thought of one who has become entangled in the mazy coil of pantheistic reasonings: at all events I know that honest searchers after truth may reluctantly become intellectual pantheists, while yet their heart longs to retain faith and worship towards a personal God." This excellent spirit marks the whole of the two volumes before us.

It is not our intention to review these lectures. It would be impossible, in our brief limits, to review twenty-two independent productions. If we were in a situation to notice them in detail, we think we could show that there is not one of them that is not open to serious objections from the other side. Take a specimen or two, culled at random on opening the pages of these volumes. Professor Rawlinson, in some six-and-thirty small octavo pages, widely printed, disposes of the "Alleged Historical Difficulties of the Old and New Testaments." Of these the Story of the Exodus occupies just six and a half. Does the Professor really believe that the elaborate arguments of Bishop Colenso and others are to be met in this way? To be sure, the time at his disposal would not have allowed him to go thoroughly into the matter; but ought not that consideration to have pointed to the advisability of choosing some other subject, or, at least, of selecting some one difficulty, and dealing with that in a manner which should be satisfactory? As it is, the Professor's "short method" with those who believe that the story of the Exodus has a historic foundation, but is not necessarily inspired in all its details, is amusing and characteristic. The numbers of the sacred text, he says, are exactly the part of it which is most liable to corruption and least to be depended upon. Six hundred thousand may mean sixty thousand, and so on. "Cavils as to their exact numbers, or as to the particular expressions used in Exodus, do not touch the main fact, but show (if they show anything) either that our ancient manuscripts are here and there defective, or that an early Oriental historian does not write in the exact and accurate style of a nineteenth century Occidental critic!" This, we take it, is virtually a concession of all that Bishop Colenso and the "educated sceptic" contend for; for once admit that an historian does not write "in an exact and accurate style," and we are entitled to make any deductions whose common sense may require from his narrative. Theologians have certainly the merit which Napoleon assigned to British soldiers: they do not know when they are beaten. In a similar off-hand way, Mr. Gladstone disposes of the scientific difficulties of the Bible, in about the same number of pages. We wish we could notice this curious production, every page of which must excite a smile in any one who has seriously considered the questions thus raised. We will give one example. Mr. Gladstone, like Hugh Miller, Archdeacon Pratt, and others, quietly assume a *partial* deluge, which, indeed, the discoveries of science have forced upon him, utterly ignoring the fact that if there be one statement plainly and unmistakeably set forth in Scripture, from the first of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation, it is that of a *universal* deluge. "Every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth." "All flesh died that moved upon the earth." "I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth, both man and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air." "All the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered." No ingenuity can get over these plain statements. What will the educated sceptic say when he sees them evaded in this lecture for the hundredth time? Again, mark the disingenuity of what follows. We beg pardon, however: we do not believe that there is any conscious disingenuity on the part of the writer—we believe him to be entirely ignorant of any difficulty in his way.

"We are so accustomed," writes the Bishop of Carlisle, "to the first chapter of Genesis, that I think we sometimes scarcely perceive its peculiarities; but suppose that the reverse order of arrangements had been adopted, and that man, in deference to his dignity, had been represented as coming in first, and that other creatures had been represented as being made afterwards for his use and pleasure—would not this have made

a radical change, and introduced an enormous scientific difficulty?"

But this order of creation—viz., man first and other creatures afterwards—is precisely that which is given, not indeed in the first, but in the second chapter of Genesis. In verse seven man is formed; in verse nine trees are made to grow, pleasant to the sight and good for food; in verse eighteen God determines to make an helpmeet for man, and in verse nineteen proceeds to form animals, but as none of these is found an helpmeet for him, woman is created in verses twenty-one and twenty-two. The divergence between these two narratives is accounted for by a discovery as clearly established as any in the whole domain of criticism: they are, as is well known, the productions of two different writers, known as the Elohist and the Jehovist. But that is not the point here; the point is that the Bishop should quietly assume the absence from the Bible of what he admits would be "an enormous difficulty," when precisely this same difficulty in an aggravated form stares him in the face a few verses further on. Here, again, what will the intelligent sceptic say? Or, take the following by Mr. Row: "All experience proves that mythic and legendary miracles are grotesque. Yet those in the Gospels are all sober ones, and stamped with a high moral tone." What, we may confidently ask Mr. Row, would he have said to the miracle of turning water into wine at Cana, if he had met with it out of the Gospels? Evidently that it was not sober (we mean no pun), that it was grotesque and clearly apocryphal, that it accomplished no moral purpose, except indeed the exhibition of superhuman power, which, if it be admitted as a sufficient moral end, lets in all miracles of whatever kind. We have noted in reading over these volumes a number of passages similar to the above; but, as we have already said, our object not being to review them, we must leave these, together with an estimate of each contribution, taken as a whole, to such as may have the inclination and the power to enter upon the task.

Our object is a different one. It is to point out ground which we think ought to be taken up, and objections which, if possible, ought to be met by lectures in what we may take it for granted will be a fresh series to be delivered in the ensuing season. We shall make no apology for using the plainest language. The aim of the Society is to remove difficulties in the way of belief, and they ought to be thankful to any one who points out to them without subterfuge what those difficulties really are.

We see it very generally stated by Orthodox writers in and out of these volumes, that there is no logical resting-place for the mind between a belief in Revelation on the one hand and atheism or pantheism on the other. "Deism," writes Dr. Rigg, "grants too much to the Christian." And what he calls "the via media of deism," has been ridiculed by an able writer, Mr. Henry Rogers, in his popular work, "The Eclipse of Faith." Granting for the sake of argument that this is so, though we by no means admit the fact, the inference sought to be drawn is obvious. There being no other choice open to us but a "heart-withering negation," a system which denies, or at least ignores, the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul, and the glorious and inspiring promises of Revelation, is it not clearly to the interest of everybody that the latter system should prove true?

The philosopher will not be very much struck with an argument in favor of a theological creed which is founded on people's supposed interests. But, accepting this ground, we unhesitatingly reply (while begging on our own account to repudiate all sympathy with atheistical or pantheistical views) that it would be greatly to the general interests that atheism should prove to be true, rather than that the theological system preached among us should prove to be true. And we consider this to be not a mere statement of opinion, but one capable of the most rigid demonstration.

For, what does Revelation teach us? That we are lost, degraded, ruined creatures, born into the world and living in the world under a divine curse. As the grave is the ultimate receptacle destined for the human body, so a place of endless and unspeakable torment is the natural re-

ceptacle destined for the human soul. We are not disputing the truth of this dogma. What we affirm, however, is that, if it be indeed true, then the wildest imaginings of the most savage creeds are as sunlight compared with the horrors of our actual situation. Yet a gleam of light (it is but a gleam) is suffered to penetrate to this our dreary prison, in which we are penned up like so many cattle waiting for the shambles. In virtue of a mysterious transaction, to which we need not further allude, a certain number of persons will be "saved;" that is to say, will not only be rescued from the general fate, but will exchange it for a condition of endless happiness. Scripture, we think, lays it down very clearly that the number of the saved will be small, and to the same effect is the preaching current among ourselves; yet we will waive this point and concede that it may be very large. Still, the fact remains that a very considerable number of us are destined by the Creator of theologians to a fate at which imagination stands aghast. And then we are quietly told that we have an immense interest in the existence of such a Creator being proved, or, however, rendered highly probable; and that if an opposite conclusion could be arrived at, it should be promulgated only as "the utterance of an agonized heart, unable to suppress the language of its misery!"

We should like, then, this subject to be handled by one of the lecturers in the coming series. We should like him to try and show that the balance of advantage to the human race would be in favor of his system, according to which say x persons are to be made endlessly happy and y eternally miserable, as against one which leaves the fate of x plus y altogether uncertain, the most probable inference being that they would all fall into the peaceful and painless sleep of death. We should also like him to try and show us that a person who was himself conscious of being selected for future happiness, ought not as a philanthropist to hope that the latter system might be the true one. And if any gentleman should condescend to act upon our suggestion, we must really be excused if after a perusal of these volumes and some slight acquaintance with the works of theologians, we ask him to be so good as to stick to his point. It will not do to tell us that every one is offered a chance of going to heaven, and that it will be his own fault if he goes to hell. This really does not touch the question. The fact, as we are told, is that a great number of persons will be sent to hell; and from whatever cause this may arise, whether from their own fault or not, we say we hope it is not true—in other words, that a system which teaches it as a fact is not true. We are quite sure that universal oblivion is a much brighter prospect for the race than this. We are inclined to exclaim with Pliny: "Que (maum) ista dementia est, literari vitam credere? Perdit profecto ista dulcedo, crediturque praeceptum naturae bonum, mortem; ac duplicat obitum, si dolere etiam post futuri aestimatione evenit." [Hist. Nat., vii. 55.] Again, we shall not be satisfied by the lecturer pointing out that Christianity has always borne the title of "good tidings." To be sure it has, and rightly, too, on the supposition that without it we were all doomed to endless perdition. But then this statement, for which no shadow of foundation can be deduced from any other source, is part of the system of Revelation, and stands or falls with it.

Far in the depths of yonder heavens there may be, there probably are, worlds in existence beharing on their surface intelligent beings. Judging from analogy, we are led to suppose that such beings, if they exist, undergo a process resembling death. Who, if he casts his thoughts in that direction, will not indulge in the hope that with them death means sleep for all, rather than the waking of some to endless happiness and others to endless misery? We are not aware that there would be anything impious, even in the view of theologians, in the indulgence of such a hope, provided it were carefully confined to regions many millions of miles away from the earth. Yet who does not see that the expression of it is an immediate *reductio ad absurdum* of the consoling and inspiring character which they claim for their Revelation?

This consideration does not indeed touch the truth or falsehood of Revelation. It may be very bad news indeed, and yet be perfectly true. Still, we are in favor of things bearing their right names, and we altogether object to the term "good tidings" being applied to this system as a whole. Moreover, that theologians have never chosen to consider (for we will not charge them with wilfully misrepresenting) the character of their creed, is to us a singular and suggestive circumstance. And although, as we said before, people ought not to found their belief on their interests, yet such is the weakness of humanity that they will often do so; and it is at any rate better to base one's belief upon a true than a false view of one's interest. Now, it is not for the advantage of mankind that the Scriptures should turn out to be literally inspired, for they teach that the greater part of mankind will be damned everlastingly. And it

is certainly not to the advantage of mankind generally, that the greater part of them should be damned everlastingly.

[To be continued.]

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XIX.

INVOLVES A MEETING AND A DEPARTURE.

When Paul Gower obtained an answer to his letter to Harry Franklin, it afforded him but little satisfaction. The young farmer's epistle was twice as long as his friend's, proportionately sentimental, and contained his own poetical adieu to England and the desired news of Kate; but the latter merely confirmed what her lover had heard already, with such additional particulars as greatly increased his distrust of effecting a reconciliation. Yet nothing had happened but what might have been anticipated from her recent bias and present position.

Beginning with the usual formula that she was very much changed, Harry proceeded to relate how, upon the return of his stepmother and Mr. Pennethorne from Warwickshire (in a state of peculiar complacency, since they had succeeded in diverting their now deceased relative's testamentary intentions from his mistress and housekeeper to themselves; and also driven that wicked woman out of doors, to end her sinful days in the work-house), Kate's spiritual condition had strongly recommended her to their notice, and induced an intimacy between the three which was not only in flagrant contradiction to Miss Sabin's former dislike to the successor of her aunt, but had rendered her more of a devotee than ever. Instead of going to church on Sundays with her cousins, Kate preferred accompanying Mrs. Franklin to the village chapel, and had more than once walked over to — with her, on Wednesday afternoons, for the purpose of hearing some uncompromising Presbyterian doctrine, at a conventicle of that persuasion ordinarily frequented by Mr. Pennethorne, who treated the ladies to tea afterwards and brought them home in his sociable. He seemed, said Harry, a little smitten by Kate, at which Esther laughed, declaring that her cousin was quite welcome to him; though, to do her justice, she gave him no encouragement. She respected his character, Miss Sabin said, and had learned to appreciate that of his mother, regarding them as persons who had set their affections on things not of this world, and were greatly in advance of herself in religious experience—upon which Harry launched out into various ironical and uncomplimentary remarks on the subjects of her eulogium; adding that he should never have thought it possible that she should be so easily deceived. (Nothing, however, is more common than this kind of self-stultification, both in judgment and in conduct; for most people have been so sedulously perverted as to the nature of genuine piety that they involuntarily identify it with adherence to a certain set of theological opinions, no matter how barren and even mischievous the result—in a word, ignore practice in favor of profession. Neither is discrimination of character at all an ordinary quality, but few persons possessing sufficient penetration to distinguish the similitude from the reality. Like most of us, Kate only regarded others from her own particular point of view; and if they suited her for the time being, pronounced in their favor.) She now championed the writer went on to say, his stepmother against both himself and Esther, and would not hear a word in opposition—backing, so to speak, her own notions against all fact whatever. Once, when his sister had remarked that it was a pity that professedly religious people didn't show more of it in their lives, and endeavor to restrain their tempers and selfish ways, Kate turned quite cross and answered that perhaps they couldn't help it—we ought to forgive and be sorry for them. In short, according to Harry Franklin's representations, his cousin was making rapid progress in her new direction, and bade fair to become as fervent a zealot as she had been a coquette—by no means an unnatural transition, involving, in fact, only a transfer of the principle of self-seeking from one object to another.

Rather dismayed at this intelligence, Paul resolved to await the return of his mistress to town before adopting other proceedings. His chief confidant and consoler at this period was poor Mills, who brought him news of whatever transpired in Newman Street, listened with wonderful patience to the story of his hopes, fears, misgivings, and aspirations, and cheered him with his simple belief that he and Miss Sabin would

yet come together, in spite of all obstacles and hindrances. In the poor drawing-master this conviction amounted to faith. He had fairly divided his allegiance between Kate and her lover, entertaining towards them an almost canine loyalty. He thought her the most beautiful, the most amiable, and the most accomplished of her sex—the culminating perfection of a family which in his eyes embodied all that was estimable—while Paul he regarded as worthy of such a paragon. No discrepancy of conduct on the part of the young lady or her kinsfolk, and still less any personal considerations, could alter the opinions of this artless optimist, even when suffering from the talons of "the kitten" or the severer practical jokes of Frank, who had been known to pour "turps" into his hat; to ornament his trousers with stripes of white paint; to fasten his coat-tails to the chair whereon he sat, by means of cobbler's wax, thereby effecting their sudden and most superfluous laceration—even these playful familiarities only provoked the mildest remonstrances. Mills would attribute them to that exuberance of animal spirits which is natural to youths of vivacious disposition, remarking that very celebrated men of all kinds had exhibited similar juvenile characteristics. And as Kate had seldom tried his patience beyond calling him "an old stupid," or "moke," or "humguffin," or the like appellations, while Paul always treated him with a show of regard and civility which contrasted notably with the free-and-easy disrespect of others, the poor fellow's gratitude to and liking for both were quite extraordinary.

Mills had originally drifted into his position in the house of Sabin by virtue of that curious law which seems to provide all shifty and unprovided people with hangers-on and dependants. There were rumors of his original respectability, nay, affluence; it was asserted that he had received a classical education, and begun life as a lawyer, even appearing in court. "Fancy Mills in a wig," Kate used to say, laughing; and Frank and the young artists who frequented the house had caricatured him in all sorts of forensic caxons, from a Lord Chancellor's downwards. It was at this traditional period that he had become acquainted with John Sabin, Solicitor, to whom and to "the great John Mills," his brother—who had professional dealings with Sabin senior—was indiscriminately attributed his introduction to Newman Street. Taking up with his present nominal calling by the advice of the two latter, Mills had adhered to the family forthwith. His only surviving relatives were a couple of ancient spinster sisters, who dwelt at Stoke Pogis (which always sounded funny in such a connection), were reported to be very well off and ashamed of him, and therefore regarded by the Sabins as monsters of pride and insensibility.

To say that Mills never ventured to put himself on an equality with Paul were superfluous, for he was incapable of such an assumption towards anybody, dropping naturally into the position of humble friend and retainer, and possessing a spontaneous aptitude for playing second fiddle on all occasions. There were other points of sympathy between them besides their mutual admiration of Kate Sabin. Paul, as has been observed, loved reading; and of poor Mills' classical education he had only retained one characteristic, a predilection for books, though rather of amusement than instruction and especially Spanish romance—those delightful fictions which served at once as model and inspiration to our early English novelists; and which the immortal knight of La Mancha and the vivacious son of the gentleman-usher of Santillane have made famous throughout the world. Sharing this taste, the pair never tired of talking of the heroes in question; of Guzman d'Alfarache, Lazarillo de Tormes, Paul the Spanish Sharper, and others of the same irresistible quality; and Mills would chuckle with glee at the repetition of favorite passages, of which Paul knew an extraordinary quantity by heart. Indeed, Spain was to both of them the land of romance and adventure *par excellence*, an inexhaustible topic of interest and entertainment; and so far did the drawing-master carry his enthusiasm respecting it, that he sometimes declared, quite oddly, that he saw no reason why, hereafter, he and Paul shouldn't visit that wonderful country together, and travel in the identical track of Don Quixote. Poor Mills!—when to all who heard his terribly consumptive cough, it was painfully evident that his journeys would be limited to the prosaic London streets, in which he daily wore out the soles of the old boots inherited from his patron, John Sabin. Traversing those same streets years afterwards, when he had become familiar with those of strange cities, thousands of miles away, Paul recalled these conversations, and found them additionally lonesome for the lack of his poor friend, Robert Mills.

But, however well-disposed towards him, Mills could not at present afford him much assistance in the matter nearest his heart; and it so perversely happened that, before Kate's return home, the drawing-master had contrived to render himself temporarily unavailable even for the offices of confidant and messenger. The

cause involves a little detail of another of his idiosyncracies.

In all business affairs, Mills was one of the stupidest of mortals. Having none of his own (to speak of), this would have mattered very little, only he was sometimes indiscreetly trusted with the concerns of others, when, so sure as he undertook any beyond the very simplest responsibility, he inevitably made a mess of it. The Sabins knew but occasionally forgot this, to the production of certain confusion on both sides. Commonly they gave him the exact sum when they sent him out to buy anything, or the precise words of a message; but there *did* occur exceptional cases of confidence and miscarriage. Thus it was on record that Mills, delegated to collect money from a debtor of dubious credit, and not finding him at home, had left the receipted bill as a reminder. That he had allowed an important customer, inquiring after a picture especially commended to Sabin senior for careful restoration, to penetrate to the studio, where the said picture—a portrait of the customer's deceased grandfather—was discovered ornamented with horns, wings, and a tail, in chalk, by Frank; and had even authorized the opening of a note from the old painter to his eldest son by that gentleman's mother-in-law, whereby the Thornton family became acquainted with the ignominious fact that the writer was in urgent need of the sum of one pound, two shillings and sixpence, to pay a water-rate and prevent the untimely cutting off of that indispensable fluid from the Newman Street household. All these blunders, and more, poor Mills was undeniably guilty of; and the worst of them generally resulted in his temporary, self-imposed absence from the beloved domicile. He would stay away at his lodgings until very nearly starved, when he was usually fetched back by Kate, or Frank, or Tib, or a deputation of all three together, his error condoned, and himself received into his accustomed position in the family; until some new one drove him again from his ark into the wilderness of this world, again to be reclaimed and forgiven.

Now such a stupidity (in fact the pawing of the watch of John Sabin, senior, at the instigation of Arthur, his son, the black sheep of the family, who made a cat's-paw of Mills, by fraudulently representing that the old man wanted it done, but didn't like to propose it, and then went and spent the money in gin) occurred to banish Paul's friend from Newman Street, just before Kate's return from Northamptonshire. Likewise he changed his lodgings without communicating with the young man or leaving any intelligible address, while his drawing-lessons in Soho Square had recently terminated. He also kept out of the way of everybody. So Paul, ascertaining the fact of Kate's arrival from Richard Sabin—who neither cared to volunteer the news nor to conceal it—found himself totally deprived of the assistance of his all but indispensable auxiliary. And it was now the first week in February, while he expected to embark for the United States in March.

Rendered desperate, he resorted to an artful expedient. As if in ignorance of what had happened, he addressed to Mills, at Newman Street, a letter of a most gloomy, not to say alarming, character, in which, under the pretext of requesting him to meet him next evening in the immediate vicinity, he drew such an incidental picture of his own mental condition as could hardly be contemplated unmoved by the real recipient, whom it is needless to say was Kate Sabin. He would not, he stated, seek to change her decision, nor make any further appeal against a resolution which must inevitably embitter the remainder of his existence, if it did not materially shorten it. He intended to bid an eternal adieu to his native land almost immediately, feeling that whatever befel him was, to her, a matter of perfect indifference. He would not allude to the past, nor insinuate that the reason she had assigned for discarding him might not be the true one, which was in all probability identified with some new admirer, with whom he hoped she might be happy. All he asked was a parting interview. Why he wrote to Mills to solicit this, instead of Kate herself, and why he chose to conceal his real hopes even from himself, under a morbid affection of despair, involves one of those instances of ingenious folly which are common enough at one-and-twenty. Having despatched this letter, he, with a palpitating heart, kept the one-sided appointment.

As he secretly hoped, so it proved. After waiting some time with a miserable recollection of happier assignations, who should appear but Kate herself. She had opened the note, as intended, and, touched by its contents, responded personally.

He drew her arm through his, and they walked on together. Flattering with emotion at sight of the face which had been—which was—so dear to him, and at the sadness perceptible in it, he strove to express how passionately he had longed to see her again. "I thought you would come, Kate," he concluded. "Thank God, I am not disappointed?"

[To be continued.]

RECEIVED.

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THE CINCINNATI MEDICAL NEWS. April, 1873. J. A. THACKER, M. D., Editor. Cincinnati: MEDICAL NEWS COMPANY.

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE; or, Passages from the life and correspondence of Herbert Aluslie, B. A., late a student of the Church of England. G. P. PUTNAM & SONS. New York: 1871.

This remarkable book was written more than twelve years since, but was not published in London until 1868, nor re-published in America until 1871. But it is only more timely for the lapse of these years, because it is one of the most thoroughly and wisely radical of all the works which the rationalistic spirit has yet produced, and a book which will be increasingly read for years to come. The story of travel and adventure which runs through the volume, and the passage of love which concludes it, are in no way remarkable; but they are pleasant enough, and they make a natural setting for those parts of the work which are really significant, the long passages of admirable radical thinking, in which topic after topic of religious faith receives most clever and most conclusive handling. Upon the whole, we think it may be said that no radical writer has more judiciously and effectively re-worked the ground of religion, with especial reference to both wings of radicalism—that which goes "outside of Christianity" and leans towards the materialism of positive science, and that which gives a new meaning to Christianity and makes it identical with rational humanity and natural religion. In many of his thoughts, the author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine" gets into the company of the positive and untheological radicals, while in many others he shows that he understands clearly the view taken by radicals to whom a modified Christianity is still important. And the charm and power of all the statements lie especially in this, that they reflect the actual working of a fully emancipated and highly cultivated mind, and are as free as a perfect mirror from any stain of interest or motive, or any passion whatever. The writer evidently kept notes of an actual experience, and set down his thoughts as the unfolding of his inward life produced them. Starting with a good mind, and a thorough education, he had become a fearless and profound thinker, when he went abroad into the freedom of remote parts of the world—California in the first gold-digging days, and then Australia—and apart from all restraints of circumstance and custom, and favored by the influences of a state of things based on absolute liberty, thought himself out thoroughly, and at last found, in a woman worthy of his love, and in a home established upon noble and happy mutual affection, the shrine of a religion of pure and perfect love.

The pilgrimage of the author of this remarkable book was from Orthodoxy of the strictest Evangelical sort, and from theological study and candidacy for the clerical office, and a home absolutely shut in by strict Orthodox influences, out into the virgin world of California and Australia, and the unhampered pursuit of free thought, and the adoption of faith and philosophy which raised purity of heart, shown in loving one another, to the rank of true religion; and made the sole essential of Christianity, and indeed of any historical religion, to consist in its teaching of that righteousness and kindness and self-sacrifice which Nature blends into one deep life of the soul when we truly "love one another" and build up the whole of life under the influences of noble self-devotion. From God in dogmas to the divine in Nature and natural human relations, was the progress of this pilgrim who here tells his story. It is the true pilgrim's progress of modern reverence for ideal truth. If we could have a Bunyan in this day of science and thought, equal to representing under the types of imagination the journey from the bad

to the good, he would make dogma in religion and depravity in character the two gates of the soul's destruction, and purity of soul and a happy home he would represent as the goal of the journey, the recovery of Paradise. Depravity is the undisguised bane of man's condition; dogma is the bad clothed in light, the worst enemy man ever had, worse than open and hateful badness, because it is essentially self, conceit disguised as conscience, pushing pride under a cover of piety, assertion and pretension substituted for performance and action,—the Old Nick of our nature in place of the simple and honest best of that nature. The truth of the Hebrew text about the heart of man being deceitful above all things and desperately wicked is shown in the history of dogmas made as gods, and self and selfishness sheltered by structures of dogma, and manifold and monstrous sin done in the name of dogma, more than in all other bad workings of human nature put together. The crimes of Christendom have exceeded in malignity and horror all other crimes of the race. The body of Christians has of course always contained a proportion of natural human souls, and of late it has grown preponderantly natural and humane; so that now it is difficult to realize the truth of Mr. Beecher's assertion that for a thousand years the administration of the organized religion of Jesus was more worthy of devils than of men, was in fact simply and utterly "infernal," as he says; but the honest scholar, once that he tests Christian history by the rule of humanity, is compelled to see that nothing more atrociously and inexcusably bad was ever done on earth than so-called Christian sacrifices of men's lives and happiness and interests to the supposed claims of Christian dogma. No idea ever put in vogue among men has had more of the poison of destruction in it than the idea of total depravity, which denies that man is by nature the son of God. The assertion of this, and of the constant and infinite wrath of God against man, has held down the race and obstructed progress in its sources, and brutally murdered untold numbers of innocents, by cutting off from their birth and infancy the saving power of hope and faith and love, in a way and to an extent without a parallel in the history of heathenish degradation. It lies on the surface of history that no sword has so cruelly drunk human blood as the sword drawn in the name of Christ; and to this external fact corresponds a vaster and more infamous action of malignant influences under the surface of history, the universal poisoning of maternal sentiment and paralyzing of parental influence by those worst lies ever told on earth—the lie against human nature and the lie against God's perfect fatherhood. Hence it is from false dogma to the shrine of natural domestic love, that the pilgrim guided by truth will inevitably journey.

[To be continued.]

E. C. T.

The Jewish Times discourses editorially upon a congenial topic—to wit, "The Jews." We learn from the Times that the Jews proclaim now, as they did in ages gone by, the sacredness of the pursuits of science, the authority of reason and the dignity of man as a being come forth from the hands of the Creator pure and undefiled. They are as much as ever a peculiar people in that sense, and no doubt will have to carry on the contest many a century yet before prejudice will have given way to reason; authority-belief to intellectual worship; the Church to the religion of the heart, the divine jewel common to all.—N. Y. Herald.

An ignorant lecturer explained the passage of the Red Sea by saying that the Israelites crossed on the ice. "There is no ice under the equator!" exclaimed an auditor. "Ladies and gentlemen," retorted the lecturer, "the event to which I refer happened thousands of years before there were any geographers in the world, and consequently before there was any equator. I think, my friends, that I have answered the gentleman completely."

CASH RECEIPTS.

From April 21 to May 3.

J. C. Kearns, 75 cts.; Z. M. Moore, \$4.57; John W. Palmer, 40 cts.; N. A. Jones, 30 cts.; J. M. Werts, 35 cts.; John Wilson, 21; E. H. Brumbaugh, 50 cts.; D. L. Webster, 50 cts.; John Barker, 75 cts.; Amos Miller, 51; Wm. H. Coffin, 53; James Knights, 51; H. T. Appleby, 51; Wm. Shank, 50 cts.; J. H. P. Affack, 50 cts.; George Rose, 25 cts.; D. T. Lawson, 51; Wm. C. Elliott, 10 cts.; A. J. Fenn, 60 cts.; S. F. White, 10 cts.; S. M. Conigh, 35 cts.; Minot J. Savage, \$1.10; Langley & Co., 75 cts.; J. M. Johnston, 50 cts.; Newton Littlefield, 10 cts.; Simon Maruy, 25 cts.; Dr. A. A. Bell, 70 cts.; Wm. Howe, 10 cts.; A. Rose, \$2.40; Bond & Martin, \$2.00; W. H. Lammie, 35 cts.; J. G. Helmeck, 51; Dr. A. O. Hunter, 51; W. H. Dwight, 75 cts.; J. Kinser, 75 cts.; Jos. L. Patrick, 52; C. D. Van Vechter, 53; St. Louis Book & News Co., 53; F. B. Page, 75 cts.; David Hyde, \$1.25; H. A. Birdsong, 75 cts.; Hon. George W. Julian, \$1.50; Eliza Hall, 75 cts.; C. A. Jewett, 35; Chas. Hazeltine, 51; John Blain 25 cts.; R. H. Ranney, 10 cts.; Harriet Brothers, 50 cts.; R. C. Wylio, 10 cts.; S. W. Coburn, 10 cts.; J. D. Zimmerman, 51; Mrs. Rootwick, 10 cts.; Jno. R. Jones, 15 cts.; J. E. Hitchcock, \$2.50.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. For one who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

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MAY 10, 1873.

ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS, Acting Editor.
 OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WENTWORTH
 HIGGINSON, WILLIAM J. POTTER, RICHARD P. HALLOWELL,
 WILLIAM H. SPENCER, MAR. E. D. CHENEY, REV. CHARLES
 VOTERY (England), PROF. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England),
 REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY (England), FRANCIS E. ABBOT,
 Editorial Contributors.

We congratulate our sisters of Illinois on the late decision of the Supreme Court of that State, placing the rights of wives to contract and be contracted with, to hold and enjoy property, to sue and be sued, upon an equality with their husbands. We had supposed, however, that the right of being sued had always been granted to women.

The revivalist Hammond, as reported by the *Denver Rocky Mountain News* of April 2, declares that "the moral man has as much need of Christ as the vilest of the vile." That certainly is the logic of Orthodoxy, only all its believers are not quite so candid as Mr. Hammond. According to the Orthodox theory of salvation, character really amounts to nothing in the eye of God; the "blood of Christ" alone does the business.

The *Morning Star* (Baptist) interprets with remarkable discernment the spirit of the age when it says: "The prevailing tendency to-day is in the direction of challenge, and criticism, and change, and independence, and revolution. The old and venerable and accepted meet distrust. Thought is self-asserting and audacious. Everything must undergo analysis. Doubt is becoming popular as well as general."

Mr. C. K. Whipple, of Boston, writes us that the experiment of opening the Public Library in that city, on Sunday afternoons and evenings, has been an entire success; there having been a full attendance, and not a single unfavorable circumstance. He adds: "The city council have now before them a petition, from eminent clergymen and merchants, praying that all departments of the Library may be opened at the same times."

It rejoices us greatly to learn that at least one of the innocent pastimes of our youth has the sanction of Divine authority. The complicated game of "cat's cradle" (sometimes called "cratch cradle") enjoys that sublime distinction. The amiable *Episcopalian* says: "A friend of ours was recently looking over a copy of an old Bible, printed in London, in the year 1599, called the 'Breeches Bible,' and among many quaint expressions came across the words: 'And she brought forth her first born son, and laid him in a cratch.' Going to Webster's large dictionary to look out this word, we found the following definition: 'Cratch, a manger or open frame for hay.' The childish amusement called making 'cratch-cradle' is an intended representation of the figure of the cratch." Our gratitude for this discovery is without bounds. The "Breeches Bible," Webster's large dictionary, and the *Episcopalian*, shall occupy henceforth a sunny niche in our memory.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association will be held in Boston on May 29, 30.

Thursday evening, May 29, session for business and addresses at Parker Fraternity Hall. At this meeting, the question of Radical organization, including that of forming "Liberal Leagues," will be discussed.

Friday, May 30, forenoon and afternoon, Convention for essays and addresses in Tremont Temple. On Friday evening, a Social Subscription Festival is to be held, at which there will also be brief speeches.

A specially attractive Convention, having new features of interest, is anticipated. Further particulars as to subjects and speakers will be given in the Boston papers.

WM. J. POTTER,
 Secretary.

DENOMINATIONAL EGOTISM.

There is nothing that so clears up the mind as a true definition; and on the other hand there is nothing that so bejuggles and obscures the mind as a false definition. There is a true and a false definition of everything definable; it is essential to correct thinking, and the advancement of truth among men, that we learn to distinguish between these, and to avoid confounding what is special with what is universal.

There is a class of Christians who call themselves "Liberal." We cheerfully grant that they are so. Indeed, with some of them, there liberality unconsciously goes so far as to cease to be specifically "Christian" and to become purely natural and human. And yet these "Liberal Christians" try very hard to keep their liberality within Christian limits, and to make at the same time their Christianity liberal and their liberality Christian. To do this, they have to do what poor boys often do—wear their clothes even after they have outgrown them. The liberality of these "Liberal Christians" is really a big boy; but because he is poor in logic, or poor in courage, he still tries to wear the Christian clothes which he has really outgrown. This alone he might do, and we would be generous and not laugh at him. But either because he feels like the fox who, in his tall-iness, grieved to find himself out of fashion with his fellows and tried to persuade them to doff their tails also, or because of some other equally good or bad reason, this lusty "liberal" not only perseveres himself to wear his shrunken Christian garments, but tries to clap the same inadequate suit on to some others who, as liberals too, have decided to dress in the larger clothes of free religion.

James Freeman Clarke has recently been reviewing, in the *Christian Register*, O. B. Frothingham's new book entitled *The Religion of Humanity*. Mr. Clarke, as we should expect, finds much in this book to admire, and some things to differ from. He especially admires Mr. Frothingham in it; because the author, as every good author does, has not only written his thought and feeling into his book, but also his spirit, his soul, his very life and character. Mr. Clarke is constrained to admit, he unstintingly does admit, that all these are very superior and very admirable. Mr. Clarke knows that Mr. Frothingham is not now a Unitarian; that he is not now distinctively a Christian (although we are not aware that Mr. Frothingham has ever publicly disclaimed the term); that he long since ceased to attend, with any strictly denominational sympathy, Unitarian or Christian conventions; that he is President of the Free Religious Association, and a conspicuous and earnest champion of the Free Religious movement. Mr. Clarke knows all this; he knows that Mr. Frothingham's liberality is not being pinched in any outgrown Church-clothing, but is wearing a full new suit the fashion of which even the "Liberal" Church abominates. And yet because Mr. Frothingham commands Mr. Clarke's respect and admiration as a good man—a brave, pure, sweet, true, noble man—he tries to make it appear that, after all, he is wearing a sort of (to himself) invisible suit of the Christian pattern. Says Mr. Clarke: "Mr. Frothingham cannot help being a Christian in spirit, character, and interior faith, however much he may depart from the Christian profession."

Now are we right in calling this denominational egotism? It is a Christian saying that Christianity is so good there can be nothing better; it is so true there can be nothing truer; it is so large there can be nothing larger. It is a Christian confounding his little specialty with the universal. Mr. Clarke, we believe, is fond of syllogisms; with a (of course) Christian syllogistic trap we suppose he caught the unwitting Mr. Frothingham, thus: "Every good man is a Christian; Mr. Frothingham is a good man; therefore Mr. Frothingham is a Christian." But is every good man a Christian, *willy, nilly*? Jesus we grant was a good man, and Paul was a good man (we are not sure which was the better); these two made Christianity—the one by claiming to be the Christ, the other by preaching that this one was the Christ. But there were good

men before Jesus and Paul; men who had made religions, too. There was Moses; we wish all Christians were as good as he was. There was Sakya Muni, spiritual twin-brother of Jesus in most respects. There was Confucius, a wise and noble man, who fathered the "Golden Rule" hundreds of years before Jesus was born. Why can not the Jew, or the Buddhist, or the follower of Confucius just as consistently claim as the Christian that Mr. Frothingham, because he is a good man, belongs to their household of faith? We doubt not that Mr. Frothingham might wish himself to be as true and good as any of these distinguished men, and yet at the same time decline the name which the professed disciples of either might wish to name him with.

We have never specially antagonized the Christian name, nor have we ever proposed to run after it or run from it. But whatever it may be stretched or contracted to mean, it is not synonymous with goodness. Goodness is older than Christianity, and both the thing itself and the name of it will last longer than Christianity will. A man may be a good man, may even be the best man that ever lived, and not be a Christian, because Christ is no more to him than half-a-dozen other grand prophets and inspirers of humanity: he needs them all, one to complement the other, but owns no special allegiance to any. When will liberals, when will radicals (we have heard Mr. Clarke claim to be both) cease to befuddle themselves and to try to befuddle others with a sentiment about Christ and Christianity which is illogical, unhistorical, and unscientific? For sweet pity's sake let us be kind to everything; for justice's sake let us be just to everything; but for the *truth's* sake let us perceive and acknowledge the limitations which fetter everything that is not as free and progressive as the truth itself.

GOING AND COMING.

Whoever thoughtfully studies the life of the Christian as ideally inculcated in the New Testament, and compares it with the life of the Christian as actually led under the influences and circumstances of the modern world, cannot fail to be struck with the utter incongruity of the two. The resemblance between them is purely nominal and imaginary. I do not mean merely that the fact falls below the conception as the actual always falls below the ideal; that is of course to be expected. But I mean that the ideal professed and the ideal lived by are radically incompatible. They are not in the same direction, and diverge so visibly to-day that the long-cherished dream of ultimately establishing the "kingdom of Christ" throughout the earth is manifestly fading away, as impracticable except by totally abandoning the New Testament idea of the "kingdom," and substituting for it a thoroughly Pickwickian one.

For instance, the injunction not to lay up treasures on earth, but in heaven, is one of the chief commands of Jesus,—one of the most characteristic features of Christianity in all ages. Yet commerce and trade, without which the world would suddenly stagnate, command men directly to lay up treasures on this earth. There is no possibility of reconciling these contradictory injunctions; and Christians almost universally obey the latter of the two. They do not even pretend to frown on money-getting; they enter into the sharp competitions of business as eagerly as the most unregenerate; they set as great store by worldly success as the vilest publican of the crowd. Yet they go to church on Sunday, and devoutly echo the Scripture lesson: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

And so with many others of the chief teachings of the New Testament, which are verbally honored and practically contemned by those who are accounted the most eminent, exemplary, and pious members of the churches. Like the Southern Confederacy, Christianity is merely a "hollow shell," which is getting pun-

tured everywhere in these days of critical invasions. The "Christian world" does not even attempt to carry out the ideal it professes to uphold as enjoined by the law of God; and the "outside world" is not slow to recognize the fact. A little book has just been published in England with the significant title, *Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism*; and, under the form of a dialogue between a Church of England clergyman and a Parsee who is studying for the English bar, it makes sharp thrusts at the delusion so widely prevalent that Christendom is really governed by Christian ideas. The passage here appended is strikingly forcible and true:—

"You have made an egregious mistake in calling this country a Christian country. It is nothing of the sort. It is a genuine heathen country. Its principles are heathen. Its policy is heathen. Its laws are heathen. Look at that newspaper on the table. From the first column to the last it is utterly heathen, and it forms the expression of public opinion throughout the land. I am not abusing it. I delight in it. I read my *Times* every day, and my *Saturday* every week. I don't always agree with what they say, though I generally find that on most subjects of general interest they take a sound and sensible view. But it is always a purely heathen view. The editors themselves would not pretend that it is otherwise. It is the view of writers who leave Christ entirely out of the question—who would never dream of stopping to consider what Christ might have to say about this or that. They would laugh at you if you suggested such a thing. The public press is concerned with the rights of the people, the prosperity of the country, and the temporal welfare of mankind. It utterly ignores Christ and Christianity. And yet you Christians read it, regulate your opinion by it, suffer it to influence insensibly your thoughts, your principles, your moral tone. And all this while you cannot doubt that, if Christ should come on earth again, the very first thing he would do would be to denounce the modern newspaper as being godless, and devilish, and abominable. How could he do otherwise? Is it conceivable that Christ and the *Times* should exist together—that he whose purpose is to subdue the hearts of all men to himself should suffer them at one and the same time to be subdued by a power so gigantic as Public Opinion? Could he permit, do you suppose, the discussion of creeds and doctrines on the heathen principle of Common Sense, and not on the Christian principle of what God has chosen to reveal? Of course he could not; the two systems are as fire and water; and the very fact that you persons allow the *Times* to be brought to your houses shows plainly enough how you have abandoned Christianity and drifted quietly into Civilization."

Thus the active thought of the age is coming more and more clearly to comprehend that Christianity, notwithstanding its power, its prestige, its wealth, is a fast perishing religion; and that Civilization is quietly taking its place. Is all that elevating, ennobling, purifying, idealizing, also perishing with Christianity? I do not believe it. The heart of humanity is ever young; and it throbs with ever deeper pulses at the thought of truth, of goodness, of God. Let us be infinitely hopeful of the future of our race.

F. E. A.

MORE OR LESS.

A standard, and to them a satisfactory and conclusive, argument against the Free Religious men, from the side of the "Christians," is this: "Granting the positions taken by the friends of Free Religion, Christianity includes them all, and a great deal more; therefore Christianity is the superior system." Allowing the justness of the statement; admitting, that is, that Christianity does include all that our system does (which we not so much doubt as question, and even deny), the argument is a singular one for discerning men to put forward. No man keenly discerning ever would urge it. The appeal to quantity instead of to quality is alone enough to condemn it. To count doctrines is no more convincing than to count evidences. Proofs tell by virtue of weight, not by virtue of numbers. Tried by numbers, the oldest faiths will always come out best: does it follow that they are best? The "Evangelical" may say to the Unitarian: "My faith has all that yours has, and a great deal more. I have the Divine Unity, and besides a Trinity within it, which you have not. The infinite worth of man I hold with you, and sup-

plement it with a belief in irresistible grace. The humanity of Jesus is part of my creed, but along with it goes his divinity. That the Christ is our brother, my Church delights to think; but that he is our Savior too, it rejoices to confess. We study the Bible by the light of reason, as you do; but we are happy in the persuasion that our reason is illuminated by the Holy Spirit. The Evangelical system accepts the Unitarian doctrine that the Holy Ghost is an influence, but has the advantage in that it worships it also as a Person. Evangelical Christianity is therefore superior to Unitarian Christianity."

In the same way, Romanism might argue with Protestantism. That has everything which is essential in Protestantism, and a great deal more. It has Trinity, deity of Christ, vicarious atonement, everlasting punishment; and over and above all this, it has purgatory, free will, transubstantiation, worship of angels and saints, the mass, confession, extreme unction, penance, absolution, a complete hierarchy, tradition, apostolical succession, infallibility, a visible Church, a mother of God, relics with miraculous efficacy, holy coats, sacraments, intercession, indulgences, and a thousand nice things beside, which a good many people find convenient.

In Jesus' time the Pharisees had the same argument. They could, and probably did, say to him: "What have you that we have not? The Beatitudes, the precepts of your Sermon on the Mount, the petitions of your model prayer, the lessons of the parables, your doctrines of the Heavenly Father, of Providence, of the resurrection, of the kingdom of heaven—they are all in our books. You borrowed them from us. But see how many things we have which you have not! The temple, the priesthood, sacrifices, feast days and fast days, the traditions of the elders, the doctrines of the fathers, the moral and the ceremonial law, washing of cups and platters, tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, the Sabbath, handsome phylacteries, and the consciousness of being the elect people. This proves that the old system has in every respect the advantage over your new-fangled one."

The statement of this argument is, its refutation; the *reductio ad absurdum* is conspicuous to a blind man. Faiths are distinguished by the points they throw into prominence, not by the points they keep in the shadow. They are marked by their emphasis. If they lay no stress on essential matters, they cannot be credited with their possession. The Christian system, as interpreted by Dr. Bellows or Dr. Clarke, may comprise the truths thrust forward by Mr. Abbot and Mr. Potter; but so long as they are made incidental, secondary, and even insignificant, they are of no account in the scheme; and might be dropped without detriment to it. The truths a faith buries certainly do not characterize it; if they did, there would never have been occasion for new departures in doctrine. It was because Judaism made no account of the truths which Jesus laid stress on; it was because Romanism was silent about the matters that to Luther were of prime moment; it was because "Orthodoxy" made naught of the ideas which were vital to Channing,—that those movements were demanded. And it is because "Christianity" pays less than no regard to the verities which are of supreme interest in the eyes of Mr. Abbot, that Free Religion sprang into life.

Another thing. Reform in religion is always marked by the lopping off of redundancies, the dropping of doctrinal and ceremonial luggage, and reduction to a few simple terms. The reform of Jesus was; the reform of Luther was: the reform of Wesley was; the reform of Channing was; the reform of Mr. Abbot and the free religious men is. Eclecticism is a sign of decay. When a religion begins to count its articles, and prides itself on its having something for everybody, it is already moribund. The religion of the future will care less to be comprehensive than to be true; less to be accommodating than to be vital; less to be complaisant than to be scientific; less to cover a large area than to have a sincere root; less to include many communions than to strike a principle; less to comprise everything than to bring into the light

something. Other faiths may boast of having a great many more things; it will be content to have two or three good things. O. B. F.

LONDON LETTER.

PROFESSOR ANGELO DE GUBERNATIS ON ZOOLOGICAL MYTHOLOGY—THE ANCIENT CUSTOM OF CANDLE-AUCTIONS.

LONDON, April 1, 1878.

I have not seen, in any of the American reviews or journals, notice of a very extraordinary and valuable work which has recently been published in this country by Mr. Trübner,—to whom students of mythology and of Oriental literature owe so large a debt. The work to which I allude is *Zoological Mythology*, by Angelo De Gubernatis, Professor of Sanskrit at Florence. Professor De Gubernatis is such an excellent linguist that he has written his work in English as well as in Italian, himself, and in clear expressive English, too. He is an earnest believer in the fundamental doctrines of the solar and lunar mythologists, and he has traced out the myths relating to the animals associated with the historic religions of the world with great learning and discrimination.

The immeasurable realms of inquiry which have been opened up by the discovery of the Oriental fountains of fable have been so vast as to be confusing to students. Grimm, Limrock, Manhardt, have been almost as men wandering in forests or endless labyrinths, and able to bring back heaps of the golden cones and singing leaves which the new science had showered on them to leave them unclassified. The work of the Rev. G. W. Cox, *The Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, though written with immense labor and a fine enthusiasm, is unsatisfactory, from this cause; just as a cabinet of shells, minerals, fossils, and rare plants would be, if all mixed up together. There seems to be need that the workers in these great fields should agree upon some principle for the distribution and economy of labors. That one should take up the plant-lore, another the animal-lore; one the dragon, another the griffin; one the night, another the day,—but no, the day would include all the rest, being the matrix of every god.

This work by Professor De Gubernatis suggests, however, that even one among the above-named kingdoms of mythology is too vast for any one scholar to deal with in his single lifetime. Here are two volumes, making about nine hundred large octavo pages, each sentence freighted with its fact, and yet it is plainly but an introduction to zoological mythology. "I am well aware," says the author, "that mythical and legendary lore could offer me ten or twenty times as much material as I have here elaborated." He has given two hundred and sixty-one pages to the cow and bull; twenty-two to the horse; seventy-five to the ass; one hundred and forty-two to the sheep, ram, and goat; sixteen to the hog, wild boar, and hedgehog; twenty-three to the dog; thirty-five to the cat, weasel, mouse, mole, quail, ichneumon, scorpion, ant, locust, and grasshopper; seven to the stag and deer; eight to the elephant; five to the monkey and bear; twenty-five to the fox, jackal, and wolf; thirty-one to the lion, tiger, panther, and chameleon; nine to the spider; eighteen to the hawk, eagle, vulture, phoenix, harpy, strix, bat, griffin, and siren; twenty-seven to the wren, beetle, and firefly; eight to the bee, wasp, gnat, mosquito, cicada; ten to the cuckoo, heron, partridge, nightingale, swallow, sparrow, and hoopoe; eighteen to the owl, crow, magpie, and stork; twenty-one to the woodpecker and martin; nineteen to the lark and quail; six to the cock and hen; fifteen to the dove, duck, goose, and swan; twenty-six to the parrot; three to the peacock; six to fishes generally; twenty-five to the crab; six to the tortoise; eleven to the frog, etc.; seventeen to the serpent and aquatic monsters. Of the above the mythology of either horse, dog, phoenix, cat, stag, dove, swan, stork, or wolf, would easily fill volumes as large as these. The serpent-mythology could not be comprised in a dozen such. But the limitation which the Florence professor has placed upon himself is a wise one, and the result is an infinitely suggestive book. It is especially valuable from the fact that nearly all of our illustrations of folklore have hitherto been from German tradition, and Italy has been too much neglected. It has been known for a long time that the Roman Catholic local lore of Italy represented innumerable survivals of pagan myths—that most of the beautiful goddesses had let their mantles fall on the Madonna, and all the gloomy deities were funded in the Devil; but so much light was never cast in this direction before. Some instances are novel and very curious. For example: "It is narrated that before the birth of St. Dominic, the famous inventor of the tortures of the Holy Inquisition (a truly satanic Lucifer), his mother, being pregnant of him, dreamed that she saw a dog carrying a lighted

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

brand about setting the world on fire. St. Dominic truly realized his mother's dream,—he was really this incendiary dog; and therefore in the pictures that represent him the dog is always close to him with the lighted brand. Christ is the Prometheus, enlarged, purified, and idealized; and St. Dominic the monstrous Vulcan (deteriorated, diminished, and fanaticized), of the Christian Olympus. The dog, sacred in pagan antiquity to the infernal deities, was consecrated to St. Dominic, the incendiary; and to Rocco, the saint who protects the sick of the plague. The Roman feasts in honor of Vulcan (Volcanalia) fell in the month of August; and the Roman Catholic Church fetes, in the month of August, the two saints of the dogs of the fire and the plague, St. Dominic and St. Rocco. There is a legend of this St. Rocco that, when he was lying starving under a tree, Jesus sent his dog to carry him some bread. In the *Rig Vedas*, the dog Sarama is a messenger between the upper and infernal deities; and in popular superstition his howling still presages death. Professor De Gubernatis indicates a remarkable correspondence between the great mythologic riders, Dioscuri, Mars, Apollo, Pluto, Wuotan, and the saintly Norsemen, St. George, St. Michael, St. Martin, etc., pointing the resemblance with the remark that religions, from our point of view, are the caricatures of mythologies.

But I must not attempt to give you any selections from this important work, in which every page is weighty with insight and knowledge. I have wished to call attention to it because it is not a work likely to be reprinted in America, but would be of much value to many of your readers. It would, of course, be more important to the English or American student, if more of the lingering superstitions of the North were comparatively treated in connection with it. It would have been interesting to trace the sacred Bull of Egypt until it became the ox of the Parisian Bonapartes with its garlands; or the sacred Stud of Indra until it leads the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington. (Less than one century ago, 1781, at the grave of the Commander of Lorraine, at Treves, his horse was slaughtered as a sacrifice.) But one must not complain that no one author can do everything, and we must be thankful that we now have the materials fairly mined and at our doors with which we can remodel for knowledge the temples which were built for superstition. I have never before seen a book which so plainly shows in what trifles the vast and complex systems of theology have been born. The author relates an anecdote of himself which will answer for a parable. "My family," he says, "was living in a remote part of Piedmont: one autumn evening, towards night, one of my elder brothers pointed out to me, over a distant mountain, a dark cloud of rather a strange shape, saying, 'Look down there; that is a hungry wolf running after the sheep.' He convinced me so entirely of that cloud being really a hungry wolf running upon the mountain, that fearing it might, in default of sheep, overtake me, I instantly took to my heels and escaped into the house. The credulity which we find in children may give us an idea of the credulity of infant nations." Thus from within, man spun the light web that priests have made into the iron coil that imprisons him.

How long a belief or custom may survive all traces of its origin is having an illustration here just now in one recently noted upon, the explanation of which antiquarians are trying their powers thus far in vain. It has been discovered that the practice of letting by inch of candle still prevails in the county of Dorset. At the annual letting of the parish meadows of Broadway, near Weymouth, which occurred a few weeks ago, an inch of candle was placed on a piece of board nine inches square, and lighted by one of the parish officers. The biddings were taken down by one of the parish officers, and the chance of taking the meadow was open to all while the candle was burning. The last bidder, before the candle went out, was the incoming tenant. This year the candle was extinguished suddenly. The land, about two acres in extent, was in 1624 presented to the poor by William Gould, the object of the gift being to keep the poor from working on the highways. It is not improbable that this custom of the candle-auction is connected remotely with Dr. Watt's lines:—

"While the bump holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

M. D. C.

One of the navvies saved from the loss of the Northfleet off the English coast was overheard by the correspondent of the *London Standard* to say: "When I saw what was up, I said, sez I, I'm agoin' to die, and, damn it, I may as well do it as comfortable as I can; and so I lit my pipe." On this the *Spectator* remarks: "All the combined forces of all the spiritual motives that Christianity has given us, after near two thousand years of influence, do not weigh as much as a bowl of tobacco against the death-panic with the majority of Englishmen."

IT IS A PRESUMPTUOUS WISH, I doubt not, but it would be a real satisfaction if one could hear straight from the lips of the bloody Modocs the story of the war. What will impartial(?) history write concerning this whole race of American "savages"? "Why did you murder Gen. Canby, Captain Jack?" Shall we suppose his sole answer must be: "Out of pure devilry"? As I look at it, "peace policy" or "war policy," it is all one and the same to these red men. Says the great father: "Peaceably if you will, forcibly if you won't; but anyhow you must 'move on,' and build your wigwams where I say." Well, human nature is much the same under skin of all colors. The tragedy at the lava beds dates back, how far—who can tell? It is a terrible deed, but already it is more than paralleled in Louisiana. "Civilization" can slaughter and burn alive its victims as well as "barbarism." Temper your vengeance, white man; for you too live in a house of glass! Sad—pitiful!

"I AM NOT MAD," said Paul. George Francis Train says the same; but scarcely does he seem to speak forth "words of soberness." And yet his unsober words often hit very near the mark. The sober New Yorkers wince, and then fall into a sympathy for the prisoner. Taking compassion on him, they would rather send him to an asylum than to State-prison. But he says: "I quoted the Bible, word for word. Not knowing whence it came, they arrested me for the circulation of obscene literature. They find out their blunder; and thus it comes about that they would rather send me to a lunatic asylum than convict me as a criminal. For to condemn me thus would be to condemn their Bible. Ha, ha!" There is something in it, more than can easily be disposed of. Curious is the spectacle. Strange and rather startling are some of the definitions of insanity. This for instance, rendered by a medical expert: "Intellectual insanity is an unsound state of mind, a delusion of the mind, out of which the patient cannot be reasoned by such evidence as would convince the majority of mankind." If all the doctors should agree upon this, what may not become of other people besides the "coming dictator"?

SOME ASTONISHING PERSON has been interviewing Mr. Bellew, and has published the same in a daily paper. "What do you think of us Americans?" asks he. "You are the most social and hospitable people I ever met with," is the response. "Comparing my personal experience with the expressions of various English writers in their works upon Americans, my opinions differ *totò cœlo* from theirs. I find in this country as much high breeding, intellectual thought, literary accomplishment, as can be met with anywhere." Ah, this is too much! "I am glad to hear you say so," exclaims our enthused countryman. "I shall always cherish the privilege I have enjoyed in social and after-dinner conversation, not only with your distinguished men, but with the general body of your society," &c. Once more our countryman: "I hope you will say that, when you return to England!" "Never fear," quoth Mr. Bellew; and soon after "the writer withdrew highly gratified with his cordial reception by Mr. Bellew, who is evidently himself an accomplished conversationalist and profound thinker; and, above all, a whole-souled gentleman." How charming it all is! So much high compliment from our English cousins! Who of us henceforth will not fairly hug his American self?

I HAVE HEARD MR. BELLEW. Fresh, breezy, clean, hearty: you are made to feel very comfortable as he enters and takes his place by the stand. When he speaks, you think, "What a deep and powerful voice! Clear-toned, too, it is; and, perchance, musical." When the end comes, you recur to the performance to see how it impressed you. You naturally do this, for you have heard so much praise spoken of this man's recitations, you want to know if you yourself are quite in tune with reported public opinion. Be honest now; say just what you think: what was the fact as you listened to Mr. Bellew? "Well, to speak the truth: he read *Maud Muller*; I have heard it read better, much better. He overdoes the thing quite. Maud herself would have run away, frightened. He read *Burial March of Dundee*; it fell on my ear like rant, elegant rant. Sorry to say so; but such was the fact. And yet—I own it—it split the ears of a refined assembly! He read *The Bloomsbury Christening*; this time I was vastly pleased. Let Mr. Bellew stick to the humorous side of things, and the encore shall be unanimous. But he can't read Shakspeare, 'historical or tragical!'

A VERY REMARKABLE MAN was Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y. A very true man. And this little word, interpreted by his life, has a most winsome sound. I do not mean that he was studied and proper, full of wearisome en-

deavor. He did not obtrude his truthness upon you. He did not make you feel uncomfortable as in the presence of saintship. No Pharisaic tone or look. Simple and sweet-tempered to the centre outward; heroic in the same way, and his truth was as natural a thing as the No Pharisee, I say. I mean that he was a man consciously gotten up, self-made, trimmed and squared to moral and spiritual rules. Principles and beautiful laws were his delight; how should it be otherwise than that he got into their mould and fashion! All ranks conditions tuned and played upon his sympathies. His heart stirred in commiseration the poor rich-man equally as for the poor poor man. He knew neither high nor low in artificial sense so common. And the really he saw transfigured through the lens of a boyless and enduring faith in the nature of man. No proclamation of depravity daunted him. "You exhibit these, do you," he seemed to "and croak of total wickedness! I will fling plummet that will touch a depth in every of them." By a word or deed he would be his would be foes to themselves, to a self seldom dreamed of. By a single stroke of Nature is the kinship of mankind revealed! Our civilization so hard and concealed, vaulting itself, wonder the un-civilized, disgusted, levy war. "My faults are as good as your virtues—out with you!" Mr. May was more than civilized was humanized; and no poor, mad soul returned from him crushed and vengeful.

The *Memoirs* of Mr. May, which Mr. Mayford has edited and Roberts Brothers publish calls up in my mind this picture of the man which I have tried to describe with few words. One little incident reported by Mr. May himself in this book, I must set down for the good it offers. While yet a youth, "doubts" arisen to trouble him. He went timidly to a clergyman to lay the case before him. "I am glad you have arrived at a doubt," said Ware. Surprised, young May still felt that ought to be able to know for a certainty what the "essential truths" were. "All truth is essential," said the minister. "You are bound to believe whatever at any time shall appear to be true; and you are bound to believe it, you shall cease to be satisfied that it is true. You sincerely desire and long for the truth, Father of your spirit will not permit you to remain satisfied with error." "I have no since," writes Mr. May, "been afraid to put any inquiry after truth, however it might seem to endanger long-cherished opinions."

THE LIBERAL LEAGUE of this city holds monthly meetings at the Fraternity Room, discussing various points of interest, getting ready for whatever work lies before it in near or distant future. At a late meeting following letter from Mr. Weiss was read: "What stirring revolutionary appeals this season, in olden times, could have been led to date! It is barely possible its services may come into play, to summon the unready wavering to a new deliverance:—

Geo. A. Bacon, Esq.:

Dear Sir.—It seems to me that the vigorous development of scientific thought for the past fifty years, minuting as it does in theories which cut away the foundations of the popular theology, is one of the most suggestive of all persons, of whatsoever sect, who desire to preserve their old dogmas and perpetuate their authority over the mind of man. It appears, more plainly every day, a rivalry between the coalition of honest thinking and the acquiescent old-fashioned doctrine and sentiment. The snipe of tradition are quite acute enough to anticipate sweeping series of catastrophes which will overthrow their assumptions, if the drift of modern knowledge cannot be blocked or diverted. But they might expect to take hold of an avalanche when it is and settle it back again in its old site upon the mountain; for our modern tendencies are moving with the laws of a universe inside them. The vigilance of truth is more than proportionate to the alarm of fiction. At least it should be so; and, although I am very well fitted to be an active worker in the labor for whatever object they may be organized, I yet to observe the public spirit which brings more effort men to the front, just behind the great intellect who are discovering facts, reducing them to system, harmony, and offering the results of free religion, are our pioneers; they break the way through which light may fall, to disinfect and fertilize, and from the smoke of innumerable household altars, deduced to simple love and truth, may rise to announce neighborhood to heaven. Let us follow into the country which is overgrown with jungles of dogma and claim its area for the civilizing truth. It is, therefore, essential to insist upon the original idea of public government, viz., that all men are entitled to the happiness of knowing what is fit, what is right from error, what binds to laws, what builds to comfort and self-respect of souls. We desire to do the divine intention in the meanest item and broadest scale; to consult knowledge, not churches, or creeds for the articles of our belief; first as we find them, to make them incorporate into public government and undivided religion. Let us retain inviolate mankind's title to win freedom by and to preserve it by as much more of truth as nature yet conceals from us.

Very truly yours,
JOHN W.

WATERTOWN, April 18, 1873.

A country clergyman paying a professional visit to a dying neighbor, who was a veryish and universally unpopular man, put the questions: "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes!" said the sick man, "I am." "I said the simple-minded minister, "I am sure you are, for the neighbors are willing."

THE "BLUE CROOK" STYLE OF
INVENTING FOR THE PULPIT.—It is
one thing for the "good old times,"
in politics or religion; indeed,
it is doubtful if these same times were
really any better than the new, or so
good. Human nature is a "constant
quantity," as the mathematicians
say, and not itself out with equal
wisdom, though it may be in val-
ued forms, from generation to gen-
eration. It is a clear gain that the
spirit has thrown off something of its
stagnation and stiffness, and has come
own a much nearer the level of
the world. It is a gain that the parish
minister is less of a monk and more of
a man; that if he is spiritual, he is
in touch with the rest of
the world, and "comes up" to it.

But it is quite possible to run a very
odd thing into the ground, and we all
are a prejudice against divines who
are into pulpits the stretch of the
of lights, and copy the show-bills in
their published advertisements. One
"this kidney is responsible for the
flowing "pastoral announcements,"
into a secular paper for the bet-
ter information of the public: "O—
church. The pastor, Rev. —, will
preach to-morrow morning. Ser-
mon—'Up a Tree!' Afternoon ser-
mon—'The Strange Contents of a Lost
Book.' Think of that in connec-
tion with one of our old Puritan
churches. It is enough almost to pre-
sitate a resurrection of the scandal-
ous fathers. This is not all, however.
The card announces other attractions:
this Sunday theatre, as follows:
Act 8, 'Deformed Feet;' Dec. 22, he
Tragic History of a White Lie;'
Act 29, 'Frosted Locks;' Jan. 12, 'Go
Jericho!' Jan. 19, 'Beautiful Shoes;' Jan.
26, 'Salt Again!'"

Without this sort of thing will
be the "Black Crook," or the
"Wonderful Majiltons," or
"Intrepid Female Trapezist." But
it does not prevent us from being
ry for the flock that is folded and
by such an antic shepherd.—
ringfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Boston Commonwealth, speak-
ing of the old blue laws of Connecti-
cut, gives us a specimen of their
severity, a report of the actual
ishment by fine of two persons for
ling on the Lord's Day. Prof.
us contrasts these absurd notions
Sunday with his own experience
boyhood among the Calvinists of
berland. His own clergyman,
r the religious services of the day,
ld occasionally sit down with his
abors to what seemed to him a
nless game of cards. In the
ing there was, not infrequently,
nce at the house of the minister,
time after time, on a Sunday
ing, the Prof. danced with the
or daughter of his clergyman.—
ide Oracle.

UNIVERSALISM AND METHODISM.
When ministers of religion, whose
sion of faith gives special prom-
se to "hell and damnation,"
i that stage where they are
y to avow their distrust of them
revels of Christian culture, what
it mean? Can we escape these
inferences: 1. That these men
lost their faith in the reality of
things? 2. That, whether they
or not, the position they take is a
lag and powerful argument
at the truth of the doctrines in
ion?—Christian (Universalist)
er.

f. Tyndall, report says, is going
n Rev. M. D. Conway's church,
ndon. His views of prayer in
urch are not to be disturbed, as
onway's religion, the Methodist
is a combination of Judaic Christ-
ianism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism,
Islam, Confucianism, Moham-
medanism, and the ancient religions.
so Christian.

mentally, when humorous de-
sires one of the games of the even-
ing was put. "What is re-
"Religion," replied one of the
men, "is a man of business
man of wit, "is an insurance against
the next world, for which honesty
best policy."

Mr. Ruskin has a somewhat paradox-
ical but exceedingly suggestive article on
"The Nature and Authority of Miracles"
in current numbers of the *Contemporary
Review*. He thinks it "contrary to mod-
esty, whether in a religious or scientific
point of view, to regard anything as mir-
aculous." "I know so little," he says,
"and this little I know is so inexplicable,
that I dare not say anything is wonderful
because it is strange to me, and not won-
derful because it is familiar." "If a
second Joshua to-morrow commanded
the sun to stand still, and it obeyed him,
and he, therefore, claimed credit as a
miracle-worker, I am afraid that I should
answer: 'What! a miracle that the sun
stand still? Not at all. I was always
expecting it would. The only wonder to
me was its going on.'"—N. Y. Independent.

President Grant hopes to see all na-
tions speak one tongue. It is a pious
wish. But we would wish first to see
politicians, diplomats, priests, and pub-
lic organs speak the truth in any lan-
guage they may know best.—The
Israelite.

A certain little damsel having been
aggravated beyond endurance by her
brother, plumped down on her knees and
cried, "O, Lord! bless my brother Tom.
He lies, he steals, he swears; all boys do;
us girls don't. Amen."

"Janet," said the minister, "what would
you say if, after all he has done for you,
God should let you drop into hell?"
"E'en [even as] he likes," answered
Janet. "If he does, he'll lose more than
I'll do."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The following numbers of THE INDEX for 1873
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Mills, on the question, "DOES RELIGION RE-
PRESENT A PERMANENT SENTIMENT OF THE HU-
MAN MIND, OR IS IT A PERISHABLE SUPERSTI-
TION?" and by O. B. Frothingham, on "THE RE-
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[From the Westminster Review.]

Modern Scepticism.—Faith and Free Thought.

(Concluded.)

The mention of the "literal inspiration of Scripture" leads us to make another suggestion. We think that the next session of the Society might be much more advantageously employed, if a few of the lectures, or indeed the whole series, were devoted, with some sort of concert, to a grand offensive movement in favor of inspiration, rather than to desultory and unconnected skirmishes against Atheism, Pantheism, Positivism, and mythical theories of Christianity. It is utterly impossible to do justice to any one of these subjects in an address of three-quarters of an hour, reproduced in thirty or forty pages of large type. As we remarked just now with regard to Bishop Colenso, so we may observe with respect to Herbert Spencer—that his arguments are not only not demolished, they are not even touched, in one of the lectures (that on Pantheism) in which a mention of his name, as a name typical of those against whom the argument was to be directed, had led us to suppose that his "First Principles" might be noticed. Moreover, we are of the opinion—though we must candidly admit that we may be wrong—that Atheism, Pantheism, Positivism, and Mysticism have taken very small hold on the British educated mind. On the other hand, the doctrine of plenary inspiration has most assuredly come to be seriously questioned, and it is incumbent on a body of disputants, banded together for the defence of dogmatic theology, to furnish us with some reasons, suitable to the requirements of the present age, for the maintenance of this doctrine—on which, be it observed, the appalling dogma of eternal punishment rests. This is a very large subject, and having intimated our view—surely a reasonable one—that it might fairly form the theme of a succession of lectures, we are not going to be guilty of the inconsistency of discussing it in a few sentences. But we cannot help expressing, by the way, our own personal conviction that adequate reasons for this belief have never been put before the world from the Protestant point of view. That it was held by the early Fathers and the early Church appears to us not to be an argument, but merely a way of accounting for the origin of the belief historically; not to speak of the danger and in some cases the impossibility of yielding our judgment to such authorities, since the most ancient that we could quote as witnesses to the canon were also believers in the distinctive tenets of Romanism, as well as in magic, dreams, demoniacal possession, the heathen mythology, the early return of Christ. That it can be established on any *a priori* grounds—the argument, which, as Mr. Greg in his "Creed of Christendom" remarks, "does the business" for most people—that is to say, that it is inconceivable that God should furnish man with a revelation and should not, at the same time, provide him with an infallible record of it, seems to us a perfectly unjustifiable assertion. This ground has been entirely given up by every divine of rea-

soning powers from St. Augustine to Bishop Butler (the whole scope of whose great work is opposed to any such assumptions), and from Bishop Butler to Dean Alford. St. Augustine declared that he should not feel himself called upon to believe in the Bible unless the Church had bidden him to do so. Bishop Butler declares that we are wholly ignorant how far, or in what way it were to be expected God would interpose miraculously, to qualify those to whom he made a revelation for communicating it, or to secure its being transmitted to posterity ("Analogy," pt. II. chap. iii.); and Dean Alford tells us that "we must take our views of inspiration, not as is too often done, from *a priori* considerations, but entirely from the evidence furnished by the Scriptures themselves." [N. T., I., sect. vi. 22.] We must therefore turn to the source indicated by the last named writer; and from what passages, or what single passage, in the Bible we are to gather that the whole of it, or any part of it, is necessarily inspired or infallible, we are altogether at a loss to conjecture. We commend this point to the attention of the Christian Evidence Society, and we really think that we are rendering them some service, provided they have any new arguments to offer; for it is certain that no part of the fabric of Orthodoxy is more rapidly crumbling away than this, which has hitherto been its foundation stone. We almost think that we can trace some faint dawn of a presentiment that inspiration will one day have to be given up, in the interesting contribution to this series of the Bishop of Ely, a prelate who has elsewhere recorded his opinion that the New Testament history and doctrines might be capable of proof and deserving of evidence, if inspiration were given up altogether. [In "Aids to Faith," at page 449, we are told that "Mohammedanism, Brahmanism, and Buddhism, have either stifled, or at the best stunted, science and made stagnant civilization." We were rather startled at this, and without going into the case of Brahmanism and Buddhism, we will quote a passage from a book of reference accessible to all—"Chambers Cyclopaedia." "Broadly speaking, the Mohammedans may be said to have been the enlightened teachers of barbarous Europe, from the ninth to the thirteenth century. It is from the glorious days of the Abbaside rulers that the real renaissance of Greek spirit and Greek culture is to be dated. Classical literature would have been irreclaimably lost, had it not been for the home it found in the schools of the 'unbelievers' of the 'Dark Ages.' Arabic philosophy, medicine, natural history, geography, history, grammar, rhetoric, and the golden art of poetry, schooled by the old Hellenic masters, brought forth an abundant harvest of works, many of which will live and teach as long as there will be generations to be taught."] There is another point, in this connection, which merits the attention of the Society, and as to which the educated sceptic demands a reply which he has not yet received. "What is the precise character of the 'inspiration' to which you claim our assent?" We are aware that many volumes have been written on this subject, but we must say, with Cardinal Wiseman, "that, having perused with great attention all that has fallen in my way from Protestant writers on this subject, I have hardly found one single argument advanced by them that is not logically incorrect." ["Lectures on the Catholic Church," lect. II., p. 37.] Whatever it does mean, it certainly cannot mean that every statement in the Bible is to be accepted as infallibly true, for it is clear that not even a miracle can be invoked to cut the knot of a palpable contradiction. Now, Second Chronicles, xxii. 2, contradicts xxi. 20: we read that God tempted David to number Israel, and that Satan tempted him to do it; while from James we learn that God tempts no man. The accounts of the end of Judas are totally inconsistent with each other. An ingenious writer in the series of Mr. Scott, of Rainsgate, has given one hundred and forty-four specimens of self-contradiction in the Bible. In one sense, we attach no weight whatever to the greater part of these discrepancies; they may be found in every history, from that of Herodotus to that of Mr. Frode. What does it matter whether the apostles on their journey did or did not take staves, or how often the cock

crew? The general truth of the narratives is not affected. But from another point of view—when the plea of inspiration is put in—they assume immense importance. They altogether disprove the plea in the only sense in which we are able to understand it. These self-contradictions as to matters of fact, and we may add the variations presented by Scripture to the known truths of science, are as plain a revelation from God to man that whatever else the Bible may be, it is not in all its parts infallibly true, as if he had written a message to that effect on the face of the sun. Accordingly theologians, fairly driven out of their original plea, have for a long time attempted to draft another, with that amount of success which invariably attends all attempts to build in the clouds. We cannot refrain from quoting here a remarkable utterance of Dean (now Bishop) Goodwin:—

"Divine inspiration may imply an absence of errors on physical questions, or it may not; who shall venture to say *a priori*, whether it does or not? . . . Why not endeavor, by looking at the evidence, to see on which side the truth lies? And if it should appear upon examination, that any chapter contains statements not in accordance with science, then, instead of coming to the conclusion that the Scriptures are not inspired, I should rather come to this—viz., that the idea of inspiration does not involve that accuracy concerning physical things which many persons have imagined that it does."

We hold this to be one of the most dishonest passages ever written. Instead of looking to the Bible and seeing whether in all respects it comes up to the idea which we should form of a divinely inspired communication—and it is all very well to talk about *a priori* judgments, but this is after all the only test which man can apply to it or can in reason be called upon to apply to it—the Bishop assumes inspiration, and then proceeds to see how far he can make the dogma square with the contents of the book. Supposing a letter were put into our hands purporting to contain an order from our absolute Sovereign. Other people have seen it and pronounced it to be genuine, but then we know that other people have been mistaken before now, and the responsibility is cast upon us of inquiring. Now suppose we were to argue thus:—

"A letter from a sovereign may imply inability to write legibly, errors in spelling and in grammar, errors in plain matters of geography, self-contradictions, &c., or it may not. Why not endeavor, by looking at the letter, to see on which side the truth lies? If it should appear that it contains such errors and mistakes, then instead of concluding that it does not come from the Sovereign, we shall have to infer that a royal communication is not necessarily marked by correct spelling, correct grammar," &c.

If we talked in this ridiculous way, we should be reasoning exactly like Bishop Goodwin. Look at the way in which such an argument as this might be applied to the sacred writings of the Hindus and Persians. We have generally heard it said that their cosmogonies and wild legends and impossible geography are conclusive against their having been inspired from above. But it might fairly be said that this is not a proper mode of contemplating the matter—that the proper method was to look at the books, and if they contained anything opposed to science, to conclude that inspiration did not extend to such subjects as these, but might be quite consistent with the origin of the world, &c., being wrapped up in allegories, however ridiculous these might at first sound to European ears. The Brahmin who argued thus would not be making a much larger demand upon our credulity than the Bishop. Again, if the general inspiration of a book be no guarantee against errors in fact and in science, why should it be a guarantee against errors of another kind—viz., additions to the text? "The three heavenly witnesses" is a notorious interpolation; why are we not entitled to hold that the accounts of the nativity in Matthew and Luke may be legends which have been tacked on to the rest of the narrative? The Bishop would, we suppose, reply that this would be impossible, for that inspiration would imply the absence of such an error as this; in other words, he has formed his own *a priori* theory of inspiration, which we take to be briefly this: "a guarantee for the absolute truth of every word in the Bible which cannot be proved to be absolutely false. Where falsehood or error is proved, there was no guarantee." At a certain grammar school of our

acquaintance, the head-master used to guarantee that he would never flog a sixth-form boy, and we believe that he strictly kept his promise; but the commission of certain offences was held *ipso facto* to degrade a boy into the fifth, upon which he was immediately birched. The dominie lived before the days of Dean Goodwin, or he might have quoted him as an authority. Less disingenuous because apparently talking nonsense, as Monsieur Jourdain talked prose without knowing it, are Messrs. Webster and Wilkinson in their introduction to the Greek Testament.

"It will be understood that an inspiration which may be truly characterized as direct, personal, independent, plenary, is consistent with the use of an inferior or provincial dialect, with ignorance of scientific facts and other secular matters, with mistakes in historical allusions or references, and mistakes in conduct, and with circumstantial discrepancies between inspired persons in relating discourses, conversations, or events."

We do not know by whom this "will be understood"—certainly not by ourselves. Well may the writer of the Review from which we have taken the above and the preceding extract exclaim, "We draw a long breath, and wonder where we are!" [*Edinburgh Review*, No. 240, April, 1863.] Yet when he comes to give us his own views on inspiration, he is not one whit less cloudy. "It does not by any means follow," he says, "because a book is inspired by Almighty God, that it should therefore be faultless."

In Nature herself, where no one can deny the finger of God, imperfection, waste, etc., are consistent with the presence and agency of a Divine wisdom. Why may it not be so with the Bible? And he goes on to define what he means by the Bible being inspired. It is "replete itself and pregnant without stint for him that rightly uses it, with that spirit of purity, faith, obedience, charity, which forms the essential temper and characteristic of the Church and family of God."

We do not suppose that any one in England, except an atheist, would object to this definition of inspiration, and even an atheist might in some degree accept it. Every one, we may say, admits that the Old and New Testaments include the most venerable, and, at the same time, the most interesting compositions known to humanity. The Divine Spirit, as we conceive it, certainly does seem to breathe through some of its pages in a way in which it breathes through no other work. And indeed, we should expect this to be the case with the sacred records of the Jews—a people distinctly charged with the sublime part of keeping alive the light of monotheism; and with the records of early Christianity—a creed which, whatever its imperfections, is evidently destined, in what may be called "the natural struggle of religions," to outlive, in some form or other, all others. But then this view of inspiration is not a basis sufficiently solid to found dogmatic Orthodoxy upon. A book which is admitted not to be faultless ceases to be an idol to all of whose utterances we are bound to bow down on pain of damnation. It has been shown to err in some particulars, where we are able to test it. Is there any good reason for supposing that it cannot err in other particulars, where we are unable to apply an exact test?

Here we see an example of the danger of invoking "analogy," as the Orthodox are so fond of doing since Butler showed the way. Why should not the Bible be marked by faults and errors, says the Reviewer, since all God's works in Nature are similarly marked by what we call imperfections? Very well then; but we are entitled to carry the analogy a step further. Why should not the *creed* set forth in the New Testament be similarly marked by faults and errors and imperfections, as (humanly speaking) is admitted to be the case with everything else from the hand of God? Why should it not be destined to undergo change like all the rest of God's handwork? Why should not Christ have been mistaken in his ideas of a physical and never-ending hell, just as he was evidently mistaken (not to say a word about demoniacal possession) when he announced to his disciples, "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom"? Why should not a belief in miracles, essential to the propagation of a new religion in that stage of the world's history, have been used by Providence as a means of advancing certain truths—like the belief in Christ's immediate return, which was perhaps the most powerful of all the causes in spreading Christianity, but which is now seen to have been a complete delusion—why should they not have been like husks protecting fruits which drop off when the fruits are matured? Why, in short, should not sublime truths have been allowed to make their way in the world mixed up with gross errors; man's appointed task being slowly and laboriously to disengage the truths from the errors? Dreadful as these suppositions may appear to some, they are such as we are fairly landed in by the use of analogy. These are the methods which mark the communication of all other kinds of knowledge by God to man. Why should they not hold good in the domain of religious knowledge?

These considerations might be carried a great deal further, and there are other themes for exercises which we had thought of suggesting to the Christian Evidence Society. But our limits

are reached. We do not think that these essays are calculated to have any appreciable effect in restoring the tottering fortunes of Orthodoxy. Here and there, no doubt, an outpost imprudently advanced, may be captured. Here and there an attack, injudiciously and even unfairly made, may be triumphantly resisted. These are the local incidents common to every struggle. But of the general advance of science along the whole line, we can entertain not the slightest doubt. We are equally sure that every additional step in this advance must be increasingly fatal to the claims of Orthodoxy. The species of compromises which are attempted to be set up in some of these papers, and in other works (notably on the great point of "inspiration") are, to use the expression of a daily journal from which we have already quoted, of the nature of a compromise between the new six-hundred-pound shot and the side of an iron-clad. "Either the shot will be smashed, or the plates will be penetrated. There is no middle term."

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

INVOLVES A MEETING AND A DEPARTURE.

"I couldn't bear to think of your waiting round the corner, in the cold," she answered, achieving an unconscious anti-climax, "and—and I wanted to see you. At the same time, perhaps I had much better have stopped away, and spared both of us the pain of meeting."

"The pain, dearest?" There had been such an instinctive revival of old affection, and hope, and happiness in his voice and aspect as at once ignored his lugubrious letter, and rendered it more difficult than she contemplated for her to persist in a resolution she had formed—perhaps awoke in her breast a temporary doubt whether it was altogether so unselfish as she had supposed. "That is all over now. Let bygones be bygones. Forgive and forget. We'll begin a new chapter, and never refer to the errors any more."

He spoke lightly, but with such tenderness that Kate's task grew harder and harder, and her voice sounded doleful and guilty in her own ears as, after a great effort, she responded:—

"Don't mistake me, Paul. I came to tell you we had better part, and—and for good. We can never be happy together."

"Why?"

"I thought Mills told you before I went into the country. I haven't altered my opinion, though I trust I am a very different person from the vain, giddy, heartless girl that I used to be; and have been brought to a saving knowledge of my own wicked and deceitful nature. And if you hated and despised me for my behavior to you (as I dare say you do), I know it only serves me right."

"I hate and despise you?" cried Paul, in almost as dismal a tone as her own. "What nonsense! Who ever suggested such a thing?"

"You ought to if you don't, then, for I fully deserve it. I have given you too much reason to consider me entirely destitute of one spark of kindness or affection—even of gratitude—in my unworthy heart. I am very, very sorry, and have been very unhappy about it. And it makes me additionally miserable to find that, instead of being ready to part, as you said in your letter (or else I'm sure I'd better not have come), you're as fond of me as ever, and want to keep on, when it can only end in wretchedness and disappointment, and be to me a source of unutterable remorse and protracted anguish." Whenever she became extraordinarily emotional, Kate commonly inflated her style and used involved grammar, which always annoyed Paul and humiliated him, as disturbing his ideal of her, and reminding him of Tib. On the present occasion, too, her language suggested an unconscious burlesque of his recent letter, while her manner deepened the unfortunate effect; for it was neither natural nor agreeable, though its earnestness redeemed it from the reproach of being ridiculous. Very much perplexed, he held his peace and listened for what might come next.

"I wish," she went on, in the same uncomfortable verbal exaltation, "that I could only restore to you the once light and happy heart that you possessed that night when you first came down into our kitchen and were introduced to me. Then it had not been blighted by the falsehood and indifference of one who returned you good for evil—I mean evil for good; but I have been, for some time, such a prey to excessive nervous excitement, that I hardly know what I'm saying. I am quite aware, however, that I

have deserved your curse. But the past is irrevocable, and if I refer to it, it is only in testimony of my repentance, which I hope will be a warning to me not to trifle with anybody's affections so long as I live; though I can't expect you to believe a word of it, after what has occurred. And I know that there could never again be that trust and confidence that there ought to be between us, if I had been able to come to quite a different conclusion to that to which I have been prayerfully guided. And don't think it doesn't give me pain, for it *does*, and nothing should induce me but a sense of duty." And here Kate burst out crying.

Paul gave vent to an ejaculation which was half oath, half groan. "Speak out and have done with it, Kate," he said. "You don't love me and never did, and intend to break off altogether. Isn't that your meaning?"

Kate only cried more copiously than ever. "I'd do anything to make you happy," she sobbed, abandoning her attitudes; "for you're the best, and d-dearest, and k-k-kindest—the sentence ended abortively in a climax of weeping."

Paul soothed her in a manner at once natural, and affectionate, and practical—the street being a very quiet one, and therefore adapted to it. "Now Kate, darling," he said, after this little indulgence and consolation, "do tell me what is the matter?"

"Oh, Paul! I don't know whether I love you or not, though I'm quite sure there's nobody more deserving of who I like better. But—but it isn't that! There's something else that we used to talk about when I was thoughtless and worldly, and which I didn't much care about then; but now I regard it as essential to our happiness, both here and hereafter. You think quite different from me about religion, and I daren't marry you while you're unconvinced—an unbeliever!" And, the murder out, Kate dried her tears and looked as resolute as she could—which, after her break down and Paul's consolation, was not very much so—and exceedingly miserable.

I shall spare the reader the theological controversy which now ensued, as it would only be productive of weariness of spirit and waste of space; and as poor Paul's heterodoxy will be sufficiently disclosed in the course of this story, and also what came of it. It was a dismal interview, for Kate was thoroughly in earnest and seemed quite another creature from her former coquette, impulsive, wilful, and warm-hearted self; though the alteration was rather a new development than a change of character. She opposed so many objections to her lover's pleading as almost to drive him to despair. For a couple of hours they paced the dreary streets, strolling westwards—for she would not re-tread old walks—until her persistence provoked an explosion of anger on the part of Paul which proved, in the end, far more effective than his solicitations. He reproached and taunted her with more severity than he had ever used before, accusing her at once of insensibility and heartlessness—in fact, of being unconsciously influenced by worse selfishness than she had ever exhibited in her unregenerate condition. This naturally produced more tears, more practical consolation, and a partial reconciliation. Before he quitted her (at as near to her father's house as he thought it prudent to venture), he had extorted a promise that she would meet him again and answer his letters. With which concessions, sundry kisses, and an exhortation to turn up his coat collar, as "It was so cold," Paul was fain to be content and to bid her adieu. And so they parted.

It was, indeed, a bitter cold night—one of the severest of that remarkable hard winter. As Paul turned his face homewards, it was numbed by the icy wind, which had been rising throughout the evening, and now blew almost a gale, clearing the streets and making a dismal, blustering sound overhead, quite awesome to listen to. The wind and the darkness together—for no moon was visible, and a rack of heavy, black clouds moved rapidly and continuously athwart the heavens—awoke an answering disquiet in the young man's breast, such as he afterwards identified with the night and what had occurred on it; of which he was yet ignorant. He could almost have persuaded himself that he had anticipated it. Thus harassed by a curious restlessness, he walked swiftly to the house near the Hampstead Road.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when he arrived thither, but lights were moving from window to window, and the door was opened to him, before he had time to raise the knocker. The little maid, Becky, drew him silently into the passage and into the front parlor. There were voices talking in strangely hushed tones in the adjoining room.

"Oh, Master Paul!" the girl said, with the tears streaming down her face (it was remarkable how minutely outward objects—the familiar furniture of the apartment, the dull lamp with its light half-turned down, the partially opened door leading into the next room, the hushed voices—seemed to impress themselves on his attention at such a moment), "your grandfather is dead! He died quite sudden after tea-time, be-

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The Index.

MAY 17, 1878.

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NEW SUBSCRIPTION TO INDEX STOCK.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Second Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Index Association will be held on Saturday, June 7, at 2 1/4 P. M., in the office of THE INDEX, No 143 St. Clair street, Toledo.

The Church festival of Easter seems to be celebrated, now-a-days, more by good music than good preaching.

James Freeman Clarke says: "Christianity has all that Free Religion has, and a great deal more,"—except freedom.

The *Golden Age* says that "the American press is not run by Evangelical Christians; if it were, it would be as bad as the American Congress."

The *Boston Investigator* has just entered on its forty-third volume and the thirty-fifth year of its existence. It is a veteran and vigorous journal, and we are glad to see it prosper.

The *Golden Age* calls Dr. J. G. Holland "the pleasantest of platitudinarians,"—an alliterative definition of "Timothy Titcomb" which is most felicitous.

A fearful mania for murder seems to be sweeping through the land just now, and all the examples of capital punishment are powerless to stop it. Nothing but a radically different religion, and a consequent nobler civilization than now prevails, can reach and cure the cause of crime.

Henry Ward Beecher styles the present Sunday-school literature "the swill of the house of God." That is more Beechery than elegant, especially when we remember that it was in one of his elaborate lectures to the Yale divinity students.

Rev. Father Burke (Catholic) says that it is, "alas, too true that modern scepticism, modern irreligion, and indifference, have absorbed some among the best and brightest intellects of our time." It is indeed significantly true that the most enlightened intellects are, and ever have been, antagonistic to the Church.

The "Emerald Isle" has lately, by the most pretentious and formal ceremonies of the Catholic Church, been "solemnly dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus!" We are not sure that we understand exactly what that means; but we shall expect that hereafter Ireland will be a model country as to sweetness, gentleness, humility, patience, and goodness.

Rev. Mr. Hepworth, in his Easter sermon, said that "the historical fact of the resurrection of Christ is beyond all doubt and cavil." Learned man! How could he, in his short life, have acquired so much and such accurate information! Mister Hepworth should be made Doctor Hepworth at once. We nominate him for that degree to Harvard, or Yale, or any other college that will undertake him. Do not let it be delayed until somebody's mischievous "doubt and cavil" shall assail this "historical" fact.

In his lectures before the Yale divinity students, Henry Ward Beecher declares himself in favor of "revivals." He advises the young men, however, not to attempt a "revival" during a political campaign, because "one excitement is enough at a time;" nor should they attempt it in the country during harvest-time, because God's harvesting and man's cannot well be done at the same time! If "revivals" are for the purpose of saving souls from hell, as is the common church-theory, we should say that they never could be out of season, but should be held every day in the year.

ANOTHER DEFINITION OF CHRISTIANITY.

Rev. Mr. Buck, of Portland, Maine, a very able preacher in the Unitarian denomination, has lately had occasion to present to the public his definition of Christianity. He preached an Easter sermon which was printed in the *Portland Press*, and which proved very obnoxious to the Orthodox clergymen of that city, some of whom made a violent attack upon its doctrines. Mr. Buck replied to his critics in another sermon, also printed in the *Press*, in which he took for his subject, "Christianity and Infidelity." He has been kind enough to send us both of these discourses, and we have read them with much pleasure, abated only by the regret that one who is so liberal a Christian might not go still farther and be a liberal without any denominational constraint whatever,—espousing utterly and consistently the cause of natural religion, instead of suffering detention within the hindering limits of a historical religion which revolves around the personal doctrine and example of one eminently good man.

That all the readers of THE INDEX may see just how liberal Mr. Buck's Christianity is (who is himself an INDEX subscriber), we here reproduce a distinguishing paragraph from his second discourse:—

"I resume the question, What is Christianity? Let us narrow the inquiry by finding some definition which, either by obvious propriety, or by general consent, is above dispute. Shall we define it as the religion which was revealed to man in Jesus? Probably there is no one professing the Christian belief who will not accept this definition; let us start from this then and inquire what that religion is which was revealed to man in Jesus. It must be, of necessity, *his own* religion; it could not be *revealed* in him unless it *existed* in him. What then was his religion—the religion by which he was himself animated and controlled? I submit to the candid judgment of every one who can read the story of that marvellous life with sympathizing consideration, that the religion of Jesus consisted essentially in this—*devotedness to the will of God, as revealed in his own spiritual discernment*. I submit this statement with full assurance that whoever will read the gospel story without prejudice, will find this definition of Jesus' religion abundantly confirmed. If, then, that was his religion, *that* is Christianity; and it follows that whoever cherishes devotedness to the will of God, as that will is in any way revealed to his discernment, he is a Christian."

Now we have the same objection to Mr. Buck's definition of Christianity, that we have to J. F. Clarke's (to whose definition we alluded last week). Mr. Clarke in effect says that every good man is a Christian; Mr. Buck says that "whoever is devoted to the will of God, as that will is in any way revealed to his discernment, he is a Christian." We object that these definitions are too broad for Christianity, and too narrow for the truth. Christianity cannot be defined as *goodness*, because the atheist is often a good man; and to say that the good atheist is a Christian, is to say what is palpably untrue both in a logical and historical sense. Christianity cannot be defined as *devotedness to the will of God*, because the heathen man who throws himself under the wheels of Juggernaut's car, or the heathen woman who casts her child to the alligator, are both acting with devotedness to the will of God, *as that will is revealed to them*; and yet we doubt if it ever occurred even to Mr. Buck to claim that *these* heathen are Christians. Charlemagne gave the Saxons whom he conquered the privilege of being baptized or put to death. In thus doing, he acted with devotion to the will of God and in the name of Christ; he was therefore a Christian, as Mr. Buck himself must allow. Some of the Saxons refused to be baptized, and were put to death. In devotedness to the will of God, choosing death rather than baptism in the name of Christ, were these pagan Saxons also Christians? To say that they were, would be to flout all sound historical judgment and the common sense of mankind.

Devotion to the will of God, as that will is individually perceived, is *piety*, not Christianity. It may or may not have any reference to the personal doctrine and example of Christ, and therefore may or may not be Christian. Christianity is a historical word, and has a historical

significance. Piety is not such a word, and has no such significance. Piety is the general term; Christianity the specific: it seems to us childish folly to ignore such distinctions. We grant that Christianity has the elements of piety in it; but so markedly has Judaism, and so have the ethnical religions generally. Jesus was indeed devoted to the will of God, as that will was revealed to him; but in this particular he is not to be distinguished from the humblest heathen devotee who never heard his name. Why then should his official and historic name be forced upon the natural piety of mankind? We protest against it in the name of fairness and of truth. Shall the atheist because he is good, and the Parsee because he is pious, be unsuspectingly snapped up and carried off in the bag of the ambitious Christian? Let the Buddhist be a Buddhist, the Mohammedan a Mohammedan, the Christian a Christian, the atheist an atheist; and if they can all agree in being good, in being devoted to the highest, truest, and best which commands them, so much the better: let them be this without loss of such denominational identity as they may wish to preserve, while at the same time recognizing the common tie that binds them. The Christian has no right to snatch crowns from other heads, nor to insist on putting his label on other backs than his own. Let him wear it so long as he is content with it, and just so long we shall know to what great religious clan he belongs; but we beg of him not to be so unscientific as to attempt to prove that his one species is the genus itself.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association will be held in Boston on May 29, 30.

Thursday evening, May 29, session for business and addresses at Parker Fraternity Hall. At this meeting, the question of Radical organization, including that of forming "Liberal Leagues," will be discussed.

Friday, May 30, forenoon and afternoon, Convention for essays and addresses in Tremont Temple. On Friday evening, a Social Subscription Festival is to be held, at which there will also be brief speeches.

A specially attractive Convention, having new features of interest, is anticipated. Further particulars as to subjects and speakers will be given in the Boston papers.

WM. J. POTTER,
 Secretary.

The New York East Conference of Methodists is a very funny body. They not only require that their ministers shall not speak "too long nor too loud," but also that they shall not allow themselves to become over forty-two years of age, nor their children to increase to the number of eight! A certain Rev. David McMullen, member of this Conference, had by some unaccountable means, allowed himself to transgress these latter requirements; and so the Conference, at its late session in Harlem, proposed to "discontinue" him. It would seem that he was commendable in all other respects, only—"he was forty-two years old, and happened to be blessed with a family of eight children!" When it was proposed, for this reason, to discontinue him, some of the more wise and just ones in the Conference cried, "Oh, shame!" But it was thought by others that Mr. McMullen, "at such an age, and with such a large family, would entail unnecessary expenses on the Conference;" and it was only after a long discussion, and by the most strenuous exertions of his friends, that Mr. M. was "continued on trial." This would seem to be a threat to him that he must stop growing old and stop having children! But, seriously, what is this good Christian body about? Are they not striking a blow at the "Christian institution" of marriage, and indirectly encouraging celibacy, or something worse, in their ministers?

THE USE OF RELIGION.

It is well for the cause of freedom that not only Christianity but religion itself should be put on trial. Religion itself is not so important as the liberty of the human soul to develop in its own way; and moreover if religion cannot stand the test of human thought and experience, it has no right to exist. I believe that it can endure this test. And I here use religion not alone in the more general sense,—“the effort of man to perfect himself,”—but in the more limited meaning of a sense of special personal relation to the Supreme Being.

Probably I feel this the more, from having lived so long among the Southern negroes, when just emerging from slavery. I remember that one of the most enlightened women who ever went South to teach these people told me that they had taught her more than she had ever given them, because they had convinced her of the reality of the religious sentiment. Without admitting that I needed to be convinced of this, I can heartily say that they fixed the conviction more deeply in my mind, and that if I am ever led to question for a moment the validity of the religious sentiment, even in its ordinary meaning, I irresistibly think of them.

In them there was to be seen a class of people, suffering and injured beyond all others, and fully conscious (whatever the ignorant may suppose) of their wrongs. They had been exposed to all the corrupting influences of slavery, and to all the crushing influences of utter hopelessness. Yet, as a race, they cherished an unfaltering faith that the Lord would one day lead them out of that despair. As individuals, they had absolute faith that a future life would reward them for their sorrows here; and, in special bereavements and misfortunes, they showed a patience and a courage which came visibly and unquestionably from this same habit of mind. Making every allowance for excesses, for inconsistencies, for cant and for hypocrisy,—there still remained a solid reality of religious feeling which alone kept them from being a crushed and degraded race. It did so keep them; they proved that they were not crushed; nor were they in any profound or disheartening sense degraded. And I believe myself to give tolerable impartial testimony in saying that what had chiefly saved them, in my judgment, was the strength of their religious sentiment.

I do not say “Christianity.” First, because their ignorance of technical Christianity and of the Bible itself was astonishing. Secondly, because we see the same qualities often exhibited by native African tribes (as for instance in the beautiful prayers of the Gallas); and this especially when we get beyond reach of the slave-trade, which, sustained largely by Christian nations, has everywhere demoralized the “heathen.” Thirdly, because travellers testify to a great strength of religious sentiment as shown among Mohammedan negroes; and had Buddhism been introduced among this race I have no doubt that we should see it producing much the same phenomena. This may be inferred from the descriptions of the influence it has exerted in Tibet, Tartary, and Siam. It is clear to my mind that it is the religious sentiment, *per se*, that elevates and ennobles, and that the precise form of religion on which it sustains itself is a very secondary matter.

That this sentiment had yet to be disentangled, in these very minds, from much superstition, was clear enough. But I am firm in the belief that it represented a demand which is also to be found in the most cultivated minds, and which no merely scientific knowledge can ever replace; any more than science can take the place of the sentiment of human love. In the deeper experiences of life, the sense of personal dependence on a higher power becomes for most persons an essential; if I do not say “for all,” it is because temperaments vary so widely, and it is not safe to dogmatize in these high matters, or indeed to go far beyond our own personal experience.

These thoughts came to my mind on hearing the delightful music of the Hampton colored

students, under charge of that true and noble man, General Armstrong. The music is delightful, because it renders the quaint and melodious “spirituals” of the Southern plantations—our only original American music—with the advantage of trained voices. There is infused into it, everywhere, the plaintive pathos of this long-suffering race; and this sometimes rises into touches of surpassing emotion. For instance, in the solo part of “Don’t you view that ship come sailing?” the question is asked: “Oh! how do you know they’re angels?”—speaking, merely, of the supposed passengers on board. The answer is wholly unexpected, original, electrifying: “Oh! I know them by their *moaning*.” That this jubilant race, in their very hour of triumph, should thus transfer something of their own grief to the heavenly band,—as if their very rescuers must have tears in their eyes and sympathetic sadness in their voices, as might well have been the case with those who came to save the sufferers from the steamer “Atlantic,”—this is an inspiration akin to genius. It illustrates the refining influence of the religious sentiment on this wronged and neglected race.

T. W. H.

“THE KINGSHIP OF JESUS CHRIST.”

Rev. James Wallace, writing in the *Christian Statesman* under the above caption, very forcibly and clearly shows the supreme importance of the doctrine he discusses, as the key-note of the Christian Gospel. “Every intelligent and careful Christian reader,” he says, “may have observed a marked difference in the large and prominent place which the doctrine of the Kingship of the Lord Jesus Christ holds in the Bible, and the small and obscure place assigned to it in the creeds and confessions of faith of the Protestant churches.” And this “Kingship” he urges as not only spiritual, but political, binding all civil officers *as such* to obedience to his will, and embracing a universal sovereignty over all nations. Without flinching from the grotesque conclusions of these ideas, he declares explicitly: “The Lord Jesus Christ is as truly the King of Pennsylvania to-day as he ever was the King of Judaea. He is as certainly the King of these United States of America as he ever was the King of the United Tribes of Israel.”

In all this Mr. Wallace is strictly true to the fundamental conception of Christianity; and he justly criticises all Protestant sects for not emphasizing sufficiently this foundation of their own professed faith. But he omits to call attention to the fact that Roman Catholicism makes it the avowed basis of its own theology and hierarchy, and that it must in the nature of things support both the one and the other. Upon the Kingship of Jesus Christ Rome has erected by inevitable logic the vast fabric of the Papacy; Protestantism has only so mutilated the venerable edifice as to obscure its architectural design, and confuse the bewildered sectary as to what really constitutes its corner-stone. But Mr. Wallace has discovered the corner-stone of the Papacy in discovering the corner-stone of Christianity; and if he goes on to build upon it in consonance with the laws of religious architecture, he will discover to his amazement that he has reconstructed the Papacy, after all.

Admit, for a moment, that Jesus Christ is actually King of Pennsylvania and King of the whole United States. The people and the government agree to guide their national action entirely by his will,—not formally alone, but in earnest devotion to what his will shall really dictate. The Modoc war is the first business to be attended to. What shall be done with Captain Jack? Shall the United States exterminate all the Indians on the continent in retaliation for the Modoc massacre? What does Jesus Christ say about it, and what does he command? Every citizen of the United States, from President Grant down to the little dirty-faced shoe-black at the street-corner, diligently inquires what Jesus Christ wants to have done with Captain Jack and his fierce Modocs in the lava beds. Who is to speak for Jesus Christ and announce his mandates to his subjects?

There are plenty of self-appointed ambassa-

dors from him. Every minister volunteers to tell you exactly the mind of Christ on the point; so does every religious newspaper; so does every independent Bible-reader; so does every champion of “Christian Civilization.” There are forty million voices and opinions in this country, more or less, about the matter. But President Grant has got to *act*. He cannot act on forty million opinions; he must act on only one. Jesus Christ is out of sight, and cannot speak for himself. President Grant must, after all, act on his opinion of what Jesus Christ decrees—must act on his own guess. Either Jesus Christ must directly reveal to him his own sovereign purpose about Captain Jack, or else poor President Grant is left to his own devices as completely as he would be if Jesus Christ were not the King of the country. But Jesus Christ is King of the country; and it is perfectly plain that he must reveal his own will directly in some fashion. He must have appointed some one with power to speak and act in his name, since without some such official representative he cannot be King of the country at all. Affairs involve concerted action, and concerted action involves a superintending mind in direct communication with the immediate actors. If Jesus Christ is really King in the heavens, he must consequently have his Viceroy on the earth; otherwise mankind are left to govern themselves in their own way, and Jesus is no King at all. In brief, *the world must acknowledge a Pope, or give up the Kingship of Jesus altogether.*

The necessity of an infallible revelation of the will of Christ which shall command with authority all human action as emergencies arise, without the uncertainties and delays of deducing this will from ancient books, is the stronghold of Catholicism; and in default of such an infallible revelation, capable of being instantly and infallibly interpreted, the Kingship of Jesus over the nations is reduced to a mere sham. Mr. Wallace has not yet emphasized his own doctrine enough! He gives us only a vague and valueless abstraction, impotent to affect affairs in the administration of government because we are still left in ignorance as to what is the will of our King, the Lord Jesus Christ. Unless Mr. Wallace can provide Congress and the President with some infallible expounder of the King’s will, such as the Pope of Rome, it is all moonshine to declaim about his Kingship. A King in the heavens must have his representative on earth, if his will is really to influence legislation and national policy. How is it, Mr. Wallace? Do you advise us to swear fealty to the Pope as well as to Jesus?

F. E. A.

The associates of Mr. Butts, it appears, acted without his authority in appending his name to the “Notice” which they published in THE INDEX of May 3, announcing the transfer of their Index Association stock to other hands. All the transfer-papers had been already signed and delivered, except the one sent to New York for Mr. Butts’ signature; and they erroneously took it for granted that he would sign it. He now declines to join them in their action, preferring to retain his thirty-two shares and his position in the Board of Directors. My article of May 3 must be corrected accordingly.

F. E. A.

Thomas Smith was hung in Louisville, Kentucky, March 28. Like the other murderers who have been hung recently, Smith appears to have been “converted” just before execution. He was even baptized and joined the Methodist Church; and, in an appropriate speech which he made on the occasion, said “he was now ready to die, he did not care how soon; he was glad this thing [the murder] had happened, for it had taught him to look to Christ and make his peace with God.” It would seem that the more wicked a man is the better chance he has for being “saved,” something in the shape of a murder would appear really to improve his heavenly prospects! The Church delights in these hard cases, and undertakes them with unctuous alacrity. But what an impressive exhibit is all this of the absurdity of the popular Orthodox theology!

Communications.

TYNDALL—THE "UNDERWORLD."

EDITOR INDEX:—

In Boston, a few weeks since, a highly intelligent lady told me of hearing the valuable lectures of Tyndall, the eminent scientist, and gave me a description of his fine experiments with the spectrum, and the wonderful colors produced. She said that his illustrative remarks were as vivid as the colors themselves, and that he said it seemed to him there was a realm beyond where science had yet reached, and where the most delicate chemical tests yet used failed, which was full of colors too delicate for eye to see, yet more beautiful than those flashed out from the spectrum—a world real as our own, yet not tangible to our dull senses.

A report in the *Boston Advertiser* is to the same effect, as it gives his words as follows:—

"The philosopher works with his eyes, hands, and senses; but does even more. This question he cannot answer without going beyond the region of the senses into a sort of underworld from which all phenomena grow. To do this, the mind must have a sort of pictorial power, and be able to form definite images of this underworld. If the pictures be correct, if the real phenomena are deducible from them, we have a physical theory by which they are explained. The formation of such a theory involves the use of imagination. This faculty must be invoked. Without it we cannot go beyond the mere animal world. The imagination is not the wild power it is supposed to be, but a power guided by cold reason. It does not leave the world of fact. Its power lies not in new creating, but in rendering facts fit to illustrate facts. This word theory is also much misused. We must theorize in order to rise above the animal world."

It is easy to see how the thought of this eminent man ranges out and goes beneath and beyond the external aspect of things; but might not a clearer ideal of what man is, help us all in this matter?

Man is a microcosm, made up in spirit of all finest elements and subtle powers of this "underworld," and made up in body of all substances and elements in this tangible and material world; all these finest elements and powers pulse through, and make up, indeed, his spiritual nature and organization; and all of rock or soil, of tree or fish or animal, ascends into and composes his corporeal frame. Thus is he linked to both worlds, touches and reaches all things, and nothing is foreign or strange to him. This "imagination" which "does not leave the world of fact" is rather intuition or deduction, and it is "a power guided by cold reason," or rather, when one *intuits*, reason and the inductive and external process of experiments come in and confirm the intuition, and thus is verified and established a solid fact, and the realm of science and the range of our common thought are enlarged. Truly we must use "imagination," or intuition, and theory, "in order to rise above the animal world," and we must do so because thus only can we act in view of our microcosmic being, and our wide and infinite relations. Let all scientists, and all theologians and students in the realm of man's duty and destiny, accept the use of "imagination," or intuition, and the deductive and inductive processes of thought and experiment will meet and agree and confirm each other, and a new Science, a new Theology, a new Religion, will bless the world. We shall be saved from the sceptical pride of logical induction on one side, and from the visionary enthusiasm of idle dreamers on the other. Bigotry will pass away, superstition be impossible, and the "reign of law," the presence of Infinite Love and Wisdom, and the spiritual fraternity of the race, will be known and felt.

But sometimes it costs more to follow an ideal than we know or count at first; and in this case this ideal of the use of "imagination" and "theory" goes into realms where even Tyndall has hardly explored.

I give an extract from the *Autobiography* of A. J. Davis, in which he describes his first clairvoyant experience; and his glowing picture of these bright colors seems like Tyndall's theory of the "underworld" made real to the opened spiritual senses of the clairvoyant.

Here again is this "imagination" and "theory" of the Life Beyond, these immortal hopes and longings that grow with the growth of humanity, as

"The thoughts of men are widest
With the process of the ages;"

and "we must not be so practical as to fear imagination." In this case come the facts of spiritual presence and intercourse; and a host of critical and careful persons have tested them by "cold reason," and they stand, and thus imagination and reason meet and confirm the grand and inspiring fact! The world's thought moves on beyond the limits of old theology and the narrow bounds and exploded theories of the ancient science, and its faith leads either to an external and inductive materialism, or to a rational spiritualism. Tyndall has entered the path which leads to the latter, and travelled well a little distance. He will find as he goes on (as will many others) the facts of the existence and presence of our friends beyond the grave meeting him for examination and solution.

We can afford to wait, for we shall win at last, and Tyndall and others, of course, can take their own time for this question; only it were well and wise to examine a matter that has awakened more thought and careful examination than anything else of that kind for the last twenty years. So far, the few words this scientist has spoken of spiritual phenomena have not been candid or fair; but it is to be hoped he is growing to a better spirit. If not, he will but harm and dwarf himself.

But I extract from the clairvoyant experience of Mr. Davis, as given by himself:—

"In my ordinary state I had never seen an organ of the human viscera; but now I could see all organs and their functions. The whole body seemed transparent as glass. It was invested with a rich spiritual beauty. It looked illuminated like a city. Each organ had centers of light, beside being enveloped by a general sphere. For example, I saw the heart, surrounded by one combination of living colors, with special points of illumination interspersed. The auricles and ventricles gave out distinct flames of light, and the pericardium was a garment of magnetic fire, surrounding and protecting the heart in the discharge of its functions. The air chambers seemed like so many chemical laboratories, the fire in them wrought instantaneous chemical changes in the blood; and the great sympathetic nerve, whose roots extend through the lower viscera, and whose topmost branches are lost in the superior strata of the sensorium, appeared like a column of life, interwoven and blended with a soft and silvery fire!"

The brain was likewise luminous with prismatic colors. I saw each ligament and tendon, and membranous structure illuminated with sheets and centres of magnetic light, which indicated and beautifully set forth the presence of the spiritual principle. . . . The spirit of Nature and my spirit seemed to have formed a sympathetic acquaintance,—the foundation of a high and eternal communion! The properties and essences of plants were distinctly visible. Every fibre of the willow, or any of the mountain violet, was radiant with its own peculiar life. I saw the living elements and essences flow and play through these simple forms of matter; and in the same manner I saw the many trees of forests and fields all filled with life and vitality of different hues and degrees of refinement. . . . Beds of zinc, copper, limestone, gold, etc., arrested my attention, and each gave off diverse kinds of luminous atmospheres. Everything had a glory of its own! The salts in the sea sparkled like living gems; crystalline bodies emitted soft, brilliant, azure and crimson emanations; sea-plants extended their broad arms, filled with hydrogenous life, and embraced the joy of existence."

This must suffice, although but a part of this rich narration. Verily it seems like an actual sight of the "underworld from which all phenomena grow."

Yours truly,

G. B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 1, 1872.

PROGRESS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

Have you space for a few words from South America relating to woman, education, and religious freedom?

Mrs. Caprile (a German lady of wide culture and intelligence), who some three years ago went as a teacher from New York to Buenos Ayres, writes me from that city, Dec. 18, 1872, as follows:—

"I have gone through the second year of my work quite satisfactorily. The school I established held its annual examination the 18th of December, in the presence of the President of the School Department, the Inspectors and Professors, who expressed great pleasure in our progress. The city papers also gave their approval. It is a new thing here to see a young girl familiar with anything but needle-work and a little reading and writing. I hope government will grant means to enlarge the school that it may become a good college. It is in this hope that I have been struggling on with every kind of difficulty. But my ambition is to give a start to female education in this country, as I find no lack of intelligence in its daughters."

You know my religious ideas, and that I would never descend to any kind of dissimulation, even for a good end. After I had been at the head of this establishment a few months, it was asked if I were a Protestant. I answered that I did not belong to any sect; that my ideas about religious matters had nothing to do with my teaching, unless in helping me rid the pupils' brains of a good deal of nonsense; that if I did not suit them as I was, there was an end of our contract, as I was ready to retire. They were satisfied,—that is, the ladies who have the administration of the young ladies' school. From that time I have had no trouble. In the Orphan Asylum there is a priest to teach the doctrines—church-going, confession, and so forth; that belongs to the Interior Department, and does not come under my control.

There is, just now, an open fight between a few lady teachers and the School Inspector, about an order from the Chief of the School Department to the Inspectors. The teachers of primary schools were in the habit of going to church and confession with their pupils, in procession. The Board of Education considered that custom quite anti-democratic, and sent a circular to all the teachers under its administration, abolishing the abuse. This measure put the priests on the *qui vivit*, and a few stupid teachers were easily pushed forward to rebel against the authority. A petition signed by numerous ignorant women and children, headed by four or five priests, has been addressed to the provincial government, requesting the revocation of the order. The struggle has begun. I

hope it will end in a victory over *obscurantism*. I will try to help as much as possible. Women here has more influence than in any other country. A great many benevolent establishments, girls' primary schools, and so forth, are under the direction of a Society of ladies who form a corporation under the immediate control of the provincial government. The President of the Society is a lady of great energy and intelligence."

Respectfully,

ELIZABETH S. MILLER.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1873.

"THE FETICH OF SCIENCE."

EDITOR INDEX:—

"T. W. H." in number 160 of THE INDEX under the head of "The Fetich of Science," properly criticises Buchner for his unjust description of the negro as a race, and subjoins his own warning against what he calls the "Fetich of Science." I am afraid "T. W. H." makes mistake as well as Dr. Buchner, except that it is of a graver and therefore more dangerous nature. Buchner erred; this nearly all Americans with ordinary powers of observation will confirm; they know too well who ought to be held responsible for the degradation of the negro. Buchner erred in *observation*, like many a tourist. I am sorry that, to his renown of a thoroughly logical thinker, he did not add the laurel of keen and careful searcher and observer. But "T. W. H." seems to be deficient in what nobody will deny to Buchner; namely, logic. Instead simply showing that Buchner's conclusion was based on an erroneous impression or observation, "T. W. H." calls it "science," and tries to make a bugbear of it. The method of Buchner was scientific; the result necessarily wrong because based upon erroneous premises. "T. W. H.'s" way of reasoning is thoroughly unscientific, illogical; and therefore although based upon a correct observation, arrives at a thoroughly wrong conclusion. His warning will confuse and do harm. There can not exist such a thing as a "Fetich of Science" so long as the object of science is truth. Science, because of its very nature, will correct all error of observation or conclusion, so long as men will keep their eyes opened and their heads clear.

Yours truly,

E. P.

FAIR PLAY.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

Dear Sir,—Allow me to suggest as an amendment to the proposition that the name of Jesus Christ be grafted on to the Constitution of the United States, the following: "That the founders of other respectable religions believed in, in this country, have a similar compliment passed upon them."

Yours faithfully,

F. R. HOVEY.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

EMERSON AND HIS CONTEMPORARY POETS. A couple of private letters from a party American travellers abroad, who have been the company of Ralph Waldo Emerson, have been furnished to *The Golden Age*, with permission accorded us of making the following extracts: "Feb. 19. On board steamer from Alexandria to Naples. . . . Among our first cabin-passengers are Ralph Waldo Emerson and his daughter. Their 'dahabiah' was lying Luxor when we arrived in the steamboat. . . . old gentleman has escaped sea-sickness. . . . busies himself with one of the Latin Class and with letter-writing. He smokes after a meal, and at all times is very affable." A letter from the same source gives us the following: "March 2, 1873. Hotel Crocette, Naples. . . . In the evening, when we were again at sea, Mr. Emerson gave us a pleasant little entertainment in the shape of some readings from poets, making selections from several with which we were not familiar. The old gentleman totally different from the grave philosopher had painted him as you can well imagine; the childlike affection and sympathy betwixt himself and his daughter is something touching. The easy, simple style of his conversation is in marked contrast with the heavy of his books, over which we remember labored (while boys) as we would have done over many pages of the higher mathematics. . . . expected, he does not place Longfellow at the foremost poets of the age, but speaks admiringly of Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes, says many kind things of Bret Harte's *gipsies*. To Tennyson he freely awards the *prize*. Speaking of Bayard Taylor's intended *epic*, Goethe, he took no pains to conceal his opinion that Taylor was not the right man for the *task*. I wondered that he did not undertake it himself as he is evidently a great admirer and student of Goethe, one of whose books he has constantly by him."—*Golden Age*.

"When Shakspeare wrote about 'patience a monument,' did he refer to doctors' 'patience'?" "No." "How do you know he didn't?" "Be you always find them under a monument."

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Heene estate, belonging to the Brooklyn Benevolent Society, covering one hundred and fifty lots, with the buildings erected thereon, situated in the Sixth Ward, and worth not less than two millions of dollars, pays no tax. The annual tax exemption, estimated at the rate of three and a half per cent., is SEVENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Two hundred and thirty-nine church edifices in Brooklyn, occupying one thousand one hundred and one lots, valued at nine millions six hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and having an average value per church of forty thousand four hundred and eighteen dollars, are not taxed. The annual exemption amounts to THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE THOUSAND AND SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Sixty clergymen's residences in Brooklyn, occupying sixty-four lots, are exempted from taxation to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars on each residence, in the aggregate making ninety thousand dollars. The annual tax exemption on this property amounts to THREE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.

The total value of all the land and buildings in Brooklyn devoted to charitable purposes, no part of which is public property, is two million eight hundred and forty-nine thousand dollars, on which not a dollar of taxes is collected. The annual exemption amounts to NINETY-NINE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

The following table shows the annual aggregate of these tax exemptions:

Heene estate, etc.	\$70,000
Church property	338,000
Clergymen's residences	1,500
Charitable property	199,715
Total	\$311,405

In ten years these exemptions, without any increase of this kind of property, would amount to \$5,101,650, and to \$10,220,300 in twenty years.

The whole amount of these exemptions in favor of private property must be made up by increasing the rates of taxation upon the tax-paying portion of the community.—*Brooklyn Union.*

The *Apostolic Times* is responsible for the following:

"A Calvinist preacher out West applied to a gentleman to give him a lot on which to build a church, when, according to the report of the latter, the following conversation took place: 'I asked him if he did not believe that all who were unsound in the faith, as he believed me to be, committed sin in every act of their lives?' He said, 'Yes.' And if I should give you a lot for a church, said I, would I not be committing sin in so doing?' He hesitated a little, but standing up to his creed, he said, 'Yes, but I will share the responsibility with you.' I said, 'No, I thank you; we commit sin fast enough without being urged to it by ministers; I think I will not do it.'"

The solicitor was not sharp, or he would have reminded the gentleman that he would sin quite as much in refusing to give as in giving; and since all he did was sin, he might as well sin in a benevolent direction.—*Christian Standard.*

A Chinaman was summoned as a witness in New York, the other day, and, to ascertain his views on the nature of an oath, the judge asked him what would be his punishment if he should swear to lie. "I shall never return to China, but always remain in New York," was the reply, and he was at once sworn.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ON TRIAL AT HALF PRICE.—The SCIENCE OF TESTS will be sent to every reader of THE INDEX three months on TRIAL for 25 cents, that it may have a chance to try it. Address at No. 389 Broadway, New York.

PERSONAL.

My name was affixed (by the other signers) to "Notice" in THE INDEX, of May 3, without my authority. I hereby give notice that I am still a subscriber in the INDEX Association.

ASA K. BUTTS.

Boston, May 6, 1873.

NOTICE.

The following numbers of THE INDEX for 1873 can no longer be supplied on order: Nos. 167 (March 8), 169 (March 22), 170 (March 29), 171 (April 5).

THE LITTLE BOUQUET.

The Little Bouquet is the name of a Magazine for Children and Youth to be issued by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House of Chicago. The well-known ability of this concern ensures the success of this undertaking; and it will fill a want deeply felt, and heretofore unsupplied. See advertisement in another column.

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WM. J. POTTER,

Secretary.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Every Man and Woman who reads THE INDEX ought to read also *The Golden Age*, edited by Theodore Tilton. After fifteen years of experience on *The Independent*, Mr. Tilton two years ago established, in the interest of more liberal thought, *The Golden Age*,—a journal of his own, to which he gives his constant and toilsome attention, and which has already won a national reputation for honesty, courage, and brilliancy. Probably no other journal in America is so widely quoted from, both by those who agree, and those who disagree with it. Unlike any other weekly paper, either in America or England, it is unique and original in appearance, in thought, and in style. It abounds in brief and spicy paragraphs—shot like swift arrows hitting the mark. Its editorial discussions cover the whole field of current topics—whether religious, political, literary, social, or industrial. It does not pretend, or seek, or want to agree with its readers, or with the general popular opinion. It indulges in the luxury of free speech. It has a mind of its own, and is sometimes wrong—which makes it all the more novel, for it is almost the only journal of the American press that is wrong. But whether right or wrong, it is always good natured, and ever believes in fair play. It would be happy to make the acquaintance of the readers of THE INDEX; and though *The Golden Age* is in no sense a rival to THE INDEX, and does not undertake to do such a work as Mr. Abbot has embarked upon, yet it is fighting a battle for free thought in religion, and free speech in politics, and is conscientiously dedicated to the promotion of whatever helps forward the Emancipation of the Human Mind. Anybody who subscribes for Mr. Tilton's paper will get something to think about, and more than the money's worth. Enclose three dollars in an envelope (before you forget it), and address:

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N. B.—Say you saw this in THE INDEX.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.—SIXTH YEAR.

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ART DEPARTMENT.—Notwithstanding the increase in the price of subscription last fall, when THE ALDINE assumed its present noble proportions and representative character, the edition was more than doubled during the last year; proving that the American public appreciate and will support a sincere effort in the cause of art. The publishers, anxious to justify the ready confidence thus demonstrated, have exerted themselves to the utmost to develop and improve the work; and the plans for the coming year, as unfolded by the monthly issues, will astonish and delight even the most sanguine friends of THE ALDINE.

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To possess such a valuable epitome of the art world, at a cost so trifling, will command the subscriptions of thousands in every section of the country; but, as the usefulness and attractions of THE ALDINE can be enhanced, in proportion to the increase of its supporters, the publishers propose to make "assurances doubly sure" by the following unparalleled offer of PREMIUM CHROMOS FOR 1873. Every subscriber to THE ALDINE who pays in advance for the year 1873, will receive, without additional charge, a pair of beautiful oil chromos, after J. J. Hill, the eminent English painter. The pictures, entitled "The Village Belle," and "Creeting the Moor," are 14x20 inches—are printed from 25 different plates requiring 25 impressions and tints to perfect each picture. The same chromos are sold for \$30 per pair, in the art stores.

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[FOR THE INDEX.]

On the Bible as the Protestant Basis.

BY PROF. F. W. NEWMAN.

In the great controversy which divided Europe between Catholic and Protestant, the clearest and most powerful minds on the Protestant side appealed to the Bible as the authoritative arbiter; and with excellent reason. The matter in debate was not whether Christianity was true and divine, nor whether the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were in harmony, nor whether the Scriptures were inspired and infallible; for on such topics all were agreed. The question was, "What is Christianity?" What beliefs and practices are Christian?" The Romanist replied, "You must consult tradition, and of that tradition the Church (i. e. the clergy, the hierarchy) are the depository and guardian." But the Protestant said, "Nay, but we must consult the Scriptures of the New Testament. You of Rome concede, you even maintain, that these are earlier than any other Christian documents; by studying them we learn what doctrines the apostles themselves taught; and if the pope and bishops claim to be successors of the apostles, they cannot or must not claim to set their doctrines aside and teach things new." The Romanist had no rejoinder, but that the laity were unable to interpret the Scriptures aright, and that no interpretation was sound, which was not sanctioned by the Church. To this Luther had his answer: "*Bonus grammaticus bonus theologus*;" which in such argument means: whoever understands Greek grammar well enough to make out what is written in the Greek Testament, may understand that book as well as any bishop. But to be more guarded against undervaluing the aid given by learning to the interpretation of ancient writings, it sufficed to say that the claim of an authoritative interpretation by the clergy was preposterous in itself; and much more when it rested on an alleged unwritten tradition, under the cover of which any superstitious and monstrous absurdity might creep in, and many had crept in, to the great damage of truth, piety, and morals. History shows how conscious the Church of Rome was that the New Testament was against her; for, so far as she was able and dared, she kept the book out of the hands of the laity. Down to the most recent years, no English traveller within the pope's dominions was allowed to carry in his portmanteau more than one copy of the New Testament in the Italian language; any second copy was taken away by the search-officers, on the presumption that it was intended for the reading of Italians. While suppression was the policy of Rome, publicity and multiplication of copies was the obvious policy of the Reformers; and no one who is not willing to run behind the pretense of occult divine powers communicated to Church-officers by the carnal imposition of hands, can hesitate to justify the appeal of Protestants to the oldest and acknowledged documents of Christianity. When the question was, *Which* shall we accept as the authoritative standard of apostolic teaching,—the writings of the apostles and of their personal

coadjutors, or the later assertions of Church-officers? common sense lay on the side of the Protestant reply: We take the New Testament writings as our arbiter.

A minor difficulty indeed arose, when the Protestants so far tampered with the received canon of Scripture, as to exclude from it certain later Jewish writings, because, no Hebrew original being extant, apparently the Greek which we have is their original. This suggested to a Romanist the sarcasm: "So then! you decide by your own private judgment what shall be accepted as Sacred Scripture, and then claim to appeal to it against us!" This would have been a just and formidable remark, if Protestants had added to the received canon; but as they only took away, and what they took away was Jewish, not Christian, and no cardinal point of the controversy was thereby affected, the sole result of such a reply was to suggest a far deeper question, disagreeable to both the combatants—how *either* of them knew that the canon of Scripture (so called) was authentic, primitive, or composed by persons deserving trust so absolute. But the more cautious and thoughtful Protestants, in their appeal to Holy Scripture, were less anxious to impose belief than to claim freedom: hence the negative side only was dwelt on in the sixth of the thirty-nine Anglican articles; namely, "nothing that cannot be clearly proved from Holy Writ," ought to be accounted as necessary of belief.

It is not wonderful that those Christians who have no idea of a controversy with any but fellow Christians, have become accustomed to regard "the Bible" as the final court of appeal and actual arbiter of truth. I will here take occasion to advert to a doctrine of probability, in direct opposition to Herbert Spencer; a man for whom in external science I have a profound admiration, but with whom I find myself in perpetual and hopeless collision, as soon as he gets into metaphysics, mathematical philosophy, or history. He says that when two opposite beliefs are in long conflict, "there is usually something between them in common,—something *taken for granted* by each; and this something, if not to be set down as an unquestionable verity, may yet be considered to have the *highest degree of probability*." [Herbert Spencer, *First Principles* Part I, chap. i, § 11, p. 10.] On the contrary, when honest and able men, within the same circle of thought and literature, continue in fixed schism of opinion, the facts suggest that neither side has the consistency and energy of truth, or it would manifestly win upon its opponent; the great probability therefore is that *they hold some false principle in common*, which dooms both of them to internal contradictions. Hence, what they alike "take for granted," and regard as axiomatic, needs, above all other things, to be suspected and severely searched into, as the probable nidus of error damaging them both. Such is the assumption of certainty and perfection in what the Christian churches call Holy Scripture.

The three centuries and a half which have passed since Luther, have made enormous additions to European knowledge, alike in breadth and accuracy. However vast the erudition of a few scholars, who devoured indiscriminately all remaining scraps of Latin literature, before any European modern literature could compete with the ancient; however keen the zest with which the newly opened mine of Greek literature was explored,—yet even the most learned read with puerile credulity, or, if they attempted criticism, criticised childishly. The discrimination of fable from truth, in what passed as history, scarcely began before the end of the seventeenth century. Our Milton believed in "Brutus the Trojan" as the founder of Britain. Sound criticism of the classical writers of history attained no great perfection until the eighteenth century, and has been carried further in this nineteenth century, especially by the German Universities. The criticism directed to the detection of spurious books, or to decide on the age of literary documents, was quite in its infancy in Luther's time, but was soon discerned to be of immense importance. After attaining consciousness of power by much exercise on the literature entitled "profane," it gradually addressed itself to the books of Hebrew and Christian Scripture, with results which make the intellectual position of the mod-

ern Evangelical widely different from that of the Puritan two centuries ago.

The appeal to the New Testament is of course still open, in controversy with the Romanist; but the Romanist has ceased to be the principal or most dreaded adversary. He can no longer wield the iron arm of the State against those who reject the papal creed. France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Poland, Mexico, Brazil, all disown the office of persecuting for the Church; and while Catholicism is weak in the hearts of the cultivated laity of nominally Catholic countries, we see the clear marks of *decaying power*, however many isolated converts it makes from those Protestant churches which have retained some of its characteristic doctrines. The modern English Evangelical has to encounter objections and difficulties which the Puritan never met. The adversaries of the old Puritan admitted and maintained the genuineness and authority of the received canon; but the very first objection which meets the modern Puritan is, "Why am I to believe what you call Holy Writ, when it teaches something opposed to reason and good sense? What do I know of the writers?"—and, in fact, the intense study of the books by professors of Divinity is *precisely that which has fundamentally sapped their authority*.

The modern Evangelical creed has tried to discard all the niceties of the Trinitarian controversy, and in so doing has generally run upon something which of old was denounced as "heresy,"—whether by holding three or two Gods, as the vulgar; or by teaching that the divinity of Jesus consisted in an indwelling of the one God in the body of a mere man. To two Gods they have in general no objection, provided they be not called two Gods; call them "two Persons in the Godhead," and all is right. But the emphasis of the creed is placed on the "atonement by blood." When the devotee of "the blood" is asked from what Scripture he learns his doctrine, he naturally cites the Epistle to the Hebrews as his decisive authority; but encounters (perhaps with dismay) the objection that it is anonymous, and certainly is not the composition of Paul, as the English version dishonestly asserts. He thus finds he can no longer insist that the New Testament shall be taken as a whole, but that the task rests on him to prove, *book by book* separately, that each is "inspired,"—which is understood to mean infallible. To the ignorant some teachers will daringly or ignorantly cite as proof: "All Scripture is written by inspiration of God,"—words addressed by Paul to Timothy concerning the *Hebrew* Scriptures, before the Christian books existed or were collected; moreover there is fraud in the translation, which has foisted on us the sacred English word *Scripture*. Paul certainly never meant to say that "Every writing is divinely inspired," which this punctuation of the text makes him say; for scripture and writing are the same word in Greek. But, after all, why are we to trust to Paul's authority, when so many apostolic Christians were in violent controversy with him? Paul himself minutely informs us of his intense opposition to the Church of Jerusalem; which, as the earliest, and as presided over by the immediate disciples of Jesus, was more likely to hold the true doctrine of Jesus than Paul. He entitles brethren who belonged to the school of Jerusalem-Christians, *certain false brethren*, who had bewitched his converts by teaching them a different gospel; and bids them count every one accused who taught any other gospel than his. That these brethren were received as equals and coadjutors by the Apostle James and the other actual disciples of Jesus went for nothing with him. Indeed, how little Paul cared for the apostles he was most anxious that his Galatian converts should know. He minutely tells what a bitter public rebuke he had given to Peter; and concerning "those who seemed to be somewhat," that is, the three great apostles at Jerusalem "who seemed to be pillars," he declares that "whatsoever they were, it was no matter to him." Every chief epistle of Paul shows, more or less distinctly, the sharp controversy between him and the Church of Jerusalem, who are now contemptuously called "the Judaizers;" though they were the original Christian body and form the only historical connection with Jesus himself. That they were fundamentally opposed as to the doctrine of the Atonement, is more than indi-

cated by Paul, when he gives such prominence to "glorying in the cross," implying that his opponents from Jerusalem did not glory in the cross: nay, he actually says they preached circumcision to the gentiles in hope of avoiding persecution for the cross. From the Epistle of James himself the "peculiar doctrines" of Pauline Christianity are wholly absent. That apostle makes true religion to consist in right acting, not in a right creed. The creed of the "devils,"—belief in God's Unity,—satisfies him without a Trinity; only as in the creed of Islam it is added, "and Mohammed is God's prophet,"—so in the creed of James it was contained, "and Jesus is the Lord." Faith, which Paul makes primary, with James is secondary: he sets "works" ahead of faith, and entitles those "vain men," who (with Paul) preached justification by faith. The Apocalypse also makes Jesus vehemently denounce those who (as Paul) approved of (sometimes) eating meat that had been sacrificed to idols; and the phrase, "those who say that they are apostles and are not," is (under all the circumstances) most reasonably interpreted as pointing at Paul. James moreover earnestly implores Christian teachers not to curse one another; on which we have a comment in Paul's curse on those who teach another gospel than his, and in his declaration that he wishes those (teachers from Jerusalem) who trouble the Galatians "were even cut off," which shows that if he could have struck them dead by miracle, or "delivered them to Satan," he would have done it. Thus, while we admit that at least the principal epistles called Paul's are genuine, and that, with the Epistle of James, they are the very earliest and truly valuable historical documents concerning the primitive Christianity, yet when the modern Evangelical appeals to "the New Testament," we have to ask: "To which school of early Christianity do you refer us for the truth? Do you dare to reject the authority of the Jerusalem church, as represented by James? Why expect of us more deference to Paul than that church showed him?"

Another grave matter arises, in regard to the Fourth Gospel. On it, side by side with Paul and the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Evangelical creed is founded. Not that epistle only fails us, and Paul himself, but the Fourth Gospel can no longer be rested on as authentic, or as of the first century. It is not quoted by name earlier than the latter part of the second century: perhaps it is quoted by Justin Martyr in the middle of that century, but he does not impute the book (whatever it is that he quotes) to the Apostle John; and modern criticism seems to have established that the Fourth Gospel represents the advanced opinions of the movement party in the second century, and has no right to be regarded as authentic or historical. [This whole question is very fully discussed in Thomas Scott's *English Life of Jesus*.] Next, since neither Paul nor James alludes to miracles wrought by Jesus, even the first three gospels must probably have incorporated later fabulous accounts; and that they are not contemporary records, there is overwhelming evidence. Clearly, the appeal to the New Testament as decisive of the mind of Jesus is not at all an easy and certain procedure. Moreover, the question arises, Why did Jesus leave us to guess and puzzle out what doctrine he came to teach? Could he have failed to give us authentic documents, had he foreseen at all the fatal mischiefs to follow from the neglect?

Upon all this heap of contrariety, improbability, and uncertainty, follow direct attacks made by modern science. Evangelicism cannot cut itself adrift from the Old Testament. It wants the doctrine of the "Fall" from Genesis; it wants the promises to Abraham; it wants the kingship of David's family; it wants the Messianic prophecies; it insists on the quotations of the Old Testament Scriptures in the New, as testimony from Jesus himself and the apostles to the inspired infallibility of the Old. The Bible, Old and New, collectively is the Protestant's Sacred Book. Yet there is no modern science which does not find gross error in it. Geology condemns its tale of creation and of the universal deluge. Natural history laughs to scorn the feeding of all the animals for a whole year in an ark, and that by eight persons. The actual distribution of animals on the earth proves that they never proceeded from a single centre in Armenia. Chronology confutes the notes of time in the book of Genesis. Professors of languages cannot believe that men talked one language about four thousand years ago. Geography ridicules the four rivers of Eden. Physiology is aghast at the absurdity of demoniacal possessions,—a foolish mistake of the phenomena of epilepsy, mania, catalepsy, and other diseases; to omit many other topics. Astronomy cannot admit that there is a firmament in heaven and waters above the firmament; that evening and morning existed earlier than the sun; that the sun stood still at the command of Joshua, or went back according to the word of Isaiah. History confutes as false many of the prophecies, and not least that of the coming of the Son of Man in heaven before the generation had passed whom Jesus addressed; historical fact shows that all first Christians were under delusion as to

this cardinal original gospel, which announced: "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; the Son of Man is at the door." History further traces that the doctrine of demons, the Devil, and Hell as a place of fiery torment, was learned by the Jews after the Babylonish captivity, from the "pagans" among whom they were mixed, during the era in which, by Jewish and Christian confession, prophecy was mute. These "pagan" monstrosities were sucked in with the mother's milk by Jesus and his disciples, and are now passed off upon us as of Christian and divine origin. Historical criticism detects numberless incongruities, credulity, and even unveracity, in the historical books (so called) of the New Testament, and shows that the law attributed to Moses was unknown in Jerusalem before the days of Josiah. More formidable still, moral science reveals enormous error in the morality of both Hebrew and Christian books; although they are undoubtedly far superior to the contemporary national religions, which is the true cause why they superseded them. Eminently condemned by morality are those cardinal Evangelical doctrines—atonement by "blood," arbitrary favoritism, and the eternal hell. The doctrine of atonement, as noticed above, rests mainly on the Epistle to the Hebrews, which tries to base it on the Jewish law. Yet in that law there is no atonement for moral sins,—such as theft, violence, adultery,—but only for ceremonial neglects. The great day of atonement was for the errors of the people; i. e., for ignorant omissions of ceremonial duty (*agnomata* they are accurately styled in the Greek, Heb. ix. 7); so that the Jewish law is not to the purpose of the argument. Substitution of an innocent victim for a moral offender is an immorality not countenanced by the law of the Hebrews. Last, but not least, philosophy,—that is to say, cultivated thought,—finds it impossible to regard miracles, if miracles existed, as any fit proof of moral doctrine. Miracles, if wrought by a superior power, might be divine or might be devilish: man, as a moral being, would have to judge of their communications, and never could rightly reverse or alter his moral beliefs at their bidding. An authoritative dictation of moral truth through the medium of physical miracle is therefore an idea perniciously absurd. It is not necessary to press the vast attestation of experience, that all pretence to miraculous intervention is delusive.

Surely it is high time for those who value certain spiritual influences of Evangelicism, to base the creed on some safer foundation than "the Bible." In so far as that school holds something true and noble, its real foundation is the inner nature of man. Let them appeal to that nature boldly, and they will save all that is precious. By continuing to rest on an authoritative Bible, which is nothing but a congeries of small books, differing widely in age, character, language, authenticity, historical truth, good sense, and moral worth, they do but expose the precious gold of their creed to be burned up with its hay and stubble.

The *John Bull* remarks upon Continental politics: "Prince Bismark is carrying out with a high hand his crusade against Ultramontaniam; he is applauded not a little by liberal Protestants, but we suspect that the astute occupant of the Papal throne chuckles within himself at the manner in which the great German Minister is playing his game."

"We say nothing of the inconsistency of the line adopted by the German Liberals, because inconsistency comes naturally to every Liberal; but we warn the triumphant majority who are following Prince Bismark's lead, that they are preparing for themselves a terrible retribution hereafter. Whether in Germany or Ireland, the choice lies between Romanism and Atheism. The duty of a Protestant Government is, while strictly preventing any encroachment on the part of Rome, or the rights of the State, or of other fellow-subjects, to allow the Church of Rome perfect freedom to tend her own children as she likes. We may not, and do not, like her views any more than we do those of Quakers and Unitarians—but what can religious liberty mean if it forbids the inculcation of spiritual dogmas? Archbishop Manning's speech at Liverpool on Roman Catholic Education is *mutatis mutandis* what an English archbishop should say, and we believe does say, on distinctive Church-of-England teaching."

The Springfield Union says the reason why Professor Tyndall thinks so much of the Yale boys and so effusively accepts the invitation to lecture before them, is because they afford so brilliant an illustration of his views concerning the inefficiency of prayer. Probably they are prayed for harder and get salvation slower than any other set of young men in the country.—*Amherst Student*.

A young lady from Massachusetts has received from the Michigan University the degree of "Bachelor of Laws." A female bachelor was sometime a paradox, but in these days of progress there is no knowing how soon women may claim to be widowers.—*N. Y. Evening Mail*.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1870, by R. E. Assort, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

IN WHICH RICHARD SABIN TALKS LIKE A
HEATHEN.

If such were the feelings of Mr. Gower's children, it could hardly be expected that his sons-in-law would exhibit more disinterestedness. They displayed, however, a decent average of emotion, and were particularly affectionate and conciliatory towards everybody on the day of the funeral. That was solemnized with sufficient ceremony to excite the admiration of the street near the Hampstead Road, and to satisfy even the undertaker, an old friend of the family, who subsequently sent in a bill which might have done credit to an enemy. The body of John Gower being committed to the earth of Kensal Green Cemetery (the abolition of metropolitan interment forbade its consignment to the family grave at New Bunhill Fields—a supplementary nonconformist necropolis in the Islington-Canonbury quarter, now shamefully desecrated), the mourners returned at a much brisker pace than they went, to consume that amount of port wine and other refreshment which seems inseparable from such occasions, and to hear the will read. Only Paul and his sister, of all the grandchildren, were allowed to be present, as representatives of their absent father; the rest being temporarily banished to the little front parlor, where they ate oranges and almonds and raisins, and drank port wine, until they were released, looking very hot and sleepy.

The will had been made about ten years back, and was drawn up, sealed, signed, and witnessed with an exactness suggestive of the testator's original profession. It directed that the bulk of his fortune, amounting, in its various forms of investment (consisting principally of mortgages on real estate, bank stock, and shares in metropolitan gas companies), to twenty thousand pounds, should be equally divided among his children—upon their mother's decease; the unbroken interest being bequeathed to Mrs. Gower, "as long as she shall continue my widow,"—whereat the old lady could not repress a funny look, despite the gravity of the occasion. The share of any son or daughter deceased was to descend to his or her legitimate offspring—a provision evidently introduced for the benefit of Paul and his sister, as there were no other grandchildren in the same (supposed) predicament. Thus their father and his brothers and sisters inherited (prospectively) over four thousand pounds apiece. There were also some inconsiderable bequests to charities and humble pensioners: the portrait of Mr. Huntingdon, described in the first chapter, was presented to a chapel of the Independent persuasion; and to the Religious Tract Society a legacy of fifty pounds, on condition that it should undertake the editing, condensation, and publication of thirteen manuscript volumes, comprising a sort of irregular journal, extending over many years, in which the testator had recorded his religious experiences and opinions, and which the society subsequently declined as ineligible. Long afterwards, when Paul came to look into these volumes, he did not wonder at the decision.

The will provoked considerable natural dissatisfaction. The sons and daughters had secretly and not unreasonably hoped that their father's parsimony would not have been protracted beyond his existence; that he would have left them their portions immediately, of course excepting a handsome sum for the maintenance of their mother. They were not lacking in affection and respect towards her, but thought that an old lady of seventy and upwards might have lived very comfortably without so much money, of which they themselves not unfrequently felt the need; and that Mr. Gower would have shown more justice as well as natural affection if he had considered their claims and necessities. According to their dispositions and circumstances, all were more or less disappointed. There was, however, nothing for it but acquiescence, though the general feeling found a pretty distinct expression after the reading of the will; when, in fact, there occurred something like a scene, during which the old lady shed tears and strenuously denied having influenced her husband in his testamentary provisions, wishing they had been more in accordance with her children's desire and expectations. (At the same time, she had known them for some years and had never raised, or indeed thought of, the slightest objection.) After which there was a great deal of kissing and disclaiming, and the party presently broke up with many assurances of undiminished affection—which did not alter

their real feelings concerning what had happened.

Subsequently, with the exception of Mrs. Gower's frequent visits to her lawyer (who was also her paralytic brother, of Manchester Street), and the necessity for the old lady's making many journeys into the city under the convoy of his son and partner, things went on very much as usual at the house near the Hampstead Road. It was, at first, very strange to glance at the arm-chair beside the fireplace, and to miss its accustomed occupant; to come upon trifles belonging to and identified with him; and to be, over and over again, reminded of what had occurred by, say Mrs. Gower's widow-cap—for we get reconciled to such bereavements sooner than to their small sequences; but days came and went and brought their inevitable forgetfulness of the past and acceptance of the present. And, as one of the consequences of her husband's decease and her own changed position, the old lady began to develop in almost an entirely new and a very unpleasant direction.

Hitherto the old gentleman's placid temperament had operated upon her disposition as an unconscious emollient, which cheek removed, her temper became quite irrepresible. Then, though she had never been stinted with regard to money, he always took care to hold the purse-strings himself: like all narrow-minded persons, he was fond of power, and its every-day tangible representative. He made a secret of the details of his prosperity, allowing his wife a weekly sum for household expenses; for exceptional ones, she had to ask and give explanations. The course is too common in English households to provoke objection; but Mrs. Gower never liked it, and had contracted, in consequence, that exaggerated idea of the value of money which, I think, pretty frequent among her sex, especially when they cannot earn it; and which, when combined with the fear of poverty, sometimes superinduces a meanness of which men are absolutely incapable. Now, after so many years of comparative dependence, she was mistress of the situation, and disposed to let people know it, her sense of self-importance naturally increasing with her inheritance. Again, it brought with it business-responsibility for which she was quite unfit, and which rendered her irritable; while her age and loneliness made her querulous. She had never been so fretful, so contrary, so capriciously despot, or appeared to so little advantage generally.

Once a not-ungenerous, if arbitrary, old woman, she became extremely sharp about money matters, distrusting the correctness of the various returns made to her of the property, if not the honesty of the senders; who, she thought, would be likely to take advantage of her, if not severely looked after. She gave her brother and nephew an infinite deal of trouble, and almost quarrelled with the latter. She never could be brought to understand that her late husband's fortune—the whole twenty thousand pounds—did not belong to her instead of merely the interest; and was mightily displeased when one of her sons (a country auctioneer and appraiser, with a large family, who would otherwise have been obliged to become bankrupt or emigrate) raised money upon his share; particularly resenting the necessary researches by his lawyer, whom she denounced as a fellow and a pettifogger. She snubbed her trades-folks and taxed their bills. She developed an extraordinary sensitiveness towards imaginary slights in not calling upon her, and was very uncertain in her behavior to visitors; sometimes receiving them grimly, sometimes tartly, and sometimes all but "sending them about their business." She began to like flattery, though it could only be administered at the risk of the flatterer, who was liable, metaphorically speaking, to have his or her head snapped off at any moment; but when persisted in, and all rebuffs put up with, it generally attained its end. She changed her opinions of people very frequently, going from one extreme to the other, and expecting everybody to instantaneously accept her conclusions. More and more she identified her own notions with the will of Providence; regarding dissent from either as equally impious. She began to make wills in behalf of her favorites, for the time being, and to destroy them. She gratuitously surmised that some people wouldn't be very sorry when she was gone, though she might trouble 'em for some time yet. Always rigidly Protestant in faith, her intolerance of Roman Catholicism now became rampant: she opined that "popery" was taking the terrible strides towards the spiritual enslavement of Great Britain, and felicitated herself that she wouldn't live long enough to witness that catastrophe; if indeed the end of all things did not arrive sooner—for the current advocate of that singularly novel and useful theory (which would exert such a beneficial effect upon human affairs generally, if it could only gain ground) found in Mrs. Gower a willing listener. What is more to the present purpose, she rendered Paul's life a burden to him.

Immediately after the decease of her husband, the old lady chose to assume, without the slightest warrant of fact or evidence, that her eldest son would, on receipt of the news, incontinently

repair home from Louisiana to see his old mother; which rather arbitrary supposition postponed all considerations of Paul's intended voyage until his father's hypothetical arrival. On the young man's venturing to dispute this idea (which probably originated in Mrs. Gower's affection, increased self-esteem, and a latent recollection that differences between the dead father and son had indirectly caused the latter's expatriation), his grandmother was mightily offended; and the more so because Ruth shared her brother's opinion. Of her, however, the old lady always stood somewhat in awe, and therefore could not visit her with the expression of her displeasure; which, in consequence, fell in double force upon the unlucky head of Paul, after his sister's return to Northamptonshire. Taking it for granted that her grandson had no rights whatever that anybody was bound to respect, Mrs. Gower tyrannized over him so mercilessly that nothing but the knowledge that her time was short withheld him from open rebellion. It was all the harder to bear, too, because he had cherished a fallacious hope that she would be kinder after the death of his grandfather; that their common loss would soften the hearts of survivors one towards another.

"It's only a couple of months," he groaned to his friend and general confidant, Richard Sabin; "or I'd take French leave at once. It's like a jail," he continued, speaking of course of the Hampstead Road, "and as cheerful. I am always under ban for unspecified, unascertainable offences. Everything I do or say seems subject to an invisible inquisition, which is constantly on the watch to misinterpret and condemn me, and which admits of no appeal. Sometimes the old lady snaps at me, sometimes she only glowers or says 'Hm!' and retires within herself, as if my existence involved an outrage on constituted authority too grievous to be borne or thought of. And all for nothing! I never breathe freely in the house, and shall be glad to turn my back on it, for good and all. I'm sorry to say so, but it's the simple truth."

"I don't know why you should be shy of owning it," responded the Bohemian. "There's plenty of bosh talked about natural affection, which only amounts to a superstition when you come to look into it. If it exhibited itself by leading me a dog's life, I'd rather dispense with it altogether. I see no reason why consanguinity should be absolved from the amenities we expect from other people—why the fact of a man's being your brother, or your grandfather, or your father, if it comes to that, should justify him in making you miserable, or interfering with your right to do as you please. You weren't consulted about the relationship, and the obligation depends upon the manner of its fulfilment. But I never heard of a religious family in which the elders had any idea of common justice, or fair play, towards those whom they think Providence has placed in subjection under 'em—to be pitched into and jumped upon at their own liking! And it's no wonder, either."

"Why?" "Why? Don't you see that all their notions, both of this life and the next, are essentially arbitrary, and involve the pitch-forking of countless millions—by far the greater number of human beings who have ever existed—into such awful suffering, to all eternity, that anything they can inflict here, on their own hook, becomes a mere flea-bite in comparison? Can you expect much feeling, or regard for others, with such a belief? Then they are the elect, remember, and the rest of mankind miserable sinners; hence to dispute their orders or opinions is to be fighting against God Almighty. As his vicegerents they are bound to persecute you. Not to hew Ammon hip and thigh, and put the men of what-you-may-call-it into brick-kilns and under saws and harrows, is a sin, you know. Weren't the Jews a chosen people, and didn't they walk into the Philistines? It's just the same spirit nowadays, only adapted to the nineteenth century. Wherever you find a class of people who live within a peculiarly narrow range of ideas and think they've got a monopoly of God's goodness, to the exclusion of everybody else, be sure they'll be selfish and hard-natured, and make themselves the paramount consideration in everything. And when they've gone on doing this to three-score-and-ten, there's no changing 'em. You'd have to resolve the old lady into her original elements—perhaps to unmake her for several generations—to get it out of her. Why didn't you hit back, years ago?"

"I did, once," Paul truthfully answered. "It was just before I was article to Sam, when I lived entirely at home and was particularly miserable. I wrote a letter to my grandfather asking for a lodging out and separate maintenance until I should be one-and-twenty, when I'd shift for myself. It really produced some impression and temporarily improved my condition, though they affected astonishment and horror at it."

[To be continued.]

If we think of religion only as a means of escaping what we call the wrath to come, we shall not escape it; we are already under it; we are under the burden of death, for we care only for ourselves.—James Anthony Froude.

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

TRIED BY IT.—Never open the Word of God without remembering that you must be tried by it at the judgment seat of Christ.—*Sunday Republic.*

STOP DANCING.—Stop! You are on dangerous ground! You, a member of the church and a dancer! Do you dance "in the name of the Lord Jesus?" (See Col. iii. 17.) "Revelings" (Gal. v. 21) embraces dancing. "They which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Fearful!—*Gospel Echo* (Mar. 27, 1873.)

UPSIDE DOWN.—For there is nothing that so interferes with sin, there is nothing so ruinous to every form of established iniquity, there is nothing that has such tendency to turn the world upside down, as our glorious Christianity. The fact is, that the world now is wrong-side up, and it needs to be turned up-side down in order that it may be right side up.—*Talmage.*

THE DEVIL'S FAULT.—When the devil had set enmity betwixt God and man at the fall of Adam, it was a lovely dawning towards man's recovery when God set enmity betwixt man and the devil, for their friendship had been man's undoing; but it was the glorious sun rising, or noontide rather, when God abolished the enmity betwixt man and himself, and brought and spake peace.—*Lightfoot.*

INFALLIBLE.—The Bible is a veil of pure gold, unalloyed by quartz, or any earthly substance. This is a star without a speck; a sun without a blot; a light without darkness; a moon without its paleness; a glory without a dimness. O, Bible! it cannot be said of any other book that it is perfect and pure; but of thee we can declare all wisdom is gathered up in thee, without a particle of folly. This is the judge that ends the strife, where wit and reason fail. This is the book, untainted by any error; but is pure, unalloyed, perfect truth.—*Spurgeon.*

DAMNED OUT OF CHRIST.—How many awful texts there are in Scripture! They are like so many great glaring red lamps standing across a railway line where it would not be safe to advance. People think that these texts make God out to be unkind. The opposite is true. God is kind and merciful, but he is not merciful to sin. If we die out of Christ, we must be damned; therefore in love God makes these awful warning texts gleam across our path to stop us in our hellward course, that the great day of his wrath come not upon us unawares. Many shut their eyes, and thus have been given over to "strong delusion that they should believe a lie that they might be damned who believed not the truth."—*Sunday Republic.*

THE CRACK OF DOOM.—Beyond the possibility of a doubt we are now in close proximity to the final destiny of the human race. All the symbolic and prophetic arrangements seem to point to these eventful days. I often in surveying our surroundings think that, could I have been permitted to stand beside Adam, and with the ken of a prophet been permitted to view the onward rolling ages, and then close an existence the most pregnant with stupendous events, it seems that the present would have been my desire. The scoffing and taunting of multitudes of the so-called "Reverends" of the present time, against the speedy coming of Christ and those that do teach it, has served to close both the eyes and ears of multitudes, and array them in a lesser or greater degree in opposition against the merciful design of the Almighty, which doubtless was to extend a gracious, saving influence as far as the warning and the invitation should be sounded; concerning which the apostle declares—"Their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." Omens hang in gloomy portents o'er all the universe. Unrest, famine, pestilence, and multifarious plagues, with old earth's groaning and shaking fits, signify the destiny soon to come. Pilgrims, lift up your heads! The light of eternal day will soon burst in all its perpetual and immortal realities to the pure in heart.

As ever, a pilgrim wending homeward, S. S. BREWER.—*World's Crisis* (Boston, Jan. 1, 1873).

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending May 17.

Calvin Williams, \$1.50; Alonzo Peas, 75 cts.; William Berrian, 50 cts.; J. A. Gager, \$1.50; R. S. Mackintosh, 33 cts.; Hannah, 50 cts.; L. T. Wells, 33 cts.; E. M. Davis, \$1.00; Lucretia Mott, \$1.00; D. B. Tripp, 75 cts.; Wm. Rotch, 50 cts.; Hannah E. Stevenson, 50 cts.; Chas. H. Heath, 10 cts.; G. W. Crowell, \$1.50; A. Thompson, \$1.50; W. E. Darwin, \$3.50; Alfred H. Partridge, 33 cts.; Geo. H. Fay, 50 cts.; C. W. Parrott, 23 cts.; A. Lederle, 33 cts.; Richard B. Westbrook, 20 cts.; J. N. Wilson, 30 cts.; L. Adams, 10 cts.; Alex. Cochran, 50 cts.; S. Per Lu, 50 cts.; A. Bunert, 50 cts.; Rachel Campbell, 75 cts.; J. Peter & Co., 33 cts.; Thomas W. Wright, \$1.50.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after ending, will please notify us.

The Index.

MAY 24, 1873.

ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS, *Acting Editor.*
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NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern, New York City, One Share \$7.00
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Second Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Index Association will be held on Saturday, June 7, at 2½ P. M., in the office of THE INDEX, No 112 St. Clair street, Toledo.

Death has reaped a large harvest lately of great and distinguished men.

When such men as John Stuart Mill die, it is difficult to believe in materialism, and think that such intellects are utterly snuffed out like the light of a candle.

The death of Chief Justice Chase is another great bereavement to the nation. Though unquestionably an ambitious man, he was yet a pure and honest one.

Two men yet remain to us in this country whom we hope death may long leave untouched. Charles Sumner, foremost man in spotless statesmanship; Ralph Waldo Emerson, preëminent in the realm of ideas.

Rev. Dr. Peabody—an eminent Unitarian clergyman—says that "true science and divine revelation cannot contradict each other." Exactly so; the reason being that there is no "divine revelation" except that of "true science."

The Catholic *Telegraph* says the number of converts to Romanism in London, during 1872, was upwards of two thousand. Can any other denomination show as great an increase in that city?

We learn from the *Woman's Journal* that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is interested in the conduct of a "Woman's Prayer Meeting," in Boston, which it would appear she designs to use as one of the means for promoting the cause of woman's rights, as well as other reforms. We have no doubt that Mrs. Howe can be as eloquent in prayer as she sometimes is in public addresses; but we would respectfully suggest to this lady that the one to be petitioned has already made up his mind on the subject she has so much at heart, and does not need to have the *pros* and *cons* of the case presented to him by any woman's praying-band.

Rev. D. H. Clark of Northumberland, Pa., whose excellent sermon, "The Last Word," was printed in THE INDEX some months ago, is doing excellent missionary service for the cause of free religion in his part of that State. Having been obliged to leave his own church in Northumberland, for heresy to Unitarian doctrines, he has since lectured in various places to very good audiences, and acted as agent in the sale and distribution of liberal publications. The result of his labors can but be very favorable to the cause of religious freedom; and we wish also that they might accrue to his own advantage in permanently establishing for him a thoroughly radical society.

Since the issue of May 3, when so large a space in this paper was given to a discussion of THE INDEX troubles, it has been our firm purpose (adopted after due consideration) not to have the discussion re-opened in these columns. The case has been fully made up on both sides, and may well go to the tribunal of the stockholders without further controversy here. In the case of Mr. Hallowell, whose article appears in this issue of THE INDEX, we have only to say that he is a regular editorial contributor to the paper, and as such exercises the right which has uniformly been accorded to every member of the editorial staff of THE INDEX, of at all times selecting his own topic and writing in his own vein independent of every other.

THE HEROISM OF MORAL FIDELITY.

We are truly glad when we can heartily agree with any of those from whom we ordinarily find ourselves differing. Our most cordial assent is given to the following from the *World's Crisis*, an Evangelical paper published in Boston. It says:—

"The aspiration for popularity in matters of religious faith should be nipped in the bud, for it is blinding and ruinous in its effects. Instead of asking, What is popular? let us inquire, What is true? . . . It is none of our business whether the truth is popular or not. It is God's light; hold it up, and let it shine. We want the truth, and the whole truth, if we incur reproach by advocating it. . . . Seek to advocate the truth in its simplicity, and in the loving spirit of its divine Author, without regard to its popularity or unpopularity. Love the truth for the truth's sake, and not for the estimates that men put upon it, or withhold from it."

There are just two great forces operating in the moral world: one is the force of truth, the other that of error. Between these two forces there is not the slightest affinity, but a constant antipathy. They never coalesce, and never compromise; the continual tendency of each is to annihilate the other.

Now man comes into intimate and incessant relations with these two forces. He cannot think a thought, say a word, or do a deed that does not involve one or the other of them. His life must be based upon truth or error, and its evolution must proceed in the line of the one force or the other. But it not infrequently occurs that error's way seems far easier than truth's; for though the path of the latter leads always to glory-crowned heights, it often is steep and rugged. Truth almost always demands that we make some self-sacrifice for her, but error is apt to lure us with the promise of speedy gain. Public opinion, also, is generally very unwisely discriminating as between truth and error, and most often is found leaning to the specious side of the latter. Men in masses are poor reasoners. Public conscience is something which admits but of slow growth. Prejudice and passion are the most potent motives with the multitude. New and great thoughts do not dawn on the people first, but on the individual. Inspiration finds freest flow in private channels, and the fulcrum of a grand idea which is to move the world is always the mind of one man. And it is for this reason that a nation is never quite ready for its prophet, but when he comes receives him with surprise if not with anger. Every new truth (or what seems new) has to grow like the new seed—through thick surrounding darkness and a super-incumbent, heavy crust of prejudice. The first apostles of a great reform are invariably met with a shower of stones or words quite as hard; and a devil-temptation is sure to appear to them and offer them great things—safety and popularity—if they will recant their doctrines and stop their work.

Hence, because error is so plausible and so alluring; because the public intellect is so unwisely discriminating, and the public conscience so dull of discernment; because the masses of men are more easily moved by words of passion than by words of reason,—hence it is that what is popular has so many followers, and what is only true has so few. Hence it is so hard for one who in solitude has made up his mind to stand for the truth, to do so when he faces the crowd that clamors against him and it; that so few are able to say to every big and little devil, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" that so many are willing to compromise at last between truth and error, and to try to establish terms of conciliation where there is and can be only eternal, essential antagonism.

In private life as well as in public these two forces of truth and error come to challenge and to prove us. How often it seems to us hard to do right and very much easier to do wrong! How often we hesitate before a duty, shrinking from the sacrifice it demands of us! How often the fear of opposition, of ridicule, of loss of worldly advantage, keeps us faltering in the path of virtue and stumbling over half-formed and uncertain purposes! How often this devil of fear, and those others of pride, ambition, and self-love, meet us in the desert margin of our

unconsecrated mood, and tempt us with their siren voice to be false to duty, to the truth our soul loves!

We know not why it is that in public and private life God has made so often the way of duty to lead through struggle and sacrifice, unless it be that so he would educate us all to be heroic in our manliness and womanliness. Struggle brings strength, and self-sacrifice is the mother of heroism. If there were never any difficulties and dangers for us to confront and conquer, we should never acquire or develop any such quality as courage. It does not conduce greatly to self-respect to do right when all the way is easy, and every one stands by to smile and to approve. We most respect ourselves when we have met and overcome some obstacle, when we have trampled under foot some temptation, when we have laid a costly sacrifice on the altar of duty. It is very foolish to seek martyrdom, and disgusting egotism to parade the martyrdom that has been ours; but it is criminal folly and revolting cowardice to turn our back upon a sad-faced truth which needs our service. Let us cultivate no pseudo heroism by wooing danger and inviting self-sacrifice with braggart bravery and indiscreet persistence; but when they inevitably meet us in the plain line of duty, we will smile on them with serene courage and step on their necks with lofty scorn.

Moreover, we learn to prize that which we labor for and win with toil. The bread of idleness nauseates; the food which energy obtains, nourishes and strengthens. The truth grows venerable in our eyes in proportion as we grow faithful to it. When we see how much it ever has cost to vindicate and establish it, it becomes precious in our eyes as it is in God's. On the shoulders of a long line of martyrs the truth has been borne to its high place in the regard of its followers.

This then is the heroism of moral fidelity, that we never forsake or betray the truth because it is unpopular. If we are called upon to speak or to act for it, speak and act we must, kindly and lovingly, but firmly and perseveringly, though the rabble followers of error howl at us and try to destroy us. Let who will sneak and run, stand we! Let who will seek their interests elsewhere, ours are always where truth and right are: loss for them is gain; gain without them is direst and eternal loss.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association will be held in Boston on May 29, 30.

Thursday evening, May 29, session for business and addresses at Parker Fraternity Hall. At this meeting, the question of Radical organization, including that of forming "Liberal Leagues," will be discussed.

Friday, May 30, forenoon and afternoon, Convention for essays and addresses in Tremont Temple. On Friday evening, a Social Subscription Festival is to be held, at which there will also be brief speeches.

A specially attractive Convention, having new features of interest, is anticipated. Further particulars as to subjects and speakers will be given in the Boston papers.

WM. J. POTTER,
Secretary.

The great Brooklyn preacher has at last met his match in his own line. A man, styling himself "the Son of God," entered Mr. Beecher's study the other day, and for two mortal hours preached to the preacher! This was more of a good thing than Mr. Beecher himself could stand; and so he called a policeman, and had the pseudo "Son of God" arrested and taken to the police station, where the general conclusion was reached that the fellow was crazy. On the penalty of being declared insane, let not Mr. Beecher henceforth dare to extend his discourses to the length of two hours. We once listened to him in his own church, when his sermon very nearly reached that fatal point.

JOHN STUART MILL.

The death of John Stuart Mill could not but make a profound impression wherever the English language is spoken,—wherever, in fact, the light of modern thought has penetrated. His name has for years been before the world as that of the greatest creator of opinion in England, not only commanding the attention of every reflecting mind by the boldness, depth, and sagacity of his own particular views, but also stimulating mental activity everywhere by showing that it would be equally unsafe and unwise to leave unappreciated the general position whence those views were taken. Whether in political and politico-economical researches, in reformatory and ethical questions, or in philosophical criticism and the study of logic as affected by modern science, no one can justly regard himself as a well-read man who is not familiar with Mr. Mill's writings. It is safe to say that neither Sir William Hamilton nor Auguste Comte, perhaps the two most illustrious exponents in this century of the eternally dissimilar Platonic and Aristotelian tendencies under which all thinking has been aptly classified, can be comprehended or fitly judged by the student of philosophy, until the masterly criticisms of their works by John Stuart Mill have been read, re-read, and thoroughly digested. It is equally safe to say that no modern radical can without conceit consider himself thoroughly grounded in the principles of radicalism until he has made himself well acquainted with that wonderful little essay on "Liberty" which is a veritable gospel of human progress. And certainly no one is qualified to open his mouth on the great issue between utilitarian and intuitionist ethics, until he has mastered that superb paper on "Utilitarianism" which probably gives the highest possible interpretation to the moral philosophy it advocates.

In truth it must be confessed that one of the very few great minds of this century has now sunk beneath its horizon. But this is not the place to discuss the greatness of it in the regions of the higher speculation. In religious thought it is doubtful whether the world will ever know the exact position occupied by Mr. Mill. He was reticent, and, so far as we remember, has left on record no explicit avowal of his religious opinions on some very interesting points. But that he was radical in the extreme is proved by his advocacy of the extreme liberty of thought. His manly refusal to be catechized by the electors of Westminster in 1865, when a candidate for Parliament, on the ground that it was an impropriety to pry into the religious convictions of any political candidate, made a marked impression at the time, and did much to weaken the influence of intolerant Orthodoxy. The peculiar caution which led him, perhaps for the sake of promoting the general increase of freedom in religious thinking, to withhold the public avowal of his own special conclusions, by which side issues might be raised to the detriment of the broad principle at stake, was eminently characteristic of the man; but there was no tincture of either mental or moral cowardice about it. On the contrary, no man ever displayed more conspicuously the "courage of his opinions," when he thought the occasion demanded utterance.

While making the preliminary preparations for commencing the publication of THE INDEX, having been previously favored with some correspondence with Mr. Mill, I sent him a Prospectus of the new paper, with the expression of a wish that he would assist the enterprise with a letter to be inserted in the first number. His reply has remained unpublished hitherto, out of scrupulous respect for his preference in the matter. But now that death has cancelled the restriction, I think the readers of THE INDEX will be interested to know that John Stuart Mill wished it well, even before its birth; and accordingly I subjoin the letter:—

AVIGNON, Dec. 11, 1869.

"Dear Sir,—You have rightly judged that I should sympathize with an attempt to raise the standard of free and unfettered discussion on religious as on all other subjects; involving neces-

sarily the same unlimited liberty of disbelief as of belief. Whether that attempt is made by professing Christians, or by persons who do not take that name, it is equally welcome to me; so long as, whichever side they take, they are willing and able to do justice, both logically and historically, to the other side. There is nothing in your letter and Prospectus that tends to give any other than a favorable idea of the spirit in which you have set about your undertaking. But to come before the public as giving what would be sure to be construed, however untruly, and however contrary to your intention, as a kind of voucher or guarantee for the merits of the projected newspaper, would, as it seems to me, be only suitable in those who have much greater means of knowledge than I possess of the manner in which it is likely to be carried on, both in respect of opinion and otherwise. I am, therefore, unable to comply with your wish that I should write you a letter to be inserted in your journal, and must content myself with this private expression of my good wishes.

"I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

"J. S. MILL.

"F. E. ABBOT, Esq."

The United States, during the great rebellion, had no truer friend abroad than Mr. Mill. With the spirit of our institutions he sympathized profoundly, even to the extent of wishing the institutions themselves more faithfully conformed to it in practice. His word was ever for emancipation, for negro suffrage, for the enfranchisement of woman; and the above letter shows how thoroughly he desired also the absolute liberation of human thought. A great and mighty champion of progress, a pure, upright, and high-minded man, has fallen; and the reverence of a world attends his obsequies.

F. E. A.

ANOTHER TEST.

The critics of the Religion of Humanity—if that be the name for the new faith that is dawning—take up positions which are themselves open to criticism, not from their antagonists only, but from all thoughtful men. One we remarked upon in our recent article entitled "More or Less." Another we find in a well-written and candid paper printed in the last number of the *Religious Magazine*. The point is best conveyed in the reviewer's own language:—

"Our daily bread is taken from us, and not even a stone is given to supply its place. We are bereaved in our highest affections and our grandest hopes. That which gives its most affecting charm to beauty by making it immortal, and that which lends its highest inspiration to the heart by associating it with the Eternal love, are wanting; and bereavement and desolation, or insensibility and indifference, leave their fatal mark on everything around us."

Such a passage as this opens a vast field of discussion into which we cannot think of entering now. Want of space forbids. We cannot even dwell on the subordinate features of the statement; though we must vindicate them. The complicated assumption wrapped up in the sentence is such as all old, accepted, established, and therefore unchallenged, religions are chargeable with. Judaism urged against the primitive Church, Paganism urged against the Church of the fourth and fifth centuries, the same objections that Christianity urges against the teachers of rational religion. Rational religion, if it ever gets recognized, will probably urge the same objections against the unbelievers in all religion. *The established faith takes itself for granted*, deems proof superfluous. Of course all who receive it are happy and good; of course all who reject it are unhappy and weak. The least reflection shows that it is not a matter of course at all. The believers are not all happy and good; the unbelievers are equally good and equally happy, perhaps better and happier; but possession is nine-tenths of law, and sentiment supplies the other tenth. When the new faith shall have gained possession of a large domain of mind, it will have the same title to the same assumption.

The sentence quoted involves another assumption of a more serious character; this,—that the

virtue of a faith is shown in its power to "give an affecting charm to beauty," to "associate the heart's affections with Eternal love," to chasten, humble, and console. But this is a matter that is open to discussion and doubt. If a "religion of sorrow" be needed,—as it certainly may be in some of life's emergencies,—it cannot be conceded that Christianity has a pre-eminence in that regard, over the Religion of Humanity. But neither can it be conceded without argument, that the crowning quality in any religion is its capacity to pacify grief, relieve loneliness, or subdue passion. Other qualities are admirable in men besides trust, acquiescence, resignation, gentle submission to the will of God, confident hope of future bliss. Other qualities are precious in a religion besides those which comfort. Christianity has displayed its genius—not triumphantly, but conspicuously—in soothing the human heart; the new faith must show its genius in kindling it. The world has been comforted too much; it needs to be nerved. Men have learned more than is wholesome of the Eternal love; they need to hear something of the Eternal justice and the Eternal truth. Courage, fortitude, self-reliance, manliness, readiness to accept the world as it is and take existence as it comes, to ask no more than is reasonable and claim no more than is just, are virtues sorely in demand among men and women. The "man of sorrows" must give place to the "man of joys." The time is coming, we are persuaded, when the test of a religion will be its power to tone people up to their duty, and make them exult in their privilege,—doing a great deal more than *reconcile* them to the universe they live in. Its work will be not to hush complaint, but to render complaint impossible.

But why should any sentimental test be required? Why should a religion be tried by its presumed capacity to console men, or inspire them, or to do anything else with them or for them that may be thought desirable? Why should it be an objection to a religion that it fails, or is likely to fail, in doing this, that, or the other service; in begetting a sense of righteousness or a conviction of sin, in bringing men under the promise of the divine Law or making them sensible of the heavenly Love? It is time that all this debate about gains and losses, advantages and disadvantages, should give place to a disposition to find what is most in accordance with the nature of things, what best explains the actual facts; in a single word, *what is true*. If a religion be true, that is enough; it will certainly lack no desirable quality that a faith should possess. If it be not true, if it exist by authority or tradition, whatever apparent recommendations it may produce will avail little to justify it. Sooner or later this must be the test.

O. B. F.

A PROTEST—AN APPEAL.

As a Director in the Index Association I desire to record my unqualified disapproval of the action of some of my colleagues, whereby Mr. Abbot was compelled to resign the editorship of this paper. The vote of March 13 was equivalent to a dismissal of Mr. Abbot. I question the right even of the full Board to make such a radical change in the conduct of THE INDEX; and I am amazed at the audacity of the minority who, without so much as notifying us of their intention, passed this remarkable resolution. It was an act of bad faith to those of us who were absent. These men betrayed their trust.

I was not in the country when this wretched business was made public, but since my return have given it careful investigation. From a mass of vilification and personal abuse I have sifted the evidence, and from the ringleader's own lips have heard the charges and complaints against Mr. Abbot. And now I pronounce them absurdly frivolous, except where they are maliciously false. With Mr. Abbot's enemies it is "rule or ruin." I am satisfied that they plotted to control THE INDEX for their own ends, and finding Mr. Abbot unavailable as a tool, they determined to sacrifice him. I shall not use these columns to discuss the subject, and I would gladly hold my peace altogether; but I am re-

mind that every one of my colleagues has spoken, and silence on my part may be misconstrued.

Friends of THE INDEX! If you would vindicate—no; Mr. Abbot does not need vindication—if you would rebuke dishonesty and incapacity; if you desire THE INDEX to prosper; if you wish to rescue it from its present peril and save it for the sacred cause to which it was originally pledged,—I appeal to you to reinstate Mr. Abbot, and to elect a Board of Directors who will aid and not thwart him in the prosecution of his work.

RICHARD P. HALLOWELL.

"TO WHAT DANE USES MAY WE COME AT LAST."

It is always dangerous to give a great man's name to an organization, for it may live to do something very inconsistent with his principles. The Channing Conference—composed of certain Unitarian churches in Massachusetts and Rhode Island—was presided over, at its late session, by Governor Padelford of Rhode Island, one of the two Governors who signed the call for the late "Christian Amendment" Convention. To hold to the principles of Channing, on the one side, and of the Church-and-State Amendment on the other, is a feat that might puzzle even a Rhode Island politician.

T. W. H.

Communications.

A PARALLEL.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

The enormous expenditure for churches, and their freedom from taxation, has become a matter of considerable importance with those who cannot accept the Jewish Jehovah with his vanity and thirst for blood. That so many temples should be built and dedicated to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob (for Jehovah never claimed to be the God of any other people) is truly a blot on the civilization of the present age. It seems that Christianity, in adopting this Jewish Deity, thought it necessary to accept the tithes he instituted for church and temple purposes; for did he not order his house at Jerusalem to be overlaid and inlaid with gold? Following this example, churches all over the Christian world are built to the tune of from five thousand to a hundred thousand dollars, and in Catholic countries they often reach a much higher figure.

But, while the Liberal press is very justly denouncing this great wrong, it seems to forget its twin-brother, Free Masonry, which erects its temples to this same Divinity, costing not only from five thousand to a hundred thousand dollars, but in many instances reaching the enormous sum of five hundred thousand dollars; and these Masonic temples, like churches, are exempt from taxation. Unlike Christianity, Free Masonry, with all its attendant extravagances, is run for men alone, and very often too at the expense of family interests—the wives and children of the members in some cases going without needful comforts in their poor homes, while the husband and father reclines on softly cushioned seats, or circumbulates on velvet carpets and feasts his eyes on finely-garnished walls at every turn. For the benefit of these "Sons of Light," *The Square* advertises "robes for High Priests" for five hundred dollars and upwards; Chapeaus for thirty-six dollars. Polard & Leighton, of Boston, will furnish a Crown, Mitre, and Turban, for forty to one hundred dollars; Breast Plate, one hundred dollars; Ark, twenty to thirty dollars; Incense Burner, twenty-five dollars; Manna Pot, two and a half dollars; Incense, and Red Fire, six dollars; Aaron's Rod, and the Burning Bush, thirty dollars. Many of the furbelows for this institution, denominated *Regalia*, are ornamented or embroidered with gold, and finished with gold tassels—all exempt from taxation. Surely the United States needs a "Dis-establishment!"

In this Order woman is classed with idiots and slaves; and in the old constitution we read: "No Mason shall debauch a brother's wife, daughter, or concubine;" thereby placing the three on the same equality—Solomon with his thousand women being their "Great Exemplar;" and no woman says nay! The Order is founded on the Bible, the "Great Light of Masonry," "God's inestimable Gift to Man," which must be respected.

Christianity says: "Ho! every one that thirsteth; come, buy and eat without money and without price." Free Masonry says: If you are a man, "with a perfect and upright body, having the use of your limbs as a man ought to have," with fifty or sixty dollars, and no enemy in the Lodge to blackball you, you can be initiated into our mysteries which "represent one under the

doctrine of love, saved from the grave of iniquity, and raised to the faith of salvation." Christianity says: "Although your sins are as scarlet, the blood of Christ will make you white as wool." Free Masonry says: Although you have been "wandering in helplessness, darkness, and ignorance, amid the pollutions of the profane world, we will withdraw the veil which hitherto concealed Divine Light," "break the chains which have restrained you in moral and intellectual captivity," and "teach you to be nourished with the hidden manna of righteousness, to be refreshed with the word of the Lord, and to rejoice with joy unspeakable in the riches of Divine Grace."

Which is the greater humbug of these two systems? F. W.

HEALDSBURG, CALIFORNIA, Feb. 24, 1873.

FREE CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF FLORENCE, MASS.

This Society held its tenth annual meeting Monday night, April 7, 1873. H. H. Bond, temporarily presided, in the absence of the moderator. The report of the Executive Committee, by Mr. Hunt, chairman, referred to the origin of the Society and declared: "Our bond of union is simply to agree to seek after truth and goodness, and to agree to disagree in matters of opinion. In this brief but broad statement are found the talismanic words which unlock the secret of securing the strength of union without restricting freedom of speech, liberty of thought, and the rights of conscience. This plan of a religious organization challenges the closest scrutiny, and is a natural outgrowth, if not the bright consummate flower, of the reformation begun by Luther." The report spoke of the Society as prospering, recapitulated the speakers, and stated that the subjects embraced a wide range of topics, treated with that faithfulness, impartiality, and eloquence, which can be had only on a platform where perfect freedom of speech is maintained. The report also referred to the pastoral changes during the year; described the new Hall now in process of building for the exclusive use of the Society; alluded to the successful working of the Sunday School; and closed with pronouncing the Free Congregational Society a success, affirming that it had spread broader and more enlightened views, and promoted harmony and human brotherhood. The Committee say: "Is it not to our credit that we candidly and fairly hear both sides, while the sectarian churches allow only their own to be heard? Where the spirit of truth is, there is liberty. We encourage progress and scientific investigation. The defenders of the old religion say that some of their doctrines could not have been found out by reason alone. We believe it; therefore we go for reason."

The Committee, consisting of Seth Hunt, A. T. Lilly, and E. L. Hammond, appointed by the chair to draft resolutions on the resignation of the senior pastor, Rev. C. C. Burleigh, reported as follows:—

Whereas, C. C. Burleigh, for fifteen years the resident speaker for this Society, has resigned that position for the purpose of accepting a call to a new field of labor in the West, thus severing a connection which has existed from the foundation of the Society, therefore it is

Resolved, That this departure of a long-tryed friend and teacher is, and must ever be remembered as, a marked event in the history of the Society, and one which we cannot let pass without some token of our respect to him who is about to leave us. His resignation brings forcibly to our minds what has been done in the past to bring about the present. A feeble beginning, with strong opposition and wavering prospects, called for work of no ordinary kind, for a resident speaker with qualities of no common character. Both we found in our retiring teacher and friend. He has given to his work a wealth of reasoning, a nobleness of purpose, an integrity of life, which have gained us strength at home and influence abroad. He has labored to lay deep and wide the foundation of our organization, and we would here record our high estimate of his labors; and let it be

Resolved, That we would take this means of expressing our lively interest in his new work, to which he brings the enlarged experience acquired in the old, and to offer our united sympathy and cordial well-wishing. Also we would express our gratification that his home is to remain here, and we hope that this may keep his interests to a great extent still among us, and aid in cementing the close ties of friendship which have grown up with fifteen years' labor in a common cause.

The report was accepted, and, after further business, the meeting adjourned. S. H.

THE COST SYSTEM.

EDITOR INDEX:—

In No. 163 of THE INDEX I notice a communication from Mr. Benj. R. Tucker, of Boston. He lays it down as a fundamental principle that "cost must govern price," and infers that if any man obtains from any other man an article for less than its cost, he has stolen something from the producer. This doctrine suits me exactly; for this year my crop of wheat cost me a little over three dollars a bushel, counting labor and seed only. Now the whole community about here are trying to steal from me (unconsciously no doubt) a dollar and fifty cents per bushel on this wheat; for the highest they offer is a dollar and a half for what cost me more than three dollars. I am very glad to find an equitable man in Mr. Tucker, who will no doubt send on immediately and buy my wheat at cost price.

Now I have a neighbor who is constantly, after

this fashion, stealing from me or some one else (I think it must be from me, for we have adjoining farms). Forty years ago we bought lands of equal quality, and commenced farming. From that time to the present, I know that in seed and labor the grain I have raised has cost me on an average one-third more than his grain has cost him; yet I have never (people are so inclined to theft) been able to get as much per bushel as he. Besides all this, he has (and with less labor than I have bestowed) so improved his land that, at the present time, he can sell it at least for one-third more per acre than I can. But the true rule is, "Cost should govern price." What business then has my neighbor with property more than double mine, when its "cost" has been much less? Plainly he is a thief, and has stolen it, unconsciously of course; but in "equity" he should now divide.

A CASE.—Two men buy equal quantities of land, and commence farming; in equal lengths of time they make a thousand dollars each. One so improves his land with his thousand that its yield is two hundred dollars a year more, over and above labor (or "cost"), than before; the other loans his thousand at six per cent, and gets sixty dollars a year. Now which is the greater sinner (of course they are both thieves), the one who steals the two hundred, or he who steals the sixty? But there is a third person implicated in this matter—the man who borrowed the thousand. He, like the first, lays out the borrowed thousand and makes his land more productive by two hundred dollars a year, above labor, than it was before; he too is another unconscious thief to the amount of one hundred and forty dollars a year! Or will you say that the first and last are honest men, and lay all the iniquity on the sinner who is content with his sixty a year, with the addition of risk, lost time in loaning, collecting, &c.? O logic, logic! thou art a wonderful thing—when chopped up.

E. L. CRANE.

TIPPECANOE CITY, Feb. 8, 1873.

UNBELIEVING ENGLISH STATESMEN.

EDITOR INDEX:—

Dear Sir,—The following may perhaps be interesting to your readers:—

In England, time of James II., when the king was attempting to introduce that refined and beautiful organized system of priestcraft and superstition, the Roman Catholic Church, Middleton—one of the Secretaries of State, a man of ability, and, although hardly a free thinker, having no strong religious principles—was visited by a Catholic divine who tried to reconcile the Secretary's understanding to the mysterious doctrine of "transubstantiation." This proving ineffectual, the priest remarked: "Your Lordship believes in the Trinity." "Who told you so?" replied Middleton; "you come here to prove your opinions, not to ask mine." The priest, thunderstruck, retired.

Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, of the same period, was visited by another of the Mass-slinging and wafer-distributing fraternity, who attempted to convert him to the same dogma; but was sent off with the following remark from his lordship: "I have convinced myself, by much reflection, that God made man; but I cannot believe that man can make God."

The latter remark suggests to me Col. Ingersoll's lecture entitled, "An honest God is the noblest work of man."

Yours truly,

R. A. SKUES.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 19, 1873.

GOSPEL TINKERS.—For a certain woman whose young daughter had an *unclean spirit*, heard of him, and came and fell at his feet; and she besought him that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter. . . . And he said unto her, for this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter.—Mark viii. 25, 26, 29.

A Brooklyn popular preacher, preaching "the Gospel" according to Brooklyn on the above miracle, as we find in his valuable lucubrations recorded in *The Methodist*, holds forth as follows:—

"This woman was a mother, and she had an afflicted daughter. The child had a *virulent, exasperating, convulsive disease*, called the possession of the devil. The mother was just like other mothers: she had no peace so long as her child was sick."

What a pity the Lord and the Evangelists could not have enjoyed the privilege of "sitting under" a gentleman like this, who would have corrected their Syrian ignorance by informing them that what they called "the devil" was only "a virulent, exasperating, convulsive disease!"

The truth is, were it not for a few smart Yankee preachers, we might, some of us, ignorantly believe that the Lord Jesus Christ knew what he was talking about, and meant what he said!—*Church Journal*.

In science, read, by preference, the newest books; in literature, the oldest. The classic literature is always modern. New books revive and decorate old ideas; old books suggest and invigorate new ideas.—*Bulwer*.

NEGRO THEOLOGY.—The real, though perhaps unconscious creed of a vast number of persons is well expressed in the advice given by an old black man to a wild young Virginian: "Massa Richard," said this hoary evil-doer, solemnly lifting up his hand to emphasize his admonition, "if there is a hereafter, don't carry on; but," he added, suddenly breaking out into enthusiasm and a broad grin, "if there ain't no hereafter, carry on powerful!"

I am sorry to say that the young gentleman in question adopted the latter half of his sage mentor's instruction with a readiness with which advice is seldom received, or at least acted upon.

Talking of a future existence recalls the opinion pronounced upon his own prospects and those of his race, by an elderly mulatto man, the dining-room servant in a house on the banks of the Rappahannock. He was overwhelmingly genteel; and to see him solemnly retreat to the butler's pantry before allowing himself the luxury of a smile or a cough, made one quite ashamed to indulge in such demonstrations. He scarcely ever spoke; but when he did so, it was to express some decided conviction as to the inevitable destiny of his race in this world and the next.

"It's no use to tell me," he would jerk out in short sentences, "that white folks and niggers are going to the same place in heaven. Sure as you are born, there'll be a quarter built up for us to live in. And they'll have something for us to do. Why, they'll set us to pushing along the clouds if they can't find anything else."

Before the war, there lived on a plantation near Lynchburg an old colored preacher whose sermons were truly remarkable. One day his master, who happened to be passing, paused to listen to him as he discoursed to his fellow-servants. His subject was hell and its horrors, which he described in terrible terms, declaring that there was "whipping and whaling and snatching out of teeth." He then proceeded, with a touch of Dantean vigor, to tell his hearers that hell was a region of fearful cold, where ice and snow covered all things, and where freezing was the favorite punishment.

"Why, Cesar," said his master the next time they met, curious to learn why the preacher differed so strongly from the usually accepted theory of the infernal regions, "what makes you tell my servants that hell is a cold place?"

"Law, massa, I don't dare tell them people nothing else! Why, if I was to say that hell was warm, some of them old rheumatic niggers would be wanting to start down that the very first frost!"—*Mrs. Seemiller, in Old and New.*

JONAH AND THE WHALE.—A sceptic tells you that Jonah would have been killed in the process of swallowing, and that he could not, anyhow, have lived three days in such close quarters, but would have been smothered by the poor ventilation. How the good Christians immediately go to work and try to explain the whole thing by natural laws, so as to please the rationalists, and say that a whale is an air-breathing fish; that every little while it comes up to the surface, and that the whale that swallowed Jonah did the same thing, and thus got a supply for itself and for the prophet! Why not rather say that God can do anything; and he could take Jonah through the whale's throat although the throat would not have been half large enough ordinarily to let him pass, and could have kept him alive in the whale five years without any air if he had chosen to. Who made the whale? God. Then he could do anything he pleased with either of them.—*Rev. T. D. Talmage.*

The German Emperor has determined that the office of Catholic Bishop of the Prussian Army shall be abolished. The present Army Bishop Namszanoski was suspended for disobedience a little while ago. The Catholic army chaplains are now placed again under the Bishops of their respective dioceses, as before the last reign, when a special military Bishop was nominated in concert with the Pope.—*Church Journal.*

A well-informed writer states that there are within a radius of twenty miles from the Boston public library, and including that collection, at least 400,000 volumes in the dozen or twenty libraries which are open to the public without charge of any kind; and that in the libraries of colleges, societies, clubs, Sunday-schools, and parishes, within the same area, are also 600,000 volumes accessible to the public upon easy conditions. Thus a population of five or six hundred thousand men, women, and children, filling Boston and the outlying towns, are in possession of libraries which contain a million books.—*Commonwealth.*

The will of Napoleon III. has been proved in England. His personal property is sworn under £120,000; and this he leaves to the Empress without reserve. To the Prince Imperial it is said only one bequest is made—the Imperial Crown. The Prince Imperial is seventeen years old.—*Church Journal.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.

The following numbers of THE INDEX for 1873 can no longer be supplied on orders: Nos. 167 (March 8), 168 (March 22), 170 (March 29), 171 (April 5).

THE LITTLE BOUQUET.

The Little Bouquet is the name of a Magazine for Children and Youth to be issued by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House of Chicago. The well-known ability of this concern ensures the success of this undertaking; and it will fill a want deeply felt, and heretofore unsupplied. See advertisement in another column.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBL. CO.

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Truth Relative, yet Absolute.

BY A. W. STEVENS.

Nineteen hundred years ago, more or less, a young man stood before a Roman governor of the province of Judea. He stood in that presence to answer for the faith that was in him, and that was impelling him forward in a career of high self-sacrifice and devotion. In a moment of enthusiasm he had said: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness to the Truth." Now the Roman governor would question him of that saying; and he asks, somewhat scornfully, "What is Truth?"

Ah, Pontius Pilate! were you aware what a mighty question you were asking? Short, indeed, and easy to ask; but how difficult to answer!

The young man heard the question in silence. He vouchsafed no reply. Had he chosen to speak, none about him could have answered it so wisely. The Truth was what he loved; it was what he came to speak for; its august voice commanded his unhesitating soul; and he stood ready to live or die for its vindication. And yet he kept silence when the Roman governor bade him speak and declare what Truth was. Why did he do so? Was it ignorance that held his tongue? No; it was wisdom, rather. He knew the Truth so well that he knew it could not be dogmatically defined. He believed in it, and yet he would not limit it with a mere word; his soul was fired with it, but he did not dare try to express it in a phrase. He stood only in the penumbra of its sphere, seeing but its dim outlines, and knowing full well that its orbit swept outward and included infinity; and his profound heart felt and knew that the Truth was illimitable and undefinable.

Hence it was that Jesus kept silence in the presence of his questioner. Hence it was that Pilate, who represented a power whose ambition it was to engirdle the world with its dominion, could not tempt this modest disciple of the Truth to venture any definition of that which his being was devoted to, but which he knew could not be bounded or comprehended. One of his last sayings to his own disciples was: "The spirit of Truth, that shall lead you into all truth."

And yet, what this wise and modest teacher did not presume to do, so many of his followers since have considered themselves competent to undertake. Have Christians in every century been backward, like their master, to attempt definitions and limitations of the Truth? When have they ever manifested any such modesty? The history of Christendom does not point out. On the contrary, we read how often Christians have assembled in councils, in synods, in presbyteries, to answer once and for all the question, "What is Truth?" As though it were some palpable piece or parcel of the earth, some scrap of a tangible domain or territory, these convened ecclesiastics have gone about to mark out and define the Truth, and to say it began here and ended there, and was bound so and so. And what is not less remarkable than the boldness of their attempt, is the unsettledness of its conclu-

sion. These self-constituted surveyors and demarcators of the Truth have found it somehow necessary to keep their measuring lines always in hand; and though they have persisted in the rashness of driving down stakes, they have as often had to take them up again. The political map of Europe has not been subject to more vicissitudes than has that chart of doctrines which councils and synods and presbyteries have in vain essayed to fix and finish. For kings and emperors have not been more opposed and opposing than have they. Rivalries among would-be potentates of temporal affairs have fully had their match of rivalries among ambitious ecclesiastical sovereignties.

What therefore has been the result? The result has been that, though the question "What is Truth?" has found many ready with the claim of ability to answer it, fully and definitely, the answers given have not been more numerous than various and conflicting. The result has been that, though many bold attempts have been made to answer this question, it has never yet been answered; and the wisdom of the silence of Jesus has been fully vindicated. The question he modestly declined to answer, not only never has been answered, but it never can be. No man knows the Truth well enough to tell it,—well enough to round out its sentence of definition and finish it with a final period.

And what we say concerning this question, "What is Truth?" we may also say of that other question, "What is Right?" One is hardly more undeterminable than the other. That is, no man or set of men can be found who can answer either of these questions once and forever, for each and for all.

By some one it has been said that nothing which has at one time, and by one people, been regarded as a virtue, has not at another time, and by another people, been regarded as a vice. This is hardly an exaggeration of the fact. The conscience, like the intellect, of the human race has gone through many gradations of development,—must go through many more. And every stage gives a different standpoint of observation and judgment. Hence the standard of Truth and Right has never been uniform and fixed,—is in fact ununiformable and unfixable. There is no end—never has been any—even among one people, or one set of religionists, to the diversity of opinion as to what is True and what is Right. And when you take mankind all through, of course the standard of faith and the standard of duty will be found to be much more wavering and unsettled. The sea of human thought and opinion, like the sea that girds the continent, has ever been kept in continual agitation by counter-currents and winds setting and blowing, now from this quarter and now from that, changing the climes and the growths thereof, even of the self-same region, from frigid to temperate, from temperate to torrid, and belting the continent of humanity with hues and strata of many and various beliefs.

Now in consequence of this fact of the great diversity of intellectual and moral judgments among men, some have been led to think and to declare that there is no such thing as absolute, unconditioned Truth and Right, outside and independent of all human judgment; that these terms—Truth and Right—are relative terms, expressive of that which rests, not upon eternal and immutable grounds, but upon the shifting sands of individual opinion and sentiment; that, in short, there is no grand invariable system or principle of Truth and Right, by which all men's judgments are measured, but that every man makes his own truth and right as he goes along, and is accountable to himself and to nothing higher.

I believe this to be a large overstatement if not a perversion of the fact. Men do differ greatly as we know, but they all differ about something. And that something they differ about is the very eternal and absolute thing itself, to which all their various opinions and judgments are related. That this may become more apparent, let us ask why men differ at all in their notions of what is True and what is Right.

When two persons look at any one object together, they do not see it exactly alike; it bears a different aspect to one from what it does to the other. To one, perhaps, it seems a little larger than to the other; or a little more remote; or to

have a different color or a different shape; or to be more beautiful. The impression which the object makes upon the two beholders is not precisely alike in any particular. Why? For two reasons: first, because the object itself has really various features and aspects, and appears different according as you view it from different standpoints; and second, because the two beholders look at it with different powers of vision and with unlike capacities of appreciation and judgment. One may be far-sighted and the other near-sighted, which will account for the object appearing more remote to the one than to the other. One may be more skilled in measuring the dimensions of objects with the eye than the other, which will account for its seeming larger or smaller to the one than to the other. One may be more ideal and imaginative than the other, which will account for its seeming more beautiful to the one than to the other. The object itself, however, notwithstanding all these differences of opinion and judgment concerning it, is real and does exist. It only presents different aspects to different persons, who look through different eyes from different stand-points. If both could look at it from exactly the same position, with exactly the same capacity of judgment and appreciation, it would present the same aspect to all.

Just so it is when two men or more look at any doctrine or action involving questions of truth and right—they decide about it differently. Why? Because (1) every such doctrine and action is more or less complex,—it has more than one side or aspect; and (2) because men's capacities are no more infallible and uniform in judging and estimating immaterial than material things. But the very fact that men so differ about what to them is true and what is right, is suggestive of still another fact; and that is that there is an absolute and unchangeable Truth and Right, of which we get these partial and various glimpses. When we look at a star in the heavens, we do not see the star itself, but only the light which comes from it. And that light is shed forth in rays which are gathered up into a focus on the retina of our eyes; and as some eyes gather more of these rays and some fewer, the star appears brighter and larger to some than to others, and to some more remote. Nevertheless, although on account of its distance from us we do not see the star itself, but only a representation of it; and although the representation appears different to one from what it does to another,—the star itself is a fact in the skies; it is there, complete, steady, and secure. So, when we look at the Truth with our finite vision, we do not in one sense see it, because it is infinite and high above us; we get only the broken rays which come from it, straggling here and straggling there into our small, weak minds, visiting some with greater fullness than others, according as they have the capacity to receive and understand. But although the Truth, because of its infinite proportions and our finite vision, does not appear in its completeness to any one of us; and although one gets one aspect of it and another another,—still, like the star, it is an absolute fact in the spiritual heavens, entire, perfect, and eternal.

Men, then, differ in their judgments and opinions as to what is truth and what is right, not because the Truth and the Right do not in themselves exist unconditioned and absolute, but for the very reason that they do so exist, and that men are trying the best they can to find them out, and meet with only partial success. The Truth and the Right are real and eternal things, independent of all human conceit and imagination; and men differ about them because the finite cannot comprehend the infinite, but must attain to it by degrees and slowly, and because men in looking at these things look from different standpoints, and so get different views of the very same objects. For though all men do not hold the same opinions about these things, every man holds some opinion about them. There was never yet a sane man, nor a race of men, but had some kind of religion and some kind of morality; but believed in something as true, and felt the sense of obligation to something as right. The light from the celestial orbs of eternal Truth and Right reach the souls of all, but enter and lodge in each with various degrees

of fulness. Yet as the astronomer trains his vision to track the dizzy footsteps of the remotest star, so every man may come, by faithful inquiry and performance, to know more and better of what is perfectly True and perfectly Right.

And here it is well to remark that, as every object we look at, whether material or immaterial, presents different aspects and features to different beholders occupying different standpoints, it follows that no real and sincere conviction or opinion is *erroneous*, but only *partial*. Every religion and morality that ever was honestly believed and practised, has had some element of truth and correctness in it, because it has been one view, if but only a partial one, of the whole subject of Truth and Duty. So far as any church or any individual from its own highest standpoint reports its best view of what is true and what is right, so far I think it is to be received and accredited as correct. This, it appears to me, is an inevitable and logical conclusion; since no party or person can justly claim to know precisely and entirely what is true or what is right, and since also no party or person is wholly destitute of any knowledge of these things.

Error, then, both in belief and conduct, begins where sincerity and modesty leave off. For ignorance is not error—it is only an absence of knowledge; and no man should be blamed because he does not know everything. He should be blamed, however, if he *claims* to know everything, or is dogmatic about what he does know and what others do not. Socrates modestly admitted that he was the wisest man in Athens, as the Delphic oracle had declared, because, he said, there was not another in the city besides himself who was willing to admit that he did not, comparatively, know anything. And just here is the mischief, when men who know a little of the Truth think or pretend that they know it all. Some, as soon as they have seen a part of the Truth, straightway go and report that they have seen it in full, and condemn all others who doubt such concealed wisdom and prefer modestly to hold to their own. But the Truth is too large to dawn on any finite mind in less than an eternity of time; too large to be put into any given statement or formula which any man or set of men can make. The Truth is not only colossal but it is winged; it cannot be trapped by the most skilful logician and put in the cage of any creed. We must as followers of the Truth grow to its dimensions, and not try to limit it to ours. We must *pursue* the Truth forever, not clutch it or think to detain it in our grasp for a single moment. We should be glad that the Truth is infinite, and that we cannot ever know it in its fulness; for herein would immortality be glorious, that ever and forever we should go on to know more and more of the Truth. It was with this thought somehow in his mind, no doubt, that Lessing said: "Did God hold in his right hand all Truth, and in his left but the unquenchable thirst for Truth (although with the condition that I should ever and eternally err), and say to me, 'Choose,'—with all humility I would fall upon his left hand, and say, 'Father, give absolute Truth is for thee alone.'"

But notwithstanding there has been and is, and no doubt will forever continue to be, a great diversity of belief among men as to what is true in theory and right in practice, there is at least a *tendency* in all human thought and inquiry towards a common and uniform result. And the watchful eye can observe this tendency even when the air seems most to be filled with the sound of discussion and controversy. Though the solid ice in the river break up into many pieces, they upon the banks know that the course of the current under all is in one direction, and that it will take them all along to a common end. So, though mankind may be divided into numerous sects and parties and schools, those who stand a little aside can see that an unconscious but inevitable tendency is amongst them all towards a final unity of the spirit. The Absolute and Unconditioned, like a powerful magnet, draws all that is partial and particular into its own vast bosom. Even now we discern certain *polar beliefs* towards which all men are drifting; such as the unity and universality of Law which is intelligent and benevolent as well as forceful and invariable, the common brotherhood and inherent dignity of Man, and a destiny of eternal progress for the race if not for all souls. Inferior beliefs must yield at last and be swallowed up in the grand vortex of these. Already, indeed, the attentive ear can hear the timbers of the old ark of faith crack and groan, as their joints are being loosened by the subsidence of that flood of ignorant credulity which bore them on to the Ararats of their stately repose. And although many years may elapse before the hulks of old creeds will fall to pieces and their fragments be wrought into better forms, yet hope points to the time when a new and nobler race of beliefs shall spring up out of the Heaven-prepared soil of the human mind, and win all hearts and minds to loyalty.

In the meantime, every one must be true to his own conviction and faithful to his own opportunity. Steadfastly beholding the Truth from that position which from time to time we can best attain, we must never rest our feet on

any point, nor be so foolish as to think we have at any time gained the end of the journey; but like the Alpine climber, we must fix our faithful eyes even on those heights among the clouds, and toll on and up, making the dreariest regions vocal with that glad soul-song which every day's new vision will put into our mouths. And never let us forget to hold our own truth in love and charity towards others, remembering that we no more than they are quite correct; that each one's honest interpretation is as true to him as ours to us, and that if we are all docile and truth-loving we may learn of one another and of God.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

IN WHICH RICHARD SABIN TALKS LIKE A HEATHEN.

"Of course it did. Resistance is the only thing that brings tyranny to its senses. When you get to Louisiana, I don't believe you'll find those niggers are the best treated who are always ready to take off their jackets for a flogging directly the overseer bids. Appetite comes with eating, and oppression grows with impunity. I never heard of a despot who was cured by his victims' ready submission to the bowstring. Try it on him and very likely he'll howl for mercy. He's generally a coward at heart and knows the right person to select for garroting, being apt to draw in his horn at the first show of opposition. Indeed, both tyrant and slave row in the same boat—are half partners in the business, and perhaps equally to blame."

"I say!" interrupted Paul, rather stung by the implication,—"*you* were praising severity the other day, or at least regretting that you hadn't come in for your share of it. Now you are talking like a heathen."

"Am I? Well, I never pretended to consistency. I dare say I had some sort of reason for my opinion, then. As for being a heathen, I've the common sense of mankind on my side, and their practice to boot; whatever may be their profession. And, individually, I go in for the sinners, and maintain them to be, on the whole, much better and kinder people than the rigidly-righteous, as well as the more agreeable folks to get on with. How did they (the saints) come by their current reputation? There's never smoke without fire, you know. The popular impression concerning them argues a fact, and a reason behind it. As for us sinners, I've often thought that our easy-going indifference to what is every day preached in churches and chapels is wiser than we are aware of. It shelves questions that we can't answer, and leaves us free to attend to the affairs of this life, of which we *do* know something."

"It is possible to be something more than a practical infidel, with a faith which is a dead letter," said Paul.

"Very likely. I'm only speaking of the two great classes into which mankind appear to be divided; and, for my part, am quite willing to take my chance with the majority. How many fellows I know who never trouble their heads about religion; live, as you'd say, entirely in the present, and perhaps commit all sorts of faults and follies—are, in fact, anything but moral and heavily-respectable characters, but possess so much of the milk of human kindness that you prefer them, infinitely, to the rigidly-righteous, whose very conceit of themselves renders them intolerant and hard-hearted. Are they not notorious for taking care of themselves? Indeed, it seems to me that their notions of religion are based on that very principle. Whatever else they profess to believe, the cardinal point is faith; which is so overstated and enlarged upon that they find it very easy to ignore all the rest—such trifles as kindness, and charity, and fair play, and common justice towards their fellow-creatures; which are only so many phases of self-righteousness and, as such, as dangerous as they are inconvenient. Therefore their creed, as a guiding and restraining principle, is next to worthless; and there's an inevitable discrepancy between their lives and pretensions. Do you think, now, that your grandmother is a bit the better old woman for what she calls her Christianity?—which is as like what I can imagine the real article to be as I to Hercules."

Paul's opinions so far coincided with those of his friend that he had listened to his peculiar ethics with a certain amount of sympathy; though he could not help wondering at Dick's easy dismissal of those tremendous questions which had cost him so much suffering; and which, even to revert to, sometimes wrenched his very soul. "So far as I can see, Richard," he answered, "your belief amounts to no more than condemnation of that of others, doing as

you please and risking the consequences, because there's a great number of people to keep you in countenance."

"Well, I must confess that it is much easier to decide what you don't and can't believe, than what you do." After which remark, the conversation drifted into other channels, whither we need not follow it. It was the first time the young men had spoken together on the subject; and the occasion, perhaps, demands a little explanation.

I should give my readers small credit for observation if I supposed they had not remarked that conversations very frequently occur in life originating in some suppressed fact, which both speakers tacitly agree to keep in the background and avoid all reference to, though it forms the key-note to all they are saying. Such a colloquy was that just related as transpiring between Paul Gower and Richard Sabin. It meant, principally, that Dick knew of a certain *quasi* reconciliation between his friend and sister, and disapproved of it (out of good will to both parties); that Kate had been trying to convert her brother and only succeeded in irritating him; and that he suspected she might have had better fortune with the impressive Paul—who, Dick was persuaded, would certainly repent it. Hence his strictures on Orthodoxy and the Orthodox (which the reader will be good enough to take as coming from a Bohemian, and at whatever valuation he pleases), and inferential admission of opinions which he seldom condescended to subject to criticism. Ordinarily, as Paul suggested, he did as he liked, without caring to justify himself by any confession of faith whatever—even a negative one.

How did he arrive at the knowledge of the reconciliation? Very easily—Mills told him. Mills—discovered in an almost famishing condition on the first floor of a mews, in the vicinity of King's Road, Gray's Inn, where he had been just kept alive by the charity of a cabman, his landlord, whose three motherless children the poor drawing-master took care of during their father's absence—Mills, restored to Newman Street and his post of confidant and go-between to the lovers, revealed everything. And Richard Sabin, who really liked Paul, but, as we know, distrusted the permanence of his passion, could not resist the opportunity of throwing the weight of his heterodoxy into the opposite scale to that hypothetically plumped down by his sister's influence over her victim. "Though I don't suppose it'll be of the slightest use," thought Dick, both before and after the interview; "and the business must be left to die a natural death at its own leisure." Sabin believed in absence. His own feelings, though extremely strong for the time being, were seldom lasting; already he found himself very much less in love with Ruth Gower than he had been half-inclined to fancy; and had taken consolation in the very practical reflection: "What's the use? Most likely I shall never see her again—certainly not have an opportunity of cultivating her acquaintance. Besides I don't think I shall ever want to get married. But she was a beauty!" he concluded, with something like a sigh, "and I might have been quite a different kind of fellow if there had been a chance!" And, filling his pipe, he puffed away his temporary sentiment.

A few words as to the reconciliation between Paul Gower and Kate Sabin. Their meeting, on the night of his grandfather's decease, was, as a matter of course, the first of many interviews; during the greater part of which they made each other extremely miserable. For a long time Kate insisted in forcing upon her lover a discussion from which he shrank involuntarily, with the repugnance natural to all earnest and sensitive souls, when challenged to submit what is most secret and sacred to them to the certain hostility of others; and especially characterizing those who have suffered from premature wrestling with the same questions. Also from an instinctive conviction of its utter unprofitableness; and an irritating sense of the absurdity of a position which compelled him to talk theology while walking about the muddy streets of London, nocturnally, with a young woman who, notwithstanding his passion for her, had never appeared to so little advantage in his eyes as when shower-bathing him with texts of Scripture in the hope of inducing conformity with her own newly-adopted spiritual standard. But, at first, she would not be persuaded to refrain. Like all fresh converts she burned to show her zeal in proselyting: she had made her father go to chapel for two consecutive Sundays; had almost succeeded in quenching Tib; had attacked Richard, with the result already related, and nearly driven Frank out of the house, except at meals. What chance, then, had Paul of escaping? He sometimes went home (to be henpecked by his grandmother) in such a state of commingled desperation and depondency as might, at any moment, have blazed out into violent revolt and sudden flight, in place of the peaceful departure he had contemplated; the hope of which alone prevented such an explosion. Whether abroad or at home, he was equally wretched.

It might have been the perception of this, or the knowledge that she would soon have to part with and might never see him again, or a

sudden revival of old tenderness, or all together, that presently wrought a revulsion in Kate's feelings. She was not so much changed, but that her impulsive, ill-regulated disposition occasionally precipitated her from one extreme to another. Whatever the cause, one evening, after they had been particularly miserable—insomuch that she wept repeatedly, and he gave vent to language which quite horrified her—there occurred a crisis akin to that ending their first meeting, and with a similar though more lasting conclusion. It was mutually agreed that the points at issue should be ignored henceforth or left to the solution of time; and that they were to love each other transcendently from the moment of reconciliation,—never giving occasion for future doubt, difference or suspicion. And Paul strove to believe that the compact made him prodigiously happy.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THAT NASTY, DECKITFUL CLERGYMAN WHO BEHAVED SO BADLY TO POOR, DEAR RUTH."

The return of Ruth Gover from London to Thorpe Parva, Northamptonshire, whither it now becomes our business to attend her, was accelerated by a communication from Mr. Blencowe, announcing that he had contracted a bad cold and sore throat; which mischance would, he very much feared, temporarily incapacitate him for the performance of his professional duties. This, to the old clergyman, was a serious calamity. He liked preaching of all things; indeed, placed most of his happiness in appearing twice each Sunday in his pulpit, where he often delivered such long sermons as rendered him amenable to village obfurgation as a "spoil-pudding"—a reproach commonly applied to such trespassers on the patience and appetite of their congregations in mid-England. He had formerly enjoyed some local reputation for his discourses, founded principally on his remarkable literal knowledge of the Scriptures: it was said there was no subject you could mention but he could cap it with an appropriate text from the Bible; and people had come as far as five miles to hear him—a compliment he never forgot; in fact it sometimes betrayed him into attempts at alighting his eloquence on unseasonable occasions, such as public meetings, visitation dinners, &c. &c. &c., where he had more than once been laughed at or coughed down. Whenever anything hindered his ministrations, he was particularly miserable; and so jealous of any temporary substitute that his parishioners declared he always selected the most superannuated, wheezy, infirm, incompetent old parson that he was acquainted with, or that Mr. Spackman, of Oxford, could supply (which is saying a good deal), in order to afford no opportunity for invidious comparisons,—though, to be sure, he justified his choice by the alleged difficulty of finding a young clergyman untainted with ritualism. When, therefore, Ruth read her guardian's letter, she was fully apprised of the gravity of the case, and went home prepared to administer the proper amount of nursing and sympathy. She little thought, however, that circumstances were about to re-open what she imagined was a closed chapter in her own history.

As Mr. Blencowe's apprehensions were more than realized, and he was so hoarse that he could scarcely croak forth a welcome to his ward on her arrival, there can be no doubt that he would have provided for the spiritual instruction of his parishioners in the usual manner, but for an event which furnished him, very much against his inclination, with another kind of deputy than those dreaded by the inhabitants of Thorpe Parva. This was a clergyman whom his friend and patron, the Squire, very unexpectedly brought home with him from the continent, where he had encountered him under rather peculiar circumstances; and, with extreme good nature and inconsiderateness, invited him to the place of all others in which his presence was least desirable, or at all events most likely to prove unwelcome. When Ruth heard of this gentleman's reappearance in the village, which he had quitted in a manner identified with the most distressing reminiscences of her life, and also that he was going to preach next Sunday—for Mr. Edgecombe had pressed his services on her guardian, who was, so to speak, constrained to accept of them—she was almost inclined to return to town. The reason why involves considerable retrospection.

The gentleman was, then, as my readers have doubtless anticipated, no less a person than her ex-suitor, the identical young clergyman whose quasi engagement to her, before the commencement of this story, has been more than once alluded to in the course of it; and, indeed, formed the subject of a conversation between the young man's uncle, Mr. Samuel Bligh of Soho Square, and Mr. Blencowe, as far back as Chapter the Sixth; or, to speak more precisely, a chance reference to the affair on the part of the architect, provoked Ruth's guardian into a rather peevish but not entirely gratuitous vindication of himself and his ward, as therein recorded. The circumstances, related with no

more than necessary amplification, were as follows:—

The Reverend George Bligh was a young man whose good looks, good manners, and general social accomplishments, to say nothing of his paternity and expectations, had, during his former sojourn at Thorpe Parva, created quite a sensation in the parish, and rendered him an object of unusual interest and admiration with that sex which is notoriously prone to identify its maximum of matrimonial eligibility with his profession. He might, in fact, have served for a girl's *beau idéal* of it; though he was, perhaps, too vivacious and pronounced a person for a clergyman, and could hardly have been mistaken for a mere ladies' man or pet parson. He had fine dark eyes, stylish features, and beautiful, black, glossy whiskers, curling crisply on each side of his somewhat square-set chin and handsome white throat (he wore rather low-necked cravats); also wavy hair which looked even blacker than his whiskers—not parted in the middle, or Mr. Blencowe would undoubtedly have suspected him of high-church proclivities, but unexceptionably (not to say evangelically) on one side. His voice was deep and carefully modulated, and he preached with so much good taste that with most people it passed muster for eloquence; and he could be even more agreeable over the dinner-table, or in the drawing-room than in the pulpit. His manners exhibited that easy self-possession which springs from familiarity with good society and a consciousness of the ability to please; while his natural quickness of perception enabled him to adapt himself to most audiences with readier facility than the majority of English clergymen, in whom may generally be detected a distinct consciousness of their cloth, notwithstanding their deserved reputation of freedom from professional priggishness—and in some instances an involuntary expectation of deference which forbids confidence and cordiality. Perhaps Mr. Bligh occasionally erred in the other direction, for there were those who thought him too agreeable to be very sincere, and distrusted that his winning qualities originated in mere approbation—the love of shining—and partook rather of the nature of flowers than fruit; but such critics were very likely jealous of his success with the ladies, and necessarily quite in the minority at Thorpe Parva, with the simple inhabitants of which he soon became prodigiously popular. Nor did they like him any the less for a tradition that he had been rather "gay" at college; indeed it was understood that he had entered the Church more in accordance with the wish of his father, the Dean, than his own inclinations. It was very shortly after assuming diaconal orders, and preliminary to his contemplated induction to a remarkably good living in the paternal diocese, that he came to the Hall on a visit, and made his first appearance in southern Northamptonshire.

[To be continued.]

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM IN ITALY.—A cable despatch from Rome informs us that the Italian Senate has just approved the bill forbidding theological instruction in the public schools. When we remember Italy as Italy was twenty years ago, it is impossible to refuse to admit that this simple announcement reveals a revolution which is one of the most wondrous in modern times. The action of the Italian Senate is important mainly for the reason that it proves that in the ancient stronghold of Catholicism the Church is no longer the ruling power. This will be a fresh source of sorrow to the venerated Pontiff, who is already overburdened with cares.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"The Rev. George F. Pentecost," says the *Independent*, "is fast defining his position in Boston. Besides aggravating the Rev. Dr. Fulton, by avowing his belief in the right of free speech in the matter of opening the public library on the Sabbath, he has imitated the *coup de Cuyler* by introducing Miss Smiley into his pulpit; and now he has invited to his communion-table 'all who love the Lord.' If this is the beginning, what will the end be?"

RECEIVED.

MAN IN LOVE. An American Story. By ONE WHO KNOWS. Published for the Author by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. 1873.

THE RADICAL'S ROOT. A Sermon by O. B. FROTHINGHAM; preached in Lyric Hall, New York City, April, 27, 1873. New York: D. G. FRANCIS, 17 Astor Place.

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL. For the Academic Year 1872-3. Meadville, Pa.: REPUBLICAN BOOK AND JOB PRINTING HOUSE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. June, 1873. Boston: JAMES R. OSGOOD AND CO.

THE GALAXY. June, 1873. New York: SHELTON & Co. LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. June, 1873. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

PIRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED. New York: SAMUEL H. WELLS.

THE AMERICAN PROTESTANT: A Journal of Choice Literature, from the best Magazines and Authors, old and new. June, 1873. Philadelphia: S. M. KENNEDY, Editor.

Poetry.

ALPINE ROSES.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

On the awful Alpine summits—
Under snows—
Where the climber, weary-footed,
Seldom goes;

Where the bloodless Helen rarely
Shows its head,—
Blossom, so they tell me, flowers
Rusty red;

Blossom roses fragrant-petalled,
Dyed with morn,
On whose tender stemlets never
Grows a thorn.

Nature's commoner conditions
Bind them not—
Up among the thunders, somehow,
They're forgot.

Now, if it be fact I say not;
For, you see,
I can only tell the story
Told to me.

Maybe 'tis a plaintive legend
(I don't know)
Spun from some forgotten meaning,
Long ago.

But they say if you transplant this
Vestal fair,
Give it mellow influences,
Blander air,

Make it leave its mountain covert,
Cold and far,
Where it clung in lonely pureness,
Like a star:

In the valley where you set it—
At your feet—
Though it gain a bloom more ample,
Breath more sweet;

Though the kindly breezes fan it
Till it feel
Through each vein a summer current
Shyly steal;

Though the fervid suns compel it
Till it burn
With the passion of the tropics
In its turn,—

Yet shall trouble, unexpected,
Stab it through,
And a compensating anguish
All undo:

For this virgin, valley-nurtured,
Glacier-born,
Now first feels the pricking finger
Of a thorn.

Had you left it in its cloister
There above,
Never thrilled its heart with longing,
Nor with love;

Let no low-complaining zephyr
Come to woo—
'Twould have had a painless being,
Joyless, too.

Had it never known the day god's
Flery kiss,
'Twould have lost the pang of living,
And the bliss:

'Twould have staid—a trauced Undine—
Cloud-carossed,
Now—Experience hath woke it—
Which were best?

—The Independent.

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending May 24.

Mary Wetherbee, \$1.50; W. L. Garrison, Jr., \$3; D. R. Tilden, \$3; Lorenzo Bliss, \$3; Britton A. Hill, \$3; J. E. Bond, \$1.00; Henry Schmitt, \$3; Dr. Bodelock, 75 cts.; James Leonard, \$1.50; Wm. T. Miles, \$1; C. M. Langren, \$3; Benj. Brod, \$3; Hauck & Windisch, \$3; H. Brohl, \$3; Jefferson Church, \$3; James Campbell, \$3; Fred. Sargent, \$3; A. B. Gibbs, \$3; James S. Munroe, \$10; Phebe A. Palmer, \$10; O. Koss, \$10; Arnold Tanzer, \$10; Mrs. J. G. Kinley, \$10; Huldah T. Campbell, \$10; D. Threene, \$10; Geo. Henshaw, \$3; W. H. Boughton, \$3; H. Lockwood, \$3; Edward D. Schler, \$3; Walter Haviland, \$3; D. E. Gardner, 75 cts.; H. S. Shaw, 50 cts.; C. T. Hawley, \$13; Helen E. Perkins, \$3; Mary N. Adams, \$10; Edw. Winalow, 35 cts.; Robert Mochrie, \$2; Wm. Ingram, \$3; F. Mellich, \$2; T. S. LaFrance, \$3; James F. Brown, \$3; W. C. Childs & Co., \$3; Caroline B. Kington, \$3; Geo. R. Davis, \$3; J. C. Reeve, \$1; H. Friend, \$3; J. S. Kingsley, \$1; Henry Lantz, \$1; Geo. W. Tuttle, \$1.50; Robt. G. Ticecomb, \$3; Chester A. Greenleaf, \$3; James Damon, \$3; Andrew S. Wallt, \$3; Chas. Putnam, \$3; A. Krazew, 50 cts.; Dr. Northup, 50 cts.; J. H. Anderson, 50 cts.; Alex. Cole, \$3; Wm. Wharton, \$3; J. C. Trowbridge, \$3; Francis Little, \$3; Anna P. Dixwell, \$1; Ira P. Bingham, \$3; A. J. Griffin, \$3; E. B. Walcott, \$3; J. A. Moller, \$3; John Birks, \$3; Samuel Fisher, 45 cts.; James W. White, \$1; Nathaniel Little, \$3; Julius Meyer, 75 cts.; C. G. Altherton, \$3; R. Strauss, \$1.50; Chas. A. Norton, 75 cts.; S. H. Emery, Jr., \$3; Jacob Reedy, \$3; S. S. Staley, \$2; Sarah E. Whitney, \$10; Estella A. Allaben, \$3; Marian Hovey, \$3; Whitney Alexander, \$1; Thomas Martin, \$3; L. F. Haskell, \$3; W. H. Coffin, \$3; B. B. Moore, \$10; J. E. Follett, \$3; Isabella Tyson, \$3; Samuel E. Nichols, \$3; Horace Foster, \$3; L. P. G. Garvin, \$3; Edward Dewey, \$3; Laura M. Fleming, \$3; E. S. Dunham, \$20.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after ending, will please notify us.

N. B.—THE INDEX is payable in advance. Its friends should not be offended if the paper is stopped at the expiration of their terms as indicated by the mail-tags. We have no means of knowing whether they wish it continued or not except the receipt or non-receipt of the subscription price.

N. B.—Postage on THE INDEX is five cents per quarter, dating from receipt of the first number, payable in advance at the place of delivery.

N. B.—When writing about a former remittance, always give the date of such remittance as exactly as possible.

N. B.—Please examine the ADDRESS and DATE on your INDEX mail-tag, and report at once any error in either.

The Index.

MAY 31, 1878.

ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS, Acting Editor.
 OTAVIUS BUCKS PROCTOR, THOMAS WENTWORTH
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 VOISEY (England), Prof. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England),
 Rev. MONCURE D. CONWAY (England), FRANCIS E. ARNOT,
 Editorial Contributors.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern, New York City, One Share \$100
 Rich'd B. Westbrook, Sonnan, Pa. " 100

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Second Annual Meeting of the
 Stockholders of the Index Association will be held on Sat-
 urday, June 7, at 2½ p. m., in the office of THE INDEX, No 142
 St. Clair street, Toledo.

Rev. Mr. Seaver, of Davenport, Iowa, writes
 to the *Liberal Christian* "that Unitarianism has
 little reason to anticipate substantial and contin-
 ued assistance from the advocates of free re-
 ligion." We are somewhat surprised that this
 had not been discovered before.

Rev. Dr. Fulton (Baptist) thinks it doubtful
 "if New England can be said to have a relig-
 ion." Is it possible—and Dr. Fulton himself a
 religious teacher in that locality for many years!
 But perhaps this latter fact throws some light on
 the former.

Rev. Mr. Hepworth, of New York, preached
 the other Sunday about "Eating, Drinking, and
 Dying." Mr. Hepworth knows all about the
 first two parts of his subject as well as any man,
 but we dare say he has as yet had no experience
 of the latter.

The Earlville (Ill.) *Transcript* says "the
 heaven and hell of the Church should be in this
 world; they are now too far off to be effective."
 Would it not be better to have no "heaven" or
 "hell" at all, but a virtuous love of right and
 hatred of wrong, without thought of reward or
 punishment?

A Western Unitarian minister says that "the
 first task in starting a Unitarian Society in a new
 field is to convince the community that Unitari-
 anism is respectable." We should suppose
 that the first thing in order, under such circum-
 stances, would be to convince the community
 that Unitarianism is true. This being the hard-
 est task should not be left till the last.

Rev. Mr. Hepworth (Orthodox) says that he
 accepts Christianity because "it has lasted eigh-
 teen hundred years, and that is its best proof."
 But Buddhism has lasted much longer, and
 counts more followers to-day than Christianity.
 If that is your "best proof," Mr. Hepworth, you
 will excuse us if we still remain unconvinced.

Henry Ward Beecher, in reply to the question,
 "Are there answers to prayers of faith?" says:
 "I regard that as one of the questions of the fu-
 ture." But why should he? Does not Mr.
 Beecher believe his Savior when he says, "Ask,
 and ye shall receive"? And does he not believe
 St. James when he says that any man may "ask
 of God, and it shall be given him"? We are
 very much afraid Mr. Beecher is not Orthodox
 as to the Bible and prayer.

Rev. J. D. Fulton, late pastor of the Tremont
 Temple Baptist Church, in Boston, says that "the
 true reason why the so-called wealthy and cul-
 tured are not converted to Christ is that they
 will not come to Christ." We might retort and
 say that the true reason why Mr. Fulton is not
 a radical is because he will not be a radical. In
 the first case, however, common sense and rea-
 son have something to do with the "will not;"
 but in the last case, have they?

The *Boston Investigator* says: "Among the
 five thousand papers, more or less, published in
 the United States, we only know of one at the
 present time that can be truly said to be wholly
 or thoroughly devoted to the improvement, util-
 ity, and happiness of mankind in this world.
 That peculiar, eccentric, and, many people

think, crazy paper, is the *Boston Investigator*."
 To say nothing of self-complacency, is not our
 honored friend of the *Investigator* a little open
 to the charge of (this) worldliness?

Rev. C. H. Brigham, of Ann Arbor, Mich.,
 told the Western Unitarian Conference, which
 met recently at Chicago, that "Unitarianism is
 dying out in the West." Mr. Brigham is a well
 informed man, and we believe this has for some
 time been his opinion about Unitarianism in the
 West. But this occurrence in the West is only
 indicative of what must not remotely transpire
 in the East. When a denomination becomes
 stagnant in its ideas, revolving on the pivot of
 "faith in Christ" reduced to its lowest terms, the
 only merciful fate which is reserved for it is
 death.

The Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, writing in the
 December number of the *Contemporary Review*
 upon "The Westminster Confession of Faith and
 Scotch Theology," says of Scotland: "While
 Conservatism, though in a diminishing degree,
 reigns in the pulpit, Liberalism reigns in the
 press; and in the Protestant country most pro-
 verbial for its theological unanimity influential
 and representative journals may almost any day
 be seen waging a scornful war against the tra-
 ditional orthodoxy." The same statement
 might be made even more emphatically of the
 United States. F. E. A.

A correspondent informs me that in the State
 of New York the property of clergymen is ex-
 empted from taxation to the amount of fifteen
 hundred dollars. If the same exemption were
 extended to all, there would be no ground for
 complaint; but why this favoritism to the
 clergy? Is a poor doctor or shoemaker or farmer
 less to be pitied and helped than a poor minis-
 ter? Justice knows no class legislation. But
 Christianity has educated the American people
 to have no sense of justice in matters of this sort.
 It is time for the liberals to be earnest in de-
 manding JUSTICE FOR ALL AND FAVORS FOR
 NONE. F. E. A.

There is a paper published in Chicago, called
The Reconstitution, which says it "advocates the
 establishment of the Kingdom of God on the
 earth, with the Christ as the King of kings, and
 the immortal saints as joint-heirs with him in
 the government of the nations; the restoration
 of Israel; the literal resurrection of the dead;
 the immortalization of the righteous, and the
 final destruction of the wicked; eternal life
 only through Christ; a hearty belief of the Gos-
 pel, repentance, and immersion, as pre-requisites
 to the forgiveness of sins; and a holy life as es-
 sential for final salvation." We would respect-
 fully move to amend, by striking out all after
 the word "advocates," and before the words
 "a holy life," etc. We should then think that
 paper had some reason for existing.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, with his character-
 istic refinement of taste, is opposed to the re-
 moval of the Bible from the public schools be-
 cause he does not wish, as he says, "to stand in
 the association of those men who, born in the
 ditch of the political caucus, have been cursed
 to crawl on their belly through the slush and
 slime of partisanship, demanding the expulsion
 in order to please the foreign vote, and anxious to
 lick the filthy heel of the emigrant before he had
 time to wash his feet!" But the elegant and
 evangelical Talmage further remarks that he
 has "a better argument" yet! He says: "I con-
 tend that this is a supreme book from the hands
 of a Supreme Being, and has a right to go any-
 where. If that Bible were written for all lands
 and ages, who are you to come up and say to the
 Lord Almighty: 'You may send that Bible any
 where, but not into our common schools?'" We
 may be mistaken, but the impression under
 which we labor is that it was not "the Lord Al-
 mighty" who put the Bible into the common
 schools, but the zealous sectarians and honest
 bigots; these put it there, and these seem de-
 termined to keep it there. The burden of proof
 is on them to show that "the Lord Almighty" has
 any interest in the success of their pet
 purpose.

PAUSE.

What a busy, striving, noisy world is this!
 The hard surface of the earth, stamped and
 trodden on by the restless feet of thronging men,
 emits a daily din like to but proportionally
 greater than that of pans beaten by tumult-lov-
 ing urhins; and the sound goes up to fret the
 calm, deep spaces overhead. If it would all go
 up, we would not mind; but much of it stays
 here and splits our ears. We sometimes not only
 tire of working ourselves, but of seeing others
 work so incessantly. Shirking, indolent idleness
 is a crime against the material interests of
 mankind; but chronic, everlasting, surface busy-
 ness, that excludes wise leisure and time for
 thought and meditation, is no less a crime
 against the higher interests of the human mind
 and soul.

America is emphatically a nation of workers,
 and on many accounts it is well she is; but we
 Americans need more to cultivate the really fine
 art of intelligent resting and recreation. Every
 man and woman ought to be so situated that
 they can afford to rest from toil, not only when
 the body and the brain are weary, but also when
 the heart and the spirit claim their rights. This
 will be the case, when capital and labor are
 rightly adjusted and come to be mutual friends,
 not foes; and also when personal greed, mercenary
 ambition, and insane love of ostentation and
 finery are reduced to lowest terms, and pure
 tastes, simple habits, and reasonable wants pre-
 side in our lives and homes. But at present our
 nation is a great mart, full of schemers and plot-
 ters and traders, who buy and sell and make gain
 of everything on earth, and of some things above
 the earth and which ought to be kept unearthly.
 It is a great workshop full of incessant toilers,
 who are covered all over with the sticky sweat
 of drudgery, which stops not only the pores of
 their skin, but the pores of their minds and souls
 as well. Capital, which should be so wise and
 so beneficent, is selfish and greedy, and has put
 a yoke on labor; and our factories and mines,
 our great railways and city thoroughfares, our
 plantations and farms are crowded with the
 millions who toil continually but for a bare sub-
 sistence, and all the while grow more and more
 unconscious of other wants than those of the
 body. Our hands are busy at the expense of our
 heads and hearts. We have woven on our
 looms of industry a grand material civilization;
 but now we ought to make that the ground-work
 on which we will stamp the features of a
 higher civilization yet, one which shall include
 all the noble and graceful qualities of mind
 and heart and soul. We want no privileged or
 genteel class of idlers in this country; no false
 and harmful distinctions between the workers
 and the people of leisure. But we do need that
 all our people should be able to have leisure, and
 abundance of it, at proper times, and that they
 should be taught how to use it. Our need is
 that we relieve men and women from the neces-
 sity of drudgery; that we restrain them from the
 mad spirit of speculation; that we induce them
 to moderate their wants, correct their habits,
 purify their tastes; that we inspire them with a
 love of the beautiful, an aspiration for the good,
 a lofty devotion to the true.

To our mind, one of the very finest sayings of
 the old Jewish Scripture, or of any Scripture, is
 this: "Be still, and know that I am God." We
 must be still; that is, we must have calm, tran-
 quil, peaceful minds and hearts, unperturbed by
 envious competitions, heated strifes, and raging
 passions,—we must thus be still, if we would
 have any deep knowledge, any true wisdom.
 We all shall be the worst kind of materialists,
 knowing no God above us or within us, if we do
 not take time to be still; to go in on ourselves,
 and find out how high and deep and broad our
 natures are, how close the heavens and hells to
 our life, how near the infinite to our finite. We
 must take time to withdraw now and then from
 whatever distracts, frets, and angers us,—from
 whatever gives employment most to our lower
 faculties, and makes least claim upon our higher,
 —and look at it all at arm's length, as it were,
 and see if we are really doing wisely and well, if
 we are living our best life, if we are making

the truest progress. We do not need to "get religion," as the Church in such a crisis would tell us; but what we only need is to cultivate the religion of our natures,—the *natural religion* that belongs to us; the religion that brings out the best that is in us and allows us the best that is above us; that orders and preserves the right relation of all our parts and faculties; that makes us wise and not foolish, rational and not reckless, deep and not shallow. Let us be still long enough to let all that is not of us pass by us, and all that belongs to us overtake us; long enough to see that we are worked upon as well as called to work. Let us pause in our haste and worry and irritation, until we shall have time to observe Nature; and see that she, because she works profoundly, works slowly and works quietly.

DO ANIMALS HAVE SOULS?

Mr. A. Ervin, of Lebanon, Oregon, earnestly requests an answer to his inquiry whether the soul is not the mind, and, if so, whether beasts have not souls. "All animal life," he says, "has mind; for according to my belief animals could never move without a mind,—not so much as one muscle. Is the mind the will-power? If so, you cannot move your finger without willing it to move?"

More difficult queries than these could not easily be propounded to one who is at all conversant with modern investigation and thought on the subject. It is easy to start with arbitrary definitions of mind, soul, spirit, and so forth, and then proceed to explain facts in accordance with a theory. It is not so easy to start with mind as it manifests itself to observation and consciousness, and then proceed to a satisfactory definition. Mental phenomena are so complicated and obscure, and obey laws so little understood, that those are the most reticent on the subject who have studied it most faithfully. I have long been inclined, with Mr. Ervin, to admit the essential identity of all mental action, and to see in animals the cruder and ruder manifestations of the same wonderful faculties which constitute the glory of man. If the evolution-philosophy is true (and I do not see how to escape it), the human mind, whatever in its essence it may be, is a fine development of faculties which exist in germ in lower forms of life.

Animals exhibit will-power; if will-power is the proof of mind, it is difficult to deny that they have minds. From this admission some infer that, if men are immortal, animals must be. While I have no objection whatever to hoping immortality for animals as much as for men, I think the logic of this inference somewhat lame. Out of fifty seeds, perhaps only one develops; and it is conceivable that the seeds of mind have no permanence,—fail to develop into enduring individualities,—unless they are endowed with such original vitality as is possible only in beings as highly organized as men. But it would in this case be difficult to draw such a line as to class all men as immortal and all animals as mortal; for some animals actually appear more intellectual than some men. The worst brutes are two-legged brutes.

Whether all life, as such, is indestructible,—whether every seed of mind, as I have expressed it, is destined to grow, increase, and develop ultimately into something powerful and valuable enough to achieve a permanent being,—is a question that must suggest itself to everybody who does not dogmatically deny the possibility of a higher evolution than is visible to the eye. The universe is very large. It may be lawful to consider it as deep as it is extended; that is, to take for granted that our five senses do not let us into the whole secret of even that with which they deal most intimately. A sixth sense would revolutionize all our science and even our commonest conceptions of things. What reason have we to suppose that all existence is such as to come under the cognizance of human eyes, ears, and noses? We touch reality only at a few points, and those only on the surface. No one could have a profounder conviction than I that there is only one method of studying it, and that the strictest scientific method. But also no one could have a profounder conviction than I that

science is a baby yet; that its career is only just beginning; that it little comprehends the magnificence of its own future; that problems which it now scouts as ridiculous it may yet, when wiser, bend its every energy to solve; that, even at its grandest height, it will find infinites still unexplored; that, the wiser it grows, the surer it will be that it cannot with only five senses bring all Nature under examination; that the expansion of its horizon and the intensification of its visual power will be accompanied with increasing modesty, and a self-knowledge that will dispel some of the sophomoric conceit that now proves its immaturity; and, in short, that it will find the regions of its own higher investigations stretching away so far beyond its ken that it will less and less deal in confident negations respecting the unknown.

Perhaps I may seem to have strayed hopelessly from the subject I began with. The truth is it reminds me of the road Mr. Emerson once mentioned as tapering off into a cow-path that terminated in a squirrel-track and ran up a tree. The farther I travel it, the less do I seem to arrive. I should be afraid to answer the questions of my Oregon friend very positively. Beasts may have souls; I hope they have with all my heart, if they can ever come to know what to do with them. Some of their supposed superiors have not learned that lesson yet, and find no use for their souls but to crowd them out of sight as fast as possible. Better have no soul at all than despise its guiding voice. While so many of my fellows evince no vitality that is not wholly explicable as mere reflex-action, I feel more interested in discovering whether all men have souls than in discovering whether beasts have them. But I am disposed to take a cheerful view of both cases, and look forward hopefully to the day when the word "soullessness" shall drop out of the dictionaries. F. E. A.

REPORTING SERMONS.

"The *Independent* comes very near to insinuating that the New York *Herald* is Rev. O. B. Frothingham's organ. It says that although Mr. Frothingham preaches in a 'rather small hall,' two-thirds of the seats perhaps being occupied, his 'usual large and fashionable congregation' is constantly mentioned in the *Herald*, even when Drs. Taylor, Hall, Chapin, Tyng, Beecher, &c., are 'passed by in silence.' Last Sunday Dr. Robinson's church was densely crowded in the morning, and Dr. Bellows' in the evening, to hear George MacDonald preach; and the *Herald* of Monday knows nothing about it. But Mr. Frothingham's leading columns remained undisturbed. We don't understand it. Perhaps the Free Religiousists have raised a secret-service fund of a million of dollars, and the *Herald* has been subsidized in their interest."

The above paragraph, which is taken from the *Christian Register*, furnishes a good text for a "few remarks." Of course the last clause of it is facetious; the editor of the *Register* is incapable of entertaining the thought that either the preacher in question, or any friend, or the Association whereof he is an unworthy member, pays the *Herald* for printing the very brief and exceedingly incorrect reports of the Sunday sermons. Even the best-intentioned travesties command no price from the persons "taken off." An officer of the Constitutional Convention (we mean the Convention for "medievalizing" the Constitution of the United States) accused the Free Religious Association of importing and employing a German professor—Dr. Büchner probably—at a salary of ten thousand dollars, to disseminate atheism in America. But even that imaginative Christian would hardly charge the F. R. A. with bribing the *Herald* to lampoon its own president.

Not that the *Herald* means to lampoon, caricature, or even misrepresent. Its reports are made stupidly, ignorantly, blunderingly, but in sufficiently good faith. They do about as much justice to one man as to another. But, with all our disrespect for preaching, we contend that it does require a certain modicum of intelligence to report sermons; brains enough, for example, to distinguish what a speaker does not say from what he does; what he affirms from what he denies; what he advocates from what he opposes. This achievement commonly proves too arduous for the scribe who represents the

Herald at Lyric Hall,—the "rather small hall" referred to by the *Independent*.

But the *Herald* does its oblique best. It does, however, as is correctly observed, diligently omit to give accounts of sermons by the leading "Orthodox divines." Bellows is faithfully passed by. Chapin has a notice now and then; but Hall, Prentice, Rogers, Montgomery, the Tyngs, Schenck, Adams, Hastings, and the sixty or seventy other men of might, have their professional existence duly unrecognized. The reason is—if we may be allowed the conjecture—that everybody knows precisely what they will say on any given theme; their views are familiar, and their mode of expressing them is common-place. There is no need of inquiring what any of the above-named gentlemen will say. They say the same things all the time; they do not suggest any new thought; they give no new setting to old thoughts. The suspicion that Dr. Chapin may by accident say something fresh, attracts an occasional reporter to his tabernacle; but the dead certainty that none of the others will, keeps the inquiring spirits away.

The *Herald* bestows its attentions, such as they are, on the Roman Catholics and the Rationalists, putting in a little padding between, to propitiate the Protestant Christians. The Romanists and the Rationalists represent the two living and opposite powers, and the *Herald*, as a live organ, is interested in no others. Romanism stands for one theory of religion, contends mightily for it, makes conquests by force of it; it is dignified, able, aggressive, positive,—has a great future in its hope, as well as a great past in its memory. Rationalism stands for the opposite theory of religion; contends for it according to its ability, and in its name casts out devils. The champions of Romanism may be neither wise nor eloquent, but their principle of spiritual authority is a concern of vital interest to all men. The preachers of Rationalism may lack both talent and learning, but their principle of spiritual liberty is a concern of vital importance to all men. And the paper that professes to heed every vital concern, making no account of the cathedral in the one case, or of the "rather small" and partially filled hall in the other, lays the statement of each before the public.

That the *Herald* has reported no one more faithfully than Mr. George Hepworth, a mere rhetorician, is very true; but it must be remembered that Mr. Hepworth professed to lead off a new departure, and still professes to do that. When it shall be understood, as soon it will be, that he is simply an old-fashioned Protestant, endowed more than the rest with the "gift of tongues," that he has nothing new, and nothing that deserves to be old, to say,—he will be stricken from the number of the noticed.

Mr. Beecher is always reported, for he is the prince of liberals—without knowing it. His words are significant on the side of freedom, however they may tell in favor of technical Orthodoxy of opinion.

As for the special honor of being exhibited or shown up on Monday morning by the *Herald*, it is perhaps well enough to say that the victims are consoled in their pain simply by the feeling that they are suffering in a good cause.

O. B. F.

SAINTLY MURDER.

There is a foundling hospital in Montreal connected with the "Gray Nunnery." The *True Witness* (Roman Catholic) thus sums up its operations:—

"If out of the six hundred and eighty-three children born and sent to the Foundling Asylum in 1872 only forty-one have been saved to the earthly community, six hundred and forty-two have been gained to the Heavenly Jerusalem. True, the Foundling Hospital has for one of its objects—an object which it does its best to attain—the physical relief of the tender infants committed to its care, and the prolongation of their existence upon earth; but its main objects are spiritual."

Can the most bigoted Churchman convince himself that this fearful mortality of ninety-four per cent. is necessary? Would not the most utterly atheistic science, that should save the lives of even half these little victims, be a noble and

beautiful sight, compared with the saintly ignorance that lets them die, and consoles itself with the thought that "its main objects are spiritual"? Yet how much this symbolizes in our whole treatment of poverty and sin!

T. W. H.

Communications.

THE EFFECT OF REVIVAL.

The air for the past winter has been so full of religious feeling, it cannot be inopportune to offer some strictures upon the tone and method of the prevailing religious activity, and to attempt an estimate of its value and influence. This can be done for any useful end only by proceeding from strictly human as contra-distinguished from theological assumptions. For whatever benefit may be supposed to accrue in the next world as the consequence of a religious experience in this, it is an essential impertinence, and an offence to all right thinking or feeling, to introduce such a consideration as a motive or guide for conduct; for all thought of our condition in the next world, considered as distinct and separate from inherent personal moral qualities, is a pernicious infatuation of the mind.

It may be admitted that some reinforcement of moral motives results from a religious experience such as Protestant Christianity labors for; that a more scrupulous observance of the accepted moralities and proprieties of conduct is effected by it; and that there is, when the character is naturally earnest, something of an increase in the spirit of self-sacrifice. But all this is at the expense of what are called the "intellectual virtues." That is to say, the subject of this experience, just in proportion as it is deep and earnest, suffers a positive moral deterioration of the intellect, especially in relation to all that body of doctrine taken in with the religious experience, and which is supposed to be the intellectual basis and support of it. To illustrate.

The character of Job is in my judgment the most remarkable and impressive that has come down to us from antiquity. Indeed, in the simple grandeur of his moral and religious character his equal is not found in any literature, sacred or profane. His adherence to truth, his implicit reliance on his own integrity, without regard to what might befall him,—with no hope of help in this world or the next (if indeed he had any notion of a next world at all),—is an exhibition of moral and religious exaltation of the very highest type. But Job was a "pagan." He certainly was not a Christian—was not even a Jew. Of the "plan of salvation" he had never heard—had not even heard of the Jewish Messiah. He was a simple child of Nature, stripped of every adventitious aid; with only the naked earth under his feet, the starry vault above him, and within him just that and only that which a common Father vouchsafes to every earnest and devout soul. He had no "Revelation"—had nothing but what belongs to every human being.

Now, to the exclusive claims of Christianity to everything that is highest and best in human thought and history, such a character is an offence. It therefore behooves that Job should be Christianized. It must be made to appear that his greatness of soul came from some dim knowledge at least of the scheme of redemption and a life beyond the grave. It so happens that there are expressions from his lips into which, without much seeming violence, such ideas can be forced. Of course that interpretation will not bear criticism, but it is plausible for the purpose. Any ordinarily intelligent reader, by a little attention to the scope of the argument of that sublime poem, should be able to see at once that the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," have no more reference to Christ than they have to President Grant. And it would be equally clear to such a reader that those other words, "In my flesh shall I see God," have no more reference to the Resurrection than they have to the nebular hypothesis. Job did not feel the need of any "Redeemer." He knew himself to be a man of integrity, and he relied upon that and that alone, so far as the administration of the Divine government was concerned. In that very thing consisted his moral and religious greatness. True, he suffered poignantly a loss of the confidence, sympathy, and respect of good men, to which he felt himself entitled. Moreover, that profoundest of all problems, how to reconcile the course of events in this world with the Divine justice, perplexed him beyond measure. The theory on that subject which his friends adopted drove them to the conclusion that Job was an exceptionally wicked man. Job's calamities were in their opinion at once a proof of his wickedness and a deserved punishment for it. From such an unjust imputation Job needed to be vindicated; and the word rendered "Redeemer" is misleading and unfortunate. After Job had failed, with all his arguments and eloquence, to show his friends that whatever the true theory of the Divine government might

be, theirs at least was an erroneous one and terribly unjust in its inferences as to him, he had no resource but to reassert with utmost vehemence his innocence, and his conviction that the man was living who should completely vindicate him and restore to him his lost reputation. And not only so; but that, reinstated in his former prosperity, he should regain his health and stand up his own vindicator in the fact that all that prosperity which they would accept as the only evidence of Divine favor should be restored to him. And it so turned out. Yet I have on my centre-table a large illustrated family Bible, containing running comments on the text, or rather reflections designed apparently as aids and incitements to Evangelical piety. On the text under consideration, the comments run something after this fashion: "The faith which Job had in a living Redeemer, in what Christ had done for him, and his hope of a resurrection, enabled him to rise above temporal ills. Those blessed words of triumphant faith, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and so forth.

Now to this illustrative example of Job it may be replied: "Well, an erroneous interpretation of a Bible text, if honestly made, and especially if not detrimental to morality and religion, is no great matter." True, it is not; and if that were all it would hardly justify the reference. The quality of piety nursed upon such aliment might be open to suspicion, whether we consider the interpretation as the result of mere intellectual imbecility without any conscious falsifying of the text, or as a deliberate fraud. Upon the latter supposition, even though made in the supposed interest of true piety, it would call forth the honest indignation of all good men. But it is hardly supposable, in the present instance, that a man of reputable standing would wilfully falsify the record and make the sacred page itself the vehicle of his fraud. Nor would that illustrate the point sought to be made in this paper, which is as to a mischief more subtle than a conscious fraud, and vastly more destructive to true progress.

Consider for a moment the intellectual thralldom which gives birth to such an error. What competency, however learned he may be, does such a man carry to the investigation of any question nearly related to his religious convictions and theories? He has not that disqualification merely of which a high-minded judge is conscious, when he declines to pass upon any question involving his near relatives or his own pecuniary interest. The mood of his mind is vastly lower and more disqualifying for every purpose of truth. He starts off, makes it a matter of supreme moral obligation to start off, in every investigation, with the firm conviction that Christ is the supreme fact in the universe—the fact to which in every department of thought "every knee must bow." His intellect is committed, by the whole force of his moral and religious nature, to the entire Evangelical theory, which theory he believes is the sole basis and justification not only of his own religious experience but of every other that is worthy of the name. He has, to begin with, accepted the whole Christian scheme, and has accepted it under the full conviction that he would be eternally lost if he did not; that God is already at enmity with him for not having accepted it before. Now what qualifications for a fair investigation does such an intellectual mood afford? The first step is an abjuration of the only true method of inquiry. An implicit reliance upon the result of a cool and normal intellectual process of reasoning is believed to be proof of a rebellious heart. Once let any rational creature become so demoralized as to lose confidence in the essential rectitude of his intellectual faculties, and he is ready for the acceptance of any vagary he finds afloat in the air about him, or any absurdity which an excited imagination may suggest. Christ is the truth; of course he is. He says, "I am the Truth." That being settled beyond any dispute or question, we have a basis on which to build, an infallible test of all truth. Be sure then to hold fast to Christ, and you have the surest guarantee against error of thought as well as of practice.

The character of this tenure, so far as it is merely religious, consists in preserving a profoundly devotional frame of mind; but so far as intellectual processes are concerned, it consists in resisting every doubt, in never so much as for a moment entertaining the thought of a remote possibility of any fundamental error in the Evangelical scheme, and in taking it for granted that all the sceptical suggestions of modern historical and scientific criticism are instigated by a heart at enmity with God. This is substantially the intellectual condition of one greatly under the revival influence, and in which he approaches any subject nearly related to his religious theories. His intellect has lost a certain balance, a certain judicial tone and attitude, which renders it unfit for the performance of its rightful functions; namely, to be the supreme unbiased arbiter for every rational creature of what is true in thought and right in life.

E. D. S.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, March 30, 1873.

I say what I believe to-day, if it contradicts all I said yesterday.—Emerson.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

In the first place, at the very outset, we find one singular, universal fact. All animals, without exception, high or low, of whatever ultimate complexity or simplicity of structure, originate from eggs, and from eggs of the same character. I do not mean to be understood that there is no other mode of multiplying. Some animals, as corals for instance, many hydroids, and other low organisms, reproduce themselves by budding or by division of the parent stock. But they also, at some time or other, produce eggs, and thus bear their testimony to the general law of Nature which applies to the whole animal kingdom without exception. Indeed, the seed in plants has the same structure as the so-called ovarian eggs in animals, and thus we may speak of all organized beings, vegetable or animal, as multiplying by eggs. The discovery that this great law applies to the higher animals also, is comparatively recent. It is only fifty years since Carl Ernst Von Baer made his wonderful researches on the egg of the dog and rabbit, and announced that the mammal has an ovarian egg identical with that of all other vertebrates, and with that of articulates, mollusks, and radiates. The discovery of this universal law that all organized beings multiply by the same means, is certainly one of the greatest and most startling generalizations of modern times. It gives us the broadest ground for our inquiry into their ultimate relations, since they have all one starting point. At first it may seem to simplify the inquiry; but the moment we leave the point at which all animals seem alike, and enter upon the various phases of transformations to be gone through before they reach the adult condition, a field of study opens before us sufficient to fill many lifetimes. We come upon a series of phenomena of the deepest interest, but often in their first aspect very perplexing. There are transient phases in the growth of the higher animals, during which they resemble the permanent final conditions of adult animals lower down in the same type; having, that is, a like structure, but of inferior development. These comparisons cannot, however, be carried on outside the limits of one and the same type. You may compare a quadruped in certain phases of its growth with the adult condition of some lower kinds of vertebrates, and be amazed at the resemblance; but you cannot carry the comparison over into the type of articulates, or into any other type of the animal kingdom based upon a different plan. Within each type, the development has a character as distinct as the plan on which the type is built. An insect, for instance, can never at any time of its development, after it has passed out of that universal condition of the ovarian egg to which I alluded, be compared to an oyster or a fish, but it passes through phases where it can hardly be distinguished from a worm; that is, in the course of its development it bears a transient likeness to the adult condition of a being standing lower in the type of articulates to which they both belong. In short, every animal belonging to any one of the higher groups, during the transformations by which he reaches the adult state, may pass through modified conditions, in each of which he resembles some being of his own type of the animal kingdom for whom that condition is final. Enough is known of the transformations of animals now, to make this generalization a perfectly trustworthy one; although the number of illustrations is small. The study of embryology is exceedingly difficult, and the sacrifice of specimens is very great in order to obtain the complete history of the growth of any one animal. The progress of these investigations must necessarily be slow, because they are so laborious and so costly; but they have already assumed sequence and coherence enough to afford a sound basis for the result I have just given. While the phases of growth and resemblance have been followed, the limitations keeping each primary type within its own boundaries have not been sufficiently considered, and are, indeed, generally wholly lost sight of. This carelessness of investigation, or of statement, gives currency to broad generalizations, partially true, indeed, but false when they are made to cover too wide a ground.—Professor Agassiz, Harvard Lecture.

At a religious gathering in Chicago a few years since, one of the speakers was the venerable Dr. Goodell. Broken in mind and body, but animated by the occasion, the aged clergyman said: "Friends, I am far upon my journey to the celestial city; but I could not help stopping on my way to attend this meeting in Chicago." Here a voice from the multitude was heard by all: "Chicago is not on that road." The effect was electrical, especially upon the poor old gentleman, who was so confused that he could say no more, and was obliged to sit down.—St. Louis Globe.

Uncle—"Now, Sammy, tell me, have you ever read the beautiful story of Joseph?" Sam—"Oh, yes." Uncle—"Well, then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?" Sam—"They sold him entirely too cheap, I think."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.

The following numbers of THE INDEX for 1873 can no longer be supplied on orders: Nos. 167 (March 8), 169 (March 22), 170 (March 29), 171 (April 5).

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[FOR THE INDEX.]

The True Theory of Rewards and Punishments.

A SERMON PREACHED IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LONDON, FEBRUARY 11, 1872.

BY THE REV. CHAS. VOYSEY.

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."—ISAIAH, LVI. 21.

Our reflections on moral evil naturally lead us to the question of rewards and punishments,—a question not only most deeply interesting in itself, but one to the proper or improper understanding of which are attached certain legal rights or disqualifications under the present law of the land. Whether or not the law of the land requires a magistrate or a judge, before receiving an oath, to put the question, "Do you believe in rewards and punishments hereafter?" some such question is generally put to a witness in every case where the rights of his citizenship have been challenged; and this alone gives an interest to the careful definition of our thoughts on the subject which might otherwise be wanting. It would be strange indeed if the progress and elevation of our thoughts concerning God and his dealings should land us in a state of conflict with some old statutes. It might be very unpleasant, but we know which would have to give way in the end.

One of the most striking, but perhaps least noticed, of all the beauties of the new theology is the place which it assigns to Rewards and Punishments. It is almost our highest aim to get people to do right simply because it is right, and to avoid what is wrong solely because it is wrong. We value at the lowest farthing that old motto: "Honesty is the best policy;" because, even if it be true, it contains a thought with which we have no right to be familiar. We desire to put honesty supremely above policy, and to inculcate a virtue which is infinitely nobler than worldly wisdom. To obey a higher law instead of a lower one only that we may gain more by it in the end, is to debase the action by the motive, to corrupt the character in polishing the manners, and to cultivate selfishness so as to make heroism impossible. Now all this we emphatically desire to abolish.

The old Orthodoxy which taught the danger of sinning, and the advantage of being religious, inculcated bad motives for right conduct. I wish we could speak of it as a thing of the past; but this very season of Lent which is drawing near will furnish hundreds and thousands of appeals based upon men's fears of hell or their greed of heaven. Men, women, and children will be summoned to repent and believe, by High Church and Low Church alike, solely on the ground of the fear of punishment and the hope of reward. The repudiation of this is new in the Christian world, though it was well known to the Stoics, and to the Roman philosophers who learned in that school. If we want, in fact, to get elevated thoughts, feelings, and motives on the subject of morals, we must look for them in the writings of so-called pagans, and never in those of the Christians. The loftiness

of the moral principles of the Stoics puts Christendom to shame. They had not even the prospect of a future life in which to enjoy the consequences of their virtue on earth; the Christians on the other hand make everything to turn on the hopes of a heaven hereafter, without which, as an apostle says, they would "be of all men the most miserable." The pagans understood and valued the mere practice of virtue for its own sake; the Christians, on the other hand, are always urging us to keep "an eye on the recompense of the reward," and hold up for our imitation the example of their master who, they tell us, "endured the cross, despising the shame, for the sake of the joy that was set before him." It must be confessed that Christianity, in this respect, is many degrees below the pagan philosophy which it so impudently despised. And now we are coming back to that fine old theory of disinterested virtue, and raise our voice against that corrupting and debasing system of Rewards and Punishments on which Christianity itself is based, and without which it could not stand a day. Almost the only thing in Semitic theology which we heartily repudiate, is that mercenary element which runs through portions of the Hebrew Scriptures; and which, when applied to individual conduct, is preeminently mischievous and degrading. It was to the theology of the Hebrews, after its corruption by contact with Persia, that Christianity owed its hell of retribution and its heaven of reward.

The time has now come when the system of Rewards and Punishments has to be looked at with the closest scrutiny. We must first inquire as to the matter of fact. Is all wrong-doing punished? Is all rightness rewarded? If so, how is the wrong punished and the right rewarded?

As to the matter of fact, a great deal of what is called wrong-doing goes unpunished, and a great deal of what is called rightness goes unrewarded. We need not stop to prove this, because our Orthodox friends make it the basis of their heaven and hell. "If there were no such instances of failure of justice," say they; "if the world were not full of instances in which the wicked seem to go unpunished and the righteous unrewarded,—we should be deprived of one of our strongest evidences in proof of a future state in which these irregularities could be adjusted." But it does not follow that, because people think they see injustice or failure of justice, therefore it is so. My explanation of the facts is that a great deal of what we call wrong-doing is not culpable evil, and a great deal of what is called rightness is not commendable virtue; and therefore there is no failure of justice if certain acts which we call wrong go unpunished, and certain acts which we call right go unrewarded. Moreover, we ask, Is it possible that we should be able to tell with certainty when our fellow-men deserve punishment or reward? The conditions on which either can be infallibly determined are unknown to us. We see, it is true, all the outside; and we may be quite right in our moral verdict upon what we see. We may be very right in our guesses at the motives, judging from ourselves and from past experience; but the outside cannot tell us anything of the moral effort put forth within, or of the powerful remonstrances quelled, or of the hidden springs which laid the temptation or added tenfold to its power. Our guesses, too, at motive are but guesses; and just as "the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger cannot intermeddle with its joy," so the soul of the sinner alone knows its own innocence and its own guilt. No human verdict can detract from the one or lighten the other. A man is only guilty as he knows himself to be; and the righteous Ruler of the world metes out the punishment in proportion to the guilt, and rewards in like manner, with impartial and unflinching promptitude, the real efforts of virtue.

But when we speak of Rewards and Punishments, we do not in the least degree mean by these terms what is generally understood by them. Generally the term reward means some kind of prosperity which is given in return for good conduct; just as we give a prize to a boy at school for certain attainments. The reward which the Orthodox expect is a home beyond the grave, of never-ending pleasure, in return,

not for their own good conduct, but for their right belief in another's good conduct,—for their Orthodoxy, in fact, which they consider of much more importance than all other kinds of virtue. So the punishment which in their opinion awaits the wicked,—the unorthodox most of all, because heresy is the worst of sins,—is a condition of personal misery as perfectly distinct from the sins of the man as imprisonment or hanging is distinct from crime. Of course it is easy enough to account for the invention of this theory of Rewards and Punishments. There certainly is a time of life through which we all pass, and in which it is impossible to train children without a little of this system of Rewards and Punishments. I say a "little," because generally it is monstrously extended beyond its proper limits, and beyond the age in which it acts beneficially. But a little wholesome mixture of good things and physical pain promptly, judiciously administered, as reward and punishment, is absolutely needful at an early stage of children's discipline,—say from one to five years of age. But precisely because it is fit for such little children, it is not fit for boys and girls of riper years; still less for the control of men and women. Reward and Punishment, as we understand these terms in the Divine discipline, are far different from this babyish conception of them which has become the basis of Christianity. God's reward is the approval of ourselves by the conscience, commending our motives, or moral effort, or both; and also the pleasure which we may derive from seeing the good that we have done to others. God's punishment is the condemnation of ourselves by the conscience, when our moral effort has been less than we might have put forth, or when our motives were not pure; and also the pain we feel when we see the injury done by our bad conduct, or failure in duty. Reward is the approval of conscience. Punishment is remorse. I know of no other definitions of Reward and Punishment, that will not break down under the stress of being applied to facts.

And it is because this is my view of what Reward and Punishment are respectively, that I demur to the popular notion that any real evil is going unpunished, any real good going unrewarded. I refuse to recognize in the outward lot of men any indication of their deservings or undeservings. Believing that no one can do real good without knowing it, and rejoicing in the knowledge of it then and there,—and that no one can be guilty of any wrong without the sense of guilt more or less strong at the time, or at all events very soon after some physical paroxysm has passed away,—I cannot bring myself to believe that there is any delay of justice, much less any miscarriage of it. A man suffers remorse according to his guilt,—and God is the only judge of that; a man enjoys himself according to his real goodness. Please to notice the expression, "enjoys himself." I do not mean that he enjoys the outer world, or is in good spirits, or is, as it is said, happy; but I mean that a man has always and will have always the satisfaction which belongs to right conduct whenever he has done right, and the greater his efforts have been to conquer himself and to resist temptation, the greater will be his inward satisfaction. But just as that punishment is not vindictive, but only corrective, so that reward is not a bribe, but only an index for future guidance. The sons of God have no business to be turning about for wages, to be serving him for hire. It is reward enough to be growing like him, and to have a voice in the heart which tells us when we are and when we are not doing his will and walking in his steps. It is a wonder that men and women have not learned by watching their children, that so-called punishment never succeeds in correcting faults till it awakens a sense of shame and remorse. All that outward punishment can do is to alter the conduct and debase the motives, to bring about conformity of behavior to certain rules from a selfish or cowardly dread of physical inconvenience; and it may be kept up for years, only making the child worse at heart, until all at once the punishment has been accompanied by some judicious appeal to its nobler feelings, and then it passes before the judgment seat of God in the first pangs of self-reproach. That does it good; it makes the whole being purer and nobler. The inward voice will not

be content with mere good conduct, but insists on right motives and right principles; and is inflexible, unsparring, and inexorably true and just. When men flatter you with false praise, the inward voice is merciless in its execration. When men blame you undeservedly, the same inward voice covers your soul with an adamant shield, through which the hottest shafts of detraction can never penetrate. Splendid justice this which gives the lie to all that fable about the depravity and deceitfulness of the human heart; which restores God to his rightful sovereignty as law-giver and judge, and sweeps away from the pathway of man the trinkets and baubles which would entice him on the one hand, and the ghosts and hobgoblins which would terrify him on the other!

God's rewards and punishments thus leave the will free and the heart pure. The punishments are only to correct; the rewards to direct. It would be well to abolish the old terms along with the old sense; but there shall be no mistake about the latter. You will hardly believe it, but I know some persons who were in doubt about joining us, until they were satisfied as to what our teaching was concerning the punishment of the wicked after death. It seemed to them such a shocking thing to leave the wicked, as they called them, in their Maker's hands; to have no fixed theories as to what he ought to do with them. I am delighted to disappoint the wishes of such folk, and to say openly: "What right have you to call them wicked, and to leave yourself out of the list? Why should you be considered as less deserving of future punishment than they? If there are such people who are so much more wicked than you as to need special punishments to make them good, 'shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' I have no theories of that future state. I have alone as my anchor of hope, sure and steadfast, a belief in a God who is good, and who can never be anything but good to every soul whom he has made; and it is so tremendous a bliss to believe it, that on the strength of it I would take my chance with the worst of those whom you call the wicked, and would infinitely prefer to be left to the 'uncovenanted mercies' of God." Of course we believe that everything has its fruit, that consequences follow causes with unerring certitude; but whatever may be the details of our future life, one great sequence must ever follow the first great Cause—good and happy creatures from a good and happy Creator. The process may be slow, but logically sure and certain. Hence we dispense entirely with the ordinary notion of rewards and punishments, leaving God to provide his own safeguards of morality when our silly little contrivances to prop it up have been blown away by the first breath of inquiry. We are contented to accept in place of them the verdicts of our own hearts; and therefore we must abandon not only the Orthodox ideas respecting them, but those materialistic ideas also which limit the area of rewards and punishments to the varying conditions of happiness and misery that are experienced on earth.

I will only reiterate the burden of this discourse, that rewards and punishments, as generally understood, do not and cannot make men good; that the only real lever of the character is to be found in the verdict of each man's own conscience. It is almost a truism to say: "There is no peace to the wicked," and "Great peace have they who love thy law." The possession or the want of this peace does not tell a man where he stands in the ranks of virtue, whether very high or very low. If he has the answer of a good conscience, it refers to the definite case put before it. If he is inwardly disturbed by self-reproach, it is about something immediate and palpable. It is not always the highest natures that are most often commended by conscience, not the lowest natures who are most often condemned. These differences arise from a variety of causes, a comprehensive view of which is possible only to God. But we may be very sure that if we have not inward peace, we are either doing wrong or not doing as much right as we could, or else our motives are impure or our aims unworthy. There can be no peace to the wicked, no approving voice of conscience for that which God condemns. Not that we would be so foolish as to tie down his decrees to our finite and fallible convictions; but he has so ordered the nature and constitution of man that man only blames himself according to his real blameableness, which is measured not merely by a sense of obligation, but also by the conviction of being able to do what we believe we ought to have done.

It is very doubtful, therefore, whether the oath of a man holding these views which I have put forth this morning would be legally admissible. If a magistrate were to ask me: "Do you believe in rewards and punishments?" I could only answer honestly by saying: "Certainly not, as you are in the habit of interpreting those words. I only believe in the Divine appointment of self-approval and remorse." The rewards and punishments of actual life, which we see around us, are of purely human invention, mainly but rudely just; at best but clumsy expedients for the protection of society and the culture of

manners, leaving men radically unchanged for the better and their characters untouched, except perhaps a little more debased in motive than they were before. Most surely do I believe in the rewards which society is able to bestow on the slaves of fashion and convention, and on those who have the rare merit of success. No less surely do I believe in the punishments which fall on the heads of those who are independent, who will think for themselves and try to lead instead of follow custom: most of all in those punishments which visit the defeated and the unsuccessful.

But although the acceptance of these facts is thus forced upon us by eyesight and experience, I believe a thousand-fold more vividly in this other fact—that God often approves what society condemns, and condemns what society approves; that *vox populi* is only once in ten times *vox Dei*, and then only by chance. And after weighing one against the other, I find that God's verdict is the stronger in the end; that his reward is more enticing, and his punishments more deterring than all the bribes and threats which this world can bring to bear on human conduct,—inasmuch as we find that the judgments of one man's heart, either for praise or blame, have changed the hearts of a whole nation, have reversed the decrees of kings, of republics, democracies, churches, and general councils, and brought the wildest men and women out of anarchy into their right minds. And as it is only by means of these secret tribunals in men's own hearts that they are ever made better or nobler, so only by this means is mankind raised from stage to stage, and the rarest and purest principles of human conduct spread from a few individuals over the surrounding multitudes. We cannot therefore offer to God a more wise petition than that of the old Psalmist: "Search me, O God, and try the ground of my heart; prove me and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"THAT NASTY, DECEITFUL CLERGYMAN WHO BEHAVED SO BADLY TO POOR, DEAR RUTH."

Arriving a couple of months anterior to our first chapter, this fascinating gentleman had, at various croquet parties, archery meetings, picnics, and similar rural festivities, of which he was the acknowledged hero and lion, paid Ruth a great many attentions; sufficient, in fact, to set everybody talking and the girl's heart fluttering with hitherto unknown sensations. At first, however, she was rather shy of him, thinking his addresses too sudden—that they betrayed a certain objectionable impulsiveness which suggested that he was attracted merely by her beauty, a species of homage which she could not regard as complimentary. A pretty girl, conscious of brains, is apt to resent being approached as that and nothing else; nor is the case at all improved when she happens to be good as well as sensible, and suspects a lack of reverence for her sex which offends her moral purity. I do not say that this was precisely the fact with Ruth, but the apprehension that it might be so impelled her to make Mr. Bligh keep his distance. Then, too, she detested flirtation, and was revolted by the eager attempts at captivating him on the part of some of her young lady acquaintances, and thus provoked into additional antagonism; and every way it behooved a country girl of seventeen, ward only to an old vicar, whose income might be counted on three fingers, to be very circumspect in her demeanor towards the only son of a wealthy ecclesiastic who was almost next in rank to a bishop, and came into the world, so to speak, badged and ticketed for a first-class position. Accordingly Miss Gower chose to be exceedingly cool and distant towards her handsome admirer during his earlier advances, which was the very behavior most calculated to insure the persistence of a man at once amorous and obstinate, and intelligent enough to appreciate the value of the prize which he might perhaps have thought less of had it proved more easily attainable. The girl's pride and self-respect piqued his vanity, while her beauty fired his imagination and presently gave birth to a passion sincere enough to induce very serious consequences. Hence he persevered, and, in spite of graver reasons for self-restraint than he cared to take into serious consideration, talked his best, looked his pleasantest, and in various ways continued to insinuate the greatest possible compliment a man can pay to a woman. It was not in the nature of things that Ruth should long regard such a suitor either with distrust or indifference.

For all her haughtiness and wilfulness, she really entertained but a modest idea of her own merits. She was imperious from excess of vitality and the deference paid to her by others, rather than pride or vanity, and had her full share of the sentimentality natural to a girl bred up in the country. Again, she was by no means deficient in her sex's orthodox admiration of clergymen, or of social position. She had lived in a very contracted though kindly circle, which fully appreciated her admirer's prospects, and her friends' opinions inevitably influenced her own. The ladies of the Hall, two excellent old maids, with whom she was a great favorite, thought it would be a capital match for her, and easily persuaded themselves that Mr. Bligh's father, dean though he was, must be too fond and proud of his son to refuse his consent. Such a dignitary, they believed, was above suspicion of worldly motives; and where could he find a nicer daughter-in-law than Ruth? If her guardian did not share these very unsophisticated ideas, he said nothing to discourage them, beyond assuming that she was altogether too young to think of matrimony. Like the spinsters, he was too discreet to commit himself by open encouragement; but their evident interest and sympathy, and, in fact, tacit connivance, could not but have its effect. Add to which incentives the homage of a handsome, agreeable man, socially the superior to anybody she had ever encountered (and perhaps the little feminine one of triumphing over her companions by carrying off the prize for which they were all contending), and it will be seen that everything conspired to induce Ruth to return a favorable answer to a question which was presently asked her—with unexpected contingencies.

Before then, however, he exhibited certain singularities of behavior, which at first puzzled and then provoked her. These consisted of occasional alternations from an almost passionate attraction towards her, which admitted but of one interpretation, to constraint and comparative relapses into mere gallantry. He appeared afraid to trust himself; unquiet, uneasy. Her assumption of indifference towards him—it was only an assumption now—stimulated him to ardent pursuit, but encouragement repelled and embarrassed him. Sometimes he seemed desirous of avoiding her; once she did not see him for a week. Suspecting he was vacillating, Ruth was all but fierce to him on their next meeting—and she looked especially handsome when in a passion. That afternoon he volunteered both a declaration and explanation. He told her, with some inflation of manner, but perhaps no more confusion than most men exhibit on such interesting occasions, that he loved her, deeply, dearly, and devotedly; and had looked forward to making the avowal with equal pride and pleasure, until recently, when something had happened which forbade indulgence in the latter, though it could not change or impair his sentiments. As she knew, his prospects in life had warranted his aspirations; now, however, it seemed as if he must plead his passion alone, irrespective of such considerations. He would not disguise from her the fact that his knowledge of his father's character had given him reason for apprehending some difficulty in securing his approbation, especially as his choice conflicted with an avowed wish of the old gentleman's that he should marry a cousin (who was, also, an heiress); still he had flattered himself that his paternal affection, no less than his sense of justice, would reconcile him to his own self-imposed disappointment, particularly as he (Mr. George Bligh) had always objected to the match in question—first, because it suggested dictation in a matter which ought to be purely voluntary; secondly, because the lady was his cousin; and lastly in consequence of her want of sense, which quite impaired the effect of her undenia-ble claims to beauty—and here he paid a neat compliment to Ruth. In this expectation he had been about to inform his father of the state of his affections, when it appeared that some malicious busybody had anticipated him, in terms he would not insult her by disclosing; but the result was that the arbitrary old dean had written him a letter, insisting on the immediate transfer of his addresses to the lady already mentioned, on penalty of the severest paternal displeasure—indeed, renunciation, if he persisted in his own inclinations. There were also other reasons alleged for this act of severity, reflecting not merely on himself, and, therefore, best dismissed with the contempt they merited. He had remonstrated against such monstrous injustice with all the fervor inspired by the occasion, but in vain—his father adhered to his determination. It was this unpleasant secret which had troubled him of late, perplexing him with the alternative either of offering her the hand of one who was conditionally disinherited, or of withdrawing, at the risk of the cruellest misconstruction. That, from her, he could not bear; and hence the present confession. He should assuredly allow no earthly consideration to come between himself and so great a happiness, if he were fortunate enough to win her favor. He was not, he hoped, without talents, and able to work his own way in the world, if his father continued obdurate; in any case, he

loved her, entirely and unchangeably—could she find him no word of encouragement?

Ruth had never been so much pleased or so distressed in her life. She answered, with such earnestness and emotion as rendered her more beautiful, and him more in love than ever, that she was not indifferent to his kindness and generosity, but would never, never make so bad a return for them as selfishly to accept an offer which would cost him his father's affection and his own social position; thereby seeming to justify the former's cruel suspicions, and, it might be, affording himself occasion for future regret and repentance. His behavior taught her to regard his honor and welfare as paramount to everything; she should always think of him with the warmest friendship and gratitude, but—but he must see that more was impossible. If he couldn't love his cousin (and she repressed as ungenerous an involuntary thought that he might have mentioned that obstacle before), there were many girls, cleverer and better than herself, who—who would be proud to—return—and here the girl's speech came to a premature but highly effective conclusion: in other words, her overwrought feelings found relief in tears.

Of course this gave him an advantage, improving which he presently won from her an admission which a more generous man would have found doubly delicious from the self-sacrifice involved in her resolution; but I question if Mr. Bligh did not experience just a little twinge of mortification at the thought that she should be capable of surrendering him, under any circumstances. There are persons whom disinterestedness itself renders impatient, when it conflicts with their immediate inclinations—perhaps, also, because it implies a higher standard of conduct than they are capable of attaining. However, as the idea necessarily remained unspoken, and as, notwithstanding his professed apprehensions, he secretly entertained a pretty confident expectation of obtaining his own way in the long run, he did nothing to spoil the impression she had conceived of his devotion and magnanimity. And as Ruth, on her part, naturally thought more of the absorbing confession she had just listened to than its contingencies, and could not help hoping that, after all, the dean would relent—for what father could steel his heart against such a son?—the pleasures of the interview exceeded its pains; so omnipotent is the great passion, and so prone to ignore or put the best face on difficulties. Still, to its close, the girl adhered to her determination. Had his lot in life been an humble one, she said, she would willingly have shared it, but would never incur the reproach of dragging him down to a lower level of fortune. And with no more satisfactory understanding, but many mutual endearments, they parted.

He ought to have known better than to purchase an almost purely selfish gratification at the cost of what followed, which he might certainly have foreseen, if he had paused to calculate, instead of risking consequences; but, like most persons who act from impulse and have no fixed principle of honor, he was an habitual self-deceiver whose sanguine temperament persuaded him that things would fall out according to his wishes. Hence he half-willingly, half-involuntarily, under-estimated the real strength and scope of his father's objections, apprehending, at the worst, only a quarrel with and temporary alienation from him—which might be endured. He also duped himself with the hope that he could carry his point by committing himself irrevocably in the desired direction. As to Ruth and her friends raising any difficulties, or the probability of their being placed in a false or painful position by his conduct, he had, strange as it may seem, never once thought of it. Instinctively it appeared quite a matter of course to him that if he were willing to venture, other people should also be ready to take their chances. He was destined to be undeceived in both quarters—in one very speedily.

When, with some little exceptions, Ruth told her guardian what had occurred, he looked exceedingly grave: in his eyes the case assumed a very unpromising aspect, utterly unrelieved by the hopeful perspective of the young people. Independent of the point of honor at stake, towards which he was sufficiently sensitive, he thought the dean's disapproval the worst of recommendations to his son as a suitor, nor did the young man's disingenuousness in suppressing his cousin at all operate in his favor. Commending Ruth for her resolution and adding so many arguments in support of it as to make her very miserable and a little indignant, Mr. Blencowe inconspicuously put on his hat and walked over to the Hall, and there, in the absence of the Squire, took counsel with the old ladies. They were very much concerned, very sympathetic and generally emotional, but of course concurred in his opinion—it was clearly impossible to encourage Mr. Bligh's addresses in opposition to the will of his father: they should all become amenable to the suspicion of mercenary motives. He must be told so, and that immediately.

The reader may almost guess the sequel. Informed of this decision, Mr. Bligh had no other alternative but to admit its justice and to bring his visit to a summary conclusion; both of which things he did, and with a good grace,

although the necessity for them affected him like a disagreeable surprise, for reasons already intimated, and though he was nettled by Mr. Blencowe's regretting that he had not, in the first place, applied to himself instead of Miss Gower,—which, her guardian remarked, might have spared the girl some pain, in a very delicate predicament. This reproof Mr. Bligh met by pleading the temptation of opportunity, and the irrepressible nature of his passion—as it happened a half-truthful explanation. But his impulsiveness by no means conflicted with tact, or hindered him from taking advantage of circumstances in minor matters, though he was rash, even to folly, in serious ones. So, though secretly chagrined, he behaved in such a gentlemanly and conciliatory manner—at once asserting the unchangeableness of his sentiments and apologizing for their disclosure—that Mr. Blencowe felt sorry for him and forgot to stipulate that there should be no farewell interview between the young people; the result of which oversight was that they obtained one and improved it by interchanging promises of mutual fidelity—with the proviso, on Ruth's part, that she should never be asked to ratify them at the altar until the dean approved; which Mr. Bligh pledged himself to effect, if it lay in his power, or, failing, to commit the event to time; always remaining constant to her, forever and ever.

He went away, then, and they heard nothing of him for more than a week; after which ominous silence, his uncle, Mr. Samuel Bligh of Soho Square, came to Thorpe Parva, ostensibly on a business-visit, but in reality to make certain inquiries in his brother's behalf; and also to volunteer certain explanations necessary to the full understanding of Mr. George Bligh's conduct, which the old dean was desirous of exposing, less in the interest of Ruth and her guardian, than the apprehension (and indeed suspicion) that they were his son's abettors and accomplices in his revolt against paternal authority. Then it transpired that there had been a violent quarrel between the two, ending in the literal fulfilment of the father's threats; in fact, the young man's distinct repudiation, unless he consented to marry his cousin. Nor was this condition so very arbitrary as it appeared; for though Mr. Bligh's statement was so far true that he had never exhibited any particular affection for the lady or paid her unusual attentions, still, on the other hand, he had certainly never raised any objections to the match, which had always been looked upon as a desirable family arrangement and foreordained conclusion; so that his acquiescence perhaps justified the dean in regarding the affair as settled, and undoubtedly in resenting a change of programme evidently dictated by sudden passion for another object, of whom he knew nothing (and therefore charitably imagined the worst). Concerning his niece, the architect volunteered very little information, beyond what was conveyed in the cynical remark that he supposed she had sense enough for one who was both an heiress and a beauty; but she really liked her handsome fiancé, and was greatly mortified by his behavior, which had so incensed her uncle that he (the speaker) verily believed that he would not forgive his son, unless he returned to her, and she set him the example. Nothing but the rashest infatuation (Mr. B. declared) could explain his anticipating any other result; or (he might have added) expecting to gain his ends by such folly and duplicity, the exposure of which were almost as inevitable as their failure. Undoubtedly his conduct had its origin in characteristic vanity and impulsiveness which had embarked him in his pursuit of Ruth without reflection, until it was too late, and rendered him equally unwilling to confess the truth about his engagement and distrustful of success if he did so; though the event would have been far less discredit and disastrous to him than the pitiful alternative he had adopted.

I do not care, at present, to enlarge upon Ruth's grief and humiliation at this notable discovery. She took it so to heart that it affected her health; and partly for that reason, partly to relieve her from the tattle and scandal incidental to the affair—which of course got wind and was sufficiently cackled about, in a village—it was arranged that she should go to London, on a visit to her grandfather, where we first had the pleasure of making her acquaintance. Neither she nor her guardian liked to acknowledge there was also a third reason—an apprehension of some successful attempt on the part of Mr. George Bligh to see or communicate with her, for he certainly re-appeared in the vicinity of Thorpe Parva, and, it was said, was seen looking about her favorite walks of evenings; also he sent her a letter which must have presented a great temptation to Mr. Blencowe's curiosity, though he returned it unopened to the White Lion Inn at—, where, it transpired, the writer was staying. He went away, however, without accomplishing his object, and they heard nothing of him until his uncle informed Mr. Blencowe that he had gone to Paris as already related—both gentlemen hoped for the purpose of forgetting his unlucky passion. He had some money, accruing from the fortune of his late mother, but very little, having spent most of it

during his minority and afterwards: to all intents and purposes his future was entirely dependent on his father. So to Ruth's own personal distress was superadded the pain of knowing that he had really sacrificed his prospects in life to his rash and selfish but indisputable attachment; which, both now and hereafter, seemed to have intensified the constitutional fund of obstinacy which he doubtless inherited from the parent against whom it was now pitted. And the climax of mischance appeared to have arrived, when it transpired, through some indirect channel in connection with the Hall, that he had become almost desperately impecunious and was quite adrift in the world. These tidings of him were the last that had come to ear, about three months previous to his most unexpected return to Thorpe Parva, in company with the Squire—and the ladies.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

OUR LITTLE GHOST.

BY LOUISA M. ALDOTT.

Oh! in the silence of the night,
When the lonely moon rides high,
When wintry winds are whistling,
And we hear the owl's shrill cry;
In the quiet, dusky chamber,
By the flickering firelight,
Rising up between two sleepers,
Comes a spirit all in white.

A winsome little ghost it is,
Rosy-cheeked and bright of eye,
With yellow curls all breaking loose
From a small cap pushed awry.
Up it climbs among the pillows,
For the "big dark" brings no dread,
And a baby's boundless fancy
Makes a kingdom of a bed.

A fearless little ghost it is,
Safe the night seems as the day;
The moon is but a gentle face,
And the sighing winds are gay.
The solitude is full of friends,
And the hour brings no regrets;
For in this happy little soul
Shines a sun that never sets.

A merry little ghost it is,
Dancing gaily by itself
On the flowery counterpane,
Like a tricky household elf;
Nodding to the fitful shadows,
As they flicker on the wall,
Talking to familiar pictures,
Mimicking the owl's shrill call.

A thoughtful little ghost it is;
And, when lonely gambols tire,
With chubby hands on chubby knees
It sits winking at the fire.
Fancies innocent and lovely
Shine before those baby eyes—
Endless fields of dandelions,
Brooks, and birds, and butterflies.

A loving little ghost it is;
When crept into its nest,
Its hand on father's shoulder laid,
Its head on mother's breast,
It watcheth each familiar face
With a tranquil, trusting eye,
And like a sleepy little bird
Sings its own soft lullaby.

Then those who feigned to sleep before,
Lest baby play till dawn,
Waken and watch their folded flower—
Little rose without a thorn;
And in the silence of the night
The hearts that love it most
Pray tenderly above its sleep
"God bless our little ghost!"

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The Index.

JUNE 7, 1878.

ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS, *Artistic Editor.*
 OCTAVIUS BROOKS PROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WENTWORTH
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Editorial Contributors.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern, New York City, One Share \$100
 Rich'd E. Westbrook, Bonman, Pa. " " "

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Second Annual Meeting of the
 Stockholders of the Index Association will be held on Sat-
 urday, June 7, at 2½ P. M., in the office of THE INDEX, No 142
 St. Clair street, Toledo.

It is said that the formation of the Thirty-nine
 Articles of the Episcopal creed occupied a period
 from 1538 to 1571. That was at the rate of a
 little more than one Article a year. It takes
 much longer for a superstition to die than it does
 to grow.

Mr. Beecher does not see how any one "follow-
 ing the irresistible logic of Calvinism (that all
 souls are born in sin) dares to enter into the
 family state." Calvinism or matrimony?—that
 is the question for every logical Orthodox young
 lady and gentleman to consider.

A Church historian says that the Church of
 England was the result of a compromise be-
 tween the spirit of the Reformation and the self-
 ishness of Henry VIII. An error often is the
 result of a compromise; a truth never, for the
 truth is in its very nature uncompromising.

Professor Agassiz says that "all the English he
 knows he learned on the outside of a stage
 coach, from the conversation of two gentlemen,
 while on a seven-weeks' tour through England
 and Scotland; and what little spelling he knows
 he obtained by reading one of Sir Robert Peel's
 speeches through twenty times."

Mr. Beecher says that "it was the distinctive
 peculiarity of the teachings of the Savior that
 they could not be taken literally nor interpreted
 easily." Did it ever occur to Mr. Beecher that a
 man whose teachings are so ambiguous and so
 dark can hardly be an authority or infallible
 guide?

Col. Ingersoll says to Christians who bring
 forward Christ's miracles as proof of his special
 divinity: "The witnesses to these miracles have
 been dead nearly two thousand years; besides,
 their reputation for truth and veracity in the
 community where they lived is unknown to us."
 These objections, so pithily put, are certainly
 worth thinking about.

The *Liberal Christian* contains this statement:
 "We find that the chief end of man is to glorify
 God by keeping his commandments in this
 world as the ground of future blessedness." We
 dissent. God is in himself all-glorious, and we
 cannot add to his glory by anything we do.
 Man needs rather to glorify himself, by aiming
 at and striving after perfection. He should obey
 the moral law—which commands God as well
 as man—because it is venerable in his eyes,
 without reference to future or present conse-
 quences. Let us have religion divorced from
 sentimental adulation of God and selfish self-
 seeking of man.

Professor Agassiz recently delivered an ad-
 dress before the Woman's Club, in Boston, on
 Education. The *Woman's Journal* reports him
 as follows:—

"He said that he believed that boys and girls
 will be all the better if educated in separate in-
 stitutions. He had worked all his life to have
 them together in our higher educational institu-
 tions, as that is now the only way to obtain edu-
 cation for woman; but however much he had
 so worked that way, he did not favor this plan.
 He did not think he could have been half so
 earnest a student if he had met young ladies in
 his class. He did not think there were any
 moral evils growing out of it, but there were
 attractions in the presence of the young ladies
 which do not stimulate in the direction for
 which he would go to the lecture-room."

The *Christian Union*, of which Henry Ward
 Beecher is editor, refused to insert in its columns
 an advertisement of W. F. Jamieson's new
 book, "The Clergy a Source of Danger to the
 American Republic." The publishers say that
 the title of the book, which would be the con-
 spicuous part of any advertisement of it, would
 be rather a "sweeping remark" for a paper like
 theirs to admit. It would indeed; but the truth
 behind the title may yet be so "sweeping" as to
 brush away the fears if not the very existence of
 the *Christian Union*.

Ralph Waldo Emerson has safely returned to
 his home in Concord, Mass., from his extended
 European tour, and was received with a warm
 welcome by his friends and neighbors. He
 went as far as Egypt. We wonder if he saw
 the Sphinx, and asked it any questions! We
 dare say that prodigious mystery might have
 found it as difficult to comprehend him as he it.
 But here at home we think we make a tolerably
 successful effort at comprehending him. At any
 rate we honor, respect, and love him. He is
 just seventy years old, but in soul a youth yet,
 and immortal as ever. Long may he dwell
 with us!

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage recently "made a
 few remarks," in one of his sermons, about pol-
 iticians. We do not propose to interfere in be-
 half of his victims. This is what he said:—

"But there is one source of danger, and that is
 the politicians who are threatening the safety
 and the very existence of our institutions. Look
 out for their machinations. Ah, there are some
 of them here to-day! I can tell them by their
 bloated cheek, and bloodshot eye, and their
 lecherous lip. (Applause.) I know them! Ah,
 you are a miserable crew, you politicians!
 (Laughter and applause.) All you want is
 votes. But there is a storm of indignation and
 wrath arising that will sweep this fraudulent,
 drunken crew that hang around the city halls of
 our cities to political perdition, and then tumble
 them down into a deeper pit, where all thieves
 and pickpockets and adulterers have their
 eternal residence with Satan and Bill Tweed.
 (Sensation.)"

The *Word* is the title of a small but sturdy
 paper published every month in Princeton,
 Mass., and edited by E. H. Heywood. The ed-
 itor says his paper "favors the abolition of specu-
 lative income, of woman's slavery, and war
 government; regards all claims to property, not
 founded on a labor title, as morally void, and
 asserts the free use of land to be the inalienable
 privilege of every human being—one having the
 right to own or sell only the service impressed
 on it. Not by restrictive methods, but through
 freedom and reciprocity, *The Word* seeks the
 extinction of interest, rents, dividends, and
 profit, except as they represent work done; the
 abolition of railway, telegraph, banking, trades-
 union, and other corporations charging more
 than actual cost for values furnished, and the
 repudiation of all so-called debts, the principle
 whereof has been paid in the form of interest."
 Mr. Heywood is certainly courageous, if not dis-
 creet, in undertaking so great a reform as this.

Rev. Dr. Fulton says that "the greatest of sins
 is the sin of unbelief." There is something so
 frank and sturdy, though so narrow, in the Or-
 thodoxy of this man, that we cannot withhold
 from him our admiration and respect. His lig-
 otory is at least honest and consistent, and he al-
 ways hews to the line of his Calvinistic logic. If
 Orthodoxy be true, the greatest of sins is the sin
 of unbelief, and every one of its ministers ought
 to declare and enforce this point with the utmost
 persistency and rigor. They ought, every one
 of them, to be in favor of "Christianizing" the
 Federal Constitution and every State Constitu-
 tion; nay, and all the schools, and every institu-
 tion in the land. If "Christ" be the only "way
 of salvation" possible to men, and without him
 they will inevitably and eternally be "lost,"
 then those who believe this should put "Christ"
 everywhere, and make him reign everywhere,
 and urge and even compel men to "confess" and
 "come to" him. This would be Orthodox hon-
 esty and consistency; and this would command
 the respect, while at the same time it would
 necessitate the opposition, of all who differ from
 them.

FREE RELIGION AND IRRIGLION.

A correspondent in another column asks if
 THE INDEX draws the line with sufficient dis-
 tinctness between free religion and irreligion.
 The opponents of free religion have all along
 represented it as undistinguishable from and
 identical with irreligion, but for ourselves we
 have not been disposed to defend free religion
 against such accusations; for the dogmatic op-
 ponents of any cause are almost sure always to
 misrepresent it, and to try to defend it against
 their wilful and stupid misrepresentations like
 trying to throw water against the wind. But
 when a friend of free religion, or even a fair op-
 ponent, criticises it, we always feel like replying
 and endeavoring to meet their objections if
 possible.

Now it depends entirely upon one's under-
 standing of what religion is, whether free religion
 is opposed to it or not. Free religion is op-
 posed to dogmatic religion, first and last. Its
 very name implies this. Free religion is opposed
 to every kind of religion which is not scientific.
 Their are many species of dogmatic religion.
 The Romanist dogmatizes about religion—every
 body except the Romanist admits that. But the
 Protestant, in his way, dogmatizes no less about
 religion; so, too, does the so-called Liberal
 Christian. All these insist that religion is "re-
 vealed," not scientific. The Romanist says that
 religion is revealed to the Church, and that the
 Church is the only authoritative expounder of re-
 ligion. We admit that historically he has a very
 strong case; and even logically, his first premise
 once allowed, his case is very conclusive. The
 Roman church is the oldest Christian church; it
 stands nearest to Christ, and has the most unim-
 peachable claim to apostolic succession. Free
 religion however denies its premises. It denies
 that Christ was the divine "revealer" of any
 thing. It denies that religion was ever com-
 mitted to apostolic hands, that the Church was
 ever made its depositary in any special sense,
 that the pope is at all its infallible expounder.
 Free religion is certainly opposed to the religion
 of the Catholic church, and so far not only al-
 lows that it is but claims to be irreligious.

But, as opposed to Romanism, all Protestant-
 ism is also irreligious. The Church of Rome so
 regards it; it puts Protestantism and Free Reli-
 gion in the same docket, and brings against them
 both the same indictment. Protestantism how-
 ever is as dogmatic as Romanism. It denies
 the authority of the pope, but asserts that of
 the Bible. It says the Bible, not the Church,
 is the revealer of religion to man; the Bible is
 infallible, not the pope,—the Bible is the re-
 vealed word of God, and the supreme guide in
 all religious matters. But free religion denies
 the claim of Protestantism. It denies the au-
 thority of the Bible; it denies that that book is
 any more a "revelation" of religion than the
 Koran, or the Vedas, or the Zendavesta; it de-
 nies that the Scriptures are marked by any spe-
 cial inspiration above many other writings, both
 Christian and pagan; it denies that Moses,
 Isaiah, Jesus, and Paul were any more specially
 inspired than Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster,
 Socrates, or Marcus Aurelius; it denies that re-
 ligion is "revealed" at all, any more than phi-
 losophy, poetry, or art, but affirms that its truths
 are come at precisely in the same way that all
 truth is ascertained—by patient, careful, ration-
 al, natural, human processes. So far as free re-
 ligion is opposed to all these peculiar claims of
 Protestantism, it does not object to being called
 irreligious. It does oppose the dogmatic reli-
 gion of Protestantism, which, equally with the
 Catholic religion, is based upon the principle of
 authority; it opposes it, and seeks thoroughly to
 uproot and exterminate it.

We go a little farther still, and admit that
 there is yet one other aspect of this whole ques-
 tion under which the charge of irreligion may
 be brought against free religion; for we desire to
 get at the root of this objection, and to be en-
 tirely candid in admitting the full scope and
 force of it as against the attitude which, in our
 view, free religion holds to-day. There is a class
 of believers in religion—some calling themselves
 Christian, others not—who hold to "intuition"

as the basis of authority in religion. The human soul, they say, is the revealer of the truths of religion to each human being. The "facts" of religion they call the "facts" of consciousness. (God, immortality, they say, are revealed to men not from without but from within. Theodore Parker was the notable prophet of this school. He said: "I see the sun with my outward eyes; therefore I believe in its existence. I see the truth of immortality with my spiritual vision; therefore I believe in it." In the same way he and his school would prove the existence of God. Personally, we have a great deal of sympathy with the intuitionists. The advance they made on every phase of Christian protestantism was immense. To have transferred the basis of religious authority from the Christ, the Church, and the Bible, to the individual soul, was a step mightily progressive. It secured at least one stronghold for truth, which we believe will have never to be given up.

But the intuitionists are dogmatic. They affirm that intuition *proves* the truths of religion. If they would say that intuition impressively *suggests* those truths, that would do. If they would say that intuition, *scientifically applied*, is one of the methods of such proof, that would be still better. But the intuitionists, as a school, are not favorable to science in religion. They say they cannot consent to refer the truths of religion to the solution of science. Science says: "God and immortality are open questions; they remain yet to be proven." The intuitionists say: "Not so; these are *facts* of religion. Science cannot prove them; the soul irresistibly affirms them." Of course they do not allow that even the "soul" itself is an open question; that whether materialism or spiritualism be the truth, remains yet to be proven.

Now free religion does not hesitate to take issue with dogmatic intuitionism. Its method is science. Its cause is truth. It agrees to stand by what in the end shall be proven; but it does not step forward and declare now that God and immortality and the soul are all "facts" of religion, that they are established beyond all need of further confirmation. It does not say that there can be no religion except upon the basis of these "facts." Religion is no completed body of doctrines, few or many; it does not depend upon anything particular in the future, but upon everything in the present—not upon what *may* be, but upon what *is*. It is a something which impels, and lifts, and draws humanity onward and upward, not something that binds it back or down to anything. If because free religion is opposed to limiting religion even to the belief in God it is therefore irreligious, so be it; it allows the charge. Free religion is opposed to *whatever would limit religion to anything else than the Truth*.

But free religion is not irreligious in this last analysis. What really exposes it to the charge of being irreligious, is that it is *free*. Men have been accustomed so long to associate religion with mental and spiritual bondage, with the yoke of some authority of some person or institution, that when it claims to be and really is free, it immediately in their eyes becomes synonymous with irreligion. But free religion is simply *free* religion. Yet it is no more *free* religion than it is *free* religion. Doubtless there are some who have become its champions, who rejoice more in the freedom than in the religion; and these say and do many crude and injudicious things. But such are quite as irrational as they are irreligious, and in this respect are hardly distinguishable from many over-zealous Christians. Free religion can stand these people; it can afford to endure its unwise advocates. Education and culture will be their cure. They have but just begun to think freely, and bel in their new-found freedom very much as horses do when eased from their irksome harness and turned out to grass. Let such "cut and aper" for a time; they will soon find that even freedom is only a means to an end—and that end the Truth.

And religion will live so long as TRUTH inspires men; and men will be religious so long as they love the Truth for its own sake, and honestly, earnestly, reverently seek it.

"WORLDLINESS" AND "OTHER WORLDLINESS."

It is frequently said by liberal thinkers that mankind need a religion that concerns itself with this world, and not with another world,—that the affairs of this life are supremely important, and that the other life, if there is any, will take care of itself,—that the interests of the present outweigh those of the future in their claim to attention, and that it is high time the anxieties, hopes, and fears connected with the possible destiny of men after death should no longer absorb the energies needed to carry forward the great work of promoting human progress here and now.

So be it. I heartily agree with that. I consider it a proof of the obdurate superstition of the multitude that the term "worldliness" should be popularly associated still with qualities the reverse of what it ought to stand for. The day has gone by when wise and reflective minds will turn aside with contempt from "worldly" affairs. So long as we are *in* this world, we should be of this world, and find in the interests and avocations of this present life enough to occupy profitably the total power of the human mind. I do not mean that it is necessarily foolish to speculate concerning the veiled future, or belittling to think seriously of the hidden goal to which the years swiftly bear us all. On the contrary, it is a mark of shallowness to shut off all meditation upon the great mystery of our origin and our end. Yet it remains true that he who fails to find the present a mine rich in precious metal, will find the future just as naked and empty. My being is defeated of its purpose, if this purpose must be indefinitely postponed. I believe it is not fated that I should wait till I am dead before discovering the reason for which I was born. Let me cleave to that conviction. Reason is the law of life because it is the law of universal Nature; and its divine satisfactions can be mine to-day, if I choose.

While, however, I coincide most fully with those who lay such emphasis on the now and the here, I am struck with a tendency in some of them to see in the now and the here only the least valuable part of their contents. The pendulum is apt to swing the full length of its arc. Because we are possessed with a profound sense of the wealth of the present, it is not noble to mistake gilding for gold, or take up too contentedly the shell of existence to the neglect of its pearl. Our appreciation of values should not be governed by mere considerations of place and time. Rate the present as greatly as you please; but rate it greatly because it is great, and not because it is near,—because it envelops the eternities in a moment, and condenses the ubiquities into a point, rather than because it holds us in its grasp.

It may be that the tenacity of life which "other worldliness" manifests in the history of religious thought has a root in the reason of things. All religions that have largely influenced mankind have always emphasized the best that humanity contains. The visions of heaven and hell which alternately delight and terrify the mass of worshippers have an ethical foundation, after all. With all their superstitions, the great religions teach men to prize the intrinsically precious,—virtue, truth, the best happiness. The yearnings of the human heart for ideal excellence run like threads of gold through the cheap texture of the mythologies, which thus vindicate their right to be. The task before us is to detach the valuable from the valueless, and transport the real beauty and worth of "other worldliness" into the sphere of "worldliness." We are to show that the scattered rays now shot out into the void spaces of the encompassing dream-land can be brought to a focus in our homes, and made to minister light and warmth hitherto unknown in the purification, the elevation, the beatification, of "the life that now is."

Until we succeed in filtering out the essential truth in the visions of the future which, it is too evident, have withdrawn men's minds unduly from the grandeur of their present, we shall expostulate in vain against the folly of the visions themselves. Put all the moral earnestness which makes the world hunger after a heaven of

purity hereafter into the great task of realizing that purity now. The present is not so good as the future, if its nearness quenches the light of ideas. I count it a mere misfortune to be swallowed up in plans how to better the surroundings of life, and fill them with affluence, elegance, and comfort, to the neglect of that which is surrounded. I would rather still live the ideal life, though at the cost of cherishing some puerile beliefs. It is the noblest ambition of life to seek to foster the high quality of it, and transmute the dull metal of opportunity into the preciousness of golden character. To that must every one come back. It is well to turn away from the future, for the sake of making the present finer. But I believe in the use and the necessity of even "other-worldliness," unless the "worldliness" we choose by preference is marked by loftier aims put into purer practice.

In fact, whoever once glows with a genuine love of the ideal, and obeys it as the freely installed sovereign of action, will quite forget the antithesis of present and future, this world and the other world. Distinctions of time and space fade out of the mind that knows only the true and the right. This is better than a vehement rejection of future hopes even for present duties. The hopes are harmless, at the least. Abide by the duties, and, if you have the hopes too, life will be only the cheerier. The law that governs all worlds, both this and that, under and upper, will justify itself to all, if faithfully converted into habitual feeling, thought, and deed; and the "worldliness" that aims only to concentrate this law into immediate act is only another name for religion in its best aspect.

F. E. A.

Rev. Dr. Bellows (Unitarian) is sighing for a liturgy. He says he is tired of "the boldness and one-sidedness" of the Unitarian method. He is tired also of "running after liberty of conscience," having found himself, as he says, in this chase, "at the bottom of an open sack," from whence he desires now to emerge (it was fortunate the sack was left "open"). Coffee is good, he thinks, though it come out of an old coffee-pot; so is religion, he argues, though it come out of an old Prayer-book. He "never was so happy in his life" as when he sat once "for hours in a Catholic church, enraptured and immovable," beholding the "beauty and harmony of all things around" him. "I wish to mercy," he cries, "we had some symbolic form of worship!" By all means let Dr. Bellows have a liturgy. Let him have anything he wants, for he never wants anything long. Ecclesiastically he is as changeable and inconstant as April weather; though personally he is a whole-souled and generous man.

Henry Ward Beecher, in one of his lectures to the Yale divinity students, said: "Take common folks as they are, and my own impression from my acquaintance with them is that there are very few outside of Christian churches that generate many moral thoughts, religious thoughts, or religious impulses. The higher feelings are extremely weak in them." But does not Mr. Beecher know that most of our great public sinners, like the *Credit Mobilier* ones, for instance, are Evangelical Christians; that nearly all the inhabitants of our penitentiaries are hangers-on to the Church in some shape or other, and that a great majority of murderers expiate their crimes with Evangelical confessions on their dying lips? If the religious census of the immoral and criminal could be taken, there is little doubt that it would show a vast less number of infidels than Christians among them.

Mr. John Alexander, of Philadelphia, who wants to "put God into the Constitution," has made the following solemn declaration: "By the grace and providence of God enabling me, I will contribute to the treasury of the National Association for securing the amendment of the Constitution of the United States, the sum of five hundred dollars, annually, until an amendment (in substance such as at present proposed by the Association) shall be made to the Constitution of the United States. If this amendment is not made during my lifetime, I shall hope to continue the aforesaid annual payments through the agency of the legal representatives of my estate. 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'—*Chicago Post*.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errors.

THE ONE CURE FOR THE SOCIAL EVIL.

The prevalence of sensuality in the grossest forms,—the general looseness of thought and feeling, no less than of practice, in regard to the sexual relations,—calls for the earnest attention of every man and woman who care for the health, happiness, and ennobling of our kind. One need but allude, in briefest terms, to the outward symptoms that tend to prove how rotten at the core, in this respect, is become society, low and high. Aside from the statistics of prostitution, the frequent tragedies (of which the names Hlcox, Bowlesby, Goodrich, recall certain types), and the fearful though less loud-mouthed witness which the madhouse bears,—aside from these, is it not a terribly alarming fact that "respectable" journals give place in their columns to the flimsily-masked advertisements of butchers of unborn babes? Nay, worse; that busy pimps of Satan are at work thrusting their obscene tracts into the hands of little children on their way to school? It is idle to linger mourning over such a state of things, or to waste breath in denunciation of the sinners. Let us ask, rather, what is the *cause*, and what the *cure* of it all.

The procreative appetite is, of itself, tremendous, and hard enough to control and hallow under favoring conditions; but left untrained and unsanctified in early years, it sways man's whole being with despotic power. And one chief reason of its usurping the ascendancy is that boys and girls are permitted to grow up in ignorance of its true meaning and sphere. It is a mistaken delicacy, a disastrous blunder, to ignore this subject in our system of education, and leave our children to pick up the vilest possible notions from servants, playmates, and multitudes of printed sheets full of insidious influences. Knowledge must precede virtue, for no chance act can be a moral one. Yet parents habitually leave this to chance,—which often becomes mischance, or something more calamitous. The little ones come with trustful, innocent questionings, only to be evaded, snubbed, or lied to—a shameful outrage on their right of knowledge. Keen-eyed, they quickly discern that here is a tabooed subject, on which their parents (who ought to be their confidants in everything) will not let confidence subsist between them; and so, with heightened curiosity, they turn elsewhere for information,—and get it, too, in no "questionable shape," but in one beyond all question damnable.

And what are we going to do about it? Palliate as we may the present evil, there is but one radical remedy: strike at the root! Teach opening, stainless minds *the truth*. When they seek (as they will seek) of their natural heaven-appointed teachers, in God's name let them find! Answer their home-questions frankly, reverently. "To the pure all things are pure;" and the divine miracle of reproduction set forth plainly, tenderly, by father or mother, cannot defile the soul of their inquiring offspring. "What God in his infinite wisdom, power, and love, has created, no man or woman should be ashamed to think of, read of, talk of, learn, and teach; for it cannot be that he has so ordered it that knowledge essential to the well-being of mankind can sully moral purity." Remember how permanent are first impressions, and let virtue pre-occupy the soul. Sow wheat betimes, else the Devil will get in ahead of you a full plant of tares. Therefore, seize with solemn joy the opportunity to stamp forever upon the plastic minds of children high and holy ideas touching the origin of human life. Teach them fearlessly the best you have learned yourself; trust them, and your faith shall receive a rich reward.

But inasmuch as not all parents are wise enough to adopt this course, I hope we shall yet have sexual physiology and hygiene taught in the public schools by pure-minded, capable men and women. Let us see to it that those who are to be the wives and husbands, the fathers and mothers, of the coming race have clearly defined ideas and firmly established principles as to that function on whose proper exercise the perpetuity and progress of our species rest. Let us make our children, as it is their right to be, heirs of the experience of all the ages. Let them learn, from the outset, to forego all mere passion indulgence (no matter whether legally sanctioned or illicit) as neither more nor less than licentious in the sight of Heaven; and so holding their reproductive nature as the most sacred of trusts,—having no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but mastering their own desires in sanctification and honor, walking after the spirit in the glorious liberty of the children of God,—to become the parents of a more divine humanity. Thus shall we apply a constitutional treatment to every form of the "social evil;" a treatment slow, no doubt, in its operation (like all true remedies), but infallibly sure.

Boston, May 20, 1873.

N. E. BOYD.

A FRIENDLY WORD.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Dear Sir,—While acting in your present position, it may be pleasant to you to learn from new sources the effect of your own and Mr. Abbot's efforts in behalf of Free Religion.

Two or three months ago I was led to subscribe for your paper by certain quotations from its columns, which appeared in the *New York Independent*: you have reason to thank it for its involuntary advertisement of *THE INDEX*. My first perusal of your paper roused a deeper thrill of interest, a more heartfelt gratitude in me, than any paper or book I ever read before. I learned for the first time that true men were boldly speaking what I long had been timidly but irresistibly pondering. It was indeed a comfort to see the conviction in print, that a man may be good and yet not have "faith," in the ordinary religious sense of that word.

You may be sure I at once put into effect what for years had been meditated, and finally decided upon; namely, a withdrawal from church-membership. Since then I have known a joy and peace such as is often spoken of by the young Christian convert, and which doubtless is occasioned in both cases by obedience to the dictates of conscience. Even while separated in belief from every one of my relatives and friends, there is an inward satisfaction which entirely compensates for the estrangement. Indeed I feel that after groping for the key of life for more than a decade of years, it is suddenly felt within my grasp. By means of it I am enabled to unlock many of the questions of the age, whose apparent contradictions had almost driven me mad. By it I can perceive the one common foundation upon which all good men, of whatsoever divergent or opposing creeds, have rested in the past and are now standing. The justice and love of God are revealed to me in a light more glorious than ever shone forth from Scripture. To impart this blessing to souls as untroubled as mine has been, seems now a most pressing duty.

In examining your paper with the impartial eye of a stranger, with your permission I will mention a few of the points that impress me. Do you draw the line with sufficient clearness between free religion and irreligion? In an article by Col. Higginson, it was noticeable that all the members of the Maine Legislature who had "no religious preferences" were classed as liberals. Perhaps if he went to the State-prison he might find even a larger proportion who are without any "religious preferences;" would he claim these reprobates as his co-workers in the vineyard of the world? Bigotry with high moral character is better than liberalism conjoined with vice.

L. F. C. GARVIN.

LONSDALE, R. I.

[The writer of the above made some allusion in his letter to "THE INDEX troubles," discriminating as to both sides of the controversy; but he will pardon us for not publishing that portion of his very friendly communication, as we think sufficient attention to this subject has already been given in these columns.—Ed.]

INFORMATION WANTED.

The writer of this is equally interested and as much concerned in this life, and in that which is to come, as the profoundest religionist that now lives, or that has ever lived. He is no scoffer, neither is he a bigot, but strives after a sincere knowledge of the truth. He makes this disclaimer in advance, because it is too common with some to lavish unkind epithets upon those who unhapily may not agree with them. If I am mistaken I want the mistake corrected; if not, I should like to know how so great an error ever obtained such an influence over the minds of men, as the following.

If I correctly understand the leading dogma of Christianity, it is that the transgression of Adam in the Garden of Eden, or Paradise, necessitated the coming of Christ, whose crucifixion was a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of the world. To use the words of St. Paul (1 Cor. xv. 22), "For as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Christians say that the evil effects of this transgression passed over from Adam to all his posterity. "In Adam's fall we sinned all." Now I cannot find that any of the patriarchs—that Moses, David, or any of the prophets, or Christ—made any allusion to, or deemed of any importance, or taught that Adam's transgression affected mankind at all. On the contrary I find that this doctrine or dogma—the very cornerstone of Christianity—lay dormant or had no existence for a period of four thousand years; that is from Adam to Paul,—and that it is from the mouth of St. Paul we first hear of it. Where did he get it? If neither the Jewish Bible nor the Gospels teach it, it appears to me that the dogma of the effects of Adam's transgression falls to the ground; and with it the other dogma that is built upon it—the vicarious atonement of Christ.

R. E. P.

FREE SPEECH DEFENDED.

PORT HURON, March 22, 1873.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

A meeting of Spiritualists and Liberals was held at the Spiritualist Hall on the 20th instant, and after full and free discussion the following Preamble and Resolutions were passed; and in accordance with the instructions of said meeting I forward you a copy, requesting you to publish the same.

Whereas, Victoria C. Woodhull, president of the National Association of Spiritualists, and Tenable C. Claffin and Col. Blood, her partners and associates in the City of New York, have lately had their property seized, their persons rudely treated, and been cruelly incarcerated in an American jail, by servants of the people, in the name and under the pretence of law,—all at the instigation of one Comstock, a tool of the American Protestant order of Jesuits, otherwise called Young Men's Christian Association,—simply because they exercised the liberty of speech and freedom of the press to expose the hypocrisy, libertinism, and social corruption of certain great leaders of religion and morality; therefore

Resolved, That we believe that Mrs. Woodhull and her co-laborers—in the enunciation of their views on the social relations of life, and in their bold and fearless exposure of the naked truth in regard to the moral vices who in sheep's clothing and the name of the Lord are debauching and corrupting public sentiment and opinion—are honestly and sincerely laboring to purify and elevate humanity.

Resolved, That we hereby solemnly protest against this high-handed usurpation by the servants of the people, who dare violate the Constitution in suppressing the freedom of the press and liberty of speech.

Resolved, That we tender to our sisters and brother our deep sympathy, and we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to sustain and support them under their difficulties.

Resolved, That we deeply regret the silence of the *Banner of Light*, and the denunciations of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, both of which papers should have come promptly to the aid of their sister editor and Spiritualist in the hour of her distress; and that they can only regain our confidence and support by a prompt and earnest acknowledgment and advocacy of liberty of thought and freedom of speech and press.

Resolved, That these resolutions be signed by the President and Secretary of this meeting and forwarded to Woodhull and Claffin's *Weekly Banner of Light*, Boston Investigator, INDEX, and the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, with a request that they publish the same.

L. S. NOBLE, President.

E. R. SEELY, Secretary.

[The publication of the foregoing Resolutions has been unintentionally delayed.—Ed.]

THE SITUATION ACCEPTED.

EDITOR INDEX:—

After having passed through the experience of a Universalist and Spiritualist preacher, editor, and author, and seen the tendencies of various modern scepticisms, I have taken Evangelical Christian ground, and am now laboring in the churches to meet the issues between Christianity and infidelity. Hence I need *THE INDEX* to help keep me posted. While I commiserate your prospects in the godless battle you have begun, I commend your candor and vigor as worthy of a better cause.

Yours,

CHELSEA, MASS.

URIAH CLARK.

[We are very grateful to Mr. Clark for his "commiseration" of us, and will try to stagger along under our unworthiness as well as we can. We are glad he has decided to read *THE INDEX*; it will undoubtedly do him good.—Ed.]

UNITARIAN MINISTERS.—It may be laid down as an axiom in life that you never can tell what a Unitarian minister will do. He may begin in a pulpit, pass through a professorship or an era of school-teaching, and burst forth in mature life into a statesman, a diplomatist, a governor or a senator,—as Everett, Bancroft, and Palfrey did. He may leave his parish to found a phalanstery, as George Ripley and William Henry Channing did; or turn Catholic, like Bronson, and seek to bring all America under the control of the Latin Church. He may go to war like Higgluson, serve a writ of ejectment on Christianity like Abbot, revolutionize the politics of a State like Starr King, found a school of writers and thinkers like Emerson, grapple single-handed with the social questions of a great city like Parker, organize a sanitary commission like Hellows, go about rending churches in twain like Conway, or building them up, of the Anglican pattern, like Bishop Huntington. But wherever he is, be he a great man or a little one, he is pretty sure to be making a stir in some way or other—with his will or against it. The most quiet and icy of Boston Unitarians may prove, under favorable circumstances, to be a genuine volcano; he may alternate between a crater and a glacier; he may pass his hot youth in the coolest seclusion, and appear in his mellow age as a glowing radical, like Dr. Bartol; or he may take his radicalism in youth, with the measles and the mumps, and settle down into a conservative doctor of divinity. As Emerson says (with a slight variation to suit our subject): "Let mankind beware when God lets loose a Unitarian minister on this planet,—then things are at risk."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.

An Indiana Sunday-school man writes to a Bible firm in New York: "Send me on some Sunday-school papers and books. Let the books be about pirates and Indians as far as possible."—*Chicago Post*.

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

Japan is evidently advancing rapidly in a career of reformation and material improvement, but we have seen no such evidence of its being "Christianized" as some of the press would have the world believe. The connection between telegraphs, railroads, and religion is about as direct as lake navigation or ocean shipping. We suppose the Japanese can possess all these things and still remain Buddhists. What they have done, so far as the rulers are concerned, is to admit all creeds alike into the country, and given them equal protection. That simply demonstrates that the government has finally elevated itself to the level of common sense; but proves nothing more. Nations are neither made nor changed in a day. The old forms are likely to linger for centuries in the open country.

In accepting our civilization, these pagan nations will be wise if they do not take too much of it. They will find that when sifted to the bottom, it is scarcely a remove from organized hypocrisy. The mass of civilized virtues are atmospheric. They make noise enough, but beyond the din there lies a deep gulf. As a rule, organization has not failed in promoting universal honesty and education, or developing most of the higher and nobler qualities of the race. Its weakness and follies have grown from its stationary condition. In waiting out the world, it walled itself in. It must now submit to new tests, and, on an average, need not dread them. It can show much that is superior to everything civilized. If truly wise, the aim will be to imbibe only what is fit and good, and reject the balance. It is in the power of Japan, in time, to become the England of the Pacific ocean, and that end will probably be attained if the country is not meddled with too much.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer.*

STAYING IN TO REFORM.

To the Editor of the Golden Age:—Henry Ward Beecher welcomes the Nation with Mr. Godkin back into the ranks of the Republican party, saying, "The best way to reform a party is to stay in it."

We suppose, then, that Jesus stayed in the Jewish Church to reform it; that Luther kept in Rome to reform Rome; that the Wesleys held on to the Established Church to reform that; that the New England Fathers stayed in Old England and kept in the persecuting Calvinistic Church as the surest way to plant New England Liberal Congregationalism; that Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, Gerrit Smith, and Henry Ward Beecher kept in the old Whig and Democratic parties as the surest way to circumscribe and overthrow slavery! How singular that men who have played the role of reformers for twenty-five years by seceding from others, should so strenuously object to being reformed themselves! It is easier, we imagine, to ask other people to come out and repent than to repent himself.

H. P. C.

BROOKLYN, July 2, 1872

WHY JEWS DON'T PROSELYTE.—We are not and never can be propagandists, in the Christian sense, because we sincerely believe that it is by the life, and not by the creed, that men are judged. It is an old saying of our rabbis that the pious of every nation have a share in future bliss. Holding to this belief, we do not regard it as our duty to propagate our creed, even if we had the influence and the numbers to devote ourselves to such a wild scheme. Jews never court proselytes. A good man is no better by becoming a good Jew. It is the goodness, after all, which has the saving power, whether the man be Jew, Christian, or Mohammedan. We have nothing but praise and admiration for Christians who work to lead men to better life—who are carrying our Bible and theirs throughout the habitable globe, that its light may warm the ignorant and redeem the vicious. In the Christian's labor of self-sacrifice, the Jew, too, may join at no very distant date. Hitherto, we have not had time to grow and flourish. Scarcely have we rested our feet and acquired a little influence, before presumably Christian kings have pounced upon our treasures, and cast

us into prison or exile. We do not bear them any ill-will on that account, for they religiously supposed they were fulfilling prophecy by spitting on us and plucking our beards; but it was a little unjust thus to knock us into the mud and blame us for being smeared with dirt. However, that day is past. At present, we have work enough to purify ourselves, rather than cleanse the Hottentot. Let us live quietly in America for fifty years more, and if our people are true to themselves, who knows what sublime schemes of propagandism they shall originate?—*Jewish Messenger.*

HIT.—Apropos of fairs, and their frequently very questionable devices for raising money, we copy the following story from an exchange: "A Presbyterian minister of a Western town was once accosted at a fair of his church, where some of these expedients were in full blast, by no less a personage than the well-known Dean Richmond (afterwards President of the New York Central Railroad, but then known to be a habitué of the gaming-table), in this fashion: 'Domine, I don't exactly understand all your games here, but I would like to help the cause along. If you've no objection, I'd like to go into one of those side rooms and try a game of poker with you, the winnings to go to the church anyway.' The parson squirmed a little, but the church game of blanks and prizes disappeared from that branch of Zion forthwith."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.

The following numbers of THE INDEX for 1873 can no longer be supplied on orders: Nos. 167 (March 8), 169 (March 22), 170 (March 29), 171 (April 5).

Free Religious Association.

The Report in pamphlet form, of the ANNUAL MEETING of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION for 1872, can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, WM. J. POTTER, New Bedford, Mass. It contains essays by John W. Chadwick, on "LIBERTY AND THE CHURCH IN AMERICA," by C. D. B. Mills, on the question, "DOES RELIGION REPRESENT A PERMANENT SENTIMENT OF THE HUMAN MIND, OR IS IT A PERISHABLE SUPERSTITION?" and by O. B. Frothingham, on "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY," together with the Report of the Executive Committee, and addresses and remarks by Dr. Bartol, A. B. Alcott, Lucetta Mott, Celia Burleigh, Horace Seaver, Alexander Loos, and others. Price, 35 cents; in packages of five or more, 25 cents each.

WM. J. POTTER,

Secretary.

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The Radical's Root.

A SERMON PREACHED IN LYRIC HALL, NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1873.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

"Rooted and grounded in Love."—EPHESIANS III. 17.

Everything that lives has a root. The plant draws sustenance from two worlds—a world of darkness and a world of light, and as much from one as the other. Even the air-plants, as we call them, that seem to live entirely on the light and the atmosphere, still derive their nourishment in part from tangible substances. They live without moisture; would you make them grow in your hot-house, you must provide something, though it be nothing more than a piece of decaying wood, a lump of charcoal, or a few mossy stones, to which they can attach their tenuous roots. So foolish a thing as the rose of Jericho, which flourishes all over the East—in the Barbary States, in Palestine, and Upper Egypt, lingering by the side of streams, enjoying moist places—a plant that in the dry season pulls its tiny root out of the ground, curls it tightly round its body, and rolls off before the wind until it finds a congenial resting-place, nevertheless has its suckers which it unwinds and drops down when its pleasure serves; and it always chooses a succulent spot near a stream of water, in a bed of mould, or on a heap of muck. The higher the growth upwards, the deeper the root downwards. Plants that live near the ground need but a feeble hold on the soil. An inch or two of earth suffices. They need not spread at all; they need only dip. The stem of the crocus and of the violet is very short; a child can pull them up with its fingers; they need no depth of soil. But the great tree that overshadows half an acre, that takes in the sunshine of the whole heavens, and is refreshed by the winds that blow from all the quarters of the globe, reaches down furlong upon furlong; its roots are a subterranean forest stretching out great branches that twine and grasp like anacondas, and appropriate the vitality that ages have deposited. The oak tree that is to last perhaps a thousand years, under whose shade generations of children are to play, draws the nurture that sustains it from an area wider than it spreads over in the sky; it lays hold on the very heart of the planet, coils about huge rocks beneath the earth, ties itself in with the knotted roots of other trees, goes plunging and burrowing down towards the centre of the globe in search of things that died centuries before and are hastening into mould; prowls after the hidden springs of water, finds where the sweetest fountains are, and will even plunge beneath them, pushing its greedy inquiries beyond their ken, levying on other territory that they may perchance have treasure of food for it. All the force of man will not start a mountain-pine. The tempest of the winter but strips off its leaves; the earthquake that tumbles down the swellings of a city does not loosen a single one of its fibres: it is an organic thing; a piece of Nature; the upper world of light and glory clothes it annually with the splendor of a new

creation; the under-world, cloudy, dark, and secret, but full of living forces, pours into it the products of all the growth of the planet for a thousand generations.

The analogy holds in regard to human beings. Every individual man and woman has a root; and the grander the growth of human qualities, the deeper is the root. The person who overlooks his generation you may be sure overlooks his generation as well. He whose shadow falls across centuries draws his sustenance from more centuries that have gone before him and have left no trace save in the wealthy world out of which he sprang. According to the height of the character is the depth of the source whence it draws supplies. Here is a man who is rooted to circumstances,—in the upper, superficial stratum of things adjacent to him;—what we call the conditions of his life, the external apparatus by which his existence is kept in order, furnish the soil he is grounded in. He depends upon those. His fibres strike no deeper than his accidents. Is he rich,—he blossoms and bears fruit. Is he poor,—he dries up, shrinks away, perishes. In prosperity he shoots up tall, spreads his branches wide, waves his leafage in the air; adversity strikes him, the foliage is all stripped off, the branches toss idly in the wind, the trunk aways wildly hither and thither, the roots are loosened: if a severer gale than usual strikes him, he is laid prone on the ground. Is he successful, success feeds him, elates him, makes him happy: his veins are full of sap; his eye is bright; he holds his head high; his hand is open. Is he unsuccessful, all the geniality is gone;—no more light in his eye,—no more buoyancy in his step,—no more uprightness in his form; his mind has lost its balance; his heart is dead. Here is a man who, in the season of popularity, is open-minded, bright-hearted, happy, warm in his affections, generous in his impulses; he seems to be ennobled by the regards of his fellow men. Is he unpopular,—the withdrawal of the sunlight of common favor, the withholding of the praise of ordinary people, take from him the very breath by which he lives; and he blackens and dies. To be born at the North was once to be a democrat; to be born at the South was to be an apologist for the peculiar institution. In England, this man believes in monarchy. In Paris, he praises imperialism or republicanism, according to circumstances. In Protestant countries, he is a Protestant; in Papal countries, a Papist. In Mecca, he puts off his shoes before entering the sacred precincts, and kisses the black stone. His faith is that of the country he sojourns in; he worships with the multitude, whatever their superstition; he is as he happens to be; like the chameleon, he takes the color of the ground he lies on, some say of the food he eats; he is a rose of Jericho, always hurrying before the wind, his roots in his trunk. If he has roots, nobody knows where they are until, occasionally, for a moment, he finds it convenient to pause and to pump up a little sap into his body from the place where he happens to find himself.

Here is a man with a deeper root, a root in his ancestry. He is a leaf on a family tree. He refers back to his precursors; is proud of their blood in his veins,—the red blood, the blue blood, that father, mother, or some more distant ancestor, furnishes. This man is mindful of the stock he springs from, the pit out of which he was dug. He carries himself with a proud consciousness of superior worth, if the stock be noble. A kind of nobility characterizes his look and manner. If it be ignoble, the characteristics none the less appear in him, and none the less is he proud of them; he boasts of their evil prowess, talks haughtily of their wild heroism, exults in their questionable achievements, quotes their strong sayings, tries to carry himself as their descendant and representative. There is a good side to this pride of ancestry, if the ancestry be worthy; but there is a bad side to it even then. The material that a man derives from his ancestry, however rich, does not make him human in the noble sense; it shuts him in with a few qualities; it makes him reserved, exclusive, opinionated, imparts to him the characteristics of the cast he belongs to. In fact, the cast spirit itself is due to this narrow veneration; for it confines men to certain sharply defined types which clash with each other, and cause incessant

friction and war. On the whole, root of ancestry is a bitter one, and the fruit it bears is bitter.

Let us suppose a man to strike his roots lower down than this. He is not, we will say, the creature of his circumstances; he is not the child of his parentage. He belongs to his nation; he is an American, or German, or Frenchman, or Englishman. His suckers spread out to the limits of the national domain. He is not bounded by State lines. He does not ask whether his neighbor comes from the East or the West, the North or the South; he is countryman, and that is enough; he is blood of his blood, and bone of his bone, a fellow, an equal, and a brother, sacred in his person, and venerable in his rights. Such a man will be large, expansive, and generous. He is the patriot; full of noble sentiments; a man of comprehensive sympathies and wide interests. He can take his brother American by the hand wherever he meets him, be he rich or poor, fortunate or unfortunate, attractive or forbidding. The fact of belonging to a common country covers a multitude of infirmities. It cannot be denied that a certain grandeur of intelligence, a certain faith in ideas, a certain breadth of allegiance to principles, accompanies this patriotic type. But neither can it be denied that such a person has his limits. He believes in American ideas, but in no others; he praises American principles, but concedes worth to none besides; you may always know him as a man who exults in his native land so cordially that the foreigner is a barbarian. For has he the same feeling to the Englishman? Does he equally respect the German? Has he a profound respect for the Frenchman? Can he enter sympathetically into the feelings of the Italian or the Irishman? Not so. He is possibly a bigot in his prejudices, unable to appreciate the intellectual or moral weight of a fellow man who lives on the other side of the Atlantic or the Pacific sea. In England he has no eye for what may be the advantages of a constitutional monarchy; in Germany he cannot welcome what may be said for the constitution of the Empire; in France he fails to understand the peculiar temper of a people that is constantly overturning its own system of government. He can cherish scorn for the stranger, having but one word for stranger and enemy. Noble, wide, grand in many respects, his root, nevertheless, is not so firm that it cannot be shaken,—by prejudice, passion, and malice. Should the time come when a controversy arises between his own government and another, the right is sure with him to be on one side; his motto is, "Our country, right or wrong," but still our country.

But now, suppose a man to strike down his roots lower than this,—below family, ancestry, class, clan, tribe, country,—down into human nature itself; not asking whether one be English, French, German, American, Italian, Irish, but whether he be human. Suppose a man to really make no distinction between Jew and Greek, barbarian or Scythian, bond or free, to consider simply this one question, whether the individual has the attributes of a human being: such a man has real roots. He is interested in what concerns his fellows. He strikes down into a principle. He draws sustenance from an idea. His sympathies are world-wide. He touches every person at the point where all touch each other. He can surrender himself to a cause. The question with him is, Is it just? Is it right? This is the noblest, the most exhaustive root of all. Deeper than this, deeper than human nature, it is impossible to go. When we see a man striking his roots down into this principle of human nature, we see one who strikes down into the core of things; we see one who is proof against the severest tribulations, sorrows, temptations. No wind can shatter him; no tempest can unseat him; he stands up under calamity, and even comes out stronger from the shock of the elemental war.

I am to speak this morning of the Radical's Root.

What do we mean by a Radical? There are three definitions of the term. According to the popular acceptance, the Radical is one who pulls up things by the roots—a destroyer, a revolutionist. This is the definition of the enemy. The genuine Radical rejects it as being no

description of himself whatever. The Radical says of himself, "I come not to destroy, but to fulfil." He would pull up nothing by the roots that had roots to support it. He would let even weeds grow in his neighbor's field if the neighbor preferred them to grain: he has too much respect for things that grow to disturb them without cause; only the poisonous plants that corrupt the atmosphere and impoverish the land would he eradicate.

A second definition marks the Radical as one who never can rest until he gets at the root of things. The Radical is represented as a prying, inquisitive, critical, restless person, who is forever burrowing in the ground, can never be satisfied, can never leave any belief or institution alone, can never take a doctrine on trust, must impatiently pull up his corn to see how it grows; a man without intelligent motive, or earnestness of purpose, or serious desire after truth; inheriting a precious vineyard, which has produced luscious grapes for a hundred years, the delicious fruit whereof he has tasted, in health and in sickness, in clusters and in vintage, since he became a man, he must nevertheless worry and explore and expose the healthy suckers of his vines, that he may ascertain in what precise mixture of soil they are planted. Living in a house which has sheltered him and his parents before him, and a line of ancestors before them—a house that in generations has never started, does not show a crack in its walls or a leak in its roof—still he is not content until he has been down in the cellar, tested with the hammer every stone in the substructure, and carried on geological experiments beneath the foundation at the imminent risk of upsetting the building. This, too, I pronounce a caricature. This, too, is the definition of the antagonist. The Radical is no such person. That there are persons who do this may be true enough, but they are not necessarily Radicals. It is not the peculiarity of the Radical, that out of mere curiosity, in a spirit of restlessness, from an idle desire to know more than is useful, admissible, or wise, he would unsettle anything that has a valid claim to permanence. Whatever has a solid basis he allows to stand.

The Radical is simply one who desires a root, who believes in roots, is sure that nothing is strong without them, and is concerned to know in what sort of soil he is planted. He has no fancy for oaks planted in flower pots; pine trees set in porcelain vases are not to him beautiful. Knowing somewhat the uncertainty of the seasons, having had proof of the variableness of climates, he has no wish to be put down in a small area, fenced about on all sides, bricked closely in so that no draft can freshen the air and enliven the soil. He has discovered that in his daily life he must face the tempest and brave the blast, and he would make sure against being stripped by an autumn wind, or sapped by a trickling stream of water, or overturned by a sudden convulsion of Nature. He prefers to be able to stand, and, when the storm has passed, still to stand. He calls himself, therefore, what he is, a Radical—a *root-man*, because he believes in a root; the deeper the root, the more he believes in it; and his sincere desire, his only desire, is to know that his root goes down deep enough to hold fast amid the severest stress of weather.

The Radical, therefore, cannot be a sectarian. The sectarian stands planted in a sect; but a sect is a fragment—something cut off from the domain of thought, a small ground-plot, or yard, not an open field. The sectarian is a class or clique man; as the word signifies, a man who is clipped and trimmed down. He is a tree set in a box, not in a meadow. That he has a certain amount of verdure, that he bears a certain quality of fruit, that he has elements of earnestness, of intensity, may be cheerfully granted. Every human being has vitality of some sort; he will grow after a fashion, wherever you plant him; if you plant him in a small place, he will make the most of his opportunity, he will ripen to the extent of his limits. But if the limits are cramped, the stature will be stunted. The sectarian is an apple-tree planted in the cleft of a rock. Chance has put it there; no gardener is responsible for the situation; it makes the best of its handful of earth and thimbleful of moisture; struggles as well as it can to get at the light and air; rejoices, after a sickly fashion, in the sun, holds out its scanty leaf to catch the rain-fall, but after all can get no more sustenance than the conditions allow. The kind wind blows dust into the nook where the poor twisted body is; resolutely the root is let down, and painfully the sustenance there is drawn up, though it be but a mouthful. But you will see only a few wrinkled leaves. On the outermost twig perhaps you may discover a single apple, which never ripens, and, when bitten, proves to be sour. The sectarian has a certain amount of force of his own; but the sound he makes as he ripples along is out of all proportion to the volume of the stream; it is the rattle of a thin current of water flowing over loose pebbles. A very slender rivulet will turn a pretty large mill-wheel if you only make the channel narrow enough. But one can have no more life than his roots supply; the sectarian's mind, there-

fore, is narrow, dry, thin, and sandy. There is no great impulse, no eager seeking after the new truth. He holds up his little shred of doctrine, and it is not apparent to him that anybody else has any doctrine at all. His heart cannot be genial or diffusive in its charity. It is impossible for him to feel that other men who do not believe as he does are as good as he is; that they can be sincerely good at all. There is a certain amount of conscience, or of conscientiousness, rather; but it grinds away at the crank of the denominational organization, it turns the creaking wheel of denominational duty, and succeeds in bringing out a certain amount of hard grits which one can, perhaps, make into dry biscuit. He cannot worship with grandeur of devotion, for his deity is a definition, his God is a dogma. He can only catch a glimpse of the divine love at the bottom of a well as the sun passes over the mouth of it. His soul, therefore, is apt to be arid and barren as his mind; his love of God is love of his denomination, and the love of his denomination is but a species of the love of himself.

The Radical cannot be a sectarian. Can the Radical be a churchman? What is a church but a more comprehensive and better organized sect, a wider denomination, a more diversified group of believers? There is something grand, truly, in the idea of a church; in every existing church there is much that is noble, majestic, and attractive. A church is an organization, not a machine; it is a growth; it lives through ages of time; it covers a large area of space; it includes people of many conditions, many orders of intellect, many casts of disposition, many tongues, many types of genius, it may be many different races. It has developed in the course of centuries. There are worlds of experiences in it. Its spiritual soil is strong, and succulent with the joys and sorrows, the thoughts and desires, the aspirations and utterances of generations. Its doctrines are the products of disciplined minds working through many phases of faith. It has sacraments and ceremonies, solemn rites, glorious music, beautiful symbols, poetry, art, architecture. It has great churches, not meeting-houses, that seem to have grown by the laws of Nature out of the soil. To be rooted in a church is to have roots struck into historic and holy ground; it is to draw moisture from many living springs; it is to appropriate the experience, perhaps, of a nation. The churchman, so he be a true churchman, carries with himself an air of calmness and repose, of dignity and grace. He seems to be a part of the institution he belongs to; a piece of this great organism that has lived so long, and comprehended so much, and embraced such various life; something of the spirit of antiquity attaches itself to him. He is conservative; he has a great trust, a large reverence, an earnestness in thought and feeling that is even impressive and beautiful.

And yet the churchman, if he be no more than a churchman, is considerably less than human. What does he think of other churches? Of the Roman Church, for instance—of the Greek Church? What respect has he for strange forms of worship? Does he do more than tolerate extremes that differ from his own? Does he tolerate such as are hostile? The churchman's mind is slow and opaque; his heart is rather self-satisfied than sunny; his conscience rather punctilious than sensitive; his worship is formal; he prays as the Church prays—out of a book. He allows the Church to think for him, to believe for him, to worship for him, to intercede for him. The Church takes care of him; pardons his sins; guarantees his future. He treads an ecclesiastical path, passes through an ecclesiastical doorway, enters an ecclesiastical heaven. However pleasantly he talks with other believers, it is over a fence; however graciously he looks at them, it is with eyes of compassion. He cannot help believing that he is in a safer place than they. You are impressed by him, as by one who feels sure of his past, his present, and also of his future, and is good enough to be sorry that his fellow-men are not so sure of their destiny as he is of his. The ripeness of his belief prevents his being angular, but the interior composure of his mind savors too much of that calm exclusiveness which enjoys its spiritual privacy and keeps intruders out of doors.

The Radical cannot be a churchman. The Church is of comparatively modern origin, traceable to definite beginnings. It is a production of human wit; a creation of diplomacy. You can easily go below it, and get at the secret of it. The Catholic church claims to be older than the Bible. Is it older than the Hebrew Bible—to mention no others? The man who strikes his roots into the Old Testament, strikes them below the Church. The man whose roots go down into the soil of these antique Scriptures, penetrates below all Christendom. The Old Testament, the old Hebrew Bible—what a world it is! How wonderful in extent, in comprehensiveness! What wealth of antiquity there is in it! What recesses of wonder and marvel it contains! It covers a continent; it absorbs the life of a race, and one of the most extraordinary races that ever lived on the planet. There is in it a universe of thought, feeling, conviction, pur-

pose; the experiences of two thousand years are packed away in its chapters. What mountain ranges of thought, what sweet valleys of meditation, what noble rivers of psalmody, what delicious fountains and pure rivulets of praise! What power of conviction! What reaches of exaltation, what breadth of hope, what vistas of anticipation, what thrilling conceptions of Providence, of the world that is and of the world that is to come! The man who should sink his roots so deeply into the Old Bible that they took up everything there, would be a giant among men. But all depends on the thoroughness of the exploration. Does one root himself in the letter, or in the spirit?—that is the question. He that roots himself in the letter does not go below the surface, hardly pierces the outer crust; knows nothing perhaps of the rich world of experience that is stored inside. Now, the Old Testament man, as we see him, roots himself in the letter. The Puritan rooted himself in the letter. He knew far less than he might of the resources of moral and spiritual sustenance that lay hidden in the spirit below the letter. The soil in which he struck his roots was made up in great measure of the *debris* of the Hebrew mind—wild feelings, fanciful speculations, strange superstitions and conceits, that are strewn broadcast over the surface of the history; uncouth beliefs in Providence, rude conceptions of God and man, grotesque notions of the constitution of the world, vagaries respecting the election of certain races of men, and the rejection of others; and the result of all this was a character of austerity and pride, touched here and there with a sweet and rich glow of piety, but having, as the soul of it, more reverence for law than truth, for justice than for love. The Puritan had a grand life in him, but it was rough and severe. He was exclusive, arbitrary, and at times tyrannical. He carried a rod of iron in his hand; his conscience was a rod of iron.

Go down below the letter in which the spirit is hidden,—sink your roots until you strike the New Testament, and you have something infinitely richer. The New Testament is the older, because it is the heart, the soul of the Old Testament. Was not Jesus a Hebrew; and what food did he feed on but that very Bible which we call the Bible of the Hebrews? What was his peculiarity, if not this: that he dropped roots down below the surface of the ancestral mind till they touched a secret core of inspiration in the heart of his race? Everything he had was there; every thought, every feeling, every hope, every anticipation—his trust, his faith in the Heavenly Father, his conception of the paternal Providence, his meekness,—they are all there. But with the subtle insight that he possessed, with the exquisite chemistry of his soul, he sent his roots underground; they ran out in every direction until they found those sweetest springs of water, and drew the sustenance thence that made them bud and blossom. When you have penetrated the secret of the Beatitudes, when you have got at the soul of the parables, when you have searched out the hidden thought in the Sermon on the Mount, then, and not before, you have touched the centre of power in the old Hebrew Bible. And when you have done that, you have struck into the richest soil that is offered to the spiritual nature of the Christian. He that will do this will plant himself in the heart of the New Testament,—not in the letter, not in the strange, crude, fantastical portions that are heaped upon its surface; he that, going down below all this,—below the errors, the mistakes, the superstitions,—finds his way into the heart of Jesus himself, will blossom and bloom into a life as exquisitely pure, sweet, and beautiful as is ever seen in Christendom. He will have the divinest qualities, and at the same time the most human; he will be able to submit himself to the Supreme, and to give himself to his brothers. Trust, patience, meekness, reverence,—he will have them all. Simplicity, purity, charity,—all these will be his. The Christian Radical roots himself in the heart of Jesus; not in his reported word, not his incidental thought, but in the heart of his heart. Beyond that, outside of that, he does not go. He explores none of the outlying regions of literature or philosophy. This beautiful Jewish life is enough for him.

And yet, is there nothing more? Is this absolutely all? Is the Hebrew race the only race to be taken into account? Does God give his inspiration to none but those who have lived in Palestine? Did Jesus exhaust humanity? Do we find everything in the New Testament that can be worked into human character? Other races have other gifts: one, the sentiment of beauty; another, the principle of justice; another, the passion for liberty; another, the devotion to ideal truth in science and philosophy. Is it forbidden to make excursions into the outlying literatures of China or of Greece, of Asia or of Persia, and to draw spiritual nourishment from those larger sources which, after all, belong to the human nature? They who can do that are the privileged; they who can do that are the strong. The true Radical, the Radical of the Radicals, sinks his shafts below sect, church, Bible, Old or New; below all partial experiences; down into the secret places where man has stored his treasures of thought,—and by all that, tries to live.

Orthodoxy is right thinking; but who can claim to think rightly? How is one to know that he thinks rightly? It is very plain that nobody thus far has earned a title to monopolize right opinion. To think rightly is to exhaust thought. No one can be truly orthodox so long as there is knowledge yet to be acquired. Only the Divine mind is orthodox, because only the divine mind is omniscient, and, being omniscient, entertains no error. Up to this day there is no human orthodoxy. He is most orthodox who thinks most closely to facts.

We speak of new truth. There is, correctly speaking, no new truth. All is old as God himself. There are new interpretations of truth, new guesses at truth, new insights into truth, new readings of truth; but the Truth is more ancient than antiquity: it is as old as the world; the last reading only comes nearer the first text. To be orthodox, therefore, we must need all the knowledge there is—of literature, science, art. The Radical accepts the last interpretation (so it be a satisfactory one), the last interpretation of the oldest truth. Those who accept older interpretations are further off from the original sources than he is. The Radical is one who uses the last invented plough for his tillage, because it subsoils the most thoroughly. What he wants is the original, primal truth; the truth that is symbolized in Nature, which the Infinite mind, in its first perfect operation, embodied in the universe.

The peculiarity of the Radical, let me say finally,—the test of the Radical's genuineness is not that he holds a certain class of opinions; it is, that he uses the opinions he entertains. It is not his peculiarity to question and doubt, to cavil and raise issues; it is not restlessness of mind; least of all is it flippancy, indifference, looseness or lightness of conviction. Let me declare again, he is not a destroyer. The true Radical is known not by his restlessness, but by his calmness; not by his flippancy, but by his seriousness; not by his indifference, but by his earnestness; not by his lightness of speech about great beliefs of mankind, but by soberness of speech about them. He is known by his patience, his cheerfulness, his serenity, his trust; the singleness of his purpose, the weight of his opinion, his freedom from prejudice, his openness to discovery, his thankfulness for light. He is one who stands deeply rooted and firmly planted. "He stands four square to all the winds that blow." His very name implies that he is rooted and grounded. He is rooted and grounded—not in prejudice or tradition, not in dogma or formula, not in sacraments or institutions—he is rooted and grounded in love that even passes knowledge.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

I have inserted the above suggestive dash, not without reason. For it soon appeared that to Mr. Edgecombe alone was owing the responsibility of the invitation, and that his sisters had, at first, strongly disapproved of it, but since resigned themselves to circumstances. A hearty, hasty, and rather capricious old bachelor, whose temperament often hurried him into inconsiderate actions, he had liked the young clergyman for his companionable qualities, and excused or palliated his misconduct; and accidentally encountering him at Boulogne, in imminent danger of a debtor's prison, he, moved purely by compassion and good nature, had rescued him from that catastrophe, and, not content with that, insisted on bringing him back to England and Northamptonshire. In answer to the objections of the spinsters, he declared it was a condemned shame that such a clever fellow should be allowed to go to the deuce merely because he was too high-spirited to sell himself at the dictation of an arbitrary old curmudgeon of a father, whose want of natural affection was a disgrace to his cloth. Suppose he had behaved foolishly, or, if they liked to call it so, deceitfully: was that any reason why he should bow to anything else with decency, owing to that idiotic rule of once a clergyman always a clergyman. He should accompany them to Thorpe Parva, and if parson Blencowe didn't choose to forget and forgive, and let the young folks come together—as, to be sure, they would be only too willing to do, when Bligh might become his curate, and in course of time succeed him as vicar—why he, Mr. Edgecombe, would find him a berth elsewhere. The ladies had used to say, how delightful this would be, if it were not for Bligh's superior prospects; now they no longer stood in the way of its realization, they (the spinsters) ought to jump at the opportunity. They were bewildered at such a very unlooked-

for proposition, and such an unwonted defiance of all the proprieties.

They found, however, it was of no use remonstrating with their brother, who had, in fact, already committed himself in advance of their opinions. So together they came to England, and on the way Mr. Bligh made himself so agreeable to the spinsters as almost if not entirely to condone his offence; inasmuch that, if they did not positively acquiesce in the Squire's plans, they certainly manifested no repugnance towards them, merely stipulating that he should, for the present at least, confine them to his own breast; and, also, if nothing occurred to warrant the extension of the young clergyman's visit, that it should not be protracted longer than was necessary to provide for him elsewhere. The Misses Edgecombe were not without sympathy for the young people, suspecting, and indeed very justly, that notwithstanding her lover's duplicity, and her own suffering, Ruth had never quite succeeded in expelling him from her heart. Again, on consideration, there were other reasons for thinking the Squire's scheme less undesirable than it had at first appeared. As he observed, where was the use of crying over spilt milk? If Mr. Bligh had been to blame, had he not suffered for it? And if he wouldn't marry his cousin (supposing it still feasible), why should all the world copy his father's displeasure? In common with their brother, they had been greatly offended by the Dean's reported suspicions, which seemed to glance alike at the Hall and vicarage; and, hence, could not be expected to be very tender of his wishes. Then the ladies admired his son's preaching exceedingly, and were tired of Mr. Blencowe—who did, indeed, repeat himself fearfully, and was most conscientiously tedious in his references to chapter and verse; apparently believing those divisions to be inspired as well as the text. He was over seventy, and when, in the course of human events, it pleased Providence to remove him from the vicarage to the churchyard, their brother might certainly do worse than give Mr. Bligh the living; which, with his predecessor's savings, would afford ample provision for the young couple, whose gratitude and society would thus be permanently secured. So prattled the kind old spinsters, holding council together as to what was best to be done, and wisely determined not to interfere, but to leave the result to circumstances. And it was in this conjunction of them that Ruth returned to Thorpe Parva.

I have said that her first sentiments almost inclined her to immediate flight: in fact, she took her guardian to task for not forswearing her of Mr. Bligh's presence in the village, as he might easily have done, subsequent to the despatch of the letter which had brought her home; the party arriving at the Hall on the day after, and no less than three days elapsing before her return. But this Mr. Blencowe had abstained from doing, partly from a well-founded apprehension that he would thereby lose his nurse, by her remaining in town; partly from an unwillingness to acknowledge his own want of moral courage in conceding the Squire's request that he should allow Mr. Bligh to officiate for him next Sunday. The reader has already been informed that, though he loved his ward, the old clergyman was rather selfish, especially in personal matters; and not a cottager in the parish could have less idea of opposing the will of Mr. Edgecombe than himself. Then—I am almost ashamed to mention it, but such traits make up character—his acceptance of the Squire's proposal saved him a couple of guineas, that being the sum he would have had to pay for an hired deputy: all of which considerations caused him to act as we have seen, and risk exposing Ruth to the probability of still further mortification—unless she had her own reasons for anticipating some pleasant result from the return of her ex-suitor.

And this, as has already been inferentially admitted, was the case. After her first shock of alarm and excitement, her emotions were of a more conflicting nature than she had ever before experienced. She had suffered more than she would have liked to confess, even to herself, from the discovery of Mr. Bligh's disingenuousness, only then ascertaining how far she had allowed her affections to go; still, time and absence, and her pride and resolution, had enabled her to so far conquer her feelings that she would have imagined herself cured—but for what followed, which presently undeceived her. It was impossible to forget that, whatever had been his shortcomings towards herself and others, they had their origin in a passion for her, which, however alloyed with vanity and selfishness, was unquestionably sincere; inasmuch as he adhered to it in the face of his father's anger and the apparent hopelessness of ever bringing it to a successful issue. That fact, which even his uncle corroborated—admitting, too, that he thought his nephew might prove as obstinate as his brother—could not but make a powerful impression upon the mind of Ruth. He had but to give up what seemed entirely out of his reach, to effect a parental reconciliation and rescue himself from poverty and comparative social outlawry; yet he preferred both to such a surrender. Surely there was something heroic, something

disinterested in this, which might atone for the past—for she naturally ignored the suspicion that it originated as much in obstinacy as affection. Again, they could not say that he had ever pretended to like his cousin—Mr. Samuel Bligh allowed that; it was one of those heartless family matches which he had never sufficiently considered or repelled, until—&c. In short, the girl's heart was engaged in special pleading against her judgment; and we know which is most potent in young ladies of seventeen. She had secretly forgiven him before his return, though without any hope of it; and it could not fail to produce a revival of old tenderness. Then a conspiracy of circumstances seemed to place his fate in her hands, and even to array those friends who had been most influential with her on his side. If the ladies, if the Squire, thought him worthy of pardon and patronage, was it for her to controvert their judgment as well as her own private inclinations? And here her imagination conjured up a similar but more seductive picture of the future to that which had presented itself to the minds of the ancient spinsters. In fine, the girl came to just the conclusion that might have been expected; and aware that her guardian's decision would be subservient to that of his patron, resolved herself to interpose no permanent objections to a reconciliation.

She also determined, supplementarily, to leave all the advances to the other side and to behave with great circumspection, thereby quieting any latent misgivings she may have entertained; and, like a good many persons, finding a sort of justification for an act of questionable expediency by setting about the preliminaries very carefully. Accordingly she did not appear at church on the day upon which Mr. Bligh officiated, delegating her place at the harmonium to the school-mistress, and thereby disappointing the gossips of the village of an eagerly-anticipated opportunity for observation and scandal. All of which precautions, of course, only delayed an inevitable conclusion; for, further assisted by what we call accident, the young clergyman speedily made his peace and took up his residence indefinitely at Thorpe Parva.

THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS IN EUROPE, AND THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

It appears from our special despatch from Europe, published to-day, that the Japanese Ambassadors had returned from St. Petersburg to Berlin, and at this latter city had a lengthy conference with an eminent German professor of jurisprudence as to the propriety of endeavoring to establish Christianity as the State religion of Japan. These Ambassadors have seen how far Christian Europe is advanced in civilization over other parts of the world, and reasoned, no doubt, that their own country would make greater progress if Christianity were made the religion of the State. Such reasoning is natural. But the German professor dissuaded them from entertaining such a project. He argued from facts in the history of Christendom, to show that this religion cannot be enforced by government; that it is only vital when it grows up among and from a people, and that it should be encouraged rather than enforced. As a consequence he advised the Japanese to grant full religious liberty. The Ambassadors seemed to regard the change of religion in Japan as probable. They listened, however, with great interest to the arguments of the professor and expressed satisfaction for the advice he had given. What a curious fact in our nineteenth century civilization is this! One of the oldest nations on the globe actually contemplating discarding its paganism of thousands of years' standing and adopting the Christian religion! Hardly less curious is the advice of a great thinker of Christian Europe, not to attempt to force this religion upon the people. How broadly liberal the world is becoming! It is not long since Christian nations deemed it a duty to force their religion, and by fire and sword, if necessary, upon unbelievers. Japan appears to be making rapid progress in Western civilization, and no doubt the liberal and philosophical views expressed by the German professor will have a good influence upon the people and government of that country.—*N. Y. Herald*, April 21.

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending June 7.

Wm. Becker, \$3; W. L. Coffinberry, \$3; S. W. Adkisson, \$1; C. A. Allen, 10 cts.; S. F. Benson, 50 cts.; A. M. Pendleton, \$1; Louis Belrose, \$3; Louis Morganstern, \$3; Walter, Donaldson & Co., \$3; F. V. Balch, \$5; J. F. Ruggles, \$1.50; W. T. Menefee, \$1.00; Alex. Loos, \$10; A. Friend, \$10; M. Heymann, \$30; W. C. Fiske, \$30; J. M. Ritchie, \$30; A. Moore, \$30; O. Klein, \$20; F. H. Dowling, \$5; D. Z. Howell, \$3; E. F. Bassett, \$3; Wm. Krauss, \$5; J. G. Holtzwarth, \$3; Otto Rudemaster, \$3; L. Hoenzenzule, \$3.50; John Hannu, \$2.50; Joseph Grosser, \$5.50; A. Bath, \$5; Geo. T. Alpress, \$10; B. Gillett, \$1; Scott Silvers, \$1; Mrs. L. W. Conger, \$3; Emma Bidlecombe, \$3; Charlie G. Hancock, 15 cts.; Mary G. Derby, 70 cts.; C. N. Boyce, \$1; C. H. Thompson, 50 cts.; F. H. Barnard, 50 cts.; John W. Bielew, \$20; E. D. Stark, 100; Jacob Sprinkel, \$10.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

The Index.

JUNE 14, 1873.

Acting Editor.
 ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS.
 OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WENTWORTH
 HIGGINSON, WILLIAM J. POTTER, RICHARD P. HALLOWELL,
 WILLIAM H. SPENCER, MRS. E. D. CHENEY, ROY, CHARLES
 VOTERY (England), Prof. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England),
 Rev. MONCURE D. CONWAY (England), FRANCIS E. ABBOT,
 Editorial Contributors.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern, New York City, One Share	\$100
Rich'd B. Westbrook, Monmouth, N.J., " "	100
R. C. Spencer, Milwaukee, Wis., Two " "	200

George MacDonald preached in Robert Laird Collier's church in Chicago, April 13, and closed his sermon by saying: "I believe in nothing but the Lord revealed in Christ." We cannot refrain from saying that we pity the poverty of Mr. MacDonald's belief. It is inexpressibly sad to see so glorious a mind confined in so petty a creed.

One who heard Rev. Mr. Murray, of the Boston Park Street Church, lecture, reports him as saying that "out of twenty evangelical clergymen, not three are true to their convictions." We hope Mr. Murray is mistaken in his judgment of his ministerial brethren. We would far rather every one of them should be Orthodox to the last degree, than liberal after such a cowardly and insincere fashion.

Henry Ward Beecher told the Yale divinity students that "any one who can repeat the Lord's Prayer has a right to call himself a Christian." We are very much obliged to Christians for trying to be so liberal towards heretics. We suppose they mean well enough; but we confess we should respect them more if they would adhere with all logical consistency to their Christian profession, or utterly depart from it.

The Chicago *Post* understands that "President Eliot, of Harvard College, denies the report that all the religious observances at that institution are to be abolished or made voluntary." What is a "religious observance" according to the magnates of Harvard College? It is to compel a student to listen, at a most unseasonable hour on a cold winter's morning, to a very long prayer, while he is all the time inwardly swearing at the stupidity of those who instituted, and those who perpetuate, such an irrational custom.

The *Christian Recorder* says: "No question is receiving so much serious thought as the question, Is Christianity gaining or losing?" This is indeed the question that confronts us, and our Christian friends do well to give it "serious thought." But so far as Christianity is *true*, it is not losing, and never will be. Let us seek *truth*, whether Christian or otherwise. The *truth* never loses; it is always gaining. There is one degree of infidelity to which we can never descend; and that is fear of or fear for the truth.

A correspondent of the *Terre Haute Gazette* represents a certain Rev. Mr. Howe, of Terre Haute, as discoursing upon the question: "Can criminals be sent straight to heaven?" Of course they can; how can any Christian doubt it? Is not "the blood of Christ" sufficient for their case? "There is a fountain filled," you know, with this blood, and sinners immersed in that sanguinary element "lose all their guilty stains." Why hesitate to believe it? "Just as I am, without one plea, but that thy blood was shed for me, O Lamb of God, I come!" That is what the criminal may say, and say truly; and he may "come," or he may go, as straightly from the gallows to heaven, as from any other place. Logic is logic; and we are glad to know that Rev. Mr. Howe believes that it is, for he decided finally to answer his question in the affirmative, saying: "Character, we humbly submit, is not so much to be depended upon as the mercy of the Lord!"

We refer our readers to Mr. Abbot's article in this number of THE INDEX, headed "Dollar Donations." We trust it will be read with hearty sympathy and meet with a generous response. Now especially is the time for the friends of THE INDEX to show their friendship in the most helpful and practical manner.

Last week and this week our editorial pages have contained no other contributions than those from our own pen and that of Mr. Abbot. This week the Annual Meeting of the stockholders has considerably interrupted and prevented our editorial labors, and the last INDEX which as Acting Editor we have to offer to our readers must be received by them with indulgence.

James Freeman Clarke, in his review of O. B. Frothingham's *Religion of Humanity*, made great claims for Unitarianism as compared with Free Religion, as to the immense service it has rendered in liberalizing the Orthodox thought and sentiment of this country, and altogether came very near intimating that wisdom would die with the Unitarian apostles. Mr. Clarke seems to be thoroughly astonished that anybody can desire anything more liberal than Unitarianism, and is not at all disposed to admit that anything more liberal can be found than "Liberal Christianity." We are not in the least disposed to underrate the great liberalizing services of Unitarianism, for the memory of it is very venerable and sacred to us. We once thought it was the end of the road of liberalism, and the custodian of the very highest interests of truth; therefore we can pardon a little of this vanity in others now. But there is a tide in the affairs of thought, which Unitarianism was only an indication of. It went with that tide for a time, and was a true guide pointing towards liberty and light; but it lost the courage to take that tide at its flood, and so was not led on to the fortune of continuing to be its true index. That tide still flows, and Unitarianism and "Liberal Christianity" are being left by it very near the shore. A Baptist organ, the *Morning Star*, is wiser than Mr. Clarke, and sees what he does not see. Alluding to Mr. Clarke's assumption that Unitarianism is the *Alpha* and *Omega* of liberalism in this country, it says:—

"But this claim is hardly less than preposterous. Neither wisdom, nor progressive thought, nor theological liberality was born with the Unitarian ministers and laymen; these things do not wholly hang upon the thread which now supports the lives of this school of thinkers; and when they die we fancy that God will somehow order things so that the religious world shall not go into perpetual eclipse, and will save our theology and ecclesiasticism from being cast in bronze or crystallized into granite. The fact is, these great tides of modern thought represent forces far higher and mightier than those inhering in the Unitarian body."

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

Towards the close of May, annually, about all the Societies in Massachusetts, useful and useless, send delegates to Boston, to hold meetings, ventilate their eloquence, and devise ways and means for future effort. This old-fashioned system, whose origin goeth beyond the memory, perhaps, of this generation or the one preceding, "came off" last week; and Orthodoxy and heterodoxy, social and labor reform, Spiritualism and Free Religion, etc., etc., *et hoc genus omne* (and everything of the sort), were represented. If any of them did anything good for this world, we are glad of it. Another world we have no interest in—until we get there.

We looked in awhile at the Free Religion Convention held at the Tremont Temple on Friday afternoon, but there was not much of an audience, and the speaking was dull and tame. John Weiss was holding forth, and we judged from what he said that, if the end and aim of Free Religion, as he understands it, is to mystify and befog the whole subject, Mr. Weiss is very well qualified for that religious or unprofitable work. Col. Higginson, and Messrs. Frothingham, Abbot, Morse, and Robert Dale Owen, of that party, are rather more practical and understandable; but even with them there is considerable room for improvement before they attain to an unaffected, clear, and intelligible style of talking.—*Boston Investigator*.

What is unintelligible to some, quite often is very intelligible to others. The sympathetic and appreciative hearer not infrequently renders the speaker both intelligible and inspiring.

THE FINAL ISSUE.

The stockholders of the Index Association held their second annual meeting in the office of THE INDEX last Saturday, June 7. The only result of that meeting which I wish here to announce is the restoration of Francis E. Abbot to the editorship of THE INDEX, with complete control over both its editorial and business departments. In retiring, as I now do, from the position which I have held for the last three months as Acting Editor of this paper, I rejoice to know that Mr. Abbot is to resume his place as its editor. To him, as to no other man, this paper belongs. He made it, in a sense that no one else has; and no other man could hope to remake it or continue it with the same mastery of hand. Among all its friends, none now exults with a more hearty satisfaction that he is again to conduct and control THE INDEX, than myself; nor will any one hope more earnestly than I do that the time may be long before it will again pass from his guiding and shaping influence.

Perhaps it is hardly necessary for me to say that the position which I was suddenly called to fill as Acting Editor has, under the circumstances, been a most difficult and delicate one. I found myself at once confronting enraged because half-baffled foes, and others who, as enthusiastic friends of the retiring editor, could hardly regard with patience any one who stood, however unwillingly, for a time in the place so rightfully his. In addition to this, the editorial corps of the paper was sadly broken up as the result of the action of the Directors in their meeting of March 13. Our foreign contributors ceased to write after the first of April, and nearly all our editorial associates in this country almost immediately discontinued their contributions; while the literary department, mainly in the hands of Messrs. Vickers and Towne, had to be abandoned. All this of course, taken in connection with the immediately necessary reduction of the paper to its former size, produced a change in the character of THE INDEX which was sudden and marked, and which could not but be by comparison very unfavorable to the new editor. However, all that I can say is that in my trying and arduous position I have done the best I could; and for whatever has been well done, and whatever ill, I ask no praise and shrink from no criticism.

As between the two parties and the two sides in the unfortunate controversy which has grown out of "THE INDEX troubles," I have as editor acted as impartially and justly as perhaps one could whose heart and judgment thoroughly approved one cause and disapproved the other. I sincerely hope that these troubles have been effectually terminated now, and that both sides will gracefully and magnanimously accept the issue,—the victors bearing their victory meekly, and the defeated their defeat wisely. Above all things I trust that THE INDEX, and the cause as served by it, will be saved from all harm by what has transpired, and will be carried forward to great and greater triumph. Let every true friend of both dedicate himself and herself anew to their service with deeper consecration; and henceforth may the only strife be who shall make the best and most self-sacrificing contribution. My soul loves peace and hates contention. Peace let us have; but *purity* first and foremost.

To all who have given to me their encouragement and help I tender my warmest thanks. The Directors have appointed me Associate Editor of THE INDEX, and in that capacity I shall hope to continue to serve it.

A. W. STEVENS.

Rev. John C. Kimball (Unitarian) preached not long since, before the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, on the question, "Does it pay to be good?" We hope that Mr. Kimball gets all the "pay" he wants for being good; but as for ourself, miserable sinner that we are, we confess that, when we *do* succeed now and then in being good, we like it so well that we neither ask nor think of any other "pay" than the "good" itself. But we suppose we ought to want all heaven besides; yet we don't. What is to become of us?

DOLLAR DONATIONS.

Reserving for next week all mention of the stockholders' meeting of the Index Association, the general result of which is announced in the editorial leader of Mr. Stevens, I trust I shall be pardoned for making now a frank appeal to the generosity of my friends on the very prosaic subject of dollars and cents. During this summer the receipts of the paper will fall below its expenses, unless those who are interested in its final success shall now seize the favorable moment for securing this beyond reasonable doubt. There will be no need of anticipating the autumn's receipts at all, if a little concerted action is taken promptly; and, although the regular dues of the subscription and stock list between now and then will be sufficient, if punctually paid, more than to cover the absolutely inevitable demands for money, the recent troubles have entailed a direct loss of uncertain amount which will seriously embarrass me in my efforts to sustain the high character of the paper. I hope to be enabled to re-engage some, at least, of the contributors whose writings are so seriously missed in these columns, and in other ways to make THE INDEX what it ought to be; but nothing involving expense will be attempted unless the means are fully provided beforehand.

Hoping and believing, therefore, that the constituency of THE INDEX are earnestly desirous of helping me in these efforts to create a journal worthy of the best cause of the age, I beg every subscriber to the paper, on reading these words, to send me at once a donation of ONE DOLLAR, to be credited to a special DOLLAR DONATION FUND, and to be appropriated at my own discretion to the most urgent wants of the paper. I promise in return to devote the money thus entrusted to me, first to supplying any deficiency in meeting current expenses, and secondly to such other purposes as shall seem most wise and judicious in building up the paper. Every cent shall be expended economically and according to the best judgment I possess.

I venture to make this request for dollar donations as a personal favor, but not for any personal use; and the use made of it shall be fully reported to the Directors. All donations thus made will be specially acknowledged in these columns.

If anybody is possessed with an irresistible desire to send more than one dollar, it is a desire which partaketh not of the nature of sin, and may be virtuously indulged.

F. E. ARNOT.

Among his other exploits, P. T. Barnum has captured *Zion's Herald*. He did it while he was "exhibiting" in Boston. That Methodist organ performed praise for him in its editorial columns. It seems that Mr. Barnum (with an eye to business of course) has "Scriptural pictures and sentiments" emblazoned on the paraphernalia of his great show, and with equal characteristic shrewdness he gives free passes to "ministers of the gospel." Thus was the *Herald* seduced! Thus was it persuaded to write up Mr. Barnum's circus, and say that it was "relieved from all objectionable qualities, in the estimation of the moral part of the Boston community." Could THE INDEX secure the *Herald's* support, if we were to put a "Scriptural sentiment" at the head of our editorial columns, and send our paper free to ministers?

Mr. John Fiske, of Harvard college, has written a note to the *Christian Union*, in which he deuces that he is a Positivist. He says very distinctly: "If twelve years' study of the Positive philosophy has taught me anything, it has taught me that it is utterly impossible, save by the entire distortion and misuse of language, to classify me as a Positivist. I differ fundamentally and in toto from the Positive school, whether represented by Comte himself, or by Littré, or by Mill, or by the adherents of the so-called 'Religion of Humanity.'"—*Liberal Christian*.

The New York Methodist Preachers' Association, at a recent meeting, requested reporters and others not to furnish any report of the proceedings to either the secular or religious press. And one minister, objecting to a report in which he was called "Brother," said "he wanted no servant of the devil to call him brother."—*Chicago Post*.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.
N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.
N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

MY FIRST PREACHING.

I was buttoning up my boots, my mother was preparing a lunch for me at the table, the men-folks were standing around, as men-folks will in winter, in the country, talking, yawning, eating apples, and getting rested after their fashion for the next summer's farm-work. My Christmas vacation was up, and in half an hour I was going to start for Boston,—the start to consist in a five-mile sleigh-ride to the depot of a small village. I was not thinking at all about the ministry. I had never entertained the remotest idea that I should be called to preach; least of all did I expect such a summons to be made to me in open daylight, on a cold winter's morning, in our kitchen. I had always supposed these "calls" came in the deep and solemn hours of the night, in some mysterious and unearthly manner that ministers could reveal, but nobody else ever have.

A neighbor knocked at the door, entered, and said that "Old Josiah" was dead, and he wanted my brother to go and help "lay him out." Just then another neighbor knocked, entered, and also said that "Old Josiah" was dead. "Then the old man is gone," said my father; and his face was full of pity. "Yes," said neighbor number one, "he is dead, and out of his misery, I hope." Besides knowing "Old Josiah" all my life, I had been hearing especially about him every day for a week,—that he had tried to cut his throat; that he could not speak; that he was always at the window with the most haggard looks; that he would write on his slate, "I am dying," and hold it up for the passers-by to read; that some were frightened at his tragical appearance; that others suspected him of trickery, and still others said that the town furnished him with too much opium and laudanum. So I was prepared to hear all this said over by our two neighbors, and a great many more peculiar things concerning the decease of "Old Josiah," which conversation grew rather violent and angry for so serious a topic. One blamed him for dying; the other blamed the neighbors for letting him die for want of charity. One thought he had gone to hell; the other did not know where he had gone, but was of the opinion he ought to have as good a place as some other folks. I was listening attentively, and thinking all the time; when suddenly I received a tremendous "call" to speak right out, then and there. I hesitated a moment, for I feared my sermon would be a radical one; and my audience, I knew, was strictly Orthodox, and one of them a Baptist deacon at that. I never felt sure that I belonged to the persuasion known as "radical," only that I had been in the habit of extracting religion from Nature and human nature, after my own idea of things, and fashioning my own creed to suit my individual needs. And this I knew my Orthodox friends were not in the habit of doing; for their creed is always kept carefully laid up in their little white church in our neighborhood, and only taken down on baptismal days, when it is read over by the minister before admitting people to the church. But the ignorance of these two men, and the sorrow of my old father who did not know what he was sorrowing after, got the better of my timidity; and my "call" was so imperative to let the light shine that was within me, that I could not resist. And so I started for the window—where light and coolness were—with one boot on and one off, and my boot-buttoner firmly grasped in my hand.

I began by asking my audience to look out upon two trees,—one a tall, graceful, perfectly shaped ash that stands by the brook, near the house; the other a gnarled, crooked, twisted old apple-tree that grows on a knoll in the back yard. I said: "One of these trees—the ash—began its growth in good soil; has been nourished in good soil all its life; has never disobeyed one of Nature's laws for growing a perfect ash-tree. You see it going right up towards heaven, as beautiful, peaceful, and happy a tree as one would care to look upon. But the apple-tree was planted in poor soil, where we used to throw too much ashes and old rubbish; it has had too much hot soap-suds from wash tubs; clothes-lines have been tied to it, and swings have bent its branches, and whips have been cut from it for children to play with, and scythes have been hung on it, cutting its bark, and creatures have gnawed it; and now it is a tired old apple-tree tending earthwards—a sad failure. 'Old Josiah' started just as this tree did—in bad soil. He was born bad, of two elements called father and mother, that much resemble salaratus and cider, which uniting in the child produced a foam that has effervesced in our neighborhood ever since I can remember, and long before. To-day, for the first time since this strange nature has had life,

God has hushed it into quiet. Let us be thankful that it is still. When I was a little girl, and we all used to go to revival meetings, 'Old Josiah' was sure to be there; and how many times we have heard him talk and pray till he was hoarse, and our ears were fairly crazed. Then you know he would stop on the way home, at the neighbors' houses, and exhort till midnight, and reaching home would scream and pray till morning. The next day he would very likely kick his wife and children out of doors, and then resort to opium to subdue his excited nerves and overcome them with sleep. This religious excitement he has followed up all his days, and it has done for his nature just what the hot soap-suds and various cuts and hacks have done for the tree—turned it farther and farther from the track of God's laws. The Bible has been a book for him to dispute about with everybody, and get mad and go crazy over. Both the Church and the Bible have been a curse to him, when they should have been a blessing. It is the business of the Church to make good soil for men to grow in, physically and mentally and morally; it should administer the Bible in moderate doses—not too much soap-suds for the tree; not too much Bible for man. It should discover how men ought to be born, and what should be the remedy if they are born badly; what should be done for the body as well as the soul, and the intellect as well as either. It should learn how to cultivate about the roots of a man's soul, so that he may grow from within, and be a help to himself at home and away from prayer-meetings, on his farm and away from meeting-houses. It should be a wise school, teaching man how to grow like a perfect tree, hedged in all the way by Nature's laws, going hand in hand with a system of perfect development. 'Old Josiah' is dead, and what is left of him (God has taken and will re-plant in better soil. The old tree is a failure, but it has borne fruit which very likely will yet glorify the face of Nature with perfectly formed trees; his soul will reach a natural and happy condition, and become harmonized and shaped into a beautiful form that will some day surprise you and me. Don't contend longer about his past or future, but turn from him to the living present, and see to it that no more such distorted and unnatural deaths occur in this community. You have men alive in your midst as insane about the Church and the Bible as he was, going from one to the other to get relief, and finding only added torment in either."

I have forgotten the rest of my discourse, but we all sat down and talked over the other characters in our neighborhood, that seem to be like "Old Josiah," and considered what could be done for them. I stayed till I lost my train, and had to travel all night on account of my lengthy preaching.

LOUISE S. HOTCHKISS.

BOSTON, January 12, 1873.

"COME TO JESUS."

It is the common appeal of our high-pressure revival preachers, from Charles Finney and Elder Knapp down to Brother Earle and Dr. Fulton (to hurry up their converts and lead them to make a rush for the kingdom of heaven), that there are many who "seek to enter in" but, because they do not "strive" with sufficient earnestness, they are not "able"—they are behind time; the door of mercy closes and leaves them outside. And so it happens that every revival becomes a sort of "scrub" race-course, and the feeling prevails among the young people, and is diligently fostered by the evangelists, that they must look out for themselves, and make good time in coming to Jesus; or, like the foolish virgins in the parable, they will come out "nowhere" but in hell,—for the Devil, according to the old proverb, "takes the hindmost." "Come to Jesus just now" is the evangelical refrain—"to-morrow you may die, or the spirit of God may leave you joined to your idols;" and then it will be "everlastingly too late."

An excellent illustration of this shrewd little spurring-up operation on the part of our revival-mongers is found in the way the ducks are brought home at night in a hurry on the Hoogly river. E. E. Hale thus describes it in Mr. Beecher's paper, the *Christian Union*:—

"The duck-breeders keep the ducks in large boats, and there they sell them. But every morning they send them out to swim and pick up their daily bread as they can. How get them home again? Why, rice and other provender is served out at the proper time, and some signal is made which the ducks hear. Then the last duck who returns is seized and beaten horribly! The consequence is that the poor ducks hurry with crazy speed that they may not be the last."

But the confusion, the quackery, the inter-pocine struggle, and I fear the mutual hatred engendered among the last sixth part of the ducks, are terrible to remember, terrible to reflect upon."

So to reflecting minds, the indecorous confusion, the grossness and quackery of this revival measure are awful to witness. God is represented as more cruel by far than the duck-breeders, in that he absolutely kills and tortures the "hindmost" souls. And so it comes to pass

singular as it may seem, that a barbarous process of terror and fright and punishment dire, which is allowed among the semi-savages on the Hoogly river, but which, if practised here or in any decent civilized land, would make the duck-breeder liable to instant arrest by the officers of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," is made the model of our American revival-system, under which our children and our neighbors' children go, at the peculiar call of the sensation preachers, to get their religious pabulum.

Archbishop Whately, in one of his admirable essays, calls attention to the fact that, such is the blinding effect of custom and habit, many Christians are in the daily indulgence of practices which they never perhaps dream to be wrong, and yet which, if they had heard of for the first time as those of some savages and pagan people, would have been classed without hesitation as among the horrible results of their heathenism and barbarism. The above revival-measure is a good case in point. Years ago we were told of the car of Juggernaut, which ran over and crushed to death numbers of its East Indian devotees, who recklessly or slothfully suffered themselves to be in its path as it thundered along the highway at the time of the great religious festival. And we shuddered as we thought of the depths of ignorance and debasement which would foster the idea that such sacrifices were well-pleasing to God, and that it was a real divine service which was rendered in dragging the ponderous car with rushing enthusiasm over the mangled bodies of the victims. And shall we not shudder as we see these peripatetic revivalists rushing through the country in the pretended interest of Christianity, and representing that the laggard ones, and all who do not move swiftly in propelling the car of their man-God, will be inevitably crushed beneath its remorseless wheels? Is the wrath of Juggernaut to be denounced, and "the wrath of the Lamb" commended? Shall we compassionate the ducks of the Hoogly river, and have no pity for our American youth subjected to a similar but infinitely worse system of terrorism and abuses?

J. L. HATCH.

SAN JOSE, Cal.

THE BATTLE BEGUN.

The writer of a satirical article in No. 169 of THE INDEX concludes a seeming defence of the religious veto-power of a certain Christian body, as exercised against a prominent lecturer, with the following subtle conclusion: "He was mightily helped by it!"

He intimates that this organized body of sectarists might, if they chose, banish from their immaculate halls such persons as Froude, Mrs. Siddons, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and John Hay, provided the taint of radicalism were to be found in their historical, dramatic, or recitative performances, such as is expected to stain everything that proceeds from the mouth of one of the apostles of heresy, even to a "criticism" into which he occasionally lapses as a scholarly diversion.

The person the writer refers to is none other than the eloquent John Weiss, who was recently refused the use of a certain hall in New York for the delivery of his lectures on Shakespeare. The reason for this denial on the part of the custodians of said hall was that the "heretical" sentiments of the speaker appear in all his public addresses, even in the handling of the old-fashioned theme of the Poet of Humanity. This exclusion of John Weiss—the most witty, resolute, and outspoken of the New England radicals—has called forth indignant comments, and both the secular and religious press charge this unfortunate body with bigotry.

The signing of a "protest" for the suppression of one weekly paper is only a little whiff of the great storm that will threaten every act, public or private, which openly or covertly embodies opposition to the priesthood; and not the Church alone, but society, comes under its special dictation, its various grades of preference being nothing more nor less than the state of their Christian "graces." Yet this Christian body must allow that the foundations of Christianity have been sorely shaken. While it still holds the key of patronage, commands influence and position, it is flourishing in the branches, but dying at the root. And their excessive use of power is one evidence of the strength they have to encounter; neither ritual nor creed, nor any of the "jack o' lantern" scares that used to keep reason from rising, have now the least potency to crush free thought and free speech, but rather, as the satirical writer says, "helps it mightily in the end."

Mr. Frothingham clearly discerns that not only this preventing of John Weiss, but every exercise of their veto-power, only helps the cause they assail. If one thing more than another broadens and deepens the growth of ideas, it is persecution. The stake and the Inquisition made Protestantism leap out of its swaddling-clothes into the stature of a giant. The abuse of power reacts terribly on the individual or body of persons thus outraging justice. If the time has arrived—and we think it has—for it to cul-

minate in the Y. M. C. A., the nineteenth century may as well see the era of a new birth for freedom as the twentieth. The actual striking off of the fetters from the victims of the slave-power in the South was but the undoing of the most palpable and crude form of slavery; what is yet to come is the emancipation of MIND from the bias of prejudice, and the abolition, not only of the one-man-power throughout the entire earth, but the bodies and sects of Christians (or Pagans) who seek for arbitrary rule over the rights of individuals. And these outward vigorous manifestations of the power of Christianity do not discourage our faith in the final triumph of truth which will yet bless the world, when that great sect shall be stripped of all the meanness, hatred, and malice which now bring so much dishonor to it.

CHARLOTTE A. BARNER.

TOLEDO, Ohio.

THE "COST SYSTEM" AGAIN.

BOSTON, June 1, 1873.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

In Mr. E. L. Crane's attempt at a reply, in INDEX No. 178, to my communication in advocacy of the cost-principle, he makes a few arguments which probably seem to him eminently practical, and to most people (especially those who have not examined the subject) eminently plausible; but which, it seems to me, will not bear the test of close examination. In the first place, I deny that I "laid it down as a fundamental principle that 'cost must govern price.'" On the contrary, I deduced it by a strictly logical process from a proposition which political economists pronounce self-evident; and his illustrations fail to show any fallacy in the argument.

Mr. Crane complains that he can get but one dollar and fifty cents per bushel for wheat which costs him three dollars. Now what is the cause of this? Evidently some of his neighbors are able to raise wheat at the cost of one dollar and fifty cents per bushel; which only serves to show that Mr. Crane has chosen the wrong profession, and should leave it for another where his brains, talents, and opportunities will enable him to compete favorably with his fellow-craftsmen. If this is not the reason, then Mr. Crane's neighbors are also losing one dollar and fifty cents per bushel, which would suggest this query: How long can either he or they do business before going into bankruptcy? When Mr. Crane proves himself competent to outdo or even equal his fellow-workmen in the production of wheat, I will gladly favor him with my patronage and pay him the full cost price. Until then I prefer to purchase of those who are able to raise an equally good article at a less cost.

Mr. Crane says (speaking ironically) that his neighbor who commenced farming forty years ago has charged more than cost for his grain, and is plainly a thief. There's many a true word spoken in jest. But he has not stolen from Mr. Crane, for he has had no transactions with him. It is the purchasers of the wheat who have been cheated; and to them rightfully belongs the money which Mr. Crane's neighbor has filched from them in the form of profit. Although the phrase "unconscious thief" may be etymologically the contradiction in terms which Mr. Crane supposes it to be, nevertheless, according to common usage—which Guizot says should always be our criterion—it is nothing of the kind. Otherwise, why do we so often see and hear the expressions "conscious" and "unconscious guilt"?

In the "case" which Mr. Crane supposes, I should say that the two men who used their money in making profits at farming were equally guilty with the man who loaned his money at interest. Neither can be defended. Under an equitable system the larger yield attendant upon improvements in the land would be worth no more to the producer for purposes of exchange (save the compensation for the cost of improvement), than the smaller yield which resulted from the same amount of labor. The tree of logic still remains erect, notwithstanding Mr. Crane's attempts to chop it down. I am afraid that he will have to take his axe in hand once more.

Yours truly,
BENJ. R. TUCKER.

CRUELTY AS A PASTIME.

"Cruelty in low places is disgusting enough, but cruelty in high places—cruelty committed by ladies and gentlemen with calm deliberation in the midst of beautiful gardens, and enlivened by the gay chatter of well-bred society—is doubly revolting. This is what the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals thinks about pigeon-shooting, and it asks the London pigeon-club if wanton cruelty to the most innocent and defenceless of dumb creatures be the fashionable amusement of the day, must there not be something faulty in our national life—something rotten? Mr. Bergh, sometime ago, made a similar appeal to American sportsmen (if shooting pigeons from a trap can be called sport), and there is no doubt but what his action led the sister society in London to "go and do

ikewise." We trust the effort of both societies will be, as they should be, successful. Pigeon shooting should be put down and forbidden upon the same ground that dog fights and cock fighting are. It is a cruel sport, and the press can do a great deal to stop it by denouncing and crying shame upon it."

The above article was penned by the Rev. Mr. Knowles, editor of the *Home Journal* published in Madison, Ga. He is an Episcopal clergyman, and evinces a humane and benevolent feeling in condemning cruelty, even in a refined form. Now if this good man will examine his miserable theology, he will find he makes his God to be more cruel than any pigeon-shooter on the continent. He deliberately teaches that the God of the Bible, for the simple offence of "unbelief" (Mark xvi. 16), will damn human beings—our brothers and sisters—to all eternity, and punish them in "hell-fire," roasting them "like a her-ring," without any compassion. This cruel doctrine is taught from the pulpit, and is called the "gospel." If a man wantonly shoots a pigeon, it is called cruelty. But God can torment his helpless children without end, and it is called justice. When will people have as good sense and discernment about what they call divine things as they already have about human conduct? The clergy seem to delight in holding up their God as a "consuming fire."

A. A. B.

MADISON, Georgia.

PROF. RANKE AND FREE RELIGION.

Mr. Dall, in his book, *From Calcutta to London* (p. 148), speaks of meeting at Dresden and spending "a delightful hour" with Prof. Ranke, so widely known by his *History of the Popes*. Says Mr. Dall:—

"He is a most winsome man of seventy-five. His interest in the world's progress and awakening is that of a youth of twenty. . . . He rejoiced in the Free Religious movement in the United States, affiliating all who love God and man,—Christians, Hebrews, Brahmans, and all. The Brahmo movement in India specially touched him," and so forth.

J. L. H.
SAN JOSE, Cal.

ARISTOTLE SUPERIOR TO MODERN NATURALISTS.—In some ways the study of natural history has lost rather than gained in modern civilization. You would be surprised to learn how well-informed the Greeks were, for instance, about the structure of animals. All college students know that the ancients delighted in critical analysis of intellectual problems, as well as in dramatic and poetical composition, and in all beauty of sculpture and architecture. But I think their familiarity with Nature is not so well known as their culture in letters and art. Aristotle knew more of certain kinds of animals and their general relations than is known now. For instance, he never confounded sharks and skates with ordinary fishes, while modern naturalists would put them in one and the same class. Strange to say, I have studied the Selacians on the South American coast by the light of Aristotle's researches upon them in the Mediterranean Sea, made by him more than two thousand years ago. I can fairly add that the knowledge of Aristotle on these topics is so far ahead of the current information recorded in modern works of natural history that his statements can only be understood by one who has made a special study of those animals. The community evidently shared his knowledge, for he refers to text-books of natural history which must, from the details he gives about them, have been superior to those we have now. You may seek in vain in the anatomical atlases of Wagner or Carus for information about the structure of the reproductive apparatus of Selacians, to which Aristotle alludes as contained in the text-books of anatomists and belonging to the current knowledge of the time.—*Prof. Agassiz, Harvard Lecture.*

It shocks us to think that from Italy, the land of art and taste, could come to us the ghastly news that some showman has embalmed or petrified the body of Mazzini, and is exhibiting the old hero to a curious public at a price per capita! If Barnum had done this thing, we would not be so startled and stunned, because the Mermald and the Woolly-horse have served as pre-existent mitigations of such a surprise. But the countrymen of Michael Angelo, who bade him to carve Moses for an immortal statue, are the same people who encourage an undertaker to petrify Mazzini and exhibit him as a mummy!—*Golden Age.*

"Who built the water-works at Jerusalem?" was the subject considered at a Fitchburg Sunday school on a recent Sabbath; and somebody proposed for the next week, "What salary did they pay the commissioners?"—*St. Louis Globe.*

A minister having remarked "there would be a nave in the new edifice the society was erecting," an old lady said "she knew the person to whom he referred."

THE FATE OF THE EARTH.

That very large portion of the unscientific public which is interested in questions relating to the "future of the earth," will do well to look at No. 7 of "Half-hour Recreations in Popular Science," published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston. The number in question is a paper by Prof. A. Winchell, of the University of Michigan, on the "Geology of the Stars," in which he gives a summary of the present condition of scientific knowledge with regard to the history of matter, from its nebulous to its stellar, and, finally, its planetary condition. On the probable future of the earth the first two phases throw no light, but the last does. There is in the moon, as every one knows, no present evidence of the existence of an atmosphere or of water; but their "former existence is a fair and direct deduction from the doctrine of the common origin of the earth and moon." But if they once existed how shall we explain their disappearance? They have been absorbed by the rocks. In an age long gone by, the moon was in the same physical condition as the earth. The water on its surface, or that which descended in periodic storms, as it percolated the porous rocks and thin crust of the moon, soon reached a temperature which dissipated it in vapor, and returned it to the surface to be recondensed. But the moon, having only one-fourth the bulk of the earth, cooled forty-nine times as rapidly as the earth, and at length a temperature was reached at which the rocks on the surface took it in faster than it could be evaporated again. "The moon is a fossil world, an ancient cinder suspended in the heavens, once the seat of all the varied and intense activities which now characterize the surface of our earth, but in the present period a realm of silence and stagnation."

Such will be the fate of the earth. Already our planet has passed through the "ring condition" now presented by Saturn, and the stage now seen in Jupiter, in which "a water-mist begins to condense in the peripheral regions," and gathers with a vaporous envelope; this precipitates an aqueous rain, which ultimately finds a resting-place upon the incrustated nucleus. Later, life makes its appearance. Then comes the terrestrial stage, in which we now are, and in which the "organic phase culminates." Then comes the stage in which Mars now seems to be, with diminished vapors and infrequent rains, encroaching cold, and "decline of the organic phase." Last of all will be the stage in which the moon now is, beginning with the disappearance of aqueous vapors, ending with the total absorption of ocean and air, the extinction of organization, and final refrigeration.

"The progressive cooling of the earth will allow the waters to circulate deeper and deeper. When the thickness of the terrestrial shell, which must be saturated with water, has doubled, the increased demand must lower the waters of the ocean, and long before refrigeration has reached the centre the thirsty rocks will have swallowed the sea and all our surface waters. The drained, and shrunken, and shivered zone lying nearer the surface will suck in the atmosphere, and this will disappear in the pores and the caverns of the worn-out world."—*The Nation*.

CHILDREN.

If I were to choose among all gifts and qualities that which on the whole makes life pleasantest, I should select the love of children. No circumstance can render this world wholly a solitude to one who has this possession. It is a freemasonry. Wherever one goes, there are the little brethren and sisters of the mystic tie. No diversity of race or tongue makes much difference. A smile speaks the universal language. "If I value myself on anything," said the lonely Hawthorne, "it is on having a smile that children love." They are such prompt little beings, too; they require so little prelude. Hearts are won in two minutes at that frank period, and so long as you are true to them they will be true to you. They use no argument, no bribery. They have a hearty appetite for gifts, no doubt, but it is not for these that they love the giver. Take

the wealth of the world and lavish it with counterfeit affection: I will win all the children's hearts away from you by empty-handed love. The gorgeous toys will dazzle them for an hour; then their instincts will revert to their natural friends. In visiting a house where there are children, I do not like to take them presents; it is better to forego the pleasure of the giving than to divide the welcome between yourself and the gift. Let that follow after you are gone.

To love children is to love childhood, instinctively, at whatever distance; the first impulse being one of attraction, though it may be checked by later discoveries. Unless your heart commands at least as long a range as your eye, it is not worth much. The dearest saint in my calendar never entered a railway car that she did not look round for a baby, which, when discovered, must always be won at once into her arms. If it was dirty, she would have been glad to bathe it; if ill, to heal it: it would not have seemed to her anything worthy the name of love, to seek only those who were wholesome and clean.

When I think of the self-devotion which the human heart can contain—of those saintly souls that are in love with sorrow, and that yearn to shelter all weakness and all grief—it inspires an unspeakable confidence that there must also be an instinct of parentage beyond this human race, a heart of hearts, *cor cordium*. As we all crave something to protect, so we long to feel ourselves protected. We are all infants before the Infinite; and as I turned from that cottage window to the resplendent sky, it was easy to fancy that mute embrace, that shadowy symbol of affection, expanding from the narrow lattice till it touched the stars, gathering every created soul into the arms of immortal Love.—*T. W. Higginson*.

THE GARROTE IN SPAIN.—They put people to death in Spain in very odd fashion. From an account of a recent execution in Madrid, we learn that the criminal is seated on a low stool with his back against a post. Round his neck is placed an iron collar, and through the back of this and of the post passes a screw with a very thick thread. The screw has a long double handle, and when the prisoner is seated and the collar fixed, the executioner covers his face with a handkerchief, and the priest who is in attendance commences reciting the creed in Spanish, the prisoner repeating it after him. At the words, "His only Son," the executioner gives a half turn with the screw, a crushing sound is heard, and all is over. The handkerchief is then removed, and the body is left seated and leaning against the post till evening.

"Why do all true Bostonians gravitate naturally toward Unitarianism?" asked one clergyman of another, lately, by way of solemn conundrum. "Why," was the answer, "because, having been born in Boston, they cannot conceive it necessary to be born again."

The clergy are just beginning to think that the best way to unite the Church would be to dis-sect it.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.

The following numbers of *THE INDEX* for 1873 can no longer be supplied on orders: Nos. 167 (March 8), 169 (March 22), 170 (March 29), 171 (April 5).

Free Religious Association.

The Report in pamphlet form, of the ANNUAL MEETING of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION for 1873, can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, WM. J. POTTER, New Bedford, Mass. It contains essays by John W. Chadwick, on "LIBERTY AND THE CHURCH IN AMERICA," by C. D. B. Mills, on the question, "DOES RELIGION REPRESENT A PERMANENT SENTIMENT OF THE HUMAN MIND, OR IS IT A PERISHABLE SUPERSTITION?" and by O. B. Frothingham, on "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY;" together with the Report of the Executive Committee, and addresses and remarks by Dr. Bartol, A. B. Alcott, Lucretia Mott, Celia Burleigh, Horace Seaver, Alexander Leach, and others. Price, 35 cents; in packages of five or more, 25 cents each.

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[FOR THE INDEX.]

The Law of Inspiration.

ABSTRACT OF A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE 2ND CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY, BOSTON, MAY 3, 1871.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

I have sometimes seen it stated in the name of radical religion, that the belief in inspiration is to be supplanted by belief in aspiration. And as I do not easily consent to drop any well recognized element of spiritual or practical life, I incline to inquire in what special sense these words are taken by a criticism which seems to employ one term or pole of a spiritual process to cancel the correspondent and equally essential opposite pole.

The critics I refer to are accepting the definition, not of a fact, but of a term in its dogmatic degeneracy. They interpret inspiration to mean *supernatural influence*. But why should they thus interpret a word which has so many other than dogmatic meanings? I suspect that, counting things to be explicable solely from below upwards, they believe only in ascent of forces, and regard whatever implies their descent,—in other words, the necessity of the higher to the lower, of the infinite to the finite, of influx for which experience does not account,—as in some sense equivalent to the lawlessness and unreality of supernaturalism. Precisely here, I think, lies their mistake. I quite deny that the descent of force, or rather the instant and constant implication of the infinite in all processes of finite ascent, which is the real substance of inspiration, is in any proper sense supernatural. Inspiration is not only co-extensive with Nature, but a part of its process of growth.

What then is the Law of Inspiration? "Inspiration under law?" Not exactly: not under law, but itself law. Our age sweeps away exclusive dogmas, drops assumed infallibilities of books and men, dispels the last and most persistent of theological idols—the God throned outside the universe, planning about it, working on it as a builder on a house, as a lord on his vassals, a slayer on his pawns—sloughs off every disparaging estimate of human faculties. Yet all this it clears the way to appreciating the law of inspiration. 'Tis no mechanical possession, no miraculous election; it cannot even be comprehended till such conceptions are laid aside. There are natural conditions for it; these fulfilled, it comes and must come forever.

These conditions are not dogmatic. I cannot call any doctrine as such inspired, on the ground that it is to be taken as final and obsolete; nor of any special formula of science or philosophy. Inspiration meant *finality*, I should deny that any statement could be inspired. Expressing only a conception which must always change with progress, every statement is more or less provisional. Whether it be religious state-

ments such as are gathered into what are called Bibles, or a scientific statement such as our systems of classification give, which a distinguished professor has actually pronounced signs of our power to read the actual thoughts of God,—it is impossible it should be final, or fully represent even the approaching higher stages of our knowledge. There is no final Church, no final religious name, no absolute name for religion. Inspiration were a poor thing if it could be monopolized or crystallized; if it were a stunted, arbitrary donation, a bit of divine scheme for saving man, or for instructing him. No! it is inexhaustible Nature, in her mystic descents that condition ascents; rain and sunshine for the herb of the field; his always, everywhere, inevitably, who shall conform to its law. "Good men," says Seneca, "are in God's intimacy. He prepares them for himself by disciplines. The benignant Father never leaves them in ease." The law runs through the whole compass of Nature. Its highest form I should state thus: Inspiration is that immediate, unpredicted aid which comes to meet the aspirations of all unselfish and becoming life, out of the unexplored heights of spiritual personality. And in spheres not directly moral and spiritual, it has forms of progress analogous to this and in harmony with it.

When the forces of human character concentrate in self-surrender to an idea, to a principle, to a sympathetic appreciation, to a common good, there is a forward plunge (it is nothing less) *out of self, out of the past, out of experience*, into unknown depths; ties apparently indispensable are unbroken; resources lost; desires let go; there is no pledge of support or aid in the open cleft of sacrifice before it: yet just then, out of that very cleft descends a mysterious reinforcement, fresh life as from infinite life, which fills the gulf of conflict, the strait of duty, with beauty and delight. This unpredicted, unexplained energy—not possible before, not in any of the elements of that step, unlike any of them, born in the instant of this concurrence of human powers, is the cleft and gulf of this transition into a larger, and so in some sense, a universal life—is Inspiration.

It is the fine radiance you see in a child's face when for the first time he has silenced the cry of a selfish desire, or spoken truth to his own loss, or indignantly defended the right side against the stronger. It is the exhilaration and vigor which attend the acceptance of a nobler attraction, shattering lower affinities and narrower interests, and the egoism of fixed ideas, experiences, associations. And it is born within these brave ventures of moral enterprise and association, as inevitably as the hills are flooded with glory as they roll one after another into the morning light. Such the fact and such its conditions; indicating at least that the steps of growth are more than the mere push and pressure upward of finite lower forces. That, when strength and love unite in striking free from somewhat that is limiting and selfish, the shattering plunge should not be into the dark; that "steps of faith should fall on the void and find the rock beneath;" that the rainbows should appear above it, the green meadows of song beyond,—past all doubt involves the action of attractive and creative forces, not only freer and larger than these actual voluntary ones, but even limitless and universal. It proves the correlation of descent with ascent, of inspiration with aspiration, of infinite with finite, in all steps of spiritual evolution.

The ascending spiral of this law may be traced through all the grades of being.

Physical nature foreshadows it to the highest extent of physical possibilities. Where there is atomic change, the shattering of old combinations, there is the condition for infusing of a higher energy. So long as the atoms hold themselves free, leave old attitudes for new, grace and symmetry of form is perfecting itself by a force from above the mineral world; and that force is what we call crystallization. Again in the self-loosing of powers from their hold of certain substances, they unite in a flash of splendor which proclaims the incoming of the nobler element of fire: and this we call electricity. Chemical affinities are developed in the separation of elements from their earlier homes, forming new compounds not to be confounded with the qualities of either or both. Color is the shat-

tering of the white ray upon the opposing reefs of solid substances. That radiant play on the face of the universe is more than the original sunbeam, more than the reflecting earth, more than the conducting atmosphere, more than eyeball and optic nerve had in them each and all. In the shock of change, in the transition from physical and mental conditions, a new and higher potency bursts forth to transfigure all things, and the world becomes poetry and spiritual meaning. Shall we try to answer Beethoven's question to Goethe: "I would fain know what music is, for my soul yearns after it as for eternal life"? Science would call it the unity of tones, that in ways manifold and mysterious sacrifice their separate being to form melodies and harmonies. But this does not state the whole process, still less decide the result. That which soars out *through* the process is *more* than all tones: the tenderness and the joyousness; the prayer, the vow, the self-surrender, the high resolves; conflict, divine sorrow, immortal bliss.

Now start afresh at the lowest form of animal life. Protoplasm, the cell, or whatever the primal living matter, forsakes its homogeneousness. It is in the moment of that division that there appears the inspiration of *vital growth*. The cellular substance lets go its simplicity to dare new and nobler combinations in fibre, bone, and nerve, gland, ganglion, special form and function; and so there enters the inspiration of *true structure, of proper bodily organization*. This harmony of beauty and strength, while it irradiates the body, is scarcely of the body, but the incoming rather of a *purer fire*, blended inextricably with the immortal part. This is the inspiration of physical structure. How it flashes and mounts with whatever stirs the flagging atoms to swifter self-surrender, to bolder dissolution of tissue, to more lavish expenditure of effort, so they go not too far! Note, too, how it grows by voluntary discipline. Soon as the growing child begins to be conscious of definite purposes, and to expend the labor necessary, see how it begins to glow in his cheek, to flash in his eye, to turn every motion of his limbs into grace! Then, the more he earns his pleasure by self-help, or surrender of ease, the brighter burns this morning light of youth upon his brow. This is physical inspiration, vehicle of spiritual; a higher force concealed in the surrender of a lower, a more self-confined. For mark the condition. Let him become *introverted*, self-involved, abstracted, avoiding the family circle, playground, society of his equals. This glow will die out. To have the bodily fires turn to cold, is the penalty of habits that imprison one in his self-indulgence as in a cell: whether they be habits of idleness, of morbid suspicion, brooding over fancied wrongs, or of self-commiseration, refusing to let go petted sorrows. It is the penalty of being without directive aim or quickening motive. Do they start an idea of somewhat to live for, a task dearer than its own ease, in one of these decaying bodies,—and the blood begins to mount, the eye to speak, the feet to tread firm and free.

Another fact. One sees men of feeble vitality,—women hovering on the brink of death,—not only kept alive, but made competent to incessant toil and great achievement, solely by the mastership of an ideal purpose over their selfward instincts. I am persuaded that, merely as healthful stimulus to the national physique, *ideas* will be found to have been one of the most productive forces of our civilization; a science of natural forces as yet not fairly dealt with by our physicist statisticians and experience philosophers—our Buckles, Drapers, Stuart Mills. So the enthusiastic pursuit of a profession will make a naturally infirm man a prodigy of work-power in his own line. What is the force? Not muscle and nerve. Prudent living has sometimes plainly nothing to do with it. The very rapidity of waste under this form of *enthusiasm* seems to stimulate an extraordinary energy of repair. The race that made the Phidian Jove and the Pallas of the Acropolis its physical ideals, must have been, not only the most perfectly developed, but the most radiant of races, glowing with a transcendence that brought the body into intimate relations with the finest notions of genius, making Alcibiades the scholar of Socrates, and the Athenian people subtle critics of

Homer and Æschylus, of the historians, the sculptors, and the orators.

In the intellectual sphere, the inspiration that giveth all men understanding begins for them in the first outgo from themselves: a scarce tangible germ of sacrifice, breaking up the inert homogeneity of this death in life. With this first effort enters the power for yet greater effort. Here is our law presiding at the very birth of intellect. Of all mental growth the real soundness is in discipline and devotion, in processes of sacrifice. No genius is clear-sighted or healthy without this. The minds that have told on history have without exception been hard-working ones. To a sound, clear, sustained, practical, wide-reaching intelligence, there is no "royal road." Carlyle describes genius as being first of all "transcendent capacity for taking trouble." It is the quality of high genius to be able to go out of self, to enter and assume other natures. Its nature is so sympathetic, so dramatic, it is forever dying to be born into other lives. In this assumption, by fullest recognition, of manifold phases of experience, is not only its divine humanity, its eternal validity, but its inspiration. Do not the fine expansions and fresh recognitions that come to us in the reading of *Romola* or *Middlemarch*, or even in the simpler sphere, in the hearing of Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*, give hint what recreative energies must have attended the steps of self-transcendence of which these wonders of modern genius are the reward? Right living is a fine art whose bloom and charm do not differ in kind from the inspiration of the world-poet, dramatist, seer. Not the discipline of sacrifice, only, but its courage we want; to forsake what has become inert in our experience, to plunge into untried opportunity, to detect the better future shaping in the present. On go the signs and wait for none: interpret, interpret, or you will be daily growing deaf and dumb and blind! Courage, courage forever to re-test and readjust the old persuasions, to dismiss complacent finality, and live like pious Socrates, in the conviction that wisdom is knowing how little one knows of himself and others, and that knowledge is an endless process of becoming: not only in such beliefs as are provisional, but in such as are necessary and vital, and not dependent on reasonings or votes, but which demand ever wiser apprehension of their meaning. Do not fear to drop any name or communion that you have found obsolete or irrelevant; when it is shed off with pangs, it has left room for a better.

Trace this law in the social and historical spheres. No race makes progress until it begins to curb the rude instincts of self-indulgence, and dares the steps of discipline. Tribes that cannot do this cannot be civilized, any more than our actual American politics can make pure patriot voters out of San Domingo cockfighters or Alaskan savages. Our experiment with the Indians, if it fails, will more discredit the teacher than the pupil he ends by destroying. A scandal to our civilization is the outcry we have heard that a whole Indian tribe must be exterminated for an act of treachery and bloodshed perpetrated by a few chiefs, who have been but too apt pupils in the barbarisms of government agencies and border white warfare. Here is a race subject for generations to all manner of foul, deceitful, and abominable usage, so outraged that officials of our own confess that the cause of even this last Modoc treachery lies at our doors; yet with a dozen broken treaties and a half-century of swindling and pushing to the wall scored against us in the record of our dealing with this perishing race, we cry out for their extermination because the Indian is too treacherous to be trusted even with his own life. "He has dared to murder an American general whom everybody loved and honored." What is Gen. Canby to the Modoc, more than the last of his own tribe who was shot or poisoned by white marauders, or spoiled of his red squaw by some ruffian worse than himself? In face of much progress in civilized life by many tribes, a distinguished general is reported to have said that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." This is our war-whoop. If the humane Indian policy fails, it will not be merely because we have so long put off the effort to rouse disciplines of self-restraint in a race peculiarly unsuceptible of them, but because we have so long corrupted even them by our example, and repelled them by our evil usage, till such capacity to learn any good from us as they may have had is gone.

Look at the oldest civilizations. What means their absence of progress? For the special kind of sacrifice whereof they had great measure they received splendid fruit. In India an inspiration of the speculative faculty unsurpassed; but in so far as they covered themselves in their speculative dream, not daring to shatter that spell, came passive somnambulism, and not progress. Out of the nomad North and striving West came movement and friction, opening man's eyes wide to the actual world; out of the science of the practical races came innerness or the exact reality of what is expended and what is sought. And the sacrifice that proceeds on these conditions is progress: the modern faith and hope.

America has had three epochs of inspiration. The first was the Day of the Pilgrims, when ecclesiastical traditions were shattered and local ties broken. The next was the day of the Declaration of Independence. This time it was more than an outward home or a visible Church from which the exiles struck out into unknown seas: it was the political household, the ancestral traditions of a race. And this sacrifice made us a nation. But a more radical renunciation was inevitable: nobler ideals strike at the pride of race and the selfishness of trade; and our third great day came in its hour. Again the surrender of traditions, associations, institutions; bursting of fixed ideas; shattering of interests held close as life. Need I point to those days that slowly wrought out our emancipation, to show that the inspiration of our sacrifice greatened with every step toward rejection of an old ingrained bondage; was greatest of all when the full word was spoken which broke utterly from the past? When peace returned, what darkened the flame but the hope of saving that past?

For the last quarter of a century emancipation has been our divine school of morals, friendship, noble aims. That fount of sacrifice, loyalty, inspiration, is now a shrine of the past. What have we to-day in its place? Reform of public morality? But then this will have to obey self-transcending impulses. It must be the gathering voice of multitudes, loving right better than gain, failure and integrity better than subservience and success: the rising ardor, the commanding purpose of men and women inspired by their own brave surrender of ease and prejudice to duty and to truth.

Well does a writer put the representation principle in politics in one sentence: "The small waves make the great ones, and all are of the same pattern." To shift the kindling of that moral ardor which is national safety and progress upon an organized body of agents, is to sow chaff and look for harvests. The petted agency is alive indeed, but it is alive with the fatal tendency of organizations to finality and egoism. National centralization and State sovereignty are the two fatal extremes of these vicarious politics, committing the making of virtue to organizations which can supplant inspiration, but not originate it. 'Tis the unorganized virtue of the citizens that must supply the all-mastering flame to melt away threatening usurpation in executive, legislature, and judiciary.

The law of inspiration dominant in the inanimate, the animal, the intellectual, and the political realms, and leading them up into the moral and spiritual, may well be trustworthy, nay, absolute in these. If then your strength is not great enough to set aside the duty of a step when your hope lies only in what you see not, still less is your weakness capable of foreclosing the inspirations which such steps assure. Out of your own hands you have passed into the hands of a law, reaching as wide as being; you open upward for the infinite. You cleave the one natural path for the sunbeam to the waiting elements of your soul.

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

THANKS FOR THE EDITORIAL entitled "Pause." Pause—why not? Will any humane, practical man answer? Why is it that the great mass of people must never "rest from their labors" while yet in the flesh, and their work never follow them to enrich them here? Is it wonderful that they sigh for the *herafter*? The earth "owned" by a handful, and yet the common home of all! Land speculators! will you show your title to the wild, virgin soil? Was the earth made for you to fatten on, and these to starve? You inherit land? Pardon me, so did the slaveholders inherit souls. Go back far enough, and you will find the *flaw in your title*. Trace back your "apostolic succession," and you will find that the primitive land-owner was a *grabber*. No man ever took possession of more land than he could cultivate or turn to a public good, who did not trample on human rights. One man guarding his million acres, and a million people crowded into attic and cellar! The Indian, forsooth, must give way for civilization. He has no right to hold vast tracts of earth for a "hunting ground." No: take it from him, and give it over to the white speculator. Well, now, which is which? Is not the same land still a "hunting ground"? Will not civilization have to make still another move? Civilization says, "The land, the air, and the sea belong to all men." The Indian, of whatever color, must abandon his private claim. Humanity owns the continent, and the Modocs must go to the wall. *Everybody has a right to a home!*

Well, and what then? Why, "when capital and labor are rightly adjusted and come to be mutual friends, not foes," things will begin to straighten out and work well. True. But how? How shall capital and labor become friends? What is capital? Labor stowed away: "*dried labor*," says my friend. When people eat all the apples they want, they dry the rest for future use, or to exchange for something else. So then,

whose labor are you stowing away? Your own? If that is the way you get your capital, how will it be possible for that sort of capital to become the foe of labor? True, your father may do the stowing, and then bestow the same upon you; or any friend may. No one will be wronged in that way; for still each other laborer may receive and hold fast all he produces. Thus related, capital and labor shall indeed be "friends, not foes."

Pause, then, and consider this fair vision: Land set free, redeemed, cultivated; prairie and wilderness blossoming into homes; business interests no more conflicting, but harmonizing; the prosperity of all the prosperity of each; each man's capital the accumulations of his own earnings, or of labor that came to him a free gift; the disappearance on the earth of the two classes, rich and poor, because of this security of property given to each and all.

Let civilization, thus aroused, take a new start: and all men then in good time may "pause!"

LAST SUNDAY, the preacher who stood in Dr. Fulton's old shoes at Tremont Temple preached a sermon suggested by the Anniversaries. He said that, during Anniversary week, infidels and all sorts of evil-dreamers held the field, the name of Jesus being seldom spoken except in derision; and the jargon of conflicting voices strongly reminded him of Babel. The one word of union, he said, seemed to be "Nay;" and, for one, he desired now that the din was over to fall back on God's "Yea." And, as I listened to his discourse, I perceived that that was his mistake—a mistake in fact which we are all prone to make. We "fall back" on the "Yea" of the past, forgetting that the "Yea" of the present time must inevitably take on something of the sound of "Nay." If we propose an advance, of course we say, "No; this is not our journey's end." Could our preacher fall forward, he might hear a God's "Yea" that would astonish and comfort him.

Still, it must be confessed that Anniversary week does get a little mixed. Every man and woman who comes here has an idea of what is wrong, and of the remedy; and it is hardly to be expected that so general a comparison of views would result in a strain of perfect harmony for delicately-tuned ears. It is not best, however, to be too nice and fine. Thence we may miss the key-note of the new anthem.

I think Anniversary week in Boston always has a "Yea," and a very emphatic one. It says "Yea" to human nature, to faith in the ability of the race to perfect itself. Its "Nay" is hurled against doubt, fear, and (as I heard one say) "the respectability of the devil." Undoubtedly the majority of people are opposed to having their doubts and fears, their Orthodoxy and respectability, negatived,—particularly in the rude way of the reformers. But the reformers feel that the un-reformatory world is pretty nearly iron-clad, and they are in duty bound to see that the impenetrable stuff is somehow pierced. The anti-slavery leaders set the example. Not all of them now like to witness the faithfulness with which their methods are adhered to. Often one hears these sturdy veterans abuse this latter-day agitation as "fanatical," "absurd," "impracticable," "foolish," and quite in vain. It hardly comes gracefully from such lips. There is hot blood yet in the land, though theirs (they having honorably wrought their work) has measurably cooled. The "infidelity" and reform of the week may not all be wise; but that its burden is not humanity's "Yea," I religiously question.

MY OWN INTEREST in these Anniversaries centred in the meetings of the New England Labor Reform League, and of the Free Religious Association,—the former held at the beginning and the latter at the close of the week. I am especially attracted by both of these movements, because neither of them runs into politics. I have a great distrust of political remedies. I think we are fast learning that people who take the ballot must perish by the ballot, as they who take the sword perish by that instrument. There are two edges to both of these weapons, and wrongs which they right never come out as right as they should.

THE AIM of the Labor Reform League appears to be the discovery and diffusion of equitable principles to regulate the social and practical business-life of the community. There is no vote taken, but the whole subject, after it has received its many-sided presentation, is remanded to the intelligence of each private mind. In this way it is hoped that a new and wiser public sentiment will in good time prevail, and settle this whole question of labor and capital peaceably and justly, and so permanently. The meetings this year were extremely interesting and instructive. No other meeting that I attended was more so.

OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS MEETINGS much might be said. On the whole the day was quite successful. To speak of the gathering in the

evening first, I have heard but one opinion. Everybody was happy. The cheerful hall most tastefully decorated, the goodly company, Col. Higginson's splendid management, the Hutchinsons and others who could nobly sing, and Lucrècia Mott,—not to forget the eatables: altogether all this made up an evening which one can remember much better than describe.

Upon reading the announcement for the essays and discussion of the day, I was quite encouraged to believe that this year's Anniversary would mark an important departure of the Association in the direction of applying Free Religion to practical life. The subjects—"Freedom in Religion," and "Religion in Freedom"—seemed to imply a disposition to try the liberal faith on, and see how it would fit. Nor was this expectation wholly disappointed. Of Mr. Johnson's essay I shall not be able to speak until I read it in the published Report. I know full well that it was a statement worthy of all consideration and large acceptance. But it is not easy to report Mr. Johnson from memory, and the attempt were rash.

The same might be said of Mr. Weiss' essay. His writings, however, abound with epigrams, and a few sentences often reveal the drift of the discourse. In this case, for instance, when he said that Abraham Lincoln had before this apprised Daniel Webster that there was a higher law than the Constitution, one may take the lead of his thought and see that he is running the line between "legality and the divine law." He speaks of "laws regulating conscience, and of conscience that regulates laws."

In these discourses I think we shall find the suggestion of that fuller interpretation of religion and religious liberty which the age demands. Religious liberty must come to mean somewhat more than the bare privilege of worshipping God sentimentally. One's conscience has to do with all the relations of life. And the legal restriction or compulsion which tramples on the private conscience we shall come to regard, I doubt not, as an invasion of religious liberty. We must take our own definition of religion. It is "Man's effort to perfect himself," says Mr. Abbot. This may not be the whole truth, but it is certainly a part of it. And this "effort"—shall it not be respected? Think, then, in how many ways the State—whether republican or monarchical—sets at naught the liberty we boast of. The invasions which Christian zeal has made in the forms of civil law by no means exhaust the category. For the greater part, what we call "the State" is an impertinence. How do we get on with our reliance upon it as a remedy for crime? What security of person and property does it bring? There is much more in these simple questions than our politically crazed countrymen are disposed to think. "Private judgment," "self-government," "local option," and like phrases which we cherish, will some day assume a significance now quite startling to most people. The man who has no more promising ideal of a free country than that we now adore, is by far too easily satisfied. Not even an honest Congress and an intelligent President should be regarded as a very great blessing.

That the drift of the discussions at the Free Religious meetings was away from this straight-faced worship of "legality," marks, in my judgment, an era in Free Religion to be remembered.

BOSTON, June 8, 1873.

INSINCERITY IN SPEECH.—Say what you think, rather than what you imagine other people expect you to say. Or if you feel, as we often may, that we had better not, or not then, say what we think, say nothing. At any rate, believe that it is a genuine promotion of the health of society to let our words be honestly ours. Affect no sentiments which you do not own. I do not, of course, refer to those phrases of courtesy which are universally current and understood, as when a man sets his signature to the statement that he is an obedient servant to one whom perhaps he has just been declining to serve. Nor do I mean that we are expected to give utterance to each sentiment which arises in our hearts. That would be selfish. But do not, especially in religion, affect feelings which are alien to you. It is incalculable what wanton harm is done by this. We can see it when a man, more honest than others, ventures to put some criticism, which has risen in many minds, into words; or, Luther-like, to question some empty dictum which has been long tacitly permitted to exist. By a touch he can thus free many a mind. He simply makes bold to open the door and let himself out; and lo! he has provided an exit for a grateful stream of prisoners who follow him, and then see that after all they might just as well have delivered themselves.—*Leisure Hour.*

A country exchange tells this story: Our little four-year-old went over to see his grandma the other day, and was told to go directly home and tell his papa that grandma had the varioloid, and he must be vaccinated; whereupon the little fellow came running home, breathless, saying: "Grandma has got the very old lord, and I must be baptized."

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXII.

"MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD NIGHT!"

The massive walls of the gray old tower of London, and the dingy regions adjacent, were alternately brightened by the flicker bursts of sunshine on an April day, or rendered additionally sombre by its sudden showers. The streets were muddy and wet; and in obedience to the summons of a clanging bell announcing the hour of one, P. M., a continuous stream of stevedores, sailors, lightermen, "lumpers," porters, "barges," longshoremen, and waterside laborers in general, was setting, from their mid-day meal, inwards, at the principal gate of St. Katharine's Docks, when there drew up before it two cabs, whence alighted a party of individuals to whose proceedings the history now invites attention. Out of the first stepped Paul and Ruth Gower, and two of Mr. Bligh's pupils; namely, Purdy and Grayling: from the second emerged Frank Sabin, Harry Franklin, and his sister Esther; also the red beard and perpetual cigar of "Mops"—which "weed" he was obliged to throw away, or at least extinguish, before entering the portal. From the seat beside the driver there likewise descended the spare and shabby figure, and wistful, propitiatory countenance of poor Mills. The day had at length arrived for the embarkation of our friends for America. But Richard Sabin was not of the company. Richard Sabin was absent.

Paul could not repress a glance of forlorn expectation at the second cab—not for his friend, but for Kate—though he apprehended she would not be there; nor a look of disappointment when there was no longer room for doubt on the subject. The vehicles dismissed, and the final, inevitable, all-but-forgotten luggage consigned to a couple of volunteer porters in waiting for such jobs, a general introduction of those of the party who were unacquainted with each other took place, followed by inquiries for Richard.

"He promised to be here sharp one," said Mops, consulting his watch, "but of course is behind-hand. Let's go on to the vessel." And, arm in arm, in such order as their intimacy prompted, they proceeded in the direction of the Basin—along great wharves and under immense warehouses of grimy brick, six stories in height, framing squares of shipping, the huge hulls of which lay side by side, apparently jammed together in inextricable confusion, their monstrous figure-heads staring at the granite quays with the same wooden stolidity with which they had, in their time, contemplated strange cities, howling tempests, and the sunny islands of far-off seas.

"I am so glad, dear," said Ruth to her brother, as they walked on together, "that grandma came round so nicely, after all, and that you parted such good friends. She is kinder of heart than she gives herself credit for, or than we are apt to suppose. She felt your going away more than you expected."

"She did," he answered, suppressing a regret that Mrs. Gower's affection had waited till that rather late stage for its development. "And I was sorer to leave the old house than I had anticipated. She has changed a good deal—in temper—ever since the receipt of our father's letter."

"Yet it disappointed her exceedingly, for she quite made up her mind that he'd come home. I only wish he had. Paul, dear, you mustn't forget to send me a photograph of him as soon as possible—a good one, mind—and always to write me good long letters. I'll be sure to answer them and tell you everything."

"I hope you will," responded Paul, seriously; "and about Mr. Bligh. You mustn't think me unkind or ungenerous, but I don't half like that gentleman's return to Thorpe Parva. My sister's happiness is very dear to me, and I should be sorry to think it risked by too great a confidence in a quarter in which she has been once deceived already. Why couldn't the Squire find a place for him elsewhere, and leave it to time to show whether he is really as deserving as seems taken for granted?"

Ruth colored deeply before replying. "I told you how it all happened in my letters. Nothing is as yet settled. But since our cousin (she called Mr. Blencowe cousin in familiar conversation) caught that dreadful fresh cold in burying poor old Goody Simcoe, he is really incapable of preaching; and as he won't hear of a regular curate, we are glad to avail ourselves of Mr. Bligh's services. And, Paul, you should remember: 'Forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' I think men find that harder to practise than women do."

"Very probably. And God forbid that I should forget it. Only, Ruth, be careful. There are two kinds of faults—those that originate in want of thought, and those that indicate want of principle. It's easy, I think, and right to forgive the first, until seventy times seven and over; but the last commonly argues some radical defect of character, which may break out again at any time, and is, perhaps, incurable. If you'd excuse my spouting Shakespeare, I'd say—

"Fear it Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of—"

loving a man who is not worthy of you. If he proved weak and selfish in one instance, he may break out again in the same direction. You are not angry with me?"

"I'm not angry; but since I'm Ophelia, let me remind you that she retorts her brother's advice upon himself. Think over that last sentence of yours in connection with Miss Sabin."

Finding the tables thus neatly turned on him, Paul thought it better to change the subject; and, by way of doing so, first asked her if a great iron or wooden umbrella shielding a huge crane which they chanced to be passing, didn't remind her of Robinson Crusoe; and then began to speak of his departure. Ruth, he it remarked, had resolved to be very brave at it, and above all things not to cry.

"It is curious," he said, after some observations not of sufficient importance to this history to demand insertion, "to be going to a father of whom I remember next to nothing. It has always seemed to me as if I were an orphan. He must be very much altered and Americanized in so many years. I wonder what he is like, and whether I shall come up to his expectations or disappoint them."

"Of course he'll be delighted!" decided Ruth; and proceeded to give reasons for that opinion, which, whatever their intrinsic merit, were at least complimentary to the persons concerned. Unlike Paul, she was sentimental about her unknown father, and entertained none of the morbid habit of distressing herself and sometimes others, which characterized her brother; though his manifestation of it, in this instance, had not been very seriously meant. This feeling, by the way, by no means militates against the existence of the average amount of self-esteem so kindly allotted by Nature to most of us: indeed, proves it, for self-depreciation is only self-esteem with the seamy side outwards.

"Here we are, then," said Paul, as having skirted the inner side of the West Dock—under cover of long sheds, past little counting-houses on wheels, avenues of barrels exuding oils, alkalis, and chemical smells, piles of rare woods, and other valuable but not very sightly merchandise, and successfully avoiding the trucks which men were wheeling about in all directions—the party reached the vessel in which the friends had engaged passage. It was a Baltimore-built clipper, named the "Cayuga," not ordinarily an emigrant ship, but one which, returning to New York City with a cargo of hemp and iron, took as many passengers as she could get, at very moderate prices.

The "Cayuga" lay with her broadside to the wharf and presented a scene of extreme liveliness and confusion. Men were busy taking in cargo at her open ports and yawning hatchways; sailors were hauling away at ropes; and up and down the frail gangway which connected the vessel with the shore, people went and came incessantly. Passengers, their friends, shipping-agents' clerks, captain, and crew, all exhibited the bustle incidental to departure; yet it seemed as if a good deal remained to be done before that could be effected.

This Mr. Humphries observed and commented on. "You won't get off to-day," he said, when the party stood on the deck together amidst a heterogeneous medley of people and property, watching the process of lowering the heavier portions of the latter down the aft-hatchway, to the accompaniment of a vast amount of bawling and blasphemy.

"You'd better stay aboard, if you don't want to lose your passage!" suddenly answered the mate; a tall, long-necked, snister-looking Yankee, with enormous whiskers, who temporarily desisted from profaning the name of the second person of the Trinity to make the remark.

[To be continued.]

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending June 14.

Mary P. Rhoades, \$3; Eliza H. Beane, \$1.50; Wm. L. Taylor, \$3; Dr. Eich, \$3; Ross Winans, \$3; Roger Sherman, \$1; Elmore Sharpe, \$5 cts.; N. A. Fletcher, \$5 cts.; W. W. Stout, 20 cts.; J. M. L. Babcock, \$1; N. R. Waters, 10 cts.; J. E. Delano, \$10; Isaac Ames, \$5.10; J. E. Miller, \$1.50; Johannis Elenbans, \$3; Mrs. G. B. Kirby, \$1.50; Anna Wood, \$8; Mark T. Adams, \$1; Jno. W. Steward, \$3; J. H. Holley, \$3; James Watson, \$1; White & Bauer, \$3; T. B. Skinner, \$5 cts.; Ira Smedes, \$3.10; H. E. Howe, \$3; H. W. Howe, \$1; Charles Jackson, \$3; Max Landsbury, \$3; H. T. Appleby, \$3; S. I. Smith, \$1.50; Geo. H. Young, \$2; Wm. W. Wood, \$1.50; G. H. Snelling, \$5; Geo. A. Schmidt, \$7; Henry Miller, \$2; Ward Munroe, 10 cts.; J. P. Lindley, \$5 cts.; George Fiddington, \$1.75; H. Hayland, \$3; A. T. Garretson, \$2.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

The Index.

JUNE 21, 1873.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features, and offers an opportunity for discussions on this subject which find no fitting place in other papers.

The columns of THE INDEX are open for the discussion of all questions included under the general purpose.
N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, *Editor.*
ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS, *Associate Editor.*
OCTAVIUS BROOKS PROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, WILLIAM J. POTTER, RICHARD P. HALLOWELL, WILLIAM H. SPENCER, MRS. E. D. CHENEY, REV. CHARLES VOTERY (England), Prof. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England), Rev. MORGUE D. CONWAY (England), *Editorial Contributors.*

A CARD.

The undersigned, constituting a majority of the newly elected Board of Directors of the Index Association, and being all of those Directors present at the Annual Meeting, except Mr. Abbot, desire to make a brief statement to the stockholders of the Association.

The whole number of votable shares in the Association is 832. The number of shares represented at the Annual Meeting was 652. The number of votes actually cast for Directors was 607. Most of the Directors elected received the full number, while none received less than 532 votes. We therefore fairly represent the Index Association, and may congratulate the stockholders that the troubles of the past year are now practically terminated.

It will be seen by the Treasurer's report that there is no deficit in the Treasury, but a cash balance of \$682.06. There is in our opinion no reason why any deficiency should occur hereafter. We, however, think that the enlarged size of the paper should not be renewed until the receipts fully justify it. But that no injustice may be done to the subscribers, we have voted to continue the paper to all who pay \$3, for a time long enough to give them the full value of their payment.

In accordance with a vote passed almost unanimously at the Annual Meeting, we have reinstated Mr. Abbot as editor in chief of THE INDEX. He is authorized to employ such aid as may be necessary, within the means of the Association, especially in the business department. We have also appointed Mr. A. W. Stevens as Associate Editor.

It is our opinion that the true interests of THE INDEX demand its early removal to Boston or New York, as being the best centres for the publication of a national journal; and the Directors have been expressly authorized by the Association to take such action on the subject as may be found desirable and legal.

We earnestly commend THE INDEX anew to the full confidence of those who have hitherto sustained it so cordially. We believe that it will deserve this confidence more fully in the future than even in the past.

T. W. HIGGINSON,
A. E. MACOMBER,
W. J. POTTER,
F. J. SCOTT,
A. W. STEVENS,

*Directors of the
Index Association.*

SALUTATORY.

With this issue I resume my former duties as editor of THE INDEX. For the expressions of unabated confidence on the part of the stockholders of the Index Association and of the newly elected Board of Directors which have enabled me with entire self-respect to accept this renewed appointment, I tender my sincere thanks. A more complete vindication of my past course as editor and business manager I could neither ask nor desire; and it will be my earnest endeavor to make the future at least as deserving as the past of the aid hitherto so gen-

erously accorded to THE INDEX by its friends. I cannot but congratulate them all that the paper will still be devoted to the aims which first enlisted their sympathy and support; and I trust that continued devotion to these aims will make the wretched strife of the last few months a speedily forgotten nightmare.

It would be gross ingratitude, however, not to record here the fact that, but for Mr. Stevens, all efforts to rescue the paper from the dangers that beset it must have failed. No one not in the office could fully appreciate the difficulty and delicacy of his position as Acting Editor under the circumstances; and, knowing as I do the utterly noble and unselfish spirit, the scrupulous desire to be just to all parties, and the willingness to discharge unexpected duties under the most disadvantageous conditions, with which he has met all emergencies during these weary and disheartening months, I hope that every friend of the paper will keep a warm corner in his heart for one of the most faithful, disinterested, and modest of men.

I can hardly persuade myself to omit all mention of one other without whom THE INDEX could never have weathered the storm; but I very reluctantly yield to his urgent wish, and content myself with knowing that every close observer of INDEX affairs will see for himself, and award the credit where it is due. (I ought to add that what is said above was written without the knowledge of Mr. Stevens.)

Lastly, the staunch devotion to the radical cause which brought so fair a representation of the scattered stockholders of the Index Association, several of whom came eight hundred miles to attend the meeting, shows how vital is the work we are all engaged in, and how willing are its friends to spend and be spent in its service. It is impossible for me to misconstrue this proof of earnestness in any personal way. The late conflict, now (I trust) permanently ended, has not on my part been a personal one at all; it has been a battle for the very existence of THE INDEX as a paper devoted in sincerity to moral and religious reform. I have not enough conceit to appropriate to myself what was meant for the paper and its cause; and if any one came to the meeting moved by no deeper motive than personal regard for me, I can only regret that my labors have been in his case vain. THE INDEX is in no sense mine; it belongs to humanity alone; and stockholders, directors, editors, are alike unfaithful to their trust, if they look upon the paper as aught else than a tool to be used most conscientiously in helping to prepare a purer future for mankind. I refuse to consider the action of June 7 in any other light than as an emphatic affirmation that THE INDEX shall be sacred to Truth, and not to Mammon; and that I shall be its conductor once more simply and solely because, having been faithful to it hitherto, it is believed I shall be faithful to it hereafter. To that fidelity let me be strictly and sternly held; and the moment I forget it, let the stockholders flock together to hurl me from a seat I have disgraced and a trust I have betrayed. To my old post I now come back with joy, because I can come with untainted honor, and with a full conviction that there are enough brave and generous souls in the world to make this old post of mine a place of effective and well-aided toil in a cause most dear to me.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

It is a cause of very pleasant surprise to see that, almost before the ink was dry on the pages of last week's INDEX, so many friends hastened to respond to the suggestion of a "Dollar Donation Fund." The following prompt contributions to this fund are acknowledged with thanks, having been all received by Monday June 16, when the forms were to be made up:—

\$1.00 each—H. E. Howe, W. Kraus, H. T. Appleby, J. Sedgebeer, M. Marx, W. G. Babcock, W. H. Badger, H. P. Hyde, W. H. Boughton, W. P. Chambers, C. K. Whipple, J. F. Barrett, W. H. Sherman, E. S. Barrows, S. Hunt; \$2.00—H. K. O.—; \$5.00 each—W. H. Ovington, Miss H. E. Stevenson.

THE INDEX REDIVIVUS.

The stockholders of the Index Association convened for their second annual meeting at the office of THE INDEX, at Toledo, June 7, 1873. The following stockholders were present: Col. T. W. Higginson, of Newport, Rhode Island; Mr. W. J. Potter, of New Bedford, Massachusetts; Dr. C. H. Horsch, of Dover, New Hampshire; Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, Michigan; Mr. R. C. Spencer, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Mr. E. W. Weir, of Lagrange, Indiana; Mr. Asa K. Butts, of New York city; Mr. S. F. Woodard, of Osborn, Ohio; Mr. J. D. Zimmermann, of Union City, Michigan; and Messrs. A. E. Macomber, E. P. Bassett, H. E. Howe, A. Wood, C. Cone, A. W. Stevens, and F. E. Abbot, of Toledo, Ohio. Mr. J. M. P. Batchelder, of Kendallville, Indiana, was also present.

Col. Higginson was elected Chairman of the meeting, and Mr. Stevens Secretary. On motion of Mr. Potter, it was

"Resolved, That at this meeting every share subscribed to the capital stock of the Index Association on which one or more assessments have been paid shall be entitled to one vote. No share on which no assessment has been paid shall be entitled to a vote."

During the official examination of the proxies presented by various parties, which under the above rule was a necessary preliminary to business and occupied considerable time, Mr. Butts proceeded to read a series of resolutions, into the preamble of which he had introduced various voluminous documents relating to the recent disturbances in the Association; and the meeting listened patiently, until he was called to order by Judge Howe and the Chair for gross and repeated violations of the parliamentary rule which prohibits offensive personalities. The resolutions were not seconded.

The report of the Executive Committee for the preceding year, including the Treasurer's report, was read by Mr. Abbot. The report was accepted on motion of Dr. Horsch; and on motion of Mr. Potter, an auditing committee, consisting of Messrs. Howe, Bassett, and Stebbins, was appointed by the Chair.

On motion of Mr. Macomber, the meeting proceeded to the election of Directors of the Index Association for the ensuing year. The following gentlemen were elected: T. W. Higginson, W. J. Potter, R. P. Hallowell, F. E. Abbot, A. E. Macomber, E. W. Meddough, R. H. Ranney, A. W. Stevens, F. J. Scott.

Dr. Horsch then moved the adoption of the following resolution, which was passed:—

"Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the Index Association, this day elected by the stockholders of the same, are hereby authorized to establish an office in such locality as they may deem for the best interests of THE INDEX, and to transfer the publication of THE INDEX to such locality as they may deem expedient and consistent with the laws of this State, under which this corporation exists, and of the State where such office may be established."

Mr. Butts presented a preamble and resolution, calling upon Mr. Abbot for the promised proofs of his statements in THE INDEX of May 3, and calling upon the meeting to resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole for the detailed investigation of all charges made by either side in the late controversy against the other. No one else being willing even to second this resolution, it was seconded by Mr. Abbot. Some discussion followed. Mr. Bassett said that this was not the place for entering into all the details of the controversy; that the stockholders' meeting was not a court to try any one for libel; and that the press was open to both parties alike, if they chose to use it. Dr. Horsch and Mr. Stebbins said in substance that each side had already presented its case in print, and given sufficient grounds for action at this meeting; that there had been sufficient investigation to warrant a decision, and that there was no occasion to spend more time in the matter. On being put to vote, the resolution of Mr. Butts was lost, no one voting for it but himself.

Mr. Abbot then submitted to the meeting a printed statement [see advertisement elsewhere]

containing the promised proofs of his "True Story" as published in THE INDEX of May 3. A copy of this pamphlet was furnished to every person present.

On motion of Mr. Stebbins, the following resolution was put to vote and carried, Mr. Butts alone voting against it:—

"Resolved, That we request the Directors to reinstate F. E. Abbot in his former place and power as editor of THE INDEX; and that this request, made after due investigation of the matter, is the best evidence of our confidence in his integrity and capacity, and in his devotedness to the objects and aims of the Index Association."

The meeting was then adjourned.

The newly elected Directors on June 9 adopted the following, after re-appointing the former editor and associate editor of THE INDEX:—

"Resolved, That in reinstating Mr. Abbot as editor of THE INDEX we would echo the sentiment of the resolution passed at the recent meeting of the stockholders,—that we thereby express our unshaken confidence in the integrity, ability, and disinterested devotion with which he has heretofore performed the duties of the office, as also our decided disapproval of the action of the Directors in the meeting of the 13th of March which led to his resignation; and in this act we conceive that we are but executing the manifest will of almost the entire constituency of the paper."

This appreciative and richly deserved tribute to Mr. Stevens was also passed:—

"Resolved, That we tender, on behalf of the Index Association, earnest thanks to Mr. A. W. Stevens for the very judicious and faithful manner in which he has discharged the obligations of his difficult position as Acting Editor since Mr. Abbot resigned the editorial chair, and during the recent serious troubles in the affairs of the paper."

The only other action of the Board which need be here mentioned was the passage of the following vote:—

"Resolved, That the Executive Committee be authorized and requested to get the best legal advice on the question of establishing the publication office of THE INDEX in Boston or New York; and, if such a step be found to be consistent with the laws of Ohio, they are further authorized to establish said publication office in Boston, provided the sum of \$5,000 shall be raised by the friends of the paper for that purpose, or in New York, provided the sum of \$10,000 shall be raised by its friends for that purpose."

The difference in the sums named is made on account of the greater expense that will be involved, all things considered, in New York than in Boston. It is hoped that by next week all doubt of the legality of the proposed change will be finally settled; and we shall be glad to receive information and advice on the subject from all interested friends. The proposal to publish the paper in Boston or New York is one of the greatest importance; and the various opinions that may be expressed will all receive the most candid consideration. Let all local preferences be generously waived, and let attention be concentrated on the one question, "Where should THE INDEX be published so as to be most improved in quality and most strengthened in influence?" A brilliant and useful future lies before it now, if wisdom, unselfishness, and free-hearted liberality shall animate its friends. Meanwhile, we urge each one of them—

1. To help increase its circulation by sending in promptly the name of at least one new subscriber, with the money.

2. To help fill up the losses of the stock list caused by the recent troubles.

3. To help place at our disposal a liberal "Dollars Donation Fund," to be applied without delay to healing the wounds inflicted by pseudo-friends.

Forgotten now be the past! Let all eyes be turned to the future, and all hands set heartily to the task of making a paper worthy of the cause it works for!

RELIGION.

The above is a hackneyed word, and there are many free thinkers who hear it almost with impatience. They regard it as pretty nearly synonymous with superstition, and say that what it stands for is at the best but the outcome of ingenious guesses and fine imaginings, which really sensible and practical people would do well not to bother their heads about. To these often excellent and very intelligent people this word religion is an impertinence, because it deals with that which the five senses do not apprehend; with that which is not palpable, tangible, and ponderable.

I am not entirely without sympathy with such objections to the word religion. It is true that it has been mightily wrested to the uses of human folly and superstition, and that it is to-day made the cover of absurd fanaticism and hard-handed dogmatism. If religion is really what the Church says it is; if it is what the popular Christianity defines it to be,—then I cordially agree with those who oppose it, and think that in dropping the very word itself from their vocabulary they are helping to purge our language of an obsolete and useless term. But, on the other hand, if religion is something which belongs to human nature; if the word itself expresses that which is natural to man; if, in short, religion is truly human and natural, not "revealed" and miraculous, the property of humanity and not of the Church,—then I say that those who object to it, who seek to disuse and destroy both the name and the thing, are very unwise and foolish, because they are attempting to do what ought not and cannot be done. Religion is not a historical word like Christianity, or Buddhism. Though priests and bigots have fought over it and claimed it as theirs, it does not belong to them, but to all mankind. It did not have its leave to be when Jesus or any other man was born. Its history is not written in any one Bible or set of sacred scriptures. It is rather a universal word and a universal thing, having an application as extensive as human life, and an existence co-eval with human nature.

It is a delicate and difficult task to define religion. That definition seems to me to be best which is most inclusive. "Religion is the effort of man to perfect himself," says one. While I do not say that this is the best definition of religion which can be given, I am ready to say that, so far as I know, it is the best definition of religion which has been given. I like it because it is so inclusive; because it stretches over the whole of life and humanity, as the dome of the heavens includes the earth. I like it because it vindicates itself to my own experience, and appears to me to be vindicated by the universal experience of man. It is a brave and hopeful definition; it excludes the dogmatisms and subtleties of sectarians and theologians, and expresses a large and inspiring faith in human nature. "The effort of man to perfect himself." This locates the golden age in the future, not in the past; this makes human perfection a hope, not a memory. This also suggests the sublime thing about man—that he is an upward-looking, an upward-struggling, an aspiring being. An aspiring man is a more immediately important truth of religion than a perfect God. The first it behooves us to know now; the last we can wait for until it arrives by rational and legitimate means.

To aspire, to seek for and strive after the best in thought and life,—this is to be religious. Surely this is a definition of religion which the most liberal cannot refuse, and which the most religious must feel the truth of. This is a definition which appears to me to do immense justice to the essential thing itself, and to save the word still for all its most sacred uses. Under this definition, religion is not a question of atheism or theism or pantheism, of materialism or spiritualism; but of real goodness of life, purity of heart, nobleness of character, devotion and exaltation of aim. He is most religious who has the fairest ideal, and who strives most faithfully to lift his actual to it. Thus defined, religion has a past and will have a future as endless as the experience of man. So long as we love

what is lovely, aim at what is good, and seek what is true, we shall be religious. So long as we look up and not down, so long as we struggle forward and slide not backward, so long as we "lend a hand" to help others, we shall be religious. The father who loves his sweet little child, and is humble before the infirmities that gaze out from its eyes; the woman who turns to the strong man, and leans on his manhood in trusting confidence and gentle affection; the man who turns to the pure woman, worshipping and loving her womanhood, and feeling his soul grow white under her touch and influence; the hard-handed buyer and seller, and getter of gain, who yet has an eye to the beauty and delicacy of flowers, spending his money freely in their cultivation, and growing soft and tender as he walks and works amongst them; the poor plodder and toiler who sometimes lifts his eyes to look at the hills and the sea, the growing grass and corn, and feels for the moment, in some faint way, the mystery of the universe knocking at the door of his dull brain,—all these are religious, because to a greater or less degree they are each and all under the spell of that which purifies, exalts, and ennobles them; which, in fine, helps to make them "perfect."

The death-day of religion is not yet. It is the great problem of the age how to make men more religious; in other words how to help them to "perfect themselves."

A. W. S.

We hope to be excused under the circumstances for reprinting the following "personal" from the Toledo Sunday Journal of June 15; and we take occasion to renew our thanks to the Germans of Toledo for their hearty and warm support.

SERENADE.—Friday evening the Turnverein Vorwärts, and Teutonia Männerchor of Toledo, joined in complimenting Mr. Abbot with a delightful serenade, in celebration of his recent restoration to the position hitherto occupied by him at the head of THE INDEX.

About 10 o'clock P. M. Milverstedt's Silver Band, the Teutonia Männerchor, and the Turners' Society, in large numbers accompanied by many leading citizens, quietly gathered in front of Mr. Abbot's residence on Indiana Avenue, and the audience listened to such excellent music as this celebrated band and the well-trained Männerchor know how to furnish, which ended with that thrilling, stirring song, the "Watch on the Rhine."

On behalf of the two Societies, Mr. John P. Schuck made a few pertinent remarks expressive of their strong sympathy with Mr. Abbot in his advocacy of the best of causes, their joy over his renewal of old relations with THE INDEX, and their determination to firmly stand by him and it.

Mr. Abbot then briefly and feelingly responded, pledging himself to renewed devotion to the cause of which THE INDEX is the champion, and to strive more than ever to deserve the confidence of his auditors and friends generally.

In response to loud calls, the Hon. Wm. Kraus then addressed the audience with great effect, asserting that the Turnverein Vorwärts throughout the land, and thousands of German citizens besides, were, and ever would be, the fast friends of mental freedom; and that they had supported Mr. Abbot, and would stand firmly by him in his advocacy of that cause, not out of regard for him as a man, simply,—though they held him in the most cordial regard—but because they recognized him as one of the truest and ablest of toilers for the triumph of sublime ideas.

The audience then gave three hearty cheers for Mr. Kraus and Mr. Abbot,—

"When each took off his several way,
Resolved to meet some other day."

A TERRIBLE CASE.—There may be woes worse than those of poverty. An English editor recounts his visit to a clerical friend, who feeds and clothes his family of ten on an income of £140 a year. He found husband and wife in tears, and the children crying in chorus. Visions of want flashed, of course, over the visitor's mind, but his ready proffer of aid was declined. "It is not that, not that," sobbed the poor preacher; "but I see that the Athanasian creed—the bulwark of our faith—will probably be rejected by the Church. This is the first step towards infidelity." For such grief there was no consolation. Father, mother, and eight children were weeping together over the possible loss of the dogma of eternal damnation.—The Rectitudinarian (Chicago).

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errors.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

IMMORAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

A few months ago my attention being called to THE INDEX by a controversial statement in the *Independent*, I sent for a few specimen copies.

I was much pleased to find its moral standard high in the literary department, and turned at once to the advertising columns to see if the usual hiatus existed between the theory and the practice of religious papers.

To my delight—yes, and surprise—I found absolutely nothing which was objectionable. There was a certain pride in being able to show to friends a sheet built upon the (to them) sandy foundation of Natural Religion, without a perceptible moral flaw.

A few weeks later, in the issue of March 29, there appeared a "Business Notice," stating that "the business and editorial departments of THE INDEX have been separated by vote of the Board of Directors, neither to be responsible for the acts of the other."

So the stale trick was to be rehearsed once more of elevating humanity with the right hand and thrusting it down with the left,—of preaching the gospel of righteousness and practising the law of gain!

Sure enough, the very next week brought an advertisement of a patent medicine headed, "*Iron in the Blood*."

Do any of the readers of THE INDEX question the immorality of such an advertisement? To offer for sale any article whose use will evidently injure a greater number than it will benefit, is an immoral act. That such is the effect of patent medicines is a notorious fact among intelligent men, and no business manager should be able to offer the excuse of ignorance. A person of sense cannot read the promises contained in the advertisement to which I refer (which is one of the better sort) without seeing at a glance that it is an attempt to deceive.

If, however, it spoke only the truth, and were composed of the very ingredients to which it lays claim, still the assertion would hold good that it must injure far more than it helps.

O. W. Holmes laid down the principle to a class of graduates in medicine that every drug administered does a certain amount of harm, and that a dose should never be given unless the ultimate good would more than counterbalance the immediate injury. The truth of this advice is unquestionable. To make such a decision correctly requires an intimate acquaintance both with the medicine prescribed and with the patient to whom it is given. Now Mr. Fowle, however much he may know about his "Peruvian Syrup," is of necessity utterly ignorant of the individuals to whom he so confidently recommends it. The folly of his treating, by a panacea, "dropsy, debility, humors, dyspepsia," &c., each of which diseases has a large variety of diverse causes, would seem to be apparent to the unprofessional. There is guessing enough, in all conscience, by the family physician, without the sick staking their health in a distant lottery with a man at the wheel whose sole object is to make money. The only point upon which purchasers can safely rely is that to the patentee the ingredients are cheap and the profits enormous. Beyond this, the best to be hoped for is that the compound will prove comparatively harmless—and superlatively impotent. If, on the other hand, it possesses an element of power, which by a remarkable coincidence of chances works one cure, in ninety and nine the same force misdirected does nothing but harm.

But the attempt to prove an axiom is the dislocation of logic.

The matter is plain enough to any one who does not take a view of the question through his pocket.

Now that the business manager of THE INDEX, Mr. Bateson, has sold out to a friend of the editor, there is no reason to doubt that the pristine symmetry of the two departments will be fully restored.

L. F. C. GARVIN, M. D.

LONSDALE, R. I.

[The above article was received before the Annual Meeting of the stockholders. It is sufficient to say now that hereafter no patent medicine advertisement will be admitted into THE INDEX; but that the contract for the insertion of advertisements already in it, including the one referred to by Dr. Garvin, will be respected. —E.D.]

ORTHODOXY AND THE INDIANS.

God (the Orthodox one) is virtually already in the Constitution, according to Secretary Delano, who defines the "Peace policy" to be, among other things, securing "the services of competent, upright, faithful, moral, and religious [Orthodox] agents;" "to establish schools, and through the instrumentality of Christian organizations acting in concert with the government, as far as possible to build churches and organize Sabbath schools whereby these savages may be taught."

Protestant church-members and their families are variously estimated at one-tenth to one-seventh the population; Catholics about one-eighth—say a fourth altogether; and three-fourths who are either indifferent or hostile are forced to pay for supporting and disseminating the dogmas of the one-fourth, not only among Indians, but everywhere.

And how about the competency of these "religious" agents? Gen. Sherman says they are "very good men, but lack force and power." That is, perhaps, putting it mild; he perhaps means that they are "very good" for nothing. "Good" with some people is a synonym for "religious;" if he were to say "very religious" men and consequently "good" for nothing as agents, perhaps he would hit it. That is more likely what he would say were his wife not a zealous Catholic.

When Gen. Howard wanted to interview Cachise, he had to employ as agent a man who had large experience of Indian character and was highly respected by Indians, but was not religious. He states that this appointment was the only exception to his practice of appointing only those recommended by religious denominations; yet this man was of more service than fifty such. Were religion as well as politics invariably ignored in appointing Indian agents, we should have fewer Indian wars. The Modoc war seems to be a clear case of mismanagement by an Indian agent.

Thus religionists not only draw on the public treasury to support their good-for-nothing zealots and build the churches, but saddle the community with the cost of wars resulting from the inefficiency of their nominees.

A. CRIDGE.

PROVIDENCE.

In the course of the narrative recounting the cruelties of that cruel tyrant, the first Frederick William, of Prussia, touching the case of Dorris Ritter, Mr. John S. C. Abbot, in his life of Frederick the Great, page 103, makes this reflection: "One's faith in a superintending Providence is almost staggered by such outrages. It would seem that there could scarcely be any compensation even in the future world for so foul a wrong inflicted on this guileless and innocent girl. There can be no possible solution of the mystery but in the decree, 'After death the judgment.'" There are yet few authors who dare to write bravely and truly, and keep their pages free from all traces of that sop to Cerberus which even the great Bacon, in more perilous times, was not ashamed to use. The language just quoted is a specimen of the cant which is part and parcel of the most popular publications of the day. It is intellectually and morally mischievous to a degree not generally appreciated. If Mr. Abbot may be excused for uttering it, can we, ought we, to overlook the demoralizing spirit of theological teaching which allows it to be widely circulated without challenge, and even with acceptance? That Frederick, who could not prevent the wrong, did in a certain sense owe Dorris Ritter "compensation" for it afterwards, all will agree; but the "judgment" relied on by the historian pertains to the same "superintending Providence" under which the cruel wrong was done. Surely that faith must be of the toughest which is only "staggered" in such a case. If Providence permitted the wrong, or rather caused it, by constituting Frederick William and his order, of which the wrong was an inevitable effect, how can we expect anything better in a future world, under the same superintendence? If Frederick William had repented of his injustice and made what reparation he could to its victim, we should rejoice in his change of heart, and commend his latter course while we continued to denounce and abhor his former; but as to Providence, we must suppose it to be equally good and adorable in the wrong done to the Prussian maiden and in the compensation for the wrong which faith carries to the account of a *post mortem* judgment. In other words, we are at liberty to call things by their right names when a man is in question; but we are required, at the dictate of religious sentiment, to stultify our reason and crucify our moral instincts when we find ourselves in the presence of the Idol of Christian faith and worship. "Providence" is as often invoked, we may fear, to sanctify the evil passions of men as to embody their love of right and aspirations for its triumph here and hereafter. To find fault with the order of Nature in itself is manifestly futile. It is by ascribing it, with all its relative disorders, to the Will of a Supreme

Intelligence, that we provide a ground for something like reasonable complaint and lamentation. The human mind is so constituted that, accepting the theological postulate of an Absolute Personal Deity as the source of all things, it cannot help feeling the justice of the complaint; and this justice is proof against all the succeeding plea which theology offers. Let us acknowledge in all honesty that wrong is a blot on any "providence" under which it happens; and, preventing as far as we can, and after that repairing as far as we may, all the wrong within our reach, confess that we know nothing of any "compensation" that can change the nature of things, and cease to look on human destiny in the light of a commercial transaction.

BALTIMORE, June 4, 1873.

N. H. W.

ANCIENT RADICALISM.

In Buddha's *Dhammapadam*, or *Path of Virtue*, in verse No. 417, we read:—

"He who, after leaving all bondage to men, has risen above all bondage to the gods,—who is free from every bondage,—him I call indeed a Brahmana."

Also verse No. 420:—

"He whose way the gods do not know, nor spirits, nor men, and whose passions are extinct, him, the venerable,—I call indeed a Brahmana."

This old thinker recognized and appreciated the great necessity of freedom from moral and intellectual bondage, even to the gods.

Faithfulness and independence are the great duties.

Compare this splendid broad scale of thought with the current religious teachings of the day; with the creeds; with the cry of "Come to Jesus," because "in him ye have eternal life," and without him all else is of no avail!

A. S. B.

SOCIETY FOR CONVERTING THE JEWS.—A high old society is that whose object is the "Conversion of the Jews to Christianity." The Society held a meeting on last Sunday night. Like the other kindred societies whose organization was for the purpose of supplying Digger Indians with fine-tooth combs and tracts, or for furnishing red-flannel rollers for the infants in the Sandwich Islands, and missionaries and Bibles for the dear papas and mamas of the infants (the missionaries to be eaten, and the Bibles to be used in lighting the fire that cooked the dear self-sacrificing missionary)—like these societies—some Rev. Mr. Chudband in the position of secretary, or treasurer, or some such office, always absorbing the greater part of the contributions, the financial workings of the "Society for the Conversion," &c., for the past year show that something over \$4,000 have been expended; but where are the Christianized Jews? Echo answers: "There haven't been any converted!"—a feat on the part of the echo which, it must be admitted, required a violent effort; but the answer is true. We think we can furnish the Society with a Jew, at least one Jew, every year for \$4,000; why mightn't the same Jew do for each annual meeting? No family—that is no Society for the Conversion, &c., should be without a Jew, especially on the annual meeting night, when the treasurer's report shows several thousand dollars expended, and, without the real *bona fide* Jew, nothing to show for the cash but a meagre number of "visits from inquiring Jews." \$4,000 a year for answering the questions of "inquiring Jews" is good pay—a good deal better than our landlady (who, we rejoice to say, is slowly yielding to grace) receives for the same labor, and she sometimes answers several "inquiring Jews" a day. Probably the contributors to the "Society" will see, after a while, that \$4,000 expended on the miserable outcasts of Bedford, Baker, Spafford, St. Mary's, and other such streets in this city, will doubtless produce a much more substantial result than answering "inquiring Jews."—*Philadelphia Sunday Republic*, April 13.

The *Union Era* is puzzled to understand the meaning of what it presents in the following language: "The names of the first Evangelical statesman, the first Evangelical merchant, and the first Evangelical preacher, in the land, have suddenly passed under a cloud. We do not know about the justice of the charges against them; we only know that reproach is heaped upon those hitherto considered entirely above it."

"The grief and humiliation of the Church at this aspersions of those whom it has loved and revered, and held up as examples, are painful in the extreme."

The *Era* says this cannot be passed by as a mere coincidence, but indicates "that God has some lesson in store for us." It suggests: "Have we put too much trust in man?" Other reflections present themselves to the *Era*, but it concludes that, whatever the lesson is, it should be learned before some heavier stroke is sent.—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle*.

A NORWEGIAN TALE.—A certain Norwegian hunter, who was one morning keeping watch in the forest, saw a fox cautiously making his approach toward the stump of an old tree. When sufficiently near, he took a high and determined jump on the top of it, and after looking round a while hopped to the ground again. After Reynard had repeated this knightly exercise several times, he went his way, but presently returned to the spot, bearing a pretty large and heavy piece of dry oak in his mouth; and thus burdened, and, as it would seem, for the purpose of testing his vaulting powers, he renewed his leaps on to the stump. After a time, however, and when he found that, weighted as he was, he could make the ascent with facility, he desisted from further efforts, dropped the piece of wood from his mouth, and coiling himself upon the top of the stump, remained motionless, as if dead. At the approach of evening an old sow and her progeny, five or six in number, issued from a neighboring thicket, and pursuing their usual track passed near to the stump in question. Two of her sucklings followed, somewhat behind the rest, and, just as they neared his ambush, Reynard, with the rapidity of thought, darted down from his perch upon one of them, and in the twinkling of an eye bore it in triumph to the fastness he had so cunningly prepared beforehand. Confounded at the shrieks of her offspring, the old sow returned in fury to the spot, and until late in the night made repeated desperate attempts to storm the murderer's stronghold; but the fox took the matter very coolly and devoured the pig under the nose of its mother.

We have just now seen a card printed for circulation by the pastor of one of the oldest Congregational churches in Central Massachusetts—a church which has long been blessed with the labors of the most cultivated ministers and men of the finest taste. These cards bear upon one face the appointed hours for Sabbath and weekly services, and invite general attendance; than which nothing could be more proper and worthy of imitation. On the reverse side, however, of the card, we were astonished to read the following topics of discourse in order for the Sabbaths of the current month: "Deformed Feet," "The Strange Contents of a Lost Trunk," "The Tragic History of a White Lie," "Frosted Locks," "Go to Jericho" (we can easily see, under this topic, how so admirable practical application of the subject might be made to the preacher), "Beautiful Shoes; their Prophetic Suggestiveness," "Salt Again."

And this is preaching the gospel in the year of our Lord 1873, and in the centre of Christian civilization! We are not at all surprised to learn, from a friend who heard him, that the preacher entered the pulpit with lavender kids upon his hands, which he only removed as he commenced his sermon. Neither are we surprised that the house is crowded.—*Zion's Herald.*

A writer in the *New York Times*, after a careful reading of Lamson's Life of Lincoln, makes the following deduction:—"Mr. Lincoln was an infidel—positive, absolute, thorough. He was entirely without religion; and not only without religion, but without any faith upon which religion of any kind could be founded. He believed in none of the doctrines, or even the facts, upon which the Christian religion rests. The man who was always the champion of the poor and the oppressed, who was ever ready for personal self-sacrifice, whose famous Gettysburg oration breathed the very essential spirit of the enthusiasm of humanity, had no faith at all in any divine revelation, none whatever in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, none, consequently, in the authority of his teachings."

If some of Mr. Lincoln's devout friends had known all this five years ago, they would have looked upon his tragic end in the light of a dispensation. After all, it seems that all the Christian virtues may be linked with unbelief and paganism, for undoubtedly Lincoln was a kind-hearted, generous, benevolent man.

A little Concord chap, who lived next door to Emerson, was engaged one day in digging a hole by the roadside. A worldly trifle passing by asked him, "What are you digging after, little boy?" With gravity he answered: "After the Infidel."

Niagara hackmen have raised their fares since Agassiz's prediction that the attractions there would dry up in a few centuries.

At a social gathering in this city, recently, a volume of the old blue-laws of Connecticut was exhibited, and its curiously-severe statutes examined and commented upon. Among other striking exemplifications of their absurd severity was a report of the actual punishment by fine of two persons for *smiling* on the "Lord's Day." Prof. Agassiz, who was present, contrasted the absurd notions of Sunday entertained by some persons in New England with his own experience in boyhood among the Calvinists of Switzerland. His own clergyman, after the religious services of the day, would occasionally sit down with his neighbors to what seemed to him a harmless game of cards. In the evening there was, not unfrequently, a dance at the house of the minister; and time after time, on a Sunday evening, the Professor danced with the wife or the daughter of his clergyman.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Miss Kate Field is developing into a philosopher, or something of that sort. A recent article of hers in the *New York Tribune* opens thus: "It is a great mistake to have a passion for anything or anybody. Passion means downright earnestness; downright earnestness means no end of feeling; no end of feeling means expression; expression frequently means fighting; and when you roll up your sleeves and begin to fight, where are you? The indifferent world looks on in wonderment that any one should be fool enough to risk a broken head for naught in heaven or earth. If you are victorious, you are an enthusiast; and enthusiasm is a crime against society. If you are beaten, you deserve to be for startling people's nerves and making an idiot of yourself. I think that earnest people ought to be strangled in their cradles. Then there would be peace."

"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he may see asleep." "I think," returned the other, "that it would be much better for the sexton, whenever any man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up."

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a clergyman asked the question: "What is holiness?" A pupil in dirty, tattered rags jumped up and said, "Plaze, yer riverence, it is to be clane inside."

Advertisements.

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FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.
TOLEDO, O., June 21, 1873

TO THE PUBLIC.

The New York office of the Index Association is discontinued from this date. All business with the Association will be transacted through the Toledo office, at least for the present.

The Board of Directors of the Index Association, at their meeting of June 9, repeated the resolutions appointing Mr. A. K. Butts "advertising and special agent for THE INDEX," and awarding him commissions for services rendered. He is no longer authorized to act for the Association, or to represent it in any capacity; but under his advertising contract he will do business solely on his own account and on his own responsibility.
F. E. ABBOT, Editor.
TOLEDO, O., June 21, 1873.

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NOTICE.

The following numbers of THE INDEX for 1873 can no longer be supplied on orders: Nos. 167 (March 8), 168 (March 22), 170 (March 29), 171 (April 5).

Free Religious Association.

The Report in pamphlet form, of the ANNUAL MEETING of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION for 1873, can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, WM. J. POTTER, New Bedford, Mass. It contains essays by John W. Chadwick, on "LIBERTY AND THE CHURCH IN AMERICA;" by C. D. B. Mills, on the question, "DOES RELIGION REPRESENT A PERMANENT SENTIMENT OF THE HUMAN MIND, OR IS IT A PERISHABLE SUPERSTITION?" and by O. B. Frothingham, on "THE EMANCIPATION OF HUMANITY;" together with the Report of the Executive Committee, and addresses and remarks by Dr. Bartol, A. B. Alcott, Lucretia Mott, Celia Burtleigh, Horace Swayer, Alexander Loon, and others. Price, 25 cents; in packages of five or more, 25 cents each.

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Professor Max Mueller on Darwin's "Philosophy of Language."

[From the Liverpool Daily Post. Corrected by Prof. Muller for THE INDEX.]

The Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool having resolved to establish a Roscoe lecture of annual recurrence, the first of the series, which it is intended will be a permanent institution, was delivered last night in the small Concert-room, St. George's Hall. The lecturer was Professor Max Muller, and the subject of the lecture was Darwin's "Philosophy of Language." There was a large attendance of members and their friends, about one-half of the audience being ladies. The chair was occupied by Mr. A. J. Mott, president of the Society, and he was accompanied to the platform by a large number of the members of the Society.

The Chairman said his duty, as president of the Society, was a most agreeable one, in introducing to them Professor Max Muller. Professor Muller's name and writings were known wherever literature was studied, and it was highly gratifying to them that he should come that night, he believed for the first time, before a Liverpool audience, to deliver their first Roscoe lecture (applause). The Roscoe lectures had been founded by the Society, and had been named after William Roscoe, one of their earliest members, who for many successive years occupied the president's chair of the Society. When the foundation of the lectures had been determined upon, and when they had to consider what they should call them, it was felt that nothing could be more fitting than to give them the name of Roscoe, while, at the same time, they should be making the lectures a suitable, and, they hoped, a permanent memorial to the man who first made that name illustrious. It had not been sought to establish popular lectures in this case, or to address any but the best intellect in the town; but the object had been to give to members of the Society, and with them others who might desire it, an opportunity of hearing in Liverpool, once a year, an original discourse upon some subject of the highest interest in literature or philosophy, delivered by one of the most distinguished men of the day. These conditions would be fulfilled on the present occasion (applause). No subject could have a deeper interest than the great gift of speech; nor could they have chosen a more distinguished man to address them on that subject. They had come to hear Professor Muller, and not to speak themselves; and as Professor Muller knew more about human language than any one else, he should at once ask him to use it at his pleasure (applause).

Professor Muller, who was most cordially received, then proceeded with his lecture, and, in his preliminary observations, said:—

"Philosophy is not, as is sometimes said, a mere luxury; it is, under varying disguises, the daily bread of the whole world. Though the workers and speakers must always be few, those

for whom they work and speak are many; and though the waves run highest in the centres of literary activity, the widening circles of philosophic thought reach in the end to the most distant shores. What is written in the study is soon preached from the pulpit, and discussed at the corners of the streets. There are materialists and idealists, positivists and mystics, evolutionists and specialisms, in the workshops as well as in the lecture-rooms; nay, the intellectual vigor and moral health of a nation depend no more on the established religion than on the dominant philosophy of the realm. No one who watches the state of the intellectual atmosphere of Europe at the present moment can fail to see that it is far more disturbed by philosophical than by theological questions, and that the Darwinian Creed, with all its consequences, affects the peace of our minds more deeply than the so-called Athanasian Creed. And how could it be otherwise? The vision of the world held by Darwin does not concern scientific interests only; it reaches to the very foundations of religion and morality, and it must become, to every man who can honestly reason out its consequences, a question of life and death, in the deepest sense of the word. Strongly as I disapprove of mixing up scientific with religious questions, strongly as I deprecate any attempt at raising theological prejudice against the progress of free inquiry, I cannot help feeling that it would be paying a sorry compliment to scientific research if, whatever its discoveries might be, it was never to be allowed to influence the deepest convictions of our soul. It makes a great difference to us whether we live in the atmosphere of Europe or of Africa; it makes the same difference whether we live in a century of Materialism or Idealism. In the great battle which has been going on since the first dawn of philosophy between Materialism and Idealism, the army fighting under the banner of Materialism is at present carrying everything before it. Materialism (I use the word in its widest but purely philosophic sense, not as a term of reproach) is everywhere in the ascendant; while Idealism has almost become a term of reproach. Far be it from me to envy Materialism its triumphs, or to make it responsible for the mischief it may cause. We do not blame thunder-storms in Nature, and we ought to know that neither the complaints of the moralist nor the threats of the theologian will avail anything against the tempestuous progress of materialistic thought. Nay, it is perfectly true that the human mind stands in need of such tempests, in order to gain freshness and vigor; and the idealist, however distressed at times, knows well enough that since the days of Plato his good ship has hitherto ridden out every gale."

The lecturer considered it a cause of real regret that so little attention is paid, in the controversies now carried on, to the history of philosophy. Even if it were too much to require a knowledge of the whole history of philosophy, no one ought to approach the problems of Materialism and Idealism who is not familiar at least with the works of Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and more particularly of Kant. Kant's position in philosophy was described more in detail, and his "criticism of Pure Reason" was said to stand in the onward stream of philosophy like the rocks of Niagara. Kant was neither materialist nor idealist; his chief object was to determine, once for all, the organs and limits of our knowledge. He showed that our knowledge cannot be accounted for by outward and inward sensations only, and that Locke's treatment of the mind as a *tabula rasa*, receiving and digesting impressions, we know not how, was pure metaphor. But even Locke admitted that the power of abstracting and forming general conceptions out of single impressions was peculiar to man, and "that it puts a perfect distinction betwixt man and brutes, being an excellency which the faculties of brutes do by no means attain to." Only one excuse could be imagined why Mr. Darwin and his followers should have disregarded the important conclusions arrived at on this point by former philosophers. They might say with some show of reason, "Why should we discuss the question of the constituent elements of the human mind? Why should we trouble ourselves whether Locke or Berkeley or Hume was right in his analysis of mental fac-

ulties? We possess evidence which they did not possess, and which renders all their lucubrations unnecessary. We know that animals derive their knowledge through their senses only; we know also that man is the lineal or lateral descendant of some lower animal; therefore, the human mind cannot be either more or less than a development of the animal mind."

The lecturer then proceeded to examine Mr. Darwin's remarks on language more in detail. He criticised the idea of development as opposed to all sound reasoning. He objected to the constant recurring hypothesis of insensible gradation which would carry us back to the philosophy of Herakleitos; and in answer to Mr. Darwin's assertion, that in a series of forms insensibly graduating from the same ape-like creature to man as he now is, it would be impossible to fix on any definite point where the term man ought to be used, he maintained that that point would be coincident with the Radical Period of language, with the first formation of general ideas embodied in the so-called roots of language. Different views of the origin of language were discussed, and it was shown that even those who believe in the bow-wow and pooh-pooh theories, in no way supported Mr. Darwin's view. Even if the materials of language were supplied by interjectional and imitative sounds, these materials would not account for language such as it is. One might say that the materials of the flints were found by thousands in the fields; but what we want to know is how flints came to have a shape and a purpose. To say that no traces of human workmanship can be discovered in these flints, or that there is no insuperable objection to the belief that they were fashioned by apes, would be absurd, but not half as absurd as to maintain that, the materials of language being given, everything else was a mere question of development, or might be the work of some ape-like creatures. In answer to Mr. Darwin and Archbishop Whateley, who ascribe language to animals as well as to man, Professor Max Muller entered fully on the distinction between emotional and rational language, claiming the former for men and animals, the latter for men only. Referring to the researches of M. Broca, Dr. Hughlings Jackson, Dr. Bateman, and others, he showed that the broad difference between these two modes of language was clearly indicated by the convolutions of the brain in their healthy and diseased state. Rational language is the work of reason, because every word in it is founded on an abstraction or general conception. Even such concrete words as stable, saddle, road, father, mother, are all in their origin abstract terms, and to believe with Mr. Darwin that there are savages who have no abstract terms, would be a mistake. All real words are derived from roots, and every root embodies a general or abstract conception. Stable comes from a root *sta*, to stand; saddle, from a root *sad*, to sit; father from a root *pa*, to protect; mother from a root *ma*, to fashion. This fact is the greatest discovery of the science of language. In that science the roots which remain as the constituent elements of all human speech are treated as ultimate facts, but in the science of thought they admit of a complete analysis.

The lecturer then gave an explanation of the origin of roots. "The imitation of the sounds," he said, "by which our own feelings manifest themselves and the imitation of the so-called sounds of Nature—for instance, the slinging of birds, the howling of the wind, the falling of a stone, the crying of a child, the laughing of a friend or a fiend—is by no means an easy group, and from the very beginning it must have given rise to an infinite variety of imitations, many of which it would be almost impossible to recognize without some other help. Not one of these imitations is to be taken for a root. How much these imitations vary we may see even in our own time and among civilized nations, when we watch, for instance, their different modes of expressing surprise or admiration. Martinez, in his Spanish Grammar, tells us that *ah!* and *oh!* express grief, joy, anger, and surprise. Cicero ascribes to the Italian interjection *ah!* and *ah!* more than twenty significations. The Chinese *hu* and *fu* express surprise; *tsai*, applause; *i*, misery; *ai*, contempt; *uhu* pain. The French-

man, as an observant traveller has remarked, expresses surprise by ah! the Englishman by oh! the German by ih! The Frenchman says, *Ah! c'est à merveilles*; the Englishman, Oh! that is capital; the German, *gottas ist ja priebtig*. The divergence and uncertainty become still greater when we examine the way in which the sounds uttered by animals are imitated in different languages. I shall give a few specimens from Chinese only. What would you think to be the meaning of *kiao-kiao*? It is meant for the cry of the cock; *kao-kao* stands for the cry of the wild goose; *siao-siao* stands for the sound of wind and rain; *lin-lin* for the rolling of carriages; *tsiang-tsiang* for the sound of chains; *kan-kan* for the beating of drums, and so on. It would be easy to produce similar words from other languages in order to show, first, how difficult and fanciful all imitations of inarticulate by means of articulate sounds must be; secondly, how, after all, every one of these imitations can represent something very special only. One might imagine the possibility of a language consisting altogether of such imitative sounds; but, as a matter of fact, no tribe even of the lowest savages has been discovered employing no more than such utterances.

"The question, therefore, is, how does human language emerge from these purely animal, or at least half-animal, utterances? How, if we start from such imitations and interjections, as the incontestable materials of speech, can we ever arrive at the real elements of human languages—I mean the roots, the residue of our own scientific analysis? The question is not so difficult when we treat it in general; but it hardly admits of exact and scholar-like treatment when we approach it in detail. Interjections and imitations are the very opposite of roots; they are vague and varying in sound, but very special in meaning; while roots are very specific in sound, but general in their meaning. There is the problem which has to be solved, and it can be solved only by a constant reference to the psychological process by which single impressions are changed into more general or abstract forms of thought. As soon as a general conception arose in the human mind, as soon as only two single impressions were combined, the imitative sounds of the one or the other, so far from being helpful, become hurtful and impossible. I shall try to make this clear by a very simple case. As long as people thought of sheep as sheep, and of cows as cows, they might very well indicate the former by the imitative sound of *baa*, and the latter by the imitative sound of *moo*. But now suppose that for the first time the want was felt of speaking of a flock of sheep and cows, and you will see that neither *baa* nor *moo* would do. They would be the very sounds to be avoided. What was wanted was either a combination of the two or a compromise between the two. With the addition of every new element and every new imitative sound the difficulty became greater. It is easy enough to imitate the cries of the cuckoo and the cock, and the sounds "cuckoo" and "cock" might well be used as the phonetic signs of these two birds; but if a phonetic sign was required for the singing of more birds, or it may be of all possible birds, every imitation of a special note became useless, and nothing but a filing down of the sharp corners of these imitative sounds could answer the new purpose. This phonetic process of what I call *despecializing* runs exactly parallel with the process of the generalization of our impressions, and through this process alone we are able to understand how, after a long struggle, the uncertain imitations of special impressions became the definite representations of general conceptions. In this way the origin of roots becomes perfectly intelligible in its general character, but in detail it almost withdraws itself from scientific observation. In this chaotic process there is ample room for guessing, but it is almost impossible to prove anything, at least to the satisfaction of a scholar-like conscience. There may have been many imitations of the falling of rain, stones, trees, men; but in the root *pat* they are all combined: nothing is left in it to remind us of the sound of falling rain, rather than of falling stones, and thus only could this root become the sign of every possible kind of falling, giving us not only the Sanskrit *patati*, the Greek *pip(e)tei*, the Latin *peto*, but likewise the Latin *impetus*, the Greek *potmos*, what falls, accident, fate—nay, our own *feather* and *pen*. There may, nay, there must have been innumerable imitations of the sounds of breaking, crushing, crashing, smashing, gnashing, dashing, splashing, but in the end we find them all tuned down in the Aryan family to a very simple root, "mar," of which I have very fully treated in one of my lectures on the science of language.

"If we can thus understand the necessary process of the *despecializing* of imitative sounds, and the gradual elaboration of roots, we shall also see that roots of a more general meaning must have proved the most useful, must have been used most frequently, and must thus have supplanted parallel roots of a more special meaning. There were from the beginning different degrees of generality of meaning in these roots; not all reached the highest point, or the *summum genus*, but at times they became pop-

ular on account of their retaining a more special coloring. Again, in this struggle for generalization, many roots must have crossed each other, and the general meanings of going, moving, sounding, falling, must have been reached from very different starting-points. Thus we can understand how, though beginning with the same materials, families, villages, tribes, and races, would, after a very short separation, if it took place during the Radical Period, have become of necessity mutually unintelligible; so that the most different families of language could have sprung from one common source. From this point of view to deny the possibility of a common origin of language is simply absurd.

"Another question which has frequently been asked, namely, whether what are commonly called secondary and tertiary roots were derived from primary roots, or whether they are remnants of earlier stages in the development of language, does not admit of an equally conclusive answer. If we find three roots like *sar*, *sarp*, and *sarg*, expressive of different kinds of movement, we have a right to look upon the additional letters *p* and *g* as modificatory elements, and upon the roots formed by them as derived and secondary. This is particularly the case when these additional letters are used systematically—as, for instance, in forming causative, desiderative, inchoative, and intensive roots. But there are other cases where we must admit parallel roots representing to us independent attempts at fixing general conceptions. If one root was possible, other roots, too, were possible; very similar in sound and meaning, yet formed independently, and not simply derived. This mode of explaining existing varieties, not by genealogical succession but by collateral development, has of late been far too much neglected, not only in the science of language, but likewise in many branches of natural science.

"After what I have said, it will, I hope, have become clear to those who may have read my lectures on the science of language, that what I called roots, or *phonetic types*, are indeed the ultimate facts in our analysis of language, but that from a higher and philosophical point of view they admit of a perfectly intelligible explanation. They represent the nuclei formed in the chaos of interjectional and imitative sounds, the fixed centres which become settled in the vortex of natural selection. With these *phonetic types*, and not with the cries of animals, or the interjections of men, begins the history of rational as opposed to emotional language. Show me one root in the language of animals, and I shall say with Mr. Darwin that the faculty of articulate speech in itself does not offer any insuperable objection to the belief that man has been developed from some lower animal. One persuasive sentence from the throat of a nightingale, one gruff remonstrance from the snout of a gorilla, would be sufficient to convince me that they are men in the truest sense of the word. An eminent German professor, and he a Darwinian, declared that if a pig were to say, "I am a pig," it would, *ipso facto*, cease to be a pig. No doubt it would; but until it does, I hold to what I said twelve years ago in my lectures on the science of language—and I hold to it with a conviction strengthened only by the attacks that have been made upon it—that language is the true barrier between man and beast."

In the course of his lecture, which was listened to with earnest attention, Professor Müller was frequently applauded.

Dr. Nevins moved a vote of thanks to Professor Müller, and said it was a just source of congratulation to the Society that their course of Roscoe lectures had been inaugurated by one so interesting as that to which they had just listened. It was, he said, difficult to say whether its literary charms or philosophical feeling had been its most distinguishing feature (applause).

Mr. J. A. Pierson, in seconding the motion, said he was proud to find that the first lecture of the Roscoe series had fully answered and more than answered their highest expectations (hear, hear). He wished just to say a word as to the object they had in founding these lectures. They felt that in Liverpool there had been a great want of high class lectures (hear, hear). Of popular lectures they had had perhaps enough and more than enough: not that for one moment he wished to deprecate them, because he believed that whatever called the mind from the sordid concerns of the day, and led it to think, was an improvement to their minds, and a relaxation of their system, and deserved to be encouraged; but they felt there was something required beyond this, and it occurred to them, as the oldest literary society in the town, that it would be possible to establish a series of annual lectures, to which they should invite the highest minds in the country to instruct them in the subjects of the highest class which could engage their attention. He thought they would all feel that their course had been fully justified by what they had heard (hear, and applause). The subject which Professor Müller had treated was engaging the most intense consideration and anxiety, and the men who direct their minds in the proper course of thought, and could direct their minds to a satisfactory solution

of this point, were rendering a noble service to their day and generation. Such, he believed, they were all agreed had been the case with the address they had just heard (applause). Professor Müller stood very high, perhaps at the summit of reputation, in regard to the particular class of subjects to which he had directed his attention. His reputation was not merely English, it was European; and perhaps many of them would know that since the rehabilitation of the University of Strasburg, he had been invited there, and had taken a very active part in the reorganization of that institution, and he believed strenuous efforts were being made to transfer his services from England to Germany. Professor Müller had a kind of divided nationality. He was a German by birth, yet his heart was in England. He had been domiciled in England many years, and had become so acclimatized and accustomed to England, that it would be very difficult to tell to which side his leanings were inclined. He (Mr. Pierson) was, however, happy to say that they would still retain his services in England, although he might occasionally pay a visit to the other side (applause).

The Chairman put the motion to the meeting, and it was carried by acclamation.

The proceedings then terminated.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

(CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.)

"Let us see where you are to sleep," said Miss Franklin to her brother, to prevent a possible resort from the red-bearded artist. So, Harry piloting the way, they descended a steep ladder, Frank Sabin bringing up the rear, and putting his tongue in his cheek and grimacing at the surprise awaiting "the gals."

"This is the place, is it?" said Esther, ruefully, when they arrived between decks. It was so indifferently lighted by the open hatchways, that, coming from the sunlight and air above, they seemed to be in total darkness. There were plenty of people astir in it, however, though they could hardly move for boxes.

"Take care! We shall soon see better." So saying, and avoiding the obstructions as far as possible, Harry Franklin led the way aft, and dexterously sliding back a small door made of unpainted, unplanned deal invited his companions to enter what appeared to be a dark, musty closet, fitted up with a couple of shelves, and blockaded by luggage. Owing to the size, or rather smallness, of this delectable apartment, only the two young ladies contrived to squeeze in after Harry; hence the rest of the party stopped outside, inserting their heads at the doorway for the purpose of joining in the conversation.

"Snug quarters, ain't they?" said Franklin, laughing. "We've the whole of this cabin to ourselves. Sleeping accommodation for three here, you see." He indicated the shelves, which were provided with a piece of timber at their outer extremities, to prevent the occupants of the "berths" from rolling out of them during the pitching of the vessel at sea. The place was as gloomy as a cellar, and smelt worse.

Ruth put her hand into the berths and felt the planks; they were rough and unplanned. "What a horrid—" she began; and then, suppressing her disparagement, courageously added, "I dare say it'll be quite pleasant at sea."

They all laughed at her change of tone, and valorous determination to make the best of it. "To be sure it will!" cried Paul. "Look, here's a window." And he pushed back a small, square piece of wood in the partition near the door; but as there was a cask close against it, very little light was admitted.

"You'll see capitally, when the things are stowed away and the stern ports are open," remarked Mr. Humphries. And "Of course!" echoed Purdy and Grayling. Esther Franklin didn't speak, but squeezed her brother's arm tightly within her own, and embraced the opportunity of the darkness and Ruth's turning to go out, to kiss him before following.

He thought she was going to cry, and said hurriedly: "Come, let us go on deck again. Paul and I have got lots of things to do—to see about beds and tin-ware, and what not; they're all here, but we must look after them. Perhaps Dick has come aboard by this time."

However, on regaining the sunlight they could nowhere espy the tall form of their missing friend. So, leaving the ladies under charge of Mills and the pupils (Frank had temporarily ab-

At the time this opinion was pronounced it was necessary to make sure that Paul and Mary were not running a similar risk, and, being dispatched to the "Cayuga," presently arrived with such an alarming account that

[To be continued]

LADIES' OWN MAGAZINE. June, 1873. Chicago: M.
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The Index.

JUNE 28, 1873.

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Rich'd. F. Westbrook,	Sonman, Pa.	"	100
R. C. Spencer,	Millwaukee, Wis.	"	200
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DOLLAR DONATION FUND.

This fund is to be used, first, in meeting any deficiency in current expenses that may result from the recent "Index troubles," and, secondly, in such other ways as the editor shall find most advantageous for the paper. All appropriations will be reported to the Directors.

Acknowledged with thanks for the week ending June 23:—

\$1.00 each—John P. Atwater, Mrs. L. Andrews, Morris Einstein, John Hendrie, Curtis Taber, Julia A. J. Perkins, Harry W. Stevens, W. F. Allen, Alex. Cochran, C. E. Marston, R. S. Mackintosh, Jas. Horton, Benj. Hallowell, Nich. Jovanovitch, M. Krauskopf, E. L. Crane, Jas. M. Walton, L. K. Washburn, B. B. Marshall, Josiah Towne, E. Fernandez, W. Tasker, W. C. Preston, J. H. Williams, Jas. E. Parker, Abraham Payne, "A Subscriber," Eliza S. Loggott, Samuel Keese, "Index Subscriber," Gilbert Cope, Henrietta Hyde, Wm. R. Grow, Samuel R. Hovey, Mrs. J. E. Judd, G. W. Topping, Dr. Mergler, M. E. Brown, Theo. Brown, Edwin Brown, A. S. Brown, Mary R. Whitelsey, Henry D. Maxson, W. W. Grant, C. S. Watkins, T. B. Skinner, C. A. Bartol, J. H. Clifford, \$1.50 each—Wm. Rotch, J. A. Brockway, \$2.00 each—"A Friend," Geo. Lewis, Wm. Dudgeon, H. G. O. Blake, Edw. M. MacGraw, \$4.00—Miss A. Hall, \$5.00 each—D. G. F., Job T. Dickins, F. W. C., Edw. Wigglesworth, Wm. C. Russell, Miss S. E. Dorr and "A Friend"; \$7.00—Daniel F. Child.

TRANSPLANTATION.

It is time to take the sprouting acorn out of the flower-pot, and plant it in the ground. THE INDEX ought now to be published in a great city, within reach of the thousand and one sources of nourishment which can be found nowhere else. It can live, but yet somewhat languishingly, in Toledo; it cannot grow to a strength commensurate with its objects except where strength is daily poured into it from the full reservoirs of the world. The increase of the subscription list, the general prosperity of its finances, and the improvement of the paper itself (on which everything else depends and without which all our labor is as water poured into a sieve), require its publication either in Boston or New York.

But the transplantation cannot, at least for some time, be accomplished without prompt and liberal aid. Within two months, at least, the change should be made, or the chief advantages of it will be lost for a year; but the change cannot wisely be attempted within that time, unless a generous sum is advanced in cash. This sum has been set by the Directors at \$5,000 if Boston is selected, or \$10,000 if New York is selected: the difference being made on account of estimated difference of expense. The friends of the paper need not anticipate a long series of appeals for help, after the present difficulty, for which we are not in the least responsible, has been surmounted; we shall then "cut the coat according to the cloth." But whoever really cares to throw his influence on the side of freedom and advancement in religious thought, life, and ideals, as represented by THE INDEX, should prove it now, if ever. Let each friend vote either for Boston or New York, and state just what he will give in case his favorite is elected! The voters will decide the case.

The Executive Committee, after obtaining the best legal advice, unanimously agree in the opinion that the publication of the paper in either place can be so provided for as to come wholly within the letter and the spirit of the Ohio statutes, by which the Index Association is governed. There is no reason for apprehending any difficulty on legal grounds. Then let our friends everywhere interest themselves in what must give a great stimulus to THE INDEX in every conceivable way, and thereby give added power to the ideas it stands for. This is the golden hour for action, and we wait to learn whether radicalism is wise and earnest enough yet to improve it.

MAX MÜLLER ON DARWINISM.

The attention of our more thoughtful readers is specially invited to the leading paper of this issue of THE INDEX, which is the report of a lecture recently delivered in Liverpool by Professor Max Müller on the application of the Darwinian theory to the explanation of the origin of language. The distinguished lecturer has favored us with a copy of this report carefully corrected by himself; and it is now republished in our columns with as great a degree of accuracy as the somewhat worn state of the copy renders possible.

The present lecture is apparently a condensation of three lectures delivered on March 22, March 29, and April 5, in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Judging by the "Syllabus" for which we are also indebted to Professor Müller, these three lectures must have been of absorbing interest, containing as they did criticisms of Locke, Hume, Kant, Schopenhauer, Comte, Mill, Spencer, Darwin, Buchner, and Hæckel, and taking the general ground that the "descent of man," not being a purely anatomical question, must be studied also on the side of philology,—that language is the barrier between man and beast,—that the problem of the origin of language is the problem of the origin of human thought,—that cries correspond to sensations and lingual roots to conceptions,—that the results obtained by the study of paleontology, embryology, and comparative anatomy with regard to the beginnings of organic life must be supplemented by the results obtained by the study of ancient languages, growing dialects, and comparative philology with regard to the beginnings of language,—and that the theory of natural selection must be offset by the theory of "despecialization" and "phonetic types," by which the origin of roots and the origin of thought are indissolubly connected. The striking freshness and interest of such researches as these are no less apparent than the immensely important bearing they must have on the general question of the origin of man. Professor Müller is not a believer in the Darwinian theory; but no one would approve more heartily than Mr. Darwin, the chevalier Bayard of modern science, of the manner in which his great theory is controverted. There is no frivolous appeal to scriptural texts, no cowardly attempt to arouse the *odium theologum*, no reliance on anything save the spirit of science and the love of truth. This is as it should be. Although the general truth of the Darwinian theory appears to us to be established on an absolutely impregnable foundation, inasmuch as every opposing theory thus far propounded is obliged to rest ultimately on a basis of supernaturalism, we admit that the theory itself will undoubtedly be supplemented, and probably modified, by the gradual growth of human knowledge; and such services as Professor Müller is now rendering by independent investigations in his own special field cannot be overestimated. THE INDEX is a partisan in nothing, except so far as partisanship is implied in steady opposition to dogmatism and assumption under whatever disguise; and we therefore welcome Professor Müller's criticisms of Darwinism to these pages as heartily as we should welcome Mr. Darwin's own response to them.

But we regret that the readers of THE INDEX should be obliged to content themselves with this partial report of a mere condensation of the three lectures, instead of reading the lectures themselves in full. Who of them all will remain unconscious of chagrin, when we state that these three lectures were proffered to us by Professor Müller, in advance of their delivery, for publication in these pages; and that this most flattering offer, avowedly made to THE INDEX in preference to "Scribner or Harper's Magazine," was necessarily but most regretfully declined because it was received just after the outbreak of the recent troubles? Who of them all will fail to see the great value to the cause of free thought of a journal which thus suggests itself to one who ranks among the very first scholars of Europe, as the most suitable medium for the communication of his teachings to the world? Surely, when such a man as Max Müller can write—"I read the numbers of your IN-

DEX with increasing interest," and seconds his words by an unsolicited offer such as the above, every American liberal should be eager to help sustain the paper, not merely as an organ of reform, but also as an honor to his native land.

In the preface to his "Introduction to the Science of Religion," which is soon to be published in London by the Longmans, and advance sheets of which have very kindly just been forwarded by Professor Müller, we find the following gratifying reference to articles published in these columns: "The literature of Comparative Theology is growing rapidly, particularly in America. The works of James F. Clarke, Samuel Johnson, O. B. Frothingham, the lectures of T. W. Higginson, W. C. Gannett, and J. W. Chadwick, the philosophical papers of F. E. Abbot, all show that the New World, in spite of all its pre-occupations, has not ceased to feel at one with the Old World; all bear witness of a deep conviction that the study of the ancient religions of mankind will not remain without momentous practical results. That study, I feel convinced, if carried on in a bold, but scholarly, careful, and reverent spirit, will remove many doubts and difficulties which are due entirely to the narrowness of our religious horizon; it will enlarge our sympathies, it will raise our thoughts above the small controversies of the day, and at no distant future evoke in the very heart of Christianity a fresh spirit and a new life."

Such indications as these show that a future of resplendent usefulness in the very noblest sphere of influence lies before THE INDEX, if the liberals of the land shall now seize the hour of opportunity. Our ambition stops short of nothing but to build up a paper which shall at the same time carry forward the mind of the age in the boldest lines of advance, and carry outward to the common people in all directions the results of this advance gained by the best intellects and purest souls,—stops short of nothing but to apply the enormous power of ideas to the moral and religious development of the American people and of the world, to promote the practical purification, elevation, and ennoblement of individual and national ideals, and to rouse to mighty energy those finer forces which are so profoundly needed to redeem the future of mankind from immersion in sheer brutishness and sordidness. This must be done, if at all, by thought. The means to achieve such an object by engaging the cooperation of the most powerful, cultivated, and intensely earnest minds of the age should be poured out like water. In such a cause it is a privilege to give and to work, to live and to die. All that we have to offer is pledged already; what we want now is what we lack—money. Who will step forward now with munificence in his heart and his hand, to endow THE INDEX with the power to realize its magnificent possibilities?

The Executive Committee cordially acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Calvin Cone, of Toledo, in offering the use of Odeon Hall to the stockholders of the Index Association at their annual meeting on June 7, and also in declining to accept any compensation for the use of the same hall at the "Free Religious Meeting" of the following evening.

The legal penalty inflicted upon Miss Anthony for exercising her natural right to vote is one of those defeats out of which the victory of justice is at last organized. It is childish to blame the court for administering the law as it is, although the refusal of Judge Hunt, in a jury trial, to suffer the jury to render any other verdict than that which he himself arbitrarily ordained, looks to the unprofessional like a very high-handed proceeding. The friends of woman suffrage, however, will do wisely to waste no time in execrating the judge, but to use to the utmost this outrage upon natural justice in attacking the law which is the real criminal. The cases of Mrs. Bradwell and Miss Anthony show that nothing is to be hoped from the "constitutional argument," but that the battle will have to be fought out on the separate States by an appeal to public opinion. On the whole, this is well.

THE RALLY OF THE ENEMY.

The General Synod of the "Reformed Church" (just adjourned at New Brunswick, N. J.) has been considering the possibility of uniting the Calvinistic churches in America in a grand combination. The N. Y. *Tribune* reports the movement as follows:—

"Delegates have been heard from the North and South Presbyterian Churches, from the United and Reformed Presbyterians, and from the German Reformed Church, and the committee on correspondence has considered thoroughly the question of union and made a report which will go far to render Calvinistic consolidation certain next year. The report, after a thorough discussion of the subject, recommended the appointment of a committee of fifteen to take into consideration the whole subject of federal or organic union, meet committees from the other churches, &c., and report next year. All through the session, reports and speeches by visiting delegates and by members have strongly been in favor of union, and much gratification is expressed even by the old patriarchs of the church, at the submission of the various church autonomies to one denominational designation; since practically there is now but the slightest difference in form of government, while the doctrinal standards are alike in all. The Reformed Church has 481 churches, 205 clergy, 67,123 members, and has given \$1,331,364 to the various purposes of the church—being an average of \$20 per member, \$16 of which goes to benevolence and \$4 to congregational purposes. The North Presbyterian Church has nearly 5,000 churches, 475,000 members, and has given over \$10,000,000 the past year. The South Presbyterian has over 1,500 churches, nearly 100,000 members, and has contributed over \$1,000,000. The German Reformed has over 1,300 churches, nearly 130,000 members, and contributes annually nearly \$75,000. The total strength of the United Church of the Future, or "The American Church of the Future," as the Synod committee call it, will be about 7,000 churches, 12,000 ministers, and 750,000 members. Certainly in promoting such a grand result as this the Synod now sitting has performed a great work."

What this movement portends nobody can doubt. If the design is ever carried out, the purpose of it will be frankly avowed; for Protestantism is seldom ashamed to show its hand. Some will honestly believe the end sought to be the restoration of Puritan piety to its old supremacy. But if piety is preserved in the separate churches, it is difficult to see how a combination of them all can be necessary to increase it. If it is not preserved in the separate churches, it is hard to understand how such combination is to create it. Piety must exist in advance of organization; and there must be a good deal of it if it expects to survive the crushing effects of organization. Organization means business, diplomacy, politics, scheming for power, arming for defence or aggression; and this is fatal to piety. We do not believe that a single man who advocates the union heartily thinks of the interests of piety in connection with it, except as an incidental concern. The promotion of "pure religion and undefiled" is not their object.

What, then, is their object? Is it the re-establishment of the Calvinistic theology, as a philosophical scheme, over the minds of men? Such an object could be more effectually gained by the devotion of a few powerful writers and speakers to the task of indoctrinating their generation in "Orthodox" views, than by the most skillful organization that can be contrived. If the Calvinistic theology has fallen into disfavor, the fault is due far more directly to the faint-heartedness of its teachers than to the laxity of denominational bonds. The combination proposed will have the effect to substitute machinery for mind, to put speculative matters out of the way, to prevent all discussion of abstract questions, and to bring brute force of will to the front. The theologians and scholars will play quite secondary parts in the performance. The wire-pullers and log-rollers will have the upper hand. If the names of those who have inaugurated this movement, and who mean to carry it through, were told over, it would be found to contain but few that are eminent for thought.

Brotherly feeling the object sought for? Brotherly feeling is a spontaneous, not a forced thing, as all know: it exists in all communities and neighborhoods. It cannot be arranged for: it is a sentiment, not a plot. The gathering together of two or three will gener-

ate more of it than a league of churches.

The projected union is a league, offensive and defensive, against Romanism on the one hand and Rationalism on the other. Should it be fairly accomplished, should it gain the sympathy and active coöperation of the "Orthodox" leaders, and carry the weight of opinion in the "Orthodox" community with it, we should see something which we pray that our eyes may never see in this country,—a deliberately concerted effort to bring civil and social life under the dominion of the Puritan spirit; to revive the Sabbath laws; to introduce theology into the Constitution of the government, and make this a "Protestant" country.

We are not sure that it would not be preferable to have it a Roman Catholic country; for a dogma associated with a church, harmful though it be, is less harmful than a dogma working alone by itself. What would England be if the "Evangelical dissenters" had the authority that is now held by the Establishment? It is the Establishment (as Matthew Arnold maintains) that secures intellectual liberty against the tyranny of theology. Church people are quiet, calm, composed; taken up with forms, ordinances, traditions, sentimentalities, the luxuries of faith. They are comparatively indifferent to doctrines. But "Evangelical" people are sharp, angular, aggressive, quarrelsome. Give them power, and they will make their neighbors feel it.

Our hope—yes, and our expectation—is that the scheme will be defeated; that sensible people, detecting the *animus* of it, will ventilate their suspicions; and that, when the plan comes up next year, it will be met with a storm of protest that will put an end to it. The only way to secure this desirable result is for those who perceive the danger to give notice of it. O. B. F.

The probable death of the Pope is contemplated with various emotions by different parties. A Catholic bishop recently remarked in the cars that he feared Pius Ninth would not be permitted by the king of Italy to have a successor. Such a prospect overwhelms us with consternation. Nobody on earth to be infallible! It is frightful. "May the gods send better things to the pious!"

The very interesting letters on "Unorthodox London," a few of which were republished in early numbers of THE INDEX, have been gathered into a volume by Tinsley Brothers, 18 Catherine Street, Strand, London. It contains sketches of Conway, Higginson, Martineau, Voysey, as well as Spurgeon, Cumming, Hall, Father Ignatius, and others who should be described less as "unorthodox" than as sporting a queer and eccentric Orthodoxy.

I fear I must dissent from one statement in the leading editorial of THE INDEX for June 7. I mean the statement that "Free Religion does not hesitate to take issue with dogmatic intuitionism. Its method is science." I should have dissented just as much had the statement been that the method of Free Religion was intuition and that it took issue with science. Ever since Mr. Abbot pointed out so clearly that the Free Religion movement really included two schools,—the Scientific and the Intuitionist,—it has seemed to me important so to construct our statements as to exclude neither.

T. W. H.

[I suppose Col. Higginson would "exclude" whatever is dogmatic and unscientific. That is all that I proposed to do.—A. W. S.]

While THE INDEX remains at the present reduced size, it would be unfair to subscribers to devote the requisite space to the article headed "Organize!" which was kept standing on our first page before the reduction. But no one should infer that we have any less interest or faith than at first in the plan of organizing Liberal Leagues. The contrary will be apparent. The secretary of every League formed (and many already exist which have never reported themselves) will confer a great favor by sending us without delay a list of the officers. To economize space, we use only initials in the place of first names, and omit all titles; and it should be understood that many of the officers are women—which is as it ought to be.

VACATIONS.

Annual vacations appear to have become an established institution with our American people, and for one I am heartily glad of it. I rejoice in this custom because I believe it to be in the interest of human nature and of natural religion.

Our American people, as a general thing, are over-worked,—many from necessity, and many more under the spur of an ambition which really does them very little credit. American nerves and energies are kept at a painful tension, because American life is under the high-pressure system which our business, political, and even religious customs so generally induce. We are a rapid people, and a hasty; we undertake large enterprises and drive them through to quick completion,—as a consequence often having to undo our work, suffering great loss perhaps through its slight and inadequate performance. We never let a chance to improve ourselves materially slip by, but keep the iron of opportunity red-hot with constant pounding. There is very little in the American temperament that is lazy or lethargic, but on the contrary much that is sanguine, nervous, enterprising, and excitable. The popular theory amongst us is that both wealth and religion are to be got by instantaneous conversion,—in the one case from indigence to fortune, and in the other from sinfulness to saintliness. The result is that we are satisfied with nothing that is not fast, that does not rush towards success both on the high-road to temporal and to eternal gain; the result is that, from September to June, we keep the fires of our energy and zeal roaring through all our countless enterprises to convert dollars and souls, and to secure splendid acquisitions here and hereafter.

And now what a blessing and a relief it is that this season of our annual vacations is to afford our people a little relaxation and rest from their labors; a little ceasing from secular and sectarian toil and competition; a little escaping from noisy streets, unclean alleys, crowded stores, stifling offices, hot work-shops, steaming kitchens, corrupt caucuses, fanatical conventions, excited prayer-meetings, and a fleeing to the green fields and beside the still waters of the calm country, an exodus down by the deep, cool sea, or up to the grand and peaceful mountains! How did our hurried and anxious American people ever consent to the fashion of vacations? The *fashion*—there's the secret of it! As a people we are no more slaves to ambition than to fashion. Vacations are now "the fashion," and so everybody has one. For once I bless "the fashion," and rejoice that all men follow it. It is an unspeakable gain to turn our people face about from scenes of drudgery, painful sacrifice, heated strifes, mercenary ambitions, political and ecclesiastical campaigns, and send them home to Nature, to look into her mild eye and be led by her gentle hand, to listen to her wise counsels that enjoin calmness of temper, sweetness of spirit, sincerity of purpose; to give them time to rest and re-possess themselves, and get better relations to what is right and what is true. I only wish that all who take vacations would enter upon them intelligently and wisely; that they would forget that vacations are "fashionable," and remember only that they are sensible, pleasant, and useful; that they would leave all style behind except that which is simple and tasteful,—every artifice also, and every ambition, all fret and worry, all haste and noise; everything, in short, that hinders the free, glad, natural play of body, mind, and spirit. Go home to Nature—dear old mother of us all!—penitent for wrong and folly, with confiding, simple hearts, souls sensitive to beauty and warm with love, minds reverent and aspiring!

Entered upon in this way, vacations cannot fail to greatly bless and improve all who are so fortunate as to have them. It is impossible for the frivolous, the vain, and the sordid to stand in the presence of the holy, mysterious mountains, to wander by day and dream by night within sound of the murmuring, infinite sea, without losing somewhat of their frivolity, vanity, and sordidness; without being suffused with a healthier glow of body and mind, gaining a deeper

serenity of spirit, a higher, nobler aim and purpose. The beautiful country has influences to impart and lessons to teach to the unharmed and freed minds of men and women, which are a wholesome and needed corrective of the life of towns and cities. It woe from what distracts, excites, and irritates, and bathes in a healing calm and soothing restfulness.

Such an experience also promotes a better and purer religion. The religion of Nature of course is natural. The religion of cities is apt to be artificial and superficial. The Church is nervous and ambitious like the world. Each sect of it schemes and plots through three-quarters of the year to ensnare proselytes. The "saving of souls" is an enterprising business, carried on by tremendous ecclesiastical machinery, rushed through under the "revival" system. The air of the churches is hot and stifling, where breaths are drawn under intense excitement and passion; the atmosphere there is thick and murky, and through it men see the truth with obstructed and distorted vision. Now let the churches be emptied and closed—as they largely are at this season—and the members be poured out into the country, sent to school to Nature, wrested from sectarian wiles and machinations, left to worship unrestricted and free on the altars reared only by divine hands, made somewhat to forget the human distinction between days by perceiving that Nature's "holy time" is perpetual,—let all this occur, and what a gain is made for natural religion over ecclesiastical, which shall be not only temporary but somehow permanent! Surely, if the churches were wiser for their own interests, they would not suffer their members so long to escape from their mechanical drill to learn religion of Nature, but would keep their sheep and lambs folded and shepherded all the year round. Nature does not know an "infidel" from a "believer," but invites both to her board, and gives to each the same instruction and the same blessing.

I cannot forget those who are denied the benefit of a vacation—the very poor, the sick, the home-tied. For them the same weary round of toil, and pain, and care, to which this glad summer-time brings no cessation! God help them! Man pity them! Yet none knoweth how subtle, penetrating, and universal are the ministries of Nature: she forgets none of her children anywhere, at any time; and when they cannot go to her she comes to them bringing a boon in her hand. Somehow rest, pleasure, and relief shall visit these ever toiling, painful, care-burdened ones, in small measure, it may be, and yet perceptible. And unenvied the enjoyment, incomplete the happiness of all the more favored who remember not to do something for these less fortunate!

A. W. S.

The *Christian Union*, in its prospectus for 1873, commits itself to "those interpretations of the Bible usually called Evangelical or Orthodox." Now Orthodoxy hinges on these its cardinal doctrines: The tri-personal Trinity, Total Depravity, Judicial Atonement, and the Eternal Punishment of the finally impenitent. We believe Mr. Beecher, its editor, is held in doubt on all these points by the evangelical brethren. Then the *Union* complacently announces James Freeman Clarke and Edward Everett Hale, two of the most pronounced and perhaps dogmatic Unitarians of the country, as contributors. Of course it has the precaution not to tell its readers they are Unitarians, while on the other hand it has the tact to say of its other religious contributors that one is a Methodist, another a Congregationalist, and so on. We do not mention these things because we have now any quarrel with the isms of any of these men, but simply that our readers may see how queer it looks, and what queer things men will do sometimes to further the cause of Christ, religion, and humanity. But business is business.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

—*Living Christian.*

It is told of a certain well-known railroad constructor, that being desirous to push a certain work forward as fast as possible, he wished the laborers to work on Sunday. This they were not disposed to do, and sent a committee to wait on Don T.—and convince him of the inconvenience of his demand; but Don T.—would not be convinced, when the spokesman of the committee, becoming impatient, said: "Even the Lord rested Sunday." "Very true," was the reply; "but that was after he had finished his contract."

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errata.
N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.
N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.
N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

THAT TREE CUT DOWN AGAIN.

TITPECANOE CITY, June 13, 1873.

MR. EDITOR:—I am sorry Mr. Tucker refuses to buy my wheat at cost because he can buy of others for much less. Is Mr. Tucker quite sure that he is not buying for less than cost when he buys so cheaply? Would not that be theft? I know that some of my neighbors who raise wheat are becoming bankrupt. Take care, Mr. Tucker, that you don't "steal unconsciously." How is this matter of cost to be determined? Twenty men produce the same article, and very likely at twenty different amounts of cost. Which amount shall govern price? Do you say the medium price? But twenty other men produce the same article at a different medium price. Which medium shall govern? I think all must see that Mr. Tucker's mind is in the region of impracticabilities. At all events, until some definite rule can be given which is easily come at, the old rule of "supply and demand" will have to govern. Is not the tree of such logic as good as cut down?

E. L. CRANE.

TOO MUCH COOKERY:

The New York *Evangelist* has an item on "Jay Cooke and the Bankers," as follows:—

"During the war, while dealing so largely in government bonds, having a mail of hundreds of letters a day, most of them containing valuable remittances, this famous house resolved to respect the Sabbath. The post-office was not visited from Saturday night until Monday morning. Other banking houses received their mail on Sunday as usual. Jay Cooke refused to do this. Two millions of bonds and funds often remained in the post-office over Sunday. The rest of the Sabbath benefited all classes. Fewer mistakes were made in this house than in probably any other in the land. One hundred dollars would cover all the losses incurred in the mails by the house during its long connection with the government finances. Statistics show that in New York nearly every merchant who kept open his counting-house or did business on Sunday for the past thirty years, has failed."

Somebody has said that there are two sides to every story. Months ago I cut the other side of this story from another newspaper. This earlier statement, after dilating in a similar way upon the immense business of Jay Cooke & Co., concluded with the following significant language:—

"In this way, between the bonds and the banks, the health of fully one-half of the clerks in the house of Jay Cooke & Co. was destroyed, a large number died, and the banker ascribes his own preservation to his country honor, and an equitable, cheerful temper."

Here we have the old story of the luxurious, carriage-riding Christian trying to stop Sunday cars. If this country is to be saved from impending ruin, this must be partially accomplished by the conviction coming home to men of large financial ability that it is their duty to become financial missionaries for the salvation of their fellows. When we shall have able business men managing the finances of township, county, State, and the United States, because it is their duty to do so, and without money reward if they have already a competence, as Washington led our armies, or as St. Francis Xavier devoted himself to the heathen, we may hope for better times. But here is this banker, extolled to the skies for enticing from the people money that they should have given freely—and himself raking in millions in the operation—while he was making probably more money than any man in the country, yet working his poor slaves of clerks to death rather than employ a sufficient number. And then forsooth the Rev. Cream-cheeses of the religious press give him an additional pat because he preferred to enjoy his country home and his church nap and religio-financial meditation on Sunday, while his clerks were smothering in Philadelphia.

Every day one encounters soldiers, from major-general to private, who did a great needed work and really laid down their lives for the brethren, and are now living in poverty and obscurity. It was ever so. Said the Psalmist: "Men will praise thee when thou dost well to thyself!"

I believe in Sabbath observance, when possible, especially because in millions of cases the oppressed toiler is thus enabled to snatch one day in seven from his taskmaster; but let not this holiday be perverted to any false uses—not even to add to the glory of usurious bankers. As to the New York merchants, ninety per cent. of them fail whether they keep the Sabbath or not.

SAMUEL LEAVITT.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6, 1873.

NEW ORGANIZATION.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., June 4, 1873.

Pursuant to notice, the friends of free thought met at their rooms in Clearfield, Pa., at 7 o'clock P. M. On motion of Geo. Thorne, Esq., Dr. A. T. Schryver was called to the chair, and H. Hoover elected secretary. By request of the president the secretary stated the object of the meeting. Messrs. Widenire, Schryver, Hoover, Vanscoyoc, Pentz, Kirk, and Kendall discussed the question of effective organization.

Mr. Thorne moved that a committee of three be appointed on permanent organization, and the president named Geo. Thorne, H. Hoover, and Samuel Widenire such committee.

On motion it was ordered that a copy of these minutes be sent to *THE INDEX*, *Boston Investigator*, and *Banner of Light* with a request for publication, that the patrons of these papers in Clearfield county and elsewhere may be informed of our action. After various discussions conducted with the best of feeling, the meeting adjourned to meet again Monday evening, Sept. 22, 1873.

Approved: A. T. SCHRYVER, *Pres.*
H. HOOVER, *Secy.*

TESTING PRAYER BY ITS FRUITS.

It would be strange if one man should invent a machine which he could not make work successfully, while afterward a host of men could be found capable of making that self-same machine work out the most desirable results. But something akin to this is sometimes found in the moral world. It has been the fortune of some men, in some happy moment of inspiration, to give birth to ideas of the value of which they themselves had no conception or appreciation. But the words spoken jarred the slumbering world. Men roused by the thought, hurried against it angry protests. The alarmed authors of the disturbing idea hastened to explain or retract; but too late, for the world was ringing with the new-born thought.

History is replete with instances of these facts. Mr. Tyndall may now be added to the list. No thought of modern times has so widely and profoundly stirred the human mind as that which demands proof of the alleged value of prayer. Mr. Tyndall—though wrongly—is the acknowledged champion who first throws this gauntlet to the world. The act is audacious. It disturbs the best-settled faith of all past ages. The deed rouses the scorn of the whole theological world. None take up the gauntlet, but many utter disparaging cries. And now comes Professor Tyndall with a modest explanation, which amounts to neither more nor less than a retraction. Tyndall and the Prayer-Gauge are henceforth divorced. He has washed his hands of the crime of suggesting that prayer might best show its benefits by being carefully and scientifically tested.

It is well he has done so. His original proposition was a bungling job. He could not have bidden the truth in a more uncomely shell. The idea of a hospital run by prayer was a conception unworthy of the truth sought to be elicited. Half the controversy that has arisen has been consumed in the management of that hospital. Now let Prof. Tyndall and his hospital go; but let not the theological world fancy the question put at rest.

A thousand champions now espouse the cause. The thought is born, and it will ring through all lands. It will not down. It will continue to vex the souls of those who, without proof, would have us believe in a God and a universe whose mightiest law is powerless before the magic words of an humble believer. Mr. Tyndall's abandonment of the field relieves it of a personality that only encumbers it. The issue will now stand on its naked merits. It is no longer a question between Mr. Tyndall and the theologians, but between the world of fact and the world of faith.

Strange it had never been thought of before; or, if thought of, that it had not been so uttered! But now that it is started, no power can stop its career. Ten thousand recantations cannot recall it. It will go into every household and sit sternly on every family altar. It will go into every church and sit unflinchingly in every pew. It will hold up its questioning hand before every pulpit, and trouble by its presence the mind of every minister who prays. For good or for evil, this test must come to all praying: What are its palpable fruits, when used to affect material things?

T. P. WILSON.

CLEVELAND, O.

[Must not the same test be applied to prayer for spiritual things?—ED.]

A Troy man is writing a biography of Methuselah. He has been engaged five years on the work, and has just reached the boyhood days of the patriarch. His description of the athletic sports of the young lad at the age of 120 is very entertaining.

A PLEA FOR CAPTAIN JACK.—A long editorial in the *Star* this afternoon, headed "On Behalf of Captain Jack," is thought to reflect the sentiment of the Indian Bureau; and the points contained in the editorial will be urged in Captain Jack's favor at his trial before the Military Commission, and also before the President, in case Captain Jack is sentenced to death. After reciting at length the history of the trouble between the Government and the Modocs, and the efforts on the part of the Government to remove and keep the Indians on a certain reservation, the writer charges that while the Commissioners were negotiating for the peaceful transfer of the Indians, propositions were being discussed for the arrest of Captain Jack and other chiefs, and to hold them at some remote point from their tribe until they should agree to have themselves transferred; and that General Canby indorsed these propositions, but admitted that such would be considered as a breach of faith on the part of the Department. In all his talks with the Indian Commissioners, Captain Jack maintained that he was guided by the advice of friends in Yreka, who advised him not to go on the reservation.

Superintendent Addendas, in a letter to the Indian department, dated December 23, says: "I have sufficient evidence to satisfy me that there are a few men in Yreka, Cal., some sixty miles from Lost River, who are to a great extent, if not entirely, responsible for the insubordination of Captain Jack's band and for the present trouble with them. There are several letters in existence which go to show that these men have persuaded them to remain off the reservation, making them believe they could claim land under the pre-emption law, if they would stay where they were, but if they went to the reservation they would lose all right to it. It is my experience that nine tenths of the troubles with the Indians of this superintendency is brought about by meddling white men giving them improper advice and dealing illicitly with them."

The editorial concludes as follows: "These data present these facts. First, that Captain Jack had good reason to apprehend treachery toward him by the white officials. Second, that he was secretly instigated to the course that brought him into collision with Government by these very white men of Yreka, who have, with interested bad faith, urged on the cry for the extermination of the Modocs and who, if the truth were told, very likely had a direct hand in the recent assassination of the Modoc prisoners. It appears that General Canby, as long ago as February 18, indorsed a plan for the seizure of Captain Jack and other leading Modocs, that he might admit the appearance of being a breach of faith on the part of the Government."

"Commissioner Applegate, while thinking the plan worthy of consideration, also conceded that their arrest would no doubt be regarded by the Indians as an act of treachery on our part, and might destroy their confidence in the Indian Department to a great extent. This fact, including the particulars of this treacherous plan for the seizure of the Modoc leaders by General Canby, was published by order of Congress as long ago as June last. It is more than probable Captain Jack was advised of it, and this knowledge may have had something to do with his own deed of treachery towards General Canby."

"Our respect for a brave and meritorious officer must not blind us to the fact, also, as has already been stated, that at the very time General Canby was negotiating under a flag of truce, he was bringing his men into position; and was, in short, violating one of the best known and most imperative rules of honorable warfare—that forbidding the pushing of military operations under the protection of a flag of truce."

It will thus be seen that while no palliation is afforded for Captain Jack's monstrous deeds, some cause can be given for them, short of pure treacherous "cussedness."

It is some satisfaction to be able to hold this amended opinion of a man who has shown so much of the old Roman style of bravery in action and dignified composure under defeat and impending ignominious death.—*St. Louis Globe.*

Daniel Webster was apt to over-indulge himself at public dinners, but managed, when called upon, to make a speech—if a brief one. On an occasion Webster finished up with: "Gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid. I'll pay it myself. How much is it?"

ORIENTAL KINGCRAFT.—A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the Levant writes: "I send you a couple of cases illustrating the ways of life out here. The late Sultan wishing to give the ladies of his harem an idea of the Crystal Palace, commissioned a firm of shipbuilders on the Thames to construct the iron framework of a huge dome-like structure. It was, when completed, put up in England, and then taken to pieces for conveyance to Constantinople, where it was re-erected and covered with glass, and formed one of the most conspicuous and pretty objects which met the traveler's gaze on going up the Bosphorus. The present Sultan, however, thought it interfered with his view, and ordered it to be demolished; and the debris of a building which from the first to last must have cost more than £100,000 has been sold for old scrap iron. The other story is still more strange. The Father of the Faithful sometime since ordered a new and gorgeous imperial residence to be built for himself. Art, money, and science were lavished on the structure, the sum total of the cost of which was almost fabulous. The day arrived when the Sultan was told that all was prepared for his reception in his new abode. His Majesty quitted his old and inconvenient palace with a light heart, and hastily repaired to the splendid and more modern one; but alas! whether his impatience or ardent got the better of his dignity is not related, but on crossing the threshold he stumbled and fell. The omen was of too serious a character to be lost on an Oriental mind. The Sultan retraced his steps, sent for the architect, and commanded that the gorgeous and magnificent edifice should be razed to the ground. The gentleman in question in despair repaired to the Grand Vizier, who failed to obtain a revocation of the order; but as a *demerit* remitted proceeded to the English ambassador, who at once pointed out to his Majesty how ridiculous such an act would make him appear before the civilized world. This, with other arguments, saved the place; but the evil eye is supposed still to rest on it, as it yet remains empty."

A nice little Missionary boy told his mother into her chair the other day because she refused to give him ten cents to put in the missionary box.

Swift said the reason a certain university was a learned place was that most persons took some learning there, and few brought any away with them; so it accumulated.

Advertisements.

GENERAL NOTICE.

On Aug. 8, 1872, I contracted for the two best advertising pages of THE INDEX for the current year. "No advertisements objectionable to the editor to be taken." For terms apply to ANA K. BUTTS, 36 Bay St., New York.

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NOTICE.

The following numbers of THE INDEX for 1873 can no longer be supplied on orders: Nos. 167 (March 8), 169 (March 22), 170 (March 29), 171 (April 5).

Free Religious Association.

The Report in pamphlet form, of the ANNUAL MEETING of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION for 1872, can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, WM. J. POTTER, New Bedford, Mass. It contains essays by John W. Chadwick, on "LIBERTY AND THE CHURCH IN AMERICA," by C. D. B. Mills, on the question, "DOES RELIGION REPRESENT A PERMANENT SENTIMENT OF THE HUMAN MIND, OR IS IT A FETTERABLE SUPERSTITION?" and by O. H. Frothingham, on "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY," together with the Report of the Executive Committee, and addresses and remarks by Dr. Bartol, A. B. Alcott, Lucretia Mott, Celia Burleigh, Horace Swann, Alexander Loos, and others. Price, 25 cents; in packages of five or more, 25 cents each.

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As the entire edition of THE INDEX for March 8 (No. 167), with the exception of a small number reserved for binding, has been already exhausted, the above lecture can only be supplied in tract form. See advertisement of INDEX TRACTS, PRICE 10 cents; 12 copies for \$1.00. Address—THE INDEX, Toledo, Ohio.

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The Index.

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The Idea of God.

READ TO THE FIRST INDEPENDENT SOCIETY OF TOLEDO, IN WHITTEN HALL, SEPT. 25, 1870.

BY FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

"Personality, with all its limitations, though far from exhibiting the absolute nature of God as he is, yet truer, grander, more elevating, more religious, than those barren, vague, meaningless abstractions in which men babble about nothing under the name of the Infinite. Personal, conscious existence, limited though it be, is yet the noblest of all existences of which man can dream, for it is that by which all existence is revealed to him; it is grander than the grandest object which man can know, for it is that which knows, not that which is known. 'Man,' says Pascal, 'is but a reed, the feeblest in Nature; but he is a reed that thinks. It needs not that the whole universe should arm itself to crush him,—a vapor, a drop of water, will suffice to destroy him. But should the universe crush him, man would yet be nobler than that which destroys him, for he knows that he dies; while of the advantage which the universe has over him, the universe knows nothing.'"
MANSEL, *Limits of Religious Thought*, p. 164.

The topic to which I ask your attention to-day is the grandest and the most difficult of all that can engage human thought,—I mean the IDEA OF GOD. It would be rash to expect that I could handle it without touching on the great metaphysical problems which in all ages have taxed the chief intellects of our race; nor do I expect it. Yet it will be my earnest endeavor to avoid as much as possible the terminology and subtle distinctions of metaphysics, and to say what I have to say in the simplest words and in the clearest manner. For the rest, I must ask your indulgence, believing that you would prefer me to speak to you thoughtfully, as to thoughtful persons, rather than to amuse you with flights of fancy or mere appeals to your sensibilities. These cheap displays are to be had elsewhere; but you and I are seeking for truth, and the search for truth is very earnest business. While attempting, therefore, to avoid all the technical phrases with which only students of philosophy are familiar, I shall not hesitate to ask you to think this afternoon.

First of all, let me guard at the outset against a misapprehension I am especially anxious to obviate. FREE RELIGION HAS NO DOGMATIC IDEA OF GOD. It leaves all men at perfect liberty to think for themselves, without undertaking to determine beforehand the results at which they shall arrive. It enjoins upon them the sober, untiring, fearless investigation of each and every subject that concerns mankind, in the spirit and the love of truth; but it does not presume to declare beforehand what the truth is. This pre-appointment of the goal which must terminate investigation is the chief characteristic of Dogmatism, the greatest enemy of Free Religion. The spirit of Free Religion is the spirit of Science, which knows nothing of dogmatic preconceptions or prejudgments; and in undertaking to give you the results of my own thinking on this great theme, let it be distinctly understood that I do so as an individual thinker only, not professing to speak for others, whose conclusions, however opposite to mine, will

have a stronger claim to acceptance, provided they have a sounder basis in reason. If reason, properly applied to all the facts in the case, shall teach atheism rather than theism, and thus prove that the wise thinker will have no idea of God at all, I shall not shrink from this conclusion, but accept it as the final word of Free Religion on the subject. Obeying, however, the dictates of reason as faithfully as I can, I am conducted to a widely different conclusion; and this I now proceed to state.

Reversing the Bible doctrine that "God created man in his own image," Fichte, the great German philosopher, at the close of one of his lectures, is said to have made the startling announcement,—*"To-morrow, gentlemen, we shall create God!"* His meaning was that he should trace the origin of the Idea of God to the natural tendency of the mind to conceive him after the analogies of human nature. This tendency is very marked in most of the old mythologies, which represent the gods as merely men on a grander scale, exempt from death and endowed with vaster powers, but yet possessed of human form and human passions. The Jehovah of the Old Testament is as striking an instance of this tendency as any of the gods of Greece or Rome; and the Christian God of the New Testament is another instance of the same tendency, only less gross, and purified from the most revolting features of the localized Hebrew Jehovah. Calm and unbiassed reflection will not permit us to regard such conceptions as anything but superstitions; but neither will it permit us, in my opinion, to discard even these superstitions as absolutely valueless to philosophy. "We too often forget," says Herbert Spencer, in the opening chapter of his *First Principles*, "that not only is there 'a soul of goodness in things evil,' but, very generally also a soul of truth in things erroneous." So in this superstition of gods patterned after men, I am disposed to shun the contemptuousness of the superficial thinker, and look for the underlying truth of which even error itself is the perversion.

I think I can discern this underlying truth in the principle that *there must be something in common between Nature and Man*,—between the vast universe about us and our human consciousness. Here we are, thinking beings, moral beings; yet we are born, as it were, from the very womb of Nature herself. All the sources of our being, in all its forms and phases, are in her, and her alone; for I see no reason whatever to admit any distinction between Nature and an assumed Supernature. All the elements of our bodies are drawn from her; and I see no reason to doubt that all the elements of our mental and moral consciousness are equally drawn from her. The oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon,—the iron, lime, phosphorus, and other constituents of these physical frames,—manifestly belong to a universal system of which we are merely parts, organized in a peculiar manner. But these are no more elements of our being than are the thoughts, the feelings, the volitions which make up the never-ending stream of our consciousness. Whence did these come? Did they not come from Nature? Whoever should hold that these, the higher realities of our life, have no root in that universal system or cosmos whence all the atoms and molecules that compose our bodies are derived, must point out some other origin for them. It seems to me perfectly idle, I confess, to say that these phenomena of our consciousness come from the chemical elements of our bodies. Carbon cannot think; oxygen cannot feel; nitrogen has no conscience. How can the mere elements of our "protoplasm," which can do none of these things separately, do all of them when chemically combined? A new force manifests itself through their union, which is not a "property" of the elements themselves. Whoever refers the facts of our mental and spiritual consciousness to these elementary forms of matter, seems to me to adopt the most irrational theory that could be put into words. Finding, as I do, these facts in my own being, I can see no way to escape referring them to universal Nature, as I am obliged to refer to universal Nature all the various substances of my body. All that I am comes from Nature, that which enables me to say "I" included. In other words, finding the spiritual in

myself, I cannot escape admitting the spiritual in Nature. If there is an escape from this conclusion, I want it pointed out to me.

Dropping, then, all the crude and coarse imagnations which appear in the pagan, Jewish, and Christian mythologies, I yet seem to see a truth underneath them all,—the truth that intelligence in man is not isolated or anomalous, but exists in Nature as well. Nature must be intelligent or she could not bring forth intelligent beings. The fountain cannot rise above its source. In this manner the very existence of Man as an intelligent being seems to prove that Nature herself is intelligent. Between Nature and Man there is something in common; and this must include all that there is in Man, unless Man owes his existence to a Being out of and above Nature. Paradoxical as it appears, therefore, it is materialism which, denying intelligence to Nature, is driven to the theory of a supernatural God. If there is no intelligence in Nature, our intelligence must come from outside of Nature; for here it is, and, not being self-created, it must come from somewhere. To me, therefore, MAN IS THE PROOF OF GOD IN NATURE.

But even waiving this argument entirely, I think that Nature herself is radiant with the light of thought. I lay no stress on the "argument from design," as it is called, which seeks to infer a designing mind from special adaptations of means to ends; as, for instance, the adaptation of the eye for the function of vision. The Darwinian principle of Natural Selection seems more and more capable of explaining all these special adaptations; and this fashion of proving God piecemeal is not to my taste. I am no friend to piecemeal philosophy. But the sublime unity of Nature, making her, in Humboldt's favorite phrase, a "living Whole," carries conviction to my own mind. The simple fact that, the more Science studies Nature, the more she brings apparent anomalies under universal laws, and thus makes the universe intelligible by intelligence, is to me the strongest of arguments for all-pervading Mind,—an argument which grows stronger and more convincing with every fresh discovery. The appeal to particular "design" is very precarious; mistakes are too easy to make, and too embarrassing when made. But this grand truth of the unity of the universe, growing more luminous and indubitable day by day, becomes an electric light to reveal its intelligible harmony. In this truth, the simplest and yet one of the latest to be grasped, I find a broad and substantial basis for the philosophical Idea of God.

Further, the modern demonstration of the "correlation of forces," which, all things considered, is the greatest discovery ever made by science, not excepting even the achievements of Copernicus and Galileo, Kepler and Newton, destroys that scientific polytheism which prates of plural causes. It proves that all forces are at bottom one, and thus establishes on an impregnable foundation the unity of Nature's cause.

Lastly, the Nebular Hypothesis, explaining the gradual evolution of the solar system from a diffused, chaotic, nebulous "fire-mist,"—the Development Theory, explaining the derivation of all existing species from a common origin,—and the records of historic and pre-historic man, explaining his gradual emergence from savagery, and proving his continuous advancement from lower to higher states,—these are all different aspects of a universal law of Progress, revealing the infinitely slow but infinitely beautiful unfolding of an intelligent and intelligible thought. How any mind can fail to be impressed with the convergent lines of these various facts, all pointing to a wonderful unity of plan in the history of the universe, I do not understand. Like the various indications of the plot of a well-constructed play, which a quick wit will seize upon and foretell the final catastrophe, they are, in my judgment, evidence of formative and artistic Mind.

Thus not only in Man as interpreted by consciousness, but also in Nature as interpreted by science, I recognize the presence of Thought, Mind, Intelligence. Of course I can only give the barest outline of the argument, and must omit a great many subsidiary considerations. My aim is to give the most in the smallest compass, and thus make possible a bird's eye view of

the whole subject from my own standpoint. I find certain great facts all pointing in the same direction,—the fact of man's existence in Nature as a thinking and moral being, and also of the derivation of all his powers from Nature herself; the fact that Nature as a whole is a great harmonious system governed by universal laws; the fact that all the various forces acting in this system are mutually convertible and reducible in the last analysis to a single universal force; the fact that the Nebular Hypothesis, the Development Theory, and the moral education of the human race, appear to be parts of a comprehensive law of Progress, and thus manifest a great, intelligible plan in the evolution of the universe. Taken all together, these various facts point to a unity in Nature as a system, and in her history as a whole, which can find no rational explanation except in the activity of infinite intelligence throughout all space and time. In these facts, accordingly, I find the basis of the philosophical Idea of God.

The question between theism and atheism really turns on the points I have raised. No man at all acquainted with the results of modern science doubts that Nature is a coherent system of universal laws, or that it is permeated by a single universal force which appears under various convertible forms. The real question is whether this omnipresent force is intelligent or not,—whether the orderly system and phenomena of Nature are due to conscious Mind or unconscious Fate. I do not think that those who adopt the latter view have done justice to the fact of Man's existence. Man is clearly a part of universal Nature, and we find intelligence clearly manifested in his consciousness and his acts. It is not, then, an open question whether there is any intelligence in Nature; the only question is this,—Does all the intelligence in Nature manifest itself in Man? Is there no intelligence higher than his in all this boundless universe? Whoever denies a universal intelligence seems to me involved in greater difficulties than he who affirms it. For he is bound to explain how a thinking being like man can be evolved out of absolutely unthinking matter. Mind is an active, existent force in human life: how is this peculiar force to be accounted for? All that physical science can offer as an explanation is some theory of motion in material particles,—some undulation or vibration in nervous substances. It cannot get one step beyond molecular changes or re-arrangements in the great nerve-ganglia. But while admitting that these changes are the conditions of human thought, I deny absolutely that they even begin to explain human thought itself. Granting all that is claimed to have been proved concerning the "correlation of vital and physical forces," I find no light thrown upon the point at issue. The universal force which appears now as chemical affinity, now as heat, now as light, now as thought, and so forth, cannot be inferior to any of its own partial and transient manifestations; it must be higher than them all. Out of lead ore you cannot get a gold watch; out of physical forces you cannot get a thinking mind. So long as the mysterious energy of Nature which displays itself in such various ways is held to be absolutely unconscious and unintelligent, the simple existence of consciousness and intelligence in human beings must be forever the despair of science. But if the mind of man is held to be a still higher manifestation of the universal force than any physical phenomena, and to give us a still profounder glimpse into its true character, the anomaly disappears, and science will begin to study the facts of consciousness as affording the deepest insight into the heart of Nature.

This, then, is the essence of my Idea of God,—God is the one all-pervading Power or Force of universal Nature, manifested in all her shifting phenomena, and least inadequately in the phenomena of human consciousness. Instead of being inferior in grade to any of his own manifestations, he is as much superior to them all as the Infinite must transcend the finite,—not less, but immeasurably more, than the utmost that Nature reveals to our imperfect faculties.

The question, I dare say, has long before this occurred to your minds,—"Do you regard God as a Person? Is he a Personal God?" I will answer this question as frankly as I can. But I am always puzzled how to answer it without being misunderstood. I should say *yes* to one man, and *no* to another, according to what I believed he meant by the word person. Let me explain.

If you include under the idea of personality any conception of form or feature or visible aspect,—anything, in short, that can be an object to the sensuous imagination,—I should reply at once that my Idea of God is not that of a Person. This notion of him is essentially idolatrous. It is not by the imagination, but by the higher faculty of pure reason, that a worthy Idea of God can be attained. In the sense, therefore, in which I suppose a very large number of people understand the word person, I do not believe in a Personal God.

Further, if under this word you include any of the imperfections or limitations of the human mind,—any of the peculiar conditions of a finite consciousness which is subject to a process of

gradual development,—I should again reply that I do not regard God as a Person. All such characteristics are as inconsistent with my idea of him as are the still grosser limitations of visible shape and feature. Freedom from all that implies finitude or limitation of any kind is an essential part of a worthy idea of God. But if by the word person you mean simply intelligent, conscious being, without regard either to limitation or illimitation, then I should answer that God is Personal. Not a Person, for this would imply a class of persons of which he would be simply one; whereas I do not regard him as personal in altogether the same sense in which we are persons. My thought would be better expressed, perhaps, by saying that God is not less, but infinitely more than personal. It is no rhetorical personification to say to him—"O Thou!" Nor are the words breathed into unresponsive vacuity. Although we are a part of Nature, I believe in a Universal Consciousness by which we are included, yet from which we are distinct. Just as we exist in infinite space, enclosing, as it were, a part of it in the limits of our bodies, and yet not thereby at all limiting the infinitude of space itself, so I believe our finite personal natures are included in the infinite personality of God, without either limiting it or being absorbed by it. Only in the feeblest manner, it is true, can we apprehend a personality so unlike our own. Yet there is still enough in common between us and him, to make it less an error to call him personal in this large sense, than to deny him all personality. I think I can make my meaning plain by an illustration. Between man and the lower orders of animate life, if the Development Theory be true, there can be only a difference of degree, not of kind. If we are persons, so are the brutes in a lower sense. The same faculties, I believe, exist in them also in a lower form. Yet this difference of degree does not destroy the identity of kind; and an animal would have no reason for denying man to be a person, simply because the order of his personality is so much higher. The analogy is imperfect, I am aware; yet it may illustrate my thought. God is personal in an infinitely higher sense than we; his consciousness must possess attributes and modes utterly unsuspected and inconceivable by man. Spinoza expressed this thought, when he taught that the two known attributes of God, extension and thought, were only two out of an infinite number of attributes, the rest being beyond all human apprehension. In the poverty of human language, therefore, and its powerlessness to express what transcends our actual experience, I must regard God as not less, but infinitely more than Person. Whatever else he is, there must be in him that to which our moral and intellectual and affectional nature corresponds, and which it feebly shadows forth. Modes of being as much higher than thought or will or love as these are higher than the insensate existence of the stone, doubtless appertain to God; yet these human powers must be, not reversed or extinguished, but infinitely realized in him. I cannot think it a mere figure of speech to call him intelligent, conscious, moral, personal.

Born out of a fathomless mystery, surrounded and engulfed in mystery all our days, returning to a mystery like that from whence we came, the thought of God is a flash of light in thick darkness. The mystery of Nature is not evaded by atheism, which only shuts its eyes to what theism very dimly sees. In the silence of lonely thought, in the hard experiences of life, it is to some of us a renewal of strength to feel, though we cannot see, a Presence pervading all things, and sharing the innermost life of our own being. Nature is no stepmother to her children. Whispers and hints of the love she bears us reach us we scarce know how. Dreams and visions of the poet, true to the soul as are the rigorous demonstrations of science to the intellect, awaken a consciousness of the unity between our own narrow, restricted life and the Universal Life that knows no bound. Well did the ancients speak of the Earth as "mother." "Father and Mother"—thus Theodore Parker delighted to address God. Imperfect and incomplete as all such titles are,—nay, worthless as are all titles for him,—they do nevertheless suggest a oneness between the human heart and the heart of Nature which becomes music and inspiration in every poetic soul. It sings of a love that is feebly shadowed forth by human ties,—of a peace that transcends our human dreams,—of a holiness that cannot be measured by human standards,—of a wisdom that cannot be sounded by human plumb-lines. Science can never disprove this melody to one that once has heard it; and she will never seriously undertake so fruitless a task. I care nothing for the name,—you may call it Nature or God or what you please; but there is in the higher and finer expressions of human life a consciousness so profound of oneness with the One and All, that it becomes the supreme, the sacred fact. It is the study of this internal yet most real of all realities that gives origin to the Idea of God; and perish what may from the mind of man, I believe that this idea of a Universal Unity reflected in the human consciousness, and explaining, illumining, and vivifying it, will endure as long as man himself.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OR

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Concluded.)

But Dick had reached the place where the girls stood waiting their approach, apprehensive, but unsuspecting. "Come to say good-by!" he remarked; and Esther held out her hand to welcome her cousin. She had begun to do so in words, when his manner betrayed his inebriety—the girl was acquainted with the symptoms from occasional experience in her father. Yet she put the best face upon it possible, nor shrank when Sabin bent over and kissed her; merely uttering an "Oh, Richard!" in remonstrance against the publicity of the salute.

"One doesn't stop when in so fair a road," he muttered, translating a French proverb, and approaching Ruth with the same intention. But she recoiled from his handsome, inflamed countenance, with such a look of disgust and indignation and contempt that it momentarily sobered him, bringing back his self-consciousness in a sharp, sudden pang of shame and grief and humiliation, inasmuch that it needed not the restraining hand of Mr. Humphries upon his shoulder to induce the abandonment of his purpose. In that one instant, he felt as if he had loved Ruth with all his heart—and that she deservedly loathed him. He drew back, though without a word of apology. There would have ensued the awkwardest of pauses, but for the cabman who had followed the young men, and thought the present an eligible opportunity for the renewal of his demands. On him Sabin turned at once, savagely; when Mops foreseeing a brawl, and determined to prevent it, again interfered.

"Get out of this, number two hundred and nothing!" he cried imperatively. "I'm your fare—at least, part of it—and responsible for the damage if there is any, which I don't believe. The keb, as you call it, must carry us home. Look sharp and do it, for if these ladies are not tired of standing in the rain, I am, and no mistake! Dick, old fellow, good-by! Make way there, will you?"

And the ready-witted artist linked the girls' arms in his own and pushed briskly through the group of idlers which had been attracted around them in the hope of further bounty from Sabin, or the expectation of a row. The grumbling cabman mounting his box, they began to disperse.

"Hadu't you better go with him?" urged the practical Esther, in her anxiety for her cousin, who remained standing on the spot where he had addressed them—it was too dark to see his face now.

Mr. Humphries ordered the cabman to drive on quickly, and pulled up the blinds of the vehicle. "He's quite able to take care of himself," he said, curtly; "and would rather be without company just now." And the jolting of the cab and the dashing of the rain against its windows put a stop to further conversation. Ruth was too indignant to cry, but in the shelter of the friendly darkness Esther's tears flowed freely. She had never before felt so desolate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EPISTOLARY AND MARITIME.

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK,

United States of America,

May 9, 1856.

MY DEAR AND DISTANT KATE:—

I will not tell you of the pain it cost me to leave England without the last sad privilege of parting with her whom I love most in the world. But you wished it to be so, and I obeyed; though I don't think you would have had the heart to persist, if you had known what you inflicted. Perhaps, however, you were right, after all, and it was best for both of us; for what could have resulted from such an interview but misery? Before now I am sure that you would have been sorry, if I had yielded to your request and abandoned my intention of going to America. That was, of course, out of the question; but I cherish the precious, darling letter in which you begged me to remain, and told me how the thoughts of my departure nearly drove you distracted—how you couldn't bear it, and would be everything I wished if I only stayed. I take the paper and kiss it now! O Kate! why wasn't it always so? At first, however, it made me very miserable. Then I hardly knew what to do, and if you had come out that night to our old place of meeting—. But I waited and waited and waited, all in vain. You never thought, I'll warrant, when you climbed upstairs to bed, who was watching outside in the

cold and darkness; and who, when he saw your candle go out, felt as if hope were extinguished likewise—who then breathed a blessing and farewell, and departed. It was hard to have to go away so—hard not to be able to call at the dear, old familiar house and say good-by and God bless you! to anybody. But it wasn't to be, and here I am, three thousand miles away from you and old England, up four pairs of stairs, in a big Broadway hotel, situated in the very centre of life and bustle of the busiest city in the New World. My acquaintance with it is just two days old. How long, I wonder, will it be before I return to claim her to whom I am now writing, as mine own dear wife?—in which hope alone I am resigned to my present banishment. Could I only feel sure of that most blessed consummation, how patiently would I endure all that fate has in store for me!

But you'll want to know all about the voyage. I dare say there are plenty of more amusing accounts of crossing the Atlantic than mine will be; still here goes for at least a comprehensive and faithful narration.

My note, written off Deal, told you how brother Dick came aboard at early morning, just as we were starting. By the way, I forgot to mention that he distinguished himself, by saving the life of a woman who had quarrelled with her husband and jumped into the Thames, whence she was dragged by Richard, almost by the hair of her head, into the boat which brought him alongside. She had been tipsy and dancing overnight, in the steerage. They are a queer couple, and I may have more to say of them presently. All that day we were being towed down the river, getting no farther than Gravesend, where, next morning, there occurred a great overhauling of papers and passengers; and a poor wretch of a "stowaway," who had secreted himself in the hold, was sent ashore after the mate had sworn at him as much as he thought proper. (He was a great brute, this mate, and I subjoin his portrait: the whiskers are not exaggerated. He told stories about punishing such persons for attempting to secure a free passage, by taking 'em to within sight of New York, working 'em hard all the way, and then putting 'em aboard an outward-bound vessel for the return to their own country.) Two days we lay becalmed between Deal and Dover, in sight of the French coast; when the opportunity of sending you a few more last words presented itself, to be as eagerly embraced as—well, as the dear recipient would have been, if accessible. Harry wrote, too, to his kind sister; but Dick said he had nothing to say to anybody, and preferred loafing—you know his way. Then I wasn't aware of an odd circumstance which caused us a good deal of surprise afterwards. This was that the boatman, who took charge of my note, brought *somebody* aboard, who, paying a first-class fare, went immediately to his cabin, where he stayed until we had quite got out to sea; when, one morning, I met him face to face and recognized—Maberley! He had shaved off his whiskers, had his hair cut, and wore a false moustache; but I knew him directly, as he did me, for he turned quite pale—actually livid—and then dodged on one side, with a wretched pretence of not recognizing me. We are sure that he has been doing something villainous, and is flying from justice. Dick thinks it may only be from his creditors, but I suspect worse; and the idea made me very uncomfortable. He was passing under a false name, too—the aristocratic one of Captain Hawksley Rivers—and pretended to belong to the army. We didn't think ourselves obliged to keep his secret, and so it got about among the passengers, and everybody avoided and distrusted him; the captain saying that he wouldn't have taken him aboard if he had only known, though the mate—just out of opposition—made light of our story, on the genial grounds that nearly every European who came to America was a criminal of some kind or another, and that if he (Maberley) was a little worse than usual, it didn't much matter. So he was the only man that would take his cigars and drink with him: though, for the most part, he kept his cabin and pretended to be ill; indeed, I believe he *was* seasick the best part of the time, and served him right, too. There's only one thing that bothers us—his selection of a sailing-vessel instead of a steamer for the purpose of escape; but we put that down to his cunning or necessity. For we make no doubt as to his guilt, and fully expected that when we arrived at New York there'd be a couple of detectives in waiting for him, and that we should have the pleasure of seeing him walked off between them, with a pair of handcuffs on his wrist; in which, however, we were disappointed, for he sneaked away unmolested. I am very curious to know what he has been up to, and only hope it isn't murdering my poor aunt: in which case she is well rid of him.

You would have been amused if you could have taken a peep, between decks, at us, as the "Cayuga" went rolling and pitching and plunging and staggering down the channel, in very bad weather, with the wind dead ahead, a heavy sea on, the ports and hatchways closed, and all three of us lying in our berths, because it was too wet to be on deck and we couldn't keep our legs anywhere. Fancy me clinging to a kind of big

bung-hole (apparently cut for the purpose of admitting an abominable smell of bilge-water from the hold), so that I mayn't come into violent collision with poor Harry, who shares my berth and is fearfully seasick, and of course hates to be spoken to. Imagine Dick overboard, making a St. Andrew's cross of himself to avoid being pitched head-first out of his berth—growing at the weather, laughing at the awful noises proceeding from the throats of four particularly wretched Germans in the next compartment, or trying to read by the light of a lantern, which, in conjunction with a ham, a rope of onions, a bunch of candles, and other trifles in the way of provisions for the voyage, *wops* to and fro, with great regularity, in his immediate vicinity. Then throw in the howling of the gale, the rush and swirl of the waters, the whack of heavy seas against the side of the vessel, the groaning and straining and creaking of the planks, the crashing, smashing, and dashing together of pendulous tin-ware and crockery, the tramping of feet and hoarsely-shouted orders overhead, the rolling about of heavy barrels which have got loose from their lashings outside our cabin and are pounding everything that comes in contact with them, and the indescribable sounds produced by a seasick steerage,—and you may form some idea of our condition. For the first fortnight the wind and rain had it all their own way; there was no going on deck under penalty of being drenched, and when we turned in at night our damp sheets afforded a lively suggestion of the water-cure. Dick said he shouldn't have been surprised at finding tadpoles in his boots, or a growth of toadstools under his pillow. However we took no colds, and made the best of things, and presently they began to get more agreeable.

For instance, there can be few pleasures, I imagine, more complete and delightful than being at sea in fine weather—to one with a happily constituted stomach. (I wasn't sea-sick at all—Dick very little; but poor Harry had it for all three of us!) The sun shines, the wind makes the great sails belly out overhead, the waves leap and sparkle and tumble, and everything is so fresh and bright and exhilarating that it amounts to a new sensation. You exult in the knowledge that you are, so to speak, a part of the strong ship that is triumphantly winning her way over the multitudinous, eternal ocean. Now her bowsprit dips, low—lower yet—till the line of the horizon rises like a great dark wall against the encircling sky; now we go up, up, up,—till it sinks far below us and we are boring away at vacancy; sometimes suddenly, offered with a regular, laboring motion to which you get so accustomed that it becomes a sort of lullaby, set to any mood you may happen to be in. I used to lie, thus rocked, for hours together, thinking about the sea, and Columbus, and of vast, submerged, primeval continents, the mountains and peaks of which now dot our globe with islands; of Tritons and Nereids;—

"Of that sea-snake, prodigious curled,
Whose coil embraces half the world;"

and of the watery horrors described in that wonderful canto of Spenser with which I once sent you to sleep,—oblivious of everything but such fancies and present happiness. There was, as Dick said, a blessed sense of freedom from all shore-going responsibilities, which constituted the perfection of loafing. Then we had *such* appetites, and were always ready for our meals—cooked by the rather dirty darkey, who prepared the food for the cabin passengers. I don't think we should have stood much chance in the caboose, among those of the steerage.

After all, though, there is not much to be seen at sea; the prospect is so monotonous that the horizon appears contracted—you are always sailing over the top of a very full basin. Everything is an event, of course: a distant vessel, a great fish, or a shoal of porpoises wallowing over in the trough of the sea, like marine pigs—which is, I believe, something like the true etymology; or the wild sea-birds that rise and fall in our wake with a motion that seems imitated from that of the waves, and set one thinking of the albatross and the Ancient Mariner. I had great pleasure in looking at them; they seemed so tameless, so utterly out of sympathy with humanity. One—a great, strange-looking bird, with a wild cry of its own—came aboard one night and perched on the anchor, and flew screaming away when the sailors tried to catch it. We never got tired, and hardly wished the voyage shorter, except in calms or during wet weather. The former are always very aggravating. The ship lies jerking from side to side, the sails flap impotently overhead, doors slam, and the cordage frays and chafes like folks' tempers—for sailors hate a calm, and passengers are naturally impatient of useless delay. And I noticed that whatever quarrelling and fighting occurred on board happened in wet weather or on Sundays—when people were deprived of their ordinary means of amusing themselves.

[To be continued.]

A New York Methodist minister says he finds "greater difficulty in converting fifty sinners to-day, than in converting five hundred twenty-five years ago."

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

THE TWO ROADS.—The following is copied from a printed envelope used by Dr. Foster, of Clifton Springs, the manager, as we are informed, of "the largest and most popular Health Institute in the world, perhaps." "They have a beautiful chapel in it, and make religion a special feature for the guests, and get a large number of Christian people for patients, but few liberals."—Ed.

A FACT, AND OF GREAT PERSONAL IMPORTANCE.

We are to Live through Eternity.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."—Matt. xxv. 46.

THE TWO ROADS.

THE BROAD.

ITS GATE IS WIDE.

"Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."—Matt. vii. 13.

ITS WAY IS DARK.

"Who leave the paths of uprightness, to walk in the ways of darkness."—Prov. ii. 13.

ITS PATHS ARE FALSE.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Prov. xiv. 12.

IT IS CROWDED BY THOSE

who forsake God.—Is. i. 4. who do iniquity.—Is. lix. 3. who serve the devil.

John viii. 44.

It leads to MISERY-DEATH-JUDGMENT. Rom. ii. 9.—Rom. vi. 21.—Matt. xii. 36.

ITS END IS HELL, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Matt. xiii. 42.

THE NARROW.

ITS GATE IS STRAIT.

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—Matt. vii. 14.

ITS WAY IS LIGHT.

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John viii. 12.

ITS PATHS ARE TRUTH.

"See the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies."—Ps. xxi. 30.

IT IS TROD BY THOSE

who forsake sin.—1 Pet. iii. 10, 11. who do the will of God.

Matt. vii. 21.

who serve the Lord Christ.

Col. iii. 64.

It leads to HAPPINESS-LIFE-ETERNAL—GLORY. Ps. lxxiv. 10. Matt. vii. 14. 1 Pet. v. 10.

ITS END IS HEAVEN, where there is fulness of joy and pleasures forevermore.—Ps. xvi. 11.

READER!

Mark! on this side you have DEATH! DAMNATION! SATAN! And on this side you find LIFE! SALVATION! GOD!

Along which of these roads are you hastening? For in one or the other you most certainly are. Are you in the way to God and HEAVEN, or SATAN and HELL? A mistake, if continued to the end, will be fatal. "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36.) Jesus Christ says: "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by Me." (John xiv. 6.) "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." (John vi. 47.) "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." (Mark i. 15.) "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke xix. 10.)

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending June 28.

Olive N. Robinson, \$1.50; J. S. Hamilton, \$2; S. L. Hill, \$5; R. W. Howes, \$10; T. B. Skinner, 25 cts.; John W. Elliot, \$1.50; W. H. Walworth, \$3; R. Coddington, \$1.50; Alex. Booth, \$3; E. Perkins, \$1.50; William H. Jones, \$1.50; Kersch & Schloss, \$3; N. G. Knight, 75 cts.; Mary E. Bird, \$10; John F. Rague, \$1; E. M. Schenck, \$4; Josephine S. Tilton, \$3.75; E. F. Dinamore, \$15; D. K. Innes, \$3; Edward Bornemann, \$3; Joseph Thornton, \$4; F. A. Green, \$13; Pardon Armstrong, \$10; John Cowan, \$10; D. K. Boutelle, \$10; A. C. Doubt, \$10; Jane Belcher, 25 cts.; E. Crosby, \$3; Robert Collier, \$5; D. E. Sparks, \$3; D. Carstairs, \$1.50; George Richman, \$1.50; E. H. Phillips, \$1; W. M. George, \$3.75; E. G. Baldwin, \$3; Wm. H. Schlep, \$3; W. F. Roman, \$3; S. J. Reeder, 75 cts.; Warren Chase, \$3.00; George Lewis, \$10; Jay Hyatt, \$3; M. P. Hanchett, \$3; M. W. Peters, \$3; Chas. A. Gurley, \$3; Merchant & Dentis, \$2.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

N. B.—THE INDEX is payable in advance. Its friends should not be offended if the paper is stopped at the expiration of their terms as indicated by the mail-lags. We have no means of knowing whether they wish it continued or not except the receipt or non-receipt of the subscription price.

RECEIVED.

BRESSANT. A Novel. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. New York: D. APPLETON & Co. 1873.

THE RED ROVER. A Tale. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated by F. O. C. Darley. New York: D. APPLETON & Co. Price 75 cts.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE. A Sermon by Rev. L. K. WASHBURN, Minneapolis, Minn.

CATALOGUE of the Officers and Students of the Meadville Theological School for 1872-3.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for July. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

DER FREIDENKER. June, 1873. New York: FREE-THINKER'S PUBLISHING Co.

HERALD OF HEALTH for July. New York: WOOD & HOLBROOK.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for July. Newburgh, New York.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for July. New York: S. R. WELLS.

The Index.

JULY 5, 1873.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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This fund is to be used, first, in meeting any deficiency in current expenses that may result from the recent "Index troubles," and, secondly, in such other ways as the editor shall find most advantageous for the paper. All appropriations will be reported to the Directors.

Acknowledged with thanks for the week ending June 28:—

\$1.00 each—B. G. Sweet, R. H. Ranney, Olive N. Robinson, Harry Grundy, Wm. Green, R. D. Francis, Elizabeth J. Miller, W. W. Carson, W. H. Walworth, Kate Harrington, A. P. Hulse, Josephine S. Tilton, Chas. A. Gould, Edw. Bornemann, A. G. Norman, Lucien Moss, S. C. Gale, W. A. Whiting, H. A. Mill, ——"A Friend," E. W. Weir, C. Stratton, Kate Napier, E. Crosby, Oliver Gardner, J. L. Cutler, Ben. Ireson, Mary E. Chace, H. S. Mason, Caroline Wellington, W. R. Moses, J. E. Sutton, Chas. J. Seymour; \$2.00 each—Charles E. Gurley, I. W. Springfield, D. K. Innes, J. G. Godfrey, C. A. W. Crosby; \$4.00—C. Wellington; \$5.00 each—John Wilson, S. L. Hill; \$6.00—Mary E. Bird.

A radical book just published in London with the curt title "Roots" has this acute remark: "My young friend had a theory that no man could appreciate a fault in his neighbor that he did not to a certain degree possess in himself." The *Athenaeum* critic compliments "my young friend's" powers of observation. Perhaps, however, the remark is not so deep as it is acute. If humanity is the same in all men, the germs of every virtue and of every vice exist in everybody; and in almost everybody they will contrive to attain a certain degree of development. Hence nothing could be more natural than to assume at once, without any special "powers of observation," that self-knowledge must be the basis of all knowledge of other people; and that he who justly appreciates the faults of others must do it because, in Scripture phrase, he is "tempted in all points" like them. But the knowledge requisite to a just judgment of others may be gained by temptations that are resisted, quite as thoroughly as by temptations that are yielded to.

Capt. Maxse's lecture on the *Causes of Social Revolt* (Longmans, 1872) is full of information, wise and temperate thinking, and sentiments that do the highest honor to the writer as a man. Take, for instance, the following passage: "Ignorance in the upper and middle classes of the literature and opinions of the working classes I place as a prime cause of social revolt. It is a more dangerous form of ignorance than any ignorance on the part of the latter, because the ignorance is associated with power. I often think that a little compulsory education among the governing classes upon what is called the Social Question would exercise a most beneficial effect." Do we need go farther than to "ignorance associated with power," in order to discover the root of social misery and oppression? It matters little whether the power is in few or in many hands; in either case knowledge is a necessity to happiness and prosperity in the community. On this fact rests the argument for compulsory or universal education, which is as indispensable to the preservation of the freedom we possess as it is to the acquisition of the freedom we need. The lesson is as good for America as for England; Captain Maxse teaches what two hemispheres ought most sedulously to learn.

THE BROOKLYN SCANDAL.

Some of our friends have expressed wonder, if not displeasure, that we have said nothing concerning Mr. Beecher and his accusers; and especially that we have not vigorously espoused the cause of Mrs. Woodhull, as a victim of Christian persecution. As to the "previous question," we must very respectfully disclaim all obligation to discuss, or to omit discussing, any matter whatever except on our own deliberate conviction of duty in the premises; and we must pluck up courage to endure as serenely as possible the condemnation of those who would substitute their convictions for ours in the ordering of our editorial course.

But on this particular subject we have hitherto said nothing because we have not known what to say. There is much which evidently remains undisclosed; and in a matter which most gravely affects the reputation and happiness of many parties, every just man will seek to avoid hasty and inconsiderate speech. So much as this, however, even with our very imperfect knowledge of facts, we are willing to say:—

1. It is probable that Mrs. Woodhull is not the real author of the repulsive charges to which she first gave circulation. We have no doubt that she believes them; but if they turn out to be slanders, her sincerity will not render her attack anything else than a crime of the greatest magnitude. No one has the least right to promulgate such charges against anybody without absolute and irrefutable proof; and the establishment of Mr. Beecher's innocence by the courts would, in the opinion of every right-minded person, be the conviction of Mrs. Woodhull of an intolerable offence against society. If, however, the charges are true, and she has proof sufficient to convince an impartial tribunal, she must be held to have rendered to society an incalculable service, and to have earned corresponding gratitude.

Furthermore, it appears that the method of meeting her charges has been cruel, unjust, arbitrary, and illegal in the extreme; and we believe that the growing demand for a strict judicial investigation of the whole affair is caused principally by the suspicion justly aroused in the public mind by the presumed necessity of resorting to such outrageous measures to suppress the charges. So far as Mrs. Woodhull is a representative of the American press, she is entitled to a most jealous defence of her rights by the community; and as a woman who believes herself to be the persecuted champion of a great cause, she is equally entitled to universal sympathy and commiseration in her evident distress. We say this without hesitation,—all the more because we believe her theories to be crude, untrue in the main, and impossible of realization, at least in society as now constituted, without involving immense harm to the highest interests of mankind.

2. Mr. Beecher is certainly entitled, by a long career of which every American ought to be proud, to enjoy the advantages of a just presumption of his entire innocence. If a life of distinguished services to his fellow-men, and a character hitherto untarnished by a whisper of detraction, are to count for nothing, what security is there for any man that his reputation may not be withered in an hour by the first breath of slander? The common chivalry of mankind, apart from all special gratitude, should acquiesce in the legal maxim, and pronounce every man innocent till he is proved to be guilty; and we envy no man either his head or his heart who rushes hastily into condemnation of one whose illustrious record has been thus far all in his favor.

But it is possible to rely too securely on a mere presumption; and we are frank to confess that Mr. Beecher cannot safely rely any longer upon it. If his friends know him to be innocent, as we willingly assume, they are guilty of the grossest wrong to him in not prosecuting his assailants openly for libel. The policy of "dignified silence" is henceforth stark folly. It is rapidly becoming a contempt for public opinion upon which public opinion will fearfully retaliate. We are more than inclined to consider

Mr. Beecher the victim of one of the basest conspiracies on record, exposed in the *Brooklyn Sunday Review* of June 1; but nothing remains now but to expose it in the courts, no matter who is hurt by it. "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall." Let all who love justice unite now in suspending all judgment where so much is at stake, until the courts shall have taken the testimony, sifted it, and thus furnished the grounds of a just and independent opinion by the public at large. Let favoritism and prejudice alike, whether on one side or the other, be put aside meanwhile. And let Mr. Beecher and his friends clearly understand that silence longer continued will inevitably be construed as confession.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

A gentleman by the name of John Brown Smith (whether real or assumed we do not know) has issued an appeal to "Spiritualists, Free Religionists, and Independent Christians," from which we make two extracts:—

"Let us hope that Spiritualists will be ready to cast aside their *isms* when the Free Religionists have outgrown theirs, and cordially meet them on the common platform of demonstrated immortality and individual freedom."

"Radicals, will you not fall into line on the common platform of immortality, with individual freedom on the rostrum and in the press?"

This is the ancient programme of sectarianism vamped up once more. "Believe as I do, and then we will work together; accept without question a demonstration of Immortality which is satisfactory to me, but not to you, and then you shall be free to question everything else you please!" There is not even a suspicion of radicalism in any such proposal as that.

The "Free Religionists," so-called, have no "isms" to outgrow; and we respectfully invite any one to point out what they are. Free Religion offers a common platform of search for truth in perfect freedom; and on that platform "Immortality" is at liberty to "demonstrate" itself, if it can. Personally, we hope it may succeed, although we do not think it has yet succeeded. But the platform thus offered is the only one on which ripe radicals can stand; and we recommend Mr. Smith to do what many of his Spiritualistic brethren, far more radical than himself, have done already; namely, put "individual freedom" first, not second.

A TRIUMPH OF THE CHRISTIANIZERS.

The Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention, on Friday, May 23, adopted the following preamble to the new Constitution which is to be submitted for approval to the people of that State: "We the people of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, grateful to Almighty God for the blessings of civil and religious liberty, and humbly invoking His guidance, do ordain and establish this Constitution for its government."

The existing preamble to the Constitution is simply as follows: "We, the people of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, ordain and establish this Constitution for its government."

Comparison of these two preambles shows that the Christianizing party has gained a very significant victory in Pennsylvania over the liberals. It makes a backward step towards mediocrity, and reveals the unsuspected growth within a few years of a spirit which would welcome a return to the intolerant domination of religious fanaticism over all human interests. It is true that the Christianizers did not gain all that they wished in the direction of interpolating a creed into the fundamental law; they secured only a seemingly harmless expression of "gratitude to Almighty God;" yet the fact that a change of any sort was accomplished in that direction is one more of those numerous facts (such as that so discerningly pointed out last week by Mr. Frothingham) which ought to put every lover of liberty on his guard. Similar expressions are contained in the preambles to the Constitutions of most of the other States,—only seven of them, Delaware, Kentucky, Louisiana, Tennessee, Michigan, New Hampshire, and Oregon, having preambles free from all theological allusions. But the adoption of the proposed preamble in Penn-

sylvania is a retrograde movement carried in the face of open opposition in the Convention; and it shows that a party of dangerously unappreciated strength exists in this country, which is bent on turning back the current of liberal and secular ideas, if possible. Shall it succeed? Not if the friends of entire religious equality and freedom are on the alert to defend their principles. But if they are too sluggish, indifferent, stupid, or selfish to make the cause of universal human freedom their own, the preliminaries of a most perilous struggle will be surely and silently perfected. The newly planted batteries of the beleaguering foe begin to threaten on all sides, and the guns of Sumter are still asleep. Must we see the old drama re-enacted? If not, let there be a LIBERAL LEAGUE formed in every town without delay, to the end of instructing the community in the ideas now so feebly apprehended. Let who will be blind or inert, THE INDEX with fresh emphasis now calls on all who mean to protect religious liberty to ORGANIZE FOR ACTION.

THE REFRESHING OF THOUGHT.

Mr. Emerson says that one of the hardest tasks in the world is to think. And yet it is one of the most refreshing! Let the body be never so wearied, the spirits never so depressed, if the mind can get to thinking about great themes, and lose itself therein; or if a single great thought shall suddenly dawn upon the mental horizon, the flash of a new truth, or the new and clearer vision of an old one, illumine the instant,—then what a rebound is there to the whole system, a falling off of lassitude and dullness, an elastic recovery of all the best faculties and powers! No one can be unhappy long at a time who has the aptitude of thinking at all deeply and clearly, whose mind has the least habit of entertaining vigorous ideas. Out of the lowest depths of sadness one may climb to the highest heights of joy on the mounting progress of a great thought. A great feeling helps; but a great thought helps more, because, in the reverent mind, a great thought is sure to produce a great feeling. A vigorous mind and a pure heart work kindly together; they are married by Nature's law, and their union brings forth the offspring that giveth the highest satisfaction. A thought of the mind which seeks the truth cannot be content to stay in the cold regions of the intellect alone, but hastens into the presence of the soul; and there, in the embrace of love, it feels its deepest thrill and glows with its most beautiful blush. The man who has a mind truth-seeking, and a soul beauty-loving, is the king among men, whose kingdom is richest in mines of joy. When friends are false and friendships break, when light-winged fortune flies away, when doubt and disappointment cloud the mind, and sorrow and sadness drupe the heart, and pain cuts into the soul with a two-edged sword,—so long as we find out Truth and Beauty, and think and ponder upon the thoughts of the one, and kneel and adore before the visions of the other, we are proof against the long possession of melancholy, and can divert the heavy hand of care. David, in the midst of his affliction, said: "How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O, God!" Herder, on his dying bed, said to one standing near him: "Give me a great thought, that my soul may be refreshed before I go." Salvation by ideas he must somehow have felt was safer and better than salvation by Christ.

And, indeed, the sanitary power of ideas over both mind and body is incalculably great. Let a young man or woman have a keen interest in ideas, be eager to find them in books and conversation, and in intercourse with refined and cultivated men and women,—and we have a pretty sure guarantee that they will pass through life without much demoralization. Such an interest in free and fresh ideas is a more hopeful sign for their future, than a certificate of church-membership would be. The popular religion, with all its talk about "salvation," does not really save people; for, when it has finished its work of "conversion" with them, we frequently find it has left their minds without a great thought, and their hearts without a deep feeling. As Mr. Emerson once remarked, Calvinists have

come to be about as frivolous as other people. Philosophy and science, which the Church affects so much to despise, work out a far truer salvation for men than the Church itself does, for they kindle in the mind a great thirst for knowledge, set on fire the soul with a love of truth, fill this life with significance and inspiration. "As a man thinketh, so is he," might be made to read, to the degree that a man thinketh, does he really live. Thought is life; thoughtlessness is death.

As with men, so with nations. Let a nation have a great idea—like that of liberty, for instance—and how it thrills with life! I shall never despair for France, or Spain, or Italy, so long as they have the ambition to be free. I can somewhat forgive the Communist for his wild excesses, because he committed them when he was frenzied with the grand ideas of liberty, fraternity, and equality! Such men as Joseph Mazzini, who furnish to the youth of a nation great thoughts of humanity, of duty, who teach them that life is a mission, are the real saviors of the world, and have brows fit to wear the undying laurel of fame. My only concern for the youth of America is that they shall not lose the consecration of the great idea that conceived and gave birth to their nation—the idea of civil and religious liberty for all. Let but the inspiration of this idea live and glow upon the altar of their souls, let them in their lives but be faithful to this, and the safety and glory of our country is secure; for this is the hope of all nations, and this the prophecy of the true civilization!

A. W. S.

JESUS AS MASTER.

Men are always in a greater or less degree the products of preceding civilizations, and therefore it is quite impossible for us to say what the heroes of other ages would do were they alive to-day. Practical Christians, as they are called, vainly attempt to perform a miracle. Jesus, they tell us, is our great example and master, to be imitated and obeyed. They would jump the centuries between his life and ours, and placing him in our midst, rally to his standard. He is forever guide and master. I do not believe in miracles, and therefore I believe Jesus is an impossibility to-day. Let any man really attempt to do what "practical Christians" profess to do,—let any one, in fact as well as theory, accept Jesus as the perfect example and infallible teacher,—and he will soon find himself an anachronism, a Rip Van Winkle. He cannot live the life of Jesus, in this century, nor can he successfully be obedient to his teachings. All such attempts must result in failure. Men of different ages can be animated by the same spirit, but their lives must differ with the civilizations into which their lots are cast, and with their personal characteristics. As no two men are precisely alike in physical formation, so no two are precisely similar in mental and moral qualities, and the same life cannot possibly be lived by two persons differing physically, mentally, and morally. All great men are suggestions: they teach us an invaluable lesson, and that is the lesson of self-respect, self-trust. Jesus taught it. If I attempt to follow him, I find at the outset that I must repudiate him. Jesus was not a Christian. He called no man master. To follow him I must repudiate Christianity in all its forms. I must live my own life, be guided by my own conscience, and obedient not to his precepts but to the inner light that he claimed for himself and for all men.

After all, I suspect that our good friends who profess to believe in Jesus in this "Liberal" or "practical Christian" manner, do so in a Pickwickian sense only. They do not stop to reflect upon what Jesus would or would not do, or how he would direct them to act; they do not consult their Bibles when called upon to meet an emergency or to decide between right and wrong. They don't care what he would say. They obey the voice of God in their own souls; or, if they don't, they ought to.

R. P. H.

"Certain people," says Domergue, "study all their lives; at death they have learned everything except how to think."

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

The news is good. A few more months, and THE INDEX will ride safely away from the late threatening quarrel. May there be no more evil omens! May the past feud be forgotten! Armed anew with "funds" equal to the emergency, let the little sheet resume its proper size, and cheerfully apply itself anew to the true work of each passing week. Will it come to Boston? We shall be glad to see it here. There are some conveniences which Boston supplies, to render the step advisable. Little does it matter where a paper of this sort is issued. If it is only alive to the great discussions of the time, no matter where the types are set. Locality is a matter of business convenience. THE INDEX "knows no North, no South, no East, no West," but only human nature, its aspirations and its needs. Then, come here, or stay there, or go where it may, the same heavens are over us all, and true words will all the same "pass muster." Long life to THE INDEX! Wide-awake tranquility to its editors! Wise happiness weekly increased to its readers!

CLASS DAY AT HARVARD was comparatively dull and woefully dusty. No rain since one can remember in this part of the world. The college green, like Boston Common, is fading out brown day by day. More dust than grass already. Is every green herb and sprig to disappear? Are we to dwell in a desert for a change? These dry reflections were not wholly dissipated within the frescoed walls of Appleton Chapel. An oration and a poem! I heard a lady remark when the orator had done: "Perhaps we were expecting too much; perhaps we don't enough consider their age." The young graduate's effort was not brilliant. It might be criticized; or, you might make the allowance, as suggested by the lady above quoted, for the young man's "age"—lack of age. But I doubt if consideration of that sort would be pleasing to him. No doubt he had toiled over his manuscript; it had age, if he had not. He deserves to be frankly dealt with. The oration, I judge, did not fairly represent the man. He must speak for his class, as the orator of '73." He must treat of local topics, college life, etc. This part he performed but indifferently. But the part which had a public and general interest brought him out to better advantage. Two points I note which show that he was quite in sympathy with the spirit of modern reform. The one refers to the introduction of the "elective system" in part into the collegiate course. The speaker seized the root of the philosophy (new or old) that is likely to expand into universal application. The gist of his remarks may be given thus: No one is so completely bound as when left to take the responsibility of his own private act. Apply this to the "school of life" generally, and we have the starting-point of what in my judgment is to be the method of the new civilization. The age of compulsion, force, the age of authority, of war, is to give way to a reign of Freedom and Peace. In this direction I see great significance in the new phrase of the time—Free Religion.

The other point which roused the author's pen into bold and vigorous touch related to the right of women to enter Harvard. Coming upon the heels of President Eliot's recent speech in opposition to such a step, the strongly expressed desire of the orator of '73 created not a little sensation, and won the only hearty applause of the occasion. If the young man at this point could have politely laid aside his own "gown"! The act would have had the grace of significance; it would have extemporized the fresh breeze for which everybody was sighing and fanning. White gloves and black gowns! Style should stick to good sense close as a brother.

A FEW SUNDAYS since Henry Ward Beecher occupied the Park Street pulpit, and a strange people the pews and aisles. Murray's congregation arrived too late. The doors were open at ten o'clock. The crowd rushed in. The old rule held good,—two bodies could not occupy the same space at the same time. It was a shabby performance, but the order of the day was not well anticipated. Barnum or Beecher,—it doesn't seem to matter which. In spite of culture, Boston turns out. But Beecher's discourse was better than Barnum's speech. To enjoy him, however, you must think of a friend whose Orthodoxy is somewhat loosened, and put yourself in his place. If you would be dumfounded, think of a good stiff deacon of seventy winters, and put yourself in his place. Beecher is taking the stiffening out of Orthodoxy, without doubt—Murray at the same business. But each has a fashion of gliding forward and backward which is puzzling to the plain mind. "He's slipping away into heresy," may be the impression this Sunday. The next: "He's all right—as sound as the fathers were." Mr. Beecher, however, is getting to put a rather steady emphasis on the ability of God's love to restore all souls and perfect the universe. His discourse here was all full of love, forgiveness, purgatory, restoration. The question was no

longer about the Bible. The rising generation had to face the far more important issue of God or no God. There must be a new God placed in the heaven, or the world would go into atheism. He would himself rather be an atheist than bow to a God walled up within his own perfection,—a most comfortable being with no suffering love at work for the redemption of his gone astray, lost children. And this love must not be short-lived. It is the essence of God's being, and endures forever, active, omnipresent. The people seemed to enjoy the doctrine very much.

It seems that Mr. Murray, exchanging with Beecher, picked out a two-year-old sermon about God's justice. The report comes that Beecher's flock were not pleased with such flat-footed heterodoxy—Orthodoxy of the olden time. "He had no design in it," Beecher assured them when he arrived home. It is hard to probe the fact in such matters. Coming here the next Sunday, Murray turned again to the doctrine of love. True, love and justice *might* go hand in hand; but, theologically speaking, Orthodoxy has hitherto supposed that the last breath of the dying sinner was the signal for the Heavenly Father to shut off love and turn on justice. Now Beecher, Murray, and others, come and seem to say (a part of the time, at least), in the name of this same Orthodoxy, that it isn't so. There is no shutting off, no turning on; but a steady stream from eternity to eternity. Well, this simplifies matters, gives the universe a more wholesome atmosphere, pictures heaven as a more habitable place. But much remains for clearing up ere we see as *not* through a glass, darkly.

MR. ALCOCK I HAVE occasionally met of late. He has many pleasant things to say of the West, of his winter journey among western people. All doors and all churches seem to be open to him. It cannot be said that he is not as *radically sound* as most teachers of the word, but his is the "solvent word," that melts away all differences. He says, "Let us see in what we agree," and he reports that he can get most people of thoughtful minds to agree to the essential truths, the stable facts of a true philosophy. Mr. Alcock has certainly the secret of youth. He is young and he is old, and in this sense he may be said to be "all things to all men." He can understand old people and talk to their understanding. He can sympathize with youth, reverence with young persons their ideal, and talk to their edification. But all the while he holds fast to the silken thread of his own philosophy. It is a happy privilege to meet men and women on whose foreheads toil and the cares of the world have not set a fatal seal, nor dried up the flow of their enthusiasm.

MR. EMERSON HAS returned to his home, been most cordially received by his towns-people, and opened his own house and grounds to welcome them in return. The Concord people are beginning to think that they are favored by the gods.

THE BIBLE IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—I am not of the popular belief that it should be retained. The faith of the Protestant Church has arraigned for trial her charity. To the query, "Shall the Bible be taught in our common schools?" Faith answers, Yes; Charity, No. Which shall we abide by? True, it is a matter of conscience, but only individually so; for, when another man seeks to make his conscience in a religious matter mine, he errs; if he enforce it, then he does violence. Because the majority are in favor of its retention, does not make it right. Rights or wrongs are neither made nor unmade by majorities nor minorities. Godliness, truth, and charity are a majority at any time. The opposite line of argument is tyrannical. To support its theory, the Greek, Roman, and Mohammedan Churches, all of them larger than the Protestant, might suppress us, arguing that majority was right. Our fathers fought against this argument, and it is the force exercised by a majority on that theory that we are branding the Catholics with. The State cannot support liberal and free doctrines and consciences without making the instruction of the common school impartial.

A theory that a man would not trust his neighbor with is unfit for himself. See President Thiers, of France. No wonder the late election went against him. He upheld a doctrine for fifty years; but when he had the power to practise it, he was afraid to do it. Some are of the opinion that because they are Christians they should be held above suspicion. Beware of a man who wishes to do business with you on his profession. Look at the recent failure of the Atlantic Bank. Its insolvency is attributed to the men who were at the helm, standing upon their dignity of character to avoid investigation. If the president has a right to question, so has the depositor. Honest men court investigation, and he who cannot bear scrutiny is a rogue. —Rev. Dr. Wild (Evangelical).

I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise even a little but decidedly above the par of the religious world around us.—Dr. J. W. Alexander.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.
N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.
N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.
N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

NEEK SELF-EXALTATION.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

We are told that a certain man, going to the Jewish temple for worship, uttered his thanksgiving in these words: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess."

Throughout Christendom, there is a strong feeling of disapproval of the man whose devotion was publicly expressed in this manner. But suppose he had added the following words: "Nevertheless, none of these things have I done in mine own strength. God's grace has wrought this for me, and to him be all the glory." Would this have made the matter very much better? Is such public rehearsal of one's own possession of good qualities, or satisfactory continuance in good habits, a desirable thing, even though followed by an explicit disavowal of personal merit, as well as of vain-glorious boasting?

A negative answer to these questions would seem to be the correct one; and yet the opposite ground is taken by a highly respectable body of men, the managers of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the conductors of their daily prayer-meetings. Not only is it the custom of these men, in these meetings, frequently to repeat the statement of such desirable frames of mind, heights of spiritual experience, and improved habits of life, as they have "been enabled" to attain, and have at last, "not in their own strength," satisfactorily mastered, but the influence of those meetings is to impress the ignorant young people who resort there with the notion that such proclamation and repetition (always with the disclaimer annexed) are a duty, which will become binding on themselves whenever they shall have "been enabled" to make similar attainments. While the people at large continue to think that a tree is best known by its fruit, and a man by his untrumpeted life, attainments in the spiritual department are represented by the teachers above mentioned as incomplete without a frequent verbal advertising of them; and the converts in their meetings are given to understand that, while an amended life is very well so far as it goes, they must supplement it by repeated open declaration that it is amended. Jane Taylor, half a century ago, thought it needful to write and publish an essay entitled "Profession not Principle;" the doctrine of the Young Men's Christian Association seems to be that principle is incomplete without frequent repetitions of public profession.

If a workman, making announcement of the excellence of his chairs and tables, should add that this excellence was due, not to any strength or skill of his own, but to special endowments given him from on high, would the hearers be likely to credit him with eminent modesty, or his work with any special excellence? Common sense would rather dictate distrust of such professions. But is pretension of this sort in the spiritual department to be reckoned a merit instead of a fault? And is a frequent public enumeration of one's own attainments in piety justified by the speaker's adding—"To God be all the glory?"

The influence of the sort of prayer-meetings here referred to is to set their "converts" running in certain grooves of pious external observance; and among these no one is more strenuously insisted on than the formation of a habit of *telling* their fellow-men that they are pious. The leaders in these meetings enjoin, indeed, rectitude in the heart and in the life; but to this demand for right living they add the equally emphatic demand that public verbal proclamation of it be made. And when one of these leaders has said of his own attainments in the way of correct living something that sounds very like boasting, he is very careful to add—"I say it not boastingly." And this seeming self-justification (always with the disclaimer) is so frequently repeated by the same individuals, that the regular attendant for a year will have heard that very formula from each of them twenty or thirty times over.

The effect of such example upon the ignorant "converts" may be easily conceived. They see that talk of this sort is assumed, in that place, to be one main evidence, and indispensable among the evidences, of true piety; and they not only feel obliged, from the high standing of these teachers, to infer this process of factitious manifestation to be really indispensable, but, if they fail spontaneously to practise it, they are beset with suggestions and admonitions to that end.

"STAND UP FOR JESUS" is conspicuously placarded upon the walls of the Young Men's Christian Association; and the same injunction is repeated, more frequently than any other, in

their prayer-meetings, by way of admonition to young converts. Interpreted in one way, this injunction would be most appropriate, since the reformatory precepts of Jesus are as much needed now as when he uttered them, their true meaning being perverted and misstated by the Church, as well as neglected by those whom the Church sanctimoniously calls "the world." But in these meetings, on the contrary, the thing meant by "standing up for Jesus" is expressly declared to be standing up to declare, to an assembly of pious people, the "unmerited" attainment of a piety like their own, and the satisfaction imparted by it. The young converts are told that it is their duty to take up the cross; and are distinctly and emphatically told that this oft-repeated public verbal announcement of the spiritual advancement which they have attained without meriting it is "taking up the cross," and is also "standing up for Jesus." And if they fail to make this parade, of attainment on the one hand and of want of desert on the other, they are rebukingly asked whether they are "ashamed of Jesus;" as if this very sort of wordy demonstration had not been specially discountenanced by Jesus—as if such periodical talk-meetings as these people hold, representing them to be indispensable to the fulfilment of Christian duty, had ever been held, or enjoined, or recommended, by that great reformer!

It is sometimes objected to criticism like the above: "Suppose these people are in the wrong; suppose they do misunderstand and misrepresent both Jesus and the admirable doctrine of trust in God and love to men which he taught,—it is plain that they are obstinately bent upon adherence to their theological and ecclesiastical notions; why not let them enjoy their delusion? They are joined, as the prophet said, to their idols; why not let them alone?"

The reason for calling public attention to the folly of these sounders of their own trumpet is that their superstition is a mischievous one. Their influence tends to mislead those who come within its scope, in relation to matters of the very highest importance. They teach false and injurious views respecting God and man, and the relation between them. Dogmatizing absurdly in regard to the destiny of human beings in the future life, they make assumptions equally absurd as to the duties and occupations of our existence here. To this misrepresentation of interests common to the whole human race, they add frequent misrepresentation of the doctrine and character of those who teach a more rational faith; and, as the correction of misstatements of this sort is carefully excluded both from their meetings and their publications, it seems well to put the foregoing facts on record, where a portion of the public, at least, may be warned respecting the influence and tendency of the meetings above described.

Of course the influence of those meetings is not wholly evil; it even decidedly helps those of their frequenters who are tempted to gross vices, such as theft and drunkenness; or to vulgar habits, such as profanity, smoking, and gambling. Young people who yield to the prayer-meeting proselytism are really strengthened by it to avoid misconduct of the disreputable sort. On the other hand, they usually suffer a complete arrest of mental development, and also a deterioration or perversion of both the mental and moral faculties. How this takes place, I will try to show in another article.

SCÉPTICISM IN THE SENATE.

ST. PAUL, SENATE CHAMBER, Feb. 23, 1872.

EDITOR OF INDEX:

Dear Sir,—Possibly the following informal discussion of a question of "privilege," which took place in the senate chamber here yesterday, just before the senate was called to order, may seem to you worthy of preservation among *indicative* jests.

The Lieutenant Governor being absent, the question arose who should be president *pro tempore* of the senate; when Senator W. (who had distinguished himself the day before by the use of some very forcible, though quite unparliamentary, language in the "heat of debate") said: "The chaplain and I will run the senate to-day; the chaplain is to do the praying, and I'll do the swearing."

SEN. McD.—"The senate has assurance that both functions will be most ably performed."

SEN. E.—"Yes, and judging by results—a la Tyndall—it will be difficult to determine which of you takes the name of the Lord most in vain!"

REPORTER.

A minister examined his schoolboys thus: "What is the meaning of the word 'repentant'?" "Please, sir, don't know." "Now, if I had stolen a loaf of bread, what should I be?" "Please, sir, locked up." "Well, should I feel sorry?" "Yes." "Well, why should I feel sorry?" "Please, sir, cos you was *caught*."

Church attendance at Berlin is slim. Out of 650,000 Protestant inhabitants, only 13,000 are church-goers.

The Divorce of Senator Sumner from his wife was so easily and quietly accomplished a few days since in Boston as to render it notable among divorces of people high in social position. Not the slightest impropriety was alleged on either side. It was a match of affection; but both parties were so mature, and so fixed in their ways and habits of life, as not to harmonize. Each found out that a mistake had been committed; so, to remedy it as far as possible, Mrs. Sumner went quietly to Europe, where she has since dwelt, and by her protracted and intentional absence has given Mr. Sumner the statutory right to claim a divorce on the technical ground of abandonment—all parties meanwhile remaining on "terms of respectful tenderness." Hon. Samuel Hooper, M. C. of Boston, his father-in-law, maintains the most intimate relations with Mr. Sumner, and, though losing him as a legal son-in-law, clings to him as closely as ever as one of the best of friends.

Will the English people be favorably impressed with such oriental royalty as that attaching to the Persian Shah? He is to reach London with his three wives and his retinue and an immense amount of pomp and pageantry, to-morrow evening. That thousands will crowd and jostle each other to see such a wonderful exhibition is precisely what would occur in New York, the land of liberty and equality. The same motive, precisely, actuates the mass of people who fill the streets to see an imposing military parade. In England the people do not hold such royalty at any great figure, and then there is the absurd feature of entertaining and showing boundless respect for three wives. Why not tolerate a similar social eccentricity in Mr. John Snooks, of Chicago, say, who comes to London to see the sights? Is there any great moral difference between Snooks, of Chicago, with three wives, and the Shah of Persia with only three of several Mrs. Shahs?—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

FIVE YEARS FOR TEN CENTS.—John Fork, a cigar-maker, aged twenty-two, a native of Germany, was in the general Sessions yesterday on an indictment for stealing ten cents from John J. Nevell. On the afternoon of March 15, while Mr. Nevell was walking in Fulton street, towards Nassau, two boys, John Shay and John Fork, suddenly appeared from the hallway of No. 15, and after walking together some fifty feet, Shay took twenty cents from his overcoat pocket, half of which he dropped on the sidewalk, and Fork picked it up. In defence, Fork testified that he was not acquainted with Shay, and that he picked up the ten cents not knowing that it had been stolen. The jury, nevertheless, found him guilty, and Recorder Hackett sentenced him to State Prison for a term of five years at hard labor.—*N. Y. Sun, June 4*.

There is a curious story told in our dispatches, of a bogus Pope reigning, and of the death of Pius IX. nearly a month ago. The pontifical chair is said to be filled for the occasion by an old astute priest named Abbate Misuti, who is the image of Pius, and keeps up this singular masquerade even to the taking of a pinch of snuff during mass. It is further stated that the adherents of the church, for their own convenience till the election of a successor to Pio Nino, will permit their lummy to receive deputations, smile stably, utter compliments in Latin, take a walk now and then in the Vatican gardens, and perform such of the sacred ceremonies as are indispensable; but anything beyond that he will not do.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

A week ago Bret Harte described the sad end of Bill Nye and the fate met with at the hands of the Moors. We thought we had heard the end of him, but yesterday the *Republican* revived him in order to figure at the Battle of Waterloo: "At this moment Nye was ordered up with the 1st Guard." As the Guard died, but never surrendered, we are unable to account for his subsequent appearance in California, but leave it to the *Republican* and Bret Harte to settle it between them.—*St. Louis Globe*.

Perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of the member of the United States Congress, who, having got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend with the remark: "You'd better stop; you are coming out at the same hole you went in at!"

Advertisements.

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FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.
TOLEDO, O., June 21, 1873.

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On the Galla Religion.

BY PROFESSOR F. W. NEWMAN.

The Gallas are a people who live to the south of Abyssinia, in a very low state of civilization. The facts concerning their religion here adduced are drawn from the writings of Lorenz Tutschek,—"Dictionary and Grammar of the Galla Language, Munich, 1844-5." Probably more has been learned concerning them in these twenty-five years past, either by new intercourse, or by studying the numerous MSS. of Karl Tutschek, who died prematurely. His brother Lorenz, who has edited the Grammar and Dictionary, was drawn into African philology by nothing but the death of Karl; and professes (in 1844) his inability to use to advantage the large materials left in his hands. A sketch is here given of the very interesting account, in order to give the reader confidence that the documents here laid before him, however fragmentary, are authentic.

Duke Maximilian of Bavaria redeemed four young negroes at an African slave mart, and brought them to Germany for education, supposing them to be three Nubians and one Abyssinian. He secured for their tutor a young jurist, Karl Tutschek, who had been distinguished in linguistic study, and was acquainted with Sanskrit, Hebrew, and Arabic. After about ten weeks, Tutschek at length discovered that they were neither Nubian nor Abyssinian; that three of them had only been a year away from home, and were of excellent capacity. The youngest had forgotten most of his language and of his people, and was depressed in mind by the circumstance. They belonged to the four nations—Galla, Umale, Darfur, and Denka—and communicated with one another, very imperfectly, in vulgar Arabic. After awhile, he excited in them the desire to impart to him all that they could tell of their homes and countries, sometimes in reply to direct questions, sometimes in connected narrative suggested by him or originated by themselves. The Tutscheks do not hesitate to ascribe to some of these compositions, which were wholly oral, "great solidity and elegance as to style, contents, and arrangement," notwithstanding the youth of the narrators. Lorenz accounts for this by reminding us that the art of relating is cultivated by oriental people [by illiterate people?], and that those children of Nature are from earliest childhood eminently observant of external things, and closely acquainted with the circumstances of their villages and tribes. Karl Tutschek directed his study first to the Galla language, spoken in Akafade, which appeared to be best vocalized and easiest; but Lorenz applies to the Umale (Jalo Jordan Aré) the epithet *highly* *flexible*. Three volumes of his dictations were in Lorenz's hands when he wrote. He adds that they "deserve the praises that have been bestowed on their sterling worth as to form and

contents, and bear the impression of mature judgment and critical truth." They are divided into such as are the reproduction of the excellent memory of Jalo, and such as are his own free compositions. Jalo declared himself to be the nephew of Wofter Mat, hereditary king of the Yumales. But the Gallas alone here concern us.

On January 2, 1841, in a sitting of the philosophical class at Munich, Karl Tutschek read a report of his investigations, and laid before it a tolerably complete Dictionary of the Galla language, a sketch of the Grammar, and many dictations, prayers, and songs. He had received from M. Jomard of Paris a treatise of the Galla language, extracted from the bulletin of the Geographical Society, August, 1839, which in many ways confirmed his own results. He even found in it prayers of the Gallas, nearly agreeing with those dictated by Akafade. What was better still, he gained two months' intercourse with a second Galla named Otshu Aga, who had been delivered from slavery by Mr. Pell. By him not only all that he had learned was confirmed, but materials were given for comparing two dialects of Galla, and the number of dictations, prayers, and songs was increased. Otshu and Akafade presently became warm friends, and at Tutschek's suggestion, entered into correspondence. Hereby he got fourteen letters, valuable alike for philology and for exhibiting the mind and soul of the correspondents. Further, through Otshu, an African girl by name Bililo was introduced to Tutschek. She had been supposed Abyssinian, but was really from the Galla country *Gima*, and had taught Otshu Aga many of her songs, which Tutschek noted down. A fourth native Galla, Aman Gonda, who had been brought to Europe by Duke Paul of Wirtemberg, was visited by Tutschek. He had been a magistrate under the service of his prince, had been better educated, and appeared to speak his own language correctly. For these reasons, Tutschek set much value on his communications.

The chief occupations of the Gallas are agriculture and cattle-tending; but subordinate to these, in their villages, are weavers, tanners, potters, leather-cutters, and workers in metal, who furnish warlike implements. The form of government is royalty; but, as separate tribes have different kings, the king seems to be not much above the Arab chieftain. The royalty is generally hereditary, but is occasionally changed by election. Their religion is a monotheism, penetrating deep into all practical life, but obscured (says Lorenz Tutschek) by many superstitions. This is only to be expected; but no superstition appears in his specimens of their prayers, which, with a few verbal changes of mere English dialect, are the following:—

MORNING PRAYER.

O God, thou hast brought me through the night in peace; bring thou me through the day in peace! Wherever I may go, upon my way which thou madest peaceable for me, O God, lead my steps! When I have spoken, keep off calumny [falsehood?] from me. When I am hungry, keep me from murmuring. When I am full, keep me from pride. Calling upon thee I pass the day, O Lord who hast no Lord.

EVENING PRAYER.

O God, thou hast brought me through the day in peace; bring thou me through the night in peace! O Lord who hast no Lord, there is no strength but in thee. Thou only hast no obligation. Under thy hand I pass the day; under thy hand I pass the night. Thou art my Mother; thou my Father.

LITURGY

After the Sufferings of a Bloody Invasion.

Good God of the earth, my Lord! thou art above me, I am below thee. When misfortune comes to us, then, as trees keep off the sun, so mayest thou keep off misfortune. My Lord! be thou my screen. Calling upon thee I pass the day, calling upon thee I pass the night. When this moon rises, forsake me not. When I rise, I forsake not thee. Let the danger pass me by.

God my Lord! thou Sun with thirty rays! when the enemy comes, let not thy worm be killed upon the earth, but keep him off; as we, seeing a worm upon the earth, crush him if we like, or spare him if we like. As we tread upon and kill a worm on the earth, so thou, if it please thee, crushest us upon the earth. God! thou goest, holding the bad and the good in thy hand. My Lord! let us not be killed. We, thy worms, are praying to thee.

A man who knows not evil and good, may not anger thee. But if once he knew it, and was not willing to know it, this is wicked. Treat him as it pleases thee.

If he formerly did not learn, do thou, God my Lord! teach him. If he hear not the language of men, yet will he learn thy language.

God! thou hast made all the animals and men that live upon the earth. The corn also upon the earth, on which we are to live, thou hast made. Thou has given us strength. Thou has given us cattle and corn. We worked with them and the seed grew up for us.

With the corn which thou hadst raised for us, men were satisfied. But the corn in the house hath been burnt up. Who hath burnt the corn in the house? Thou knowest.

If I know one or two men, I know them by seeing them with my eye; but thou, even if thou didst not see them with the eye, knowest them by thy heart.

A single bad man has chased away all our people from their houses. The children and their mother hath been scattered, like a flock of turkeys, hither and thither.

The murderous enemy took the curly-headed child out of his mother's hand and killed him. Thou hast permitted all this to be done. But why so? Thou knowest.

The corn which thou raisest, thou shonest to our eyes. To it the hungry man looketh and is comforted. Yet when the corn bloometh, thou sendest into it butterflies and locusts and doves. All this comes from thy hand. Thou hast caused it. But why so? Thou knowest.

My Lord! spare those who pray to thee. As a thief stealing another's corn is bound by the owner of the corn, not so bind thou us, O Lord! But thou, binding the beloved one, settest him free by love.

If I am beloved by thee, so set me free, I entreat thee from my heart. If I do not pray to thee with my heart, thou hearest me not. But if I pray to thee with my heart, thou knowest it, and art gracious unto me.

The inquiry suggests itself, How old is this religion of the Gallas? It contains no trace of Mohammedan, nor yet of Christian influence. God is, in their belief, as Lorenz Tutschek observes, the One Supreme, almighty, all-knowing, all-wise, and all-good. No prophet, no angel appears. If the religion were an independent reform originated in modern times, Theism superseding Polytheism, one might expect some prophet's name to be connected with it. *Prima facie*, the probability seems rather to be that it is contemporaneous with Hebrew Theism and akin with the old Abyssinian religion; perhaps, also, with that of Sheba, which was the south east corner of Arabia.

In a paper read before the Philological Society of London in 1847, I tried to show the relation of the Galla verb and pronouns to those of other known tongues; and claimed for the language a place in the class which Pritchard has styled *Hebræo-African*. This class, besides the group related closely to Arabic and Hebrew, comprises the Abyssinian language, those of Mount Atlas and the Great Western Desert (of which the Zouave is now the best known), and perhaps even the ancient Egyptian.

We know that the old Abyssinian language, called the Gheez, differed little from Hebrew, and that there was an ancient sympathy between the Hebrews and Sheba (where Jewish princes ruled, in the time of the Maccabees); also between Judæa and Abyssinia. It may be thrown out for further inquiry, whether possibly a common Theism was maintained, a thousand years before the Christian era, in these three countries, and also in that of the Gallas.

CONTRAST BETWEEN MORALITY AND RELIGION.

AN ESSAY READ IN THE "STAR CLUB" OF TITUSVILLE, PA., JUNE 1, 1873.

BY MORRIS EINSTEIN.

When we judiciously inquire into the nature of Morality and Religion, we find a vastly greater difference, and even antagonism, between them than most people are aware of or ready to admit. Morality is simple, easy to comprehend, and therefore without difficulty definable to the comprehension of everybody. It is, furthermore, the judge and monitor in our inmost nature, that judges our thoughts and sentiments, urges us on to purify them, encourages us to perform those acts which she recognizes as right and good, be the consequences what they may, and admonishes us as strongly to free ourselves from every impure thought and sentiment, and to abstain from any and every act that she recognizes as wrong and bad. On our conforming to her laws, she manifests her approval by the sweetest peace and the happiest satisfaction and contentment in our heart; as she also manifests her disapproval on our transgressing her laws, by the most painful remorse and unrest of mind. In all this, men, no matter what their nationality or culture—the lowest types of humanity and wild savages alone excepted—will probably agree; for the elements, the general teachings, of Morality are so strongly implanted in our nature that they form an integral part of it, and will, unless prevented by unfavorable conditions, naturally develop themselves, requiring no supernatural revelation and no miraculous promptings.

Such, however, is by no means the case with Religion. Yet, while unable to deny or even effectually to dispute the excellence of Morality, it nevertheless refuses to acknowledge the supremacy of her laws and the value of moral acts unsanctified by religious authority and unaccompanied by "Faith." Some, if not all religions are even so antagonistic to Morality as to recognize Faith alone as the way to perfection and happiness ("salvation"), denying to Morality all value unless faith in peculiar dogmas and doctrines sanctions it. Surprising as this may appear to us, it is nevertheless the logical and necessary consequence of the essentially different natures of Morality and Religion. In order to account for this antagonism, and decide rightly as to the respective claims of the two, it will become necessary for us to analyze them more critically.

But before we attempt this, it will be well to recollect that Religion cannot so easily and satisfactorily be defined as Morality, because it is not so definite in itself, and because its laws, dogmas, and doctrines are not so uniformly or generally accepted. Hence almost every theological writer has given us a different definition of Religion. Very naturally so, too, I think. For education, early imbibed prejudices, habits of thought, mental qualities, and a multitude of other similar causes exert the greatest influence on the individual in forming his conception of Religion, inclining him to the doctrines of a special religion, or making him sceptical. Hence even the believers in the same special religion vary most essentially in their individual views and conceptions of Religion. And although they may all agree in ascribing to it, as is generally done, a double source and character, yet they vary again very materially as to the nature of this source and character. Thus, to the most intensely religious, to those who claim to be the only "truly religious," religion is something *entirely objective*—coming to man, according to their theory, by "Divine grace," or "supernatural revelation." To others, on the contrary, it is something *subjective*: is essential to man, a part of his nature, coming to him by "Intuition," and its special teachings and truths, according to some, also by supernatural revelation of the Deity,—according to others again, partly by this, and partly by the assistance of our own mental faculties and the revelations in and of Nature. These differences of views, as already indicated above, result respectively from the more mystical or the more rational turn of mind of the different believers. In either case, however, as soon as a supernatural revelation is believed in and admitted, this "Divine revelation" must of necessity become superior to any power, faculty, knowledge, or truth man may possess or be able to attain. Hence an implicit faith in and a life in harmony with this revelation must be the highest aim of the believer in it. Further, as this revelation is supposed to come to us from "on high," mere faith in it becomes something really good and meritorious, making us indeed the "children of God," his "elect" and "favorites," the "heirs of his kingdom," while those who doubt or disregard it become his "enemies," must suffer his "displeasure and punishment." Hence not only the reason, but really the justification, of the intolerance and persecution found among intensely religious peoples and individuals of every religion.

Morality, on the contrary, depends on no other revelation than her own, is independent of all and every inspiration save her own, teaches but

her own laws and sublime truths, which, when not obscured by ignorance, superstition, or the prejudices engendered by religious trainings, are invariably the same in and for all men; for they are, as already stated, founded on the very nature of man, demonstrable by science and philosophy, and in harmony with the deductions of reason, which, with the spontaneous judgments of morality herself, forms the conscience. Of course I mean the true and real, the human, conscience, and not the falsely so-called religious conscience, which is artificial, the product of accidental circumstances.

But what gives Morality a still higher value is the impartiality and unerring correctness of her judgments, the directness and quickness of her sentences, and the never-failing effect on our happiness or unhappiness. As repeatedly stated in this essay, Morality is based on the highest faculty of man, his reason; and her laws, sustained as they are by science, philosophy, and experience, are consequently the highest man can perceive. It is also these sublime laws by which she judges our thoughts, sentiments, and actions. Highly important as this certainly is, it is not sufficient; and Morality might, for all that, be indeed of very little value to us if her functions ended here. But this is happily by no means the case. Conscience (as defined above) is always active in our mind, albeit its voice is not always heeded by us; and it either approves of our thoughts and sentiments, encourages us and urges us on to moral actions, or admonishes us to abstain from those of which she disapproves and condemns as immoral. Morality, furthermore, lends to the conscience such a fine sensibility, such an unalloyed happiness or such agonizing unhappiness, according as she approves or disapproves of our thoughts, sentiments, and actions, that they both in their union become the surest and most reliable guides for men in all and every situation of life; a wholesome humiliation in fortune, a sweet comforter in misfortune, an effective consolator in suffering, pain, losses, or injustice, and withal such a blessing and felicity for the moral man, that nothing can be compared with it unless it be, by way of contrast, the misery, suffering, and unhappiness of the immoral.

But what immensely enhances the high value of Morality is the fact that this state of happiness or unhappiness results spontaneously from our own acts, and accompanies them simultaneously; and that we can by no means escape from these inevitable results. The consciousness of the certainty of these results of our actions becomes thus a new stimulus, and a strong one, to the good, the moral, and a terror and effective monitor to the bad, the immoral; for they both are convinced that this happiness or unhappiness is the sure, real, and immediate result of obedience or disobedience to the never-changing laws of Morality.

It is especially herein that Morality so greatly varies from, and so infinitely surpasses, Religion; which receives her laws from a pretended supernatural revelation, that itself rests on faith alone. This pretended supernatural revelation, moreover, emanates confessedly from a Being of whose very existence there is not only no evidence, but whose very nature and essence, if existing, surpasses totally all human comprehension. The natural consequence of all this is, that all the various supernatural revelations (for it must be borne in mind that almost every noted nation of antiquity claimed some such revelation as peculiarly its own) vary most decidedly from one another, and very often contradict one another to such a degree that what is declared as of the highest importance or most sacred and meritorious in the one, is pronounced false, wrong, or wicked by the other. Even the teachings of one and the same religion, founded on one and the same pretended revelation, frequently contradict themselves and change their character, form, and meaning in course of time. For each of these various revelations is so enveloped in mysteries, and so mixed up with human additions, alterations, interpolations, forgeries, fables, and legends, that volumes upon volumes of commentaries have been necessary, and the wisest men's wits have been taxed to the utmost, to explain it and define the "true sense" of its teachings. After all these pains have been taken, we still find that what is really fine, true, and good in them is taught much more plainly by Morality; while what is puerile, false, or bad in them, and only that, is properly their own. Thus it is often found, even in what are generally considered the best of religions, that the most important doctrines are false, imaginary, or even objectionable, when tested by the pure light of reason and the sublime standard of Morality.

True, it is claimed by the advocates of Revelation and the votaries of Religion, that the "religious" man finds in the simplicity of his faith and the consciousness of his "religiousness" an equal happiness and satisfaction to that which the "merely moral" man finds in Morality and in the approval of his own conscience. But, waiving now a more critical examination of the correctness or incorrectness of this claim, and avoiding the lengthy metaphysical dissertation to which it must lead, I would only call attention

to the indisputable fact that, while the claim of happiness of the former is based on *belief merely*, and is thus at least very liable to be illusory and imaginary, that of the latter is founded in the very nature of his being, his *real* consciousness, and the harmony and agreement of all his highest faculties. The former, furthermore, rests his happiness on a dubious future existence; while the latter is sure of it here, since he finds it in himself, resulting from and inevitably following his own actions. Thus Religion may, as it actually often does, make fanatics of us; Morality never. The latter can only make us more perfectly human, better men and women. Religion may, nay must, make us intolerant; Morality, on the contrary, more philanthropic, humane, tolerant, and forbearing. Religion may make us infatuated anchorites, "crucifying the flesh" and despising the world and ourselves; Morality will teach us how to live rightly, how to be useful to ourselves and to others, how to perfect ourselves and the world we live in, and how to make it a happy abode for ourselves and our fellow-beings. Religion, then, is but an *ignis fatuus* leading those astray that follow it; Morality, however, is a bright, glorious luminary that sheds its beneficent rays on the path of our life, that we may travel it and stumble not.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OR

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

That brings me to my shipmates, of whom you'll expect some sort of description. There was only one first cabin passenger besides Maberley—a queer, foolish young fellow, who smoked a great deal, and delighted in all sorts of eccentricity. He actually cut off the legs of his trousers above the knees, and went hopping about the deck in those extemporized knickerbockers, like a preposterous bird. I think he must have been half crazy. The steerage and intermediate contained over a hundred of us plebeians—English, Irish, German, and miscellaneous. But perhaps I ought to say something first about the officers and crew, especially as I can dismiss them very summarily.

Our captain was a hard-featured, wrinkled old salt from New Hampshire, U. S., and a teetotaler, who swore by General Jackson and talked through his nose. The mate I have spoken of before—an ill-conditioned, arbitrary beast, who hated everything English and was ultra-Yankee in his conceit of his own country. He regarded the passengers as nuisances, and bullied the crew most tyrannically. They would have liked to murder him. He was a good sailor, though. Dick (who made a wonderful caricature of him—mine is a likeness) says that all good business men must be disagreeable in virtue of their efficiency.

The second mate was a burly, stocky, thick-set Briton from Newcastle—not at all a bad fellow—who had been shipwrecked three times in succession, and recently only escaped with life from a burning vessel. The sailors called him Jonah, which he didn't like. They have a prejudice against unlucky people, approximating towards superstition. They were a rough lot, of various nationalities, Dutch and English predominating—all young fellows, and certainly not enough to work the ship without aid from the steerage; which is, I think, pretty generally calculated upon in vessels carrying emigrants. We pulled at the ropes with the rest. One sailor, called Frank, a very picturesque, hairy fellow, of whom I append a portrait, had been aboard a slaver, and told horrid yarns about the detestable traffic, of which (he was an American) he seemed to think nothing. He said they used to *sprinkle tacks* among the negroes stowed away between decks, to make them lie quiet, and prevent the bigger and stronger ones fighting for room, which damaged the women and children! The nails, running into their naked flesh when they stirred, kept them still; and though this hurt, it didn't spoil them for sale. This, he added, was the regular practice nowadays; before it was thought of, the owners were put to no end of expense for irons.

But now let us descend into the steerage and pay our respects to the Germans, who are largely in the majority among the passengers. They were mostly bound for the far West, and travelled in companies—a good plan, and one which other emigrants (except Mormons) don't seem to have adopted. These companies had a captain, elected by general vote: a jolly fellow with a red beard and a perpetual pipe—always in his shirt-sleeves and never out of temper. He lived in the United States, knew the route and the place to which his party were going, and it was his business to "put them through" as con-

veniently and economically as possible. He had bargained for their passage, laid in provisions wholesale, and, on the voyage, detailed men and women to the cooking department; and his decision was final in all disputes and quarrels. Those over whom he presided were a queer, good-natured lot, as funny to look at as if they had just stepped out of the pages of a comic German paper. There were odd old men with long hair, like tow, or short as bristles, and quaint, nut-cracker visages; stumpy, harsh-featured young ones, sporting the stiffest and most prickly of moustachios; skinny old women whose faces remind one of Albert Durer's engravings; plain, thick-waisted *frauleins*, and unlimited children—little flaxen-headed things, curiously like their seniors. The men wore extraordinary clothes, long coats of green balze with ornamental flourishes in red or yellow worsted about the capes and cuffs and pockets; short ones of bright blue or dirty orange, fitting as tight as if their owners had been melted and poured into them; trousers like skins or as loose as collapsed balloons; all sorts of hats and caps, and shoes—well, looking as if the feet wearing them had been dipped in ink and then let dry. Also the knobbyest, dustiest boots; and various kinds of slippers, generally decorated with beads or braid. As for the women, you must excuse my attempting their costume: like most of my sex I can't describe female attire beyond saying that it's pretty or the reverse. That of the *fraus* was emphatically dowdy and buy-a-broomish, with a tendency to be bulgy, or straight all the way down, and to terminate in blue stockings and roomy carpet-slippers.

All of which peculiarities, observe, don't prevent these poor Germans from being very worthy, industrious folk—about as good raw material, I fancy, as the old world sends here to be ground out into citizens of the great republic; which boasts, and not without reason, that it has a home for everybody. They all seem to do well, to stay and prosper. You are quite surprised, in New York, at the number of German and Dutch names on the streets and houses. I was, too, delighted to identify the localities mentioned in that famous "Knickerbocker" history (which you could never see the fun of)—how little I thought, when I first read it, that I should have the luck to come here! I intend, if I have time, to go and explore Communipaw, and Sleepy Hollow, and Hell Gate (awful name, isn't it?) and other places immortalized by Washington Irving—though the people here don't seem to think much of 'em. It's always so: when Harry and I went to Stratford-on-Avon, we lodged at an inn the landlord of which had never been inside the house where Shakespeare was born.

But let me get back to my Germans aboard the "Cayuga." They smoked, and talked, and sang, and made the best of everything, especially the cookery, for nothing in the shape of food seemed to come amiss to them. Thus they ate raw ham, and concocted soups from beer, cabbage, potatoes, broken biscuit, beans, peas—separate or altogether. In which connection, I may incidentally mention that what with paying the cook for his valuable services and buying bread of him (highly-flavored with an abomination called saleratus), we spent so much money that we might have gone cheaper in the first cabin. Never mind! we had our fun for our money, and didn't repent it.

There were a few Irish aboard—perhaps a dozen—though, of course, they generally go by way of Liverpool. Most of them had had their passage paid on this side of the water, or the money remitted to them, by their kinsfolk in America: a practice which is so common and so generously exercised that it reflects great credit on the kindness and warmth of heart of these poor people, whom I'd like to like, if it weren't so evident that they all hate Englishmen and regard them as their natural enemies. There are so many here, in the United States, that you wonder how any can be left in their own country. They all seem to thrive, too, and are a pretty formidable element in the ever-seething cauldron of American politics. Those aboard the "Cayuga" were so ragged that you could have believed Hood's joke about the English beggars sending all their old clothes to Ireland. They had the half-cunning, half-humorous faces we are all so familiar with. Some of the young women were handsome, but most of the old ones seemed to have come into the world predestined to sell apples and mumble short-pipes at street corners.

We Britons were too various for general description, and I don't want to catalogue individuals. I must, however, find room for one, who was quite a character on board—the husband of the woman whom Dick saved from drowning. He rather attached himself to us, in consequence; though I'm not sure that he ought to have regarded it as a favor, for the pair quarrelled like cat and dog throughout the voyage, as we had plenty of opportunities of observing, from their living in the opposite compartment. Fancy a little man—the shortest I have ever seen out of a show, for he couldn't have been five feet high—not at all bad looking, very good natured and extremely conceited; also so com-

municative that he told everybody who would listen to him all about his personal history, even to the minutest particulars—such as you couldn't listen to without laughing. Thus we learned that he had been pitchforked into the world at a very early age, owing to his mother's second marriage; had turned printer's devil; lived up all sorts of queer courts and alleys about Fleet Street; experienced all kinds of ups and downs amid shifty, shabby people; been fallen in love with by a woman old enough to be his grandmother, whom he wouldn't marry and was obliged to run away from; was near dying of cholera in a hospital, where a beautiful mysterious lady came to see him and claimed him as her son—and ever so much more, which would double the length of this letter in telling. Ultimately he had determined on emigration, with his big, black-haired, sulky-looking wife, who couldn't read or write; and who had walked all the way to London from "the black country" to be married to him, on the strength of what he called "a few idle gallantries" paid to her during his visit, as a journeyman printer, to Wolverhampton. Poor little Bowers! notwithstanding his enormous vanity and extraordinary stories (or because of them), he became a great favorite on board: people liked him and played all manner of tricks on him. He was persuaded into sending a challenge to Maberley, on the pretext that he "took liberties" when Mrs. Bowers accidentally ran into his arms during a lurch of the vessel; and proposed a duel with pistols, on the hurricane deck, at day-break, for which the mate threatened to put him in irons. And the sailors enticed him aloft and then made a "spread-eagle" of him, by tying him to the rigging, until he sang "Rule Britannia" (he was very proud of his slugging) and "stood" some rum. Also he distinguished himself in "chicken-fights," a maritime amusement, which I shall describe for the benefit of Frank—who, however, mustn't try it on Mills. The two combatants squat down on the deck, with their hands tied at the wrists, and clasp their knees, while a stick is passed under their legs and across their arms. Thus pinioned, they are set face to face, and the game consists in trying to upset each other, by inserting each other's toes under his antagonist's boot-soles. As neither can stir without risking his equilibrium, and both are utterly helpless when overthrown, you may imagine the absurdity.

In a five week's voyage you have plenty of time for getting acquainted with your fellow-passengers; and it is pleasant to observe how kind and friendly you become, and how much easier it is to like than dislike your fellow-creatures. To be sure some of them quarrelled occasionally, but there was much more joking and telling stories and reading, chatting, and card-playing; and if an Irishman did set his blanket afire by surreptitiously smoking in bed, he was put out with a pall of dirty water chucked over him—so no harm came of it. I would defy the strongest believer in your cheerful doctrine of total depravity to go the rounds of the steerage of an emigrant ship and witness the general good humor, the mutual forbearance, the making the best of inconveniences, and numberless little friendly offices of poor people not long ago entire strangers to each other, without thinking there is some good in human nature, after all. And if he sailed with them—say across the Black Hole, or deepest spot between the Old and New World, on a good, wild night, when the wind was shrieking and howling like the refrain of Tennyson's "Sisters," and the black, awful sea looked the embodiment of resistance, remorseless cruelty, contrasted with which his vessel seemed a mere egg-shell for frailty—I shouldn't wonder if he mightn't go below and turn in, loving everybody heartily. We should all have been downright sorry at parting, if anybody could be sorry at reaching land after so much salt water.

As we got into warmer latitudes and approached the American continent, the weather became magnificent. I never saw such sunsets or such colors, in water. By night the sea was phosphorescent—all alive with bright sparks, which danced and leaped and swirled and eddied until they drifted off into the great broad track of foam in our wake, serpentine out into the darkness. By day the waves reminded me of—I was going to say Turner's pictures, but even he never painted, although he may have dreamed of, such pearly whites, living emerald-greens and gushes as of submarine sunlight, as we saw over the side of the "Cayuga," while all around stretched the blue-black, illimitable waters of the Atlantic. I used to lean over the stern for hours together, thinking of Tennyson's *Mermaid* and *Mermaid*, and Kingsley's *Water-Babies*, with my face turned towards you and England. Also I had a gloomy satisfaction in keeping my watch at London time, so that I might imagine what you were doing.

[To be continued.]

Uphold truth when thou canst, and for her sake be hated; but know thy individual cause is not the cause of truth, and beware that they are not confounded.—*Gosche*.

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

ARITHMETICAL RELIGION.—The following is a translation from the Spanish of a printed document which was picked up by an officer of the U. S. Army, in a room of the palace occupied by Lieut.-Gen. Scott, while in the city of Mexico. On the printed sheet was an illustration of the Crucifixion of our Lord:—

"Copy of an account found in the *Holy Sepulchre* of our Lord Jesus Christ, in possession of the Holy Pontiff, in his Oratory, and also of King Philip IV., engraved on a plate of silver. It states that St. Bridget, and St. Elizabeth Queen of Hungary, having offered up a supplication to our Lord Jesus Christ, and being desirous to learn the details of the last sufferings of the Redeemer, he appeared unto them and spoke as follows:—

"Know ye, beloved daughters, that the soldiers, my captors, numbered 205—that I was placed in the custody of 25. They gave me 110 cuffs to excite me to anger. I received 80 blows on the mouth; on the breast 150; and tied to a pillar they inflicted 5670 lashes. My flesh was torn in 101 places, and I received 1800 mortal stabs. Bearing the *Holy* (?) Cross I fell thrice, and the blood that flowed from my wounds was 300,670 drops.

"To those who shall say 7 Pater Nosters and 7 Aves for the space of 12 years, until the same attain the number of drops of blood that I shed, I will grant 5 mercies.

"1. Remission of all sins.

"2. Remission from the torments of Purgatory.

"3. Should the individual die before the expiration of the 12 years, he or she shall be entitled to the full benefit of the entire 12.

"4. I shall come down from heaven to earth to take his or her soul to my arms, and this mercy shall be extended to his or her relations.

"5. Those who shall have a copy of this about them shall be free from the evil spirit, and shall not die a violent death. Moreover, the devil shall be cast out of every house possessing a copy of this. Four days before their death my blessed Mother will descend to earth to bear them company and bring them comfort. The woman who shall have a copy of this about her, being in danger of childbirth, shall be safely delivered.

"The bearer of this must inscribe name and date.

"(Published in Rome, republished in Jalapa, by F. Aburto. 1848.)"—*Church Journal*.

SMITTEN BY GOD.—One night this week a young man left the Union Methodist Episcopal Church during services, and, as he passed out, a gentleman overheard him say that if he never got religion until he got it by kneeling at a Methodist altar, he certainly would be damned. The next night Rev. Mr. Chadwick, the pastor of the church, referred to the above remark, and stated that the young man who made it was then speechless, and his death was looked for hourly.—*Covington Cor. of Cin. Commercial*.

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending July 5, 1873.

Augustus Reese, \$5; A. J. Grover, \$3; A. L. Clark, \$3; Samuel Cole, \$3; Wm. H. DeCamp, \$1.50; Jas. G. Richardson, \$3; A. F. Church, \$3; B. B. Marshall, \$3; T. E. Skinner, \$3; D. Throne, \$3; E. D. Larned, \$1.50; Nath'l Little, Jr., \$10; C. D. Childs, \$3; S. R. Smith, 75 cts.; J. P. Bogue, \$1; Thos. Metcalf, 75 cts.; H. Bamberger, 75 cts.; Jacob Eldridge, \$3; R. G. Horr, \$3; S. H. Talbot, \$1.50; A. G. Williams, \$1.50; G. B. Morton, \$5; Lyman Hodson, \$1.50; Geo. M. Scott, \$1.50; O. A. Rogers, \$1.50; F. A. Jordan, \$2; Wm. Chestnut, \$2; Chas. Toller, \$3; P. V. Wice, \$1; T. F. Williams, \$3; Marc Thrane, \$1.50; Chas. Sower, \$2.25; Chas. T. How, \$3; C. G. Glenn, 50 cts.; A. P. Pritchard, \$3; Geo. B. Wheeler, \$3; Truman Van Tassel, \$3; A. E. Whitmore, \$3; Sara C. Shultz, \$3; Eliza Purchase, \$3; C. B. Lusk, \$3; Oliver Johnson, \$1.50; L. G. Warren, 25 cts.; Wm. J. Lewis, \$10; Horace White, \$1.50; M. A. Karschedt, \$3; S. N. Hamilton, \$1.50; N. A. Lombard, \$3; Henry Rice, \$1.50; David Bronson, \$1; Joseph Marsh, \$1; Ramon S. Olds, \$3; Lemuel Adams, \$1.50; E. W. Seigman, \$1.50; Harley Holmes, \$3; E. Livezey, \$3; J. Tinney, \$1.50; Joseph Knight, \$3; Ira Maxwell, \$3; John French, \$3; L. E. Sewall, \$3; Frank Rowell, \$3; J. D. Bernd, \$3; William Cheever, \$3; Daniel Stein, \$3; J. M. Holmes, \$1.50; Geo. H. French, \$3; E. D. Schull, \$1.50; Phil. J. Jacobs, \$3; F. S. Dunham, \$30; L. K. Patne, 60 cts.; Sophia Euphras, 75 cts.; Wm. J. Flagg, 60 cts.; W. W. Alley, 25 cts.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

RECEIVED.

A COMPLETE NARRATIVE OF THE MYSTERIES OF NEW YORK CITY. No. 11. New York: F. GERRARD, 16 Day St. 1873.

GERMAN IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS: Its Direct and Tangible Value. New York: E. STEIGER, 21 and 24 Frankfort St.

VASSAR COLLEGE. A Sketch of its Foundation, Aims, and Resources. Prepared by the President of the College. May, 1873. New York: B. W. GREEN.

THE SANITARIAN. July, 1873. New York and Chicago: A. S. BARNES & Co.

THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW. July, 1873. Boston: L. C. BOWLER, 38 Bromfield St.

THE LADIES' OWN MAGAZINE. July, 1873. Chicago: M. C. BLAND & Co., 267 W. Madison St.

The Index.

JULY 12, 1873.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern, New York City, One Share	\$1.00
Rich'd B. Westbrook, Sonmad, Pa., " "	100
R. C. Spencer, Milwaukee, Wis., Two " "	200
R. W. Bowen, Boston, Mass., One " "	100

DOLLAR DONATION FUND.

This fund is to be used, first, in meeting any deficiency in current expenses that may result from the recent "Index troubles," and, secondly, in such other ways as the editor shall find most advantageous for the paper. All appropriations will be reported to the Directors.

Acknowledged with thanks for the week ending July 5:-

\$1.00 each—D. Throne, Edward Ayres, Louise L. Giles, E. S. Dunham, F. A. Jordan, Edward Howland, S. G. Morgan, J. C. Heywood, M. P. Heywood, George A. Hamilton, W. A. Thurston, M. C. Palmer, Chas. Tollner, "A Subscriber," Sophia B. Carter, A. Elswald; \$2.00 each—Chas. H. White, Jas. W. White, F. S. Allen, D. Lyman; \$5.00 each—Charles Storrs, Edward Wigglesworth.

"PLEASE RENEW!"

Bills have just been sent from THE INDEX Office to more than a thousand subscribers to the paper whose terms have recently expired, and to various other parties owing money to the Association. Every one of these who promptly remits the amount helps to repair the damage of the past six months: every one who neglects to do this helps to increase the damage by perpetuating it. It is hoped that the paper can be enlarged again very soon; but if not, the \$3.00 now paid will cover a proportional term of subscription.

A RARE CHANCE FOR CLUBS.

To clubs of three or more new subscribers, THE INDEX will be sent for one year at \$2.00 each, provided \$2.00 are remitted with the name in every case. This offer does not include old subscribers, and it is limited to the first day of September. The names must be all new, and must be sent in by September 1.

Here is a splendid chance for all disinterested friends of THE INDEX and its ideas to increase its circulation. For a few weeks only the above offer will stand. Among our subscribers are many earnest and active women who profoundly sympathize with the paper. We appeal especially to them to form clubs everywhere. Who will respond? Roll up the lists!

THE REMOVAL OF THE INDEX.

The following generous letter explains itself:

"NEW HARTFORD, Oneida Co., N. Y.,
June 29, 1873.

"Dear Sir,—Though not qualified to judge of the comparative advantages of New York and Boston, and having consequently no preference, I shall be prepared to give \$5.00 towards the enterprise of transplanting THE INDEX to either field, as soon as I am notified that contributions to that purpose are in order; and am very respectfully,
WM. DUDGEON.

"MR. ABBOT."
In response we would say that such pledges as the above are entirely "in order," and will be very gladly received. So important to the future prosperity of the paper and the increase of its influence, so essential to the success of its attempts to carry forward the religious development of this country and the world in the direction of a larger practical freedom and higher spiritual truth, do we consider the establishment of THE INDEX in a place where its roots can strike deep, that we propose to spend several weeks in direct personal efforts to accomplish

this result. Before this reaches our readers, we shall be on our way eastward, hoping and expecting to find cordial co-operation in an undertaking which is not ours, but freedom's and truth's. Whoever is willing to help it onward should write immediately how much he will contribute to the removal, to the address of "F. E. Abbot, care of Charles Vaughan, Esq., Cambridge, Mass." It will be possible to get along in Toledo with THE INDEX at the reduced size, without regular contributors, and with a stationary or very slowly increasing circulation; but if the paper is to become a felt power in moulding public opinion and arousing public action in behalf of "liberty and light," it must be helped out of the difficulties into which it has been most treacherously betrayed, established in Boston or New York, and enabled to resume the enlarged size, to concentrate in its pages the genius and earnestness of the best minds, and by its intrinsic excellence to command the enthusiasm of its friends and the dismay of its enemies. Frankly, we confess that we shall be greatly disappointed and disheartened, if our hard work of the past three years and a half has done nothing to stir up a spirit of courage, devotedness, and willingness to give and to do, in the hearts of American liberals. It will be humiliating indeed if free thought shall prove to be incorrigibly inferior to Christianity in public-spiritedness and noble liberality for the noblest ends. By no fault of ours, THE INDEX now needs money to do its great work greatly: it is unnecessary to expatiate here on the why or the wherefore, but that is the fact. Shall it be left to struggle alone out of the slough, or perhaps be abandoned in it? Or shall the men and women who comprehend and welcome the extreme word of radicalism prove that their hearts are as large as their heads are clear?

"SORE, SICKLY MORALITY."

Senator Carpenter's recent speech at Jamesville, Wisconsin, is the high-water mark of modern "corruptionism." As reported, it is a brazen defence of the Crédit Mobilier and "back salary grab" transactions. The closing portion of it reads thus:—

"Washington left the impress of his character upon his own and succeeding generations. Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, and others gave an impulse to public thought, and fixed a standard of public virtue under which we have grown to be a great and happy people. But it was left for Oakes Ames to lift the standard of public virtue clean out of mortal sight. Things which, viewed in the light of our Savior's teachings, and estimated by the standard of Christian morality, are as harmless as the cooing of a dove, are larcenies, mortal sins, in the light of 1873, and estimated by the standard of alarm and fright created by Oakes Ames and the Crédit Mobilier investigation. Earthquakes sometimes come and storms sometimes rage, but the earth will not always rock nor rains always fall, and we may hope that the present sore, sickly morality will sometime give place to the manly and healthy virtue taught by the Master of Nazareth."

It will take more than the teachings of the "Master of Nazareth" to extirpate the "present sore, sickly morality," by which is meant the indignation of the people at the proceedings defended so audaciously by the honorable Senator. It is bad enough when the United States are disgraced throughout Europe by the misconduct of our Commissioners at the Vienna Exposition,—when the American minister to England is mixed up in a fraudulent mining scheme into which the British public have been inveigled to the extent of £1,000,000,—when General Fremont stands convicted by the French courts, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, for a "complicity in a gigantic fraud by which hundreds of poor French peasants were induced to buy worthless bonds of a bogus Texan railroad, on the strength of a forged certificate;" but it is intolerable public shame when a member of the United States Senate openly scoffs at the "sore, sickly morality" which refuses to admire the pillaging of the Treasury by himself and his associates as an illustration of the "manly and healthy virtue" indicated by "our Savior's teachings!" If this is the virtue commanded by the Christian gospel, so much the worse for the gospel. The only hope for America is the fact that

politicians guilty of such "virtue," and such defence of it, are now unpitifully dragged from the Nazarene skirts to which they cling, and set in the pillory of the public contempt; and that their political prospects are even more "sore and sickly" than the "morality" from which they fled to take refuge behind the "Savior." Unless public opinion now gets well cured of its reverence for the "Christian statesmanship" which lies and steals in the name of the "Master of Nazareth," the destiny of the Republic will be one from which every true patriot may well avert his eyes. The gospel now needed by this country is not the Christian one, but rather, as the New York Nation some months ago faithfully pointed out, the gospel of common honesty. Away with the canting hypocrisy, which uses the name of Jesus to obfuscate the public conscience, and seeks to clothe naked swindlers with the sanctities of a still powerful superstition! It is high time to come back to the simplicity of radicalism, and learn to see nothing sacred but the homely virtues of truthfulness, justice, uprightness, fidelity, honor!

QUAKER REVIVALS.

"For me the silent reverence, where
My brethren gather, slow and calm."
WHITTIER.

Where is gone the dignity that marked the "Friends' Meetings" of other days? The thoughtful silence, the long patience, the gentleness, the solemnity, the pauses? The great cathedrals of Europe, on whose stillness a thousand worshippers make scarce a ripple, are hardly so peaceful as those serene occasions. No matter what was said or done, there was refreshment in what was left undone and unsaid; the speeches might be dull, but the silences worked conviction. The Spirit might not always seem effectual when it moved, but it was heavenly when it restrained.

Does it restrain now? Not a bit of it. Go into the great Yearly Meeting at Newport, and instead of those grave elders on the high seats—or above them and controlling them—you see a nervous, feverish, eager man, in the attire of the world's people, and with all the air of an excited Second-Advent exhorter. He it is who leads the revival, fills up the pauses, cracks the spiritual whip over the heads of the timid, the doubtful, the modest. "There is no time to lose," he says; "Jesus is here—this moment may be the last of your lives. Confess his name before men; give yourselves openly to him, and he will save you." Amid sobs and tears, the excitement begins. The old, the young, the children, rise eagerly to say that all is right with their souls, and to urge each other to do the like. Waiting on the Spirit? That inspiring, restraining "Inward Light" seems as obsolete as the old French monarchy; it is as superfluous as Louis Napoleon after the Commune had set in. This noisy, spiritual Commune has its day at last, and there is a feverish excitement in which the Goddess Reason, instead of being set up, is thrown down.

In the older speakers, together with some of the Quaker sing-song, there lingers something of the old Quaker simplicity. Among the younger there is sometimes a real modesty, and you see that these were children have the sense to feel a little reluctance to boast of their own spiritual victories before an assemblage of five or six hundred people. More often they stand up, eager and unabashed, to "testify," without an apparent struggle. A young girl of seventeen stops crunching candy, wipes her fingers with a very sticky handkerchief, and rises to proclaim the sweets of religion; tells her tale in the established phrases, and subsiding, presently resumes the candy. A child of ten or twelve, near me, who had seemed quite absorbed in a new and showy fan, was presently nudged by her mother or sister, and sprang up to repeat a little Sunday-school verse; then reverted to the contemplation of the fan again. Other very young people offered prayers of great length. Often two or three began to speak at once, and reluctantly, though courteously, yielded to one another. Meanwhile I watched with eagerness the revival leader; there was a nervous excite-

EVENING NOTES.

BY S. H. MORSE.

ment about him that made it impossible for him to keep still a single instant—head, eyes, shoulders, fingers, were all in uneasy motion. Yet instead of the excitement taking the form of absorbed attention, it seemed like the undevout solicitude of an auctioneer inviting bids, or the master of the ring watching the feats of the circus. During one of the most zealous prayers made by the juveniles, this leader sat with eyes open, looking about him, nervously adjusting his hair and his finger nails, noticing the windows that were opened, the settees that were brought in. An average Roman Catholic priest in Europe, taking snuff at the most solemn moment of the High Mass, does not impress the beholder with more entire incongruity with what he represents, than did this leader of the revival. I do not assert that he was not sincere; but it seemed the sincerity of a pianotuner, or an orchestra-leader,—anything but that of a saint or prophet.

The only effort I saw to calm the excitement was when one of the elders, apparently not a revivalist, rose to suggest that there should be a few moments spent in silence before the meeting closed. The instant he sat down, a stentorian voice burst forth behind him and prayed for the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, in tones that might have been heard half a mile. The moment he had done, the leading revivalists shook hands with one another, to close the meeting; as if there was nothing they so dreaded as that interval of silence.

In the evening I went to another similar meeting, still more excited, and prolonged till late. A new leader had charge of this, and seemed to control it by the motion of his hand, which he kept constantly in action, like the baton of an orchestra-leader—waving, beckoning, and pointing. It was accompanied by such appeals as this: "There's a poor trembling soul down in the body of the house there. Rise up! Confess Christ!" And up got the boy or girl, as the case might be, and poured out a stream of set phrases, sometimes with feeling, sometimes without; and often with a storm of "Amen's" from all around. "It doesn't take long to rise and say that you love God. There's time for a hundred of you to do it! Only submit!" This was the burden of the song. "Submit! Give it up!" This meant in all cases, "Get up and talk!" The possibility of any silent communion with God; that there could be any self-consecration not proclaimed instantly on the housetop—this seemed an utterly rejected and exploded theory. A more entire extinction and disappearance of all that impressed even unbelievers, in Friends' Meeting, I cannot imagine. And I had only the melancholy consolation of discovering afterwards, in private conversation, that many of the most honored Friends were impressed precisely as I was by the exhibition, but felt themselves helpless in withstanding the current. "We are taking up" (said one of these) "the poorest parts of Methodism, just as the Methodists are laying them down." "It was a scene" (said another) "that would have disgusted John Wesley."

T. W. H.

In answer to inquiries concerning the late "Index troubles," we must refer to the advertisement of "The Inside History of the Index Association," published on another page. It is our wish to print nothing more on the subject, and we have no time to write private letters about it; but whoever wants to know the painful story will find it in this pamphlet.

The "Rip Van Winkle" of Mr. Morse, referred to elsewhere by Rev. John W. Chadwick in an extract we quote from the *Liberal Christian*, is an artistic work of real and striking merit, which transports the imagination into a world made permanently enchanting by the genius of Washington Irving and Joseph Jefferson. It is enclosed in a handsome frame about eighteen by twenty-four inches, and makes a charming ornament for the parlor or study wall. The price is \$15.00. Address S. H. Morse, 25 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Party politics are likely to receive a staggering illustration in this State this fall. Butler has set his will upon being Governor. Grant backs him now as he did two years ago. But the Republican press is now, as it was then, bitterly opposed. How "anti-Butler" journals can give him the least support under any circumstances is a moral mystery. But for all the opposition they can this year muster, he is likely to receive the republican nomination. The adverse opinion of Sumner and Wilson would have no effect, were it given. Sumner is out of the traces entirely, and Wilson's influence has tapered down to an imperceptible point. Butler's confidence in his ability to take the nomination this time is amply justified. But will he be elected at the polls? Will the press that has dealt out to him such unmerciful justice tame down and advise the people to swallow the dose? And if it does, will the honest, intelligent voting population fall into party lines and "vote the straight ticket"? It is hard to believe that the sober-minded, virtuously disposed citizens of the Bay State will do this thing.

I don't know that it matters very much (to come down to hard pan) who the particular man we are to call "governor" may chance to be. All governors have this to discredit them: they are as "matter out of place." My interest in the affair centres in noting the demoralizing effects of party politics, and it is doubtful if there can be any other. For the sake of having "a government," individuals are enticed from their loyalty to themselves, and thus is treason enthroned in its worst form in the very citadel of our humanity. "Don't stand out on your private conviction. 'For populi, vox Dei!'" The sum of truth in this old motto is twisted all out of it.

Well, we shall see. My own suspicion is that, if Butler is put on the course, the Democratic and Liberal organizations will take advantage of the situation and pronounce for a man who will enlist also a sufficient number of the better class of the Republicans to elect him, permitting the "Essex District" to confine Butler to Congress.

I WISH TO COPY the closing page of an exceedingly interesting article by Ruskin, published in the *Contemporary Review*, entitled *Home, and its Economics*.

"No man ever became, or can become, largely rich merely by labor and economy. All large fortunes (putting treasure-trove and gambling out of consideration) are founded either on occupation of land, usury, or taxation of labor. Whether openly or occultly, the landlord, money-lender, and capital employer gather into their possession a certain quantity of the means of existence which other people produce by the labor of their hands. The effect of this impost upon the condition of life of the tenant, borrower, and workman, is the first point to be studied,—the results, that is to say, of the mode in which Captain Roland fills his purse.

"Secondly, we have to study effects of the mode in which Captain Roland empties his purse. The landlord, usurer, or labor-master does not and cannot himself consume all the means of life he collects. He gives them to other persons, whom he employs for his own behoof—growers of champagne; jockeys; footmen; jewellers; builders; painters; musicians, and the like. The diversion of the labor of these persons from the production of food to the production of articles of luxury is very frequently, and at the present day very grievously, a cause of famine. But when the luxuries are produced, it becomes a quite separate question who is to have them, and whether the landlord and capitalist are entirely to monopolize the music, the painting, the architecture, the land-service, the horse-service, and the sparkling champagne of the world.

"And it is generally in these days becoming manifest to the tenants, borrowers, and laborers, that instead of paying these large sums into the hands of the landlords, lenders, and employers, for them to purchase music, painting, etc. with, the tenants, borrowers, and workers had better buy a little music and painting for themselves; that, for instance, instead of the capitalist employer's paying three hundred pounds for a full length portrait of himself, in the attitude of investing his capital, the united workmen had better themselves pay the three hundred pounds into the hands of the ingenious artist for a painting, in the antiquated manner of Leonardo or Raphael, of some one more religiously or historically interesting to them; and place it where they can always see it. And again, instead of paying three hundred pounds to the obliging landlord for him to buy a box at the opera with, whence to study the refinements of music and dancing, the tenants are beginning to think that they may as well keep their seats to themselves, and therewith pay some Wandering Willie to fiddle at their own doors, or bid some gray-haired minstrel

"Tune, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear."

"And similarly the dwellers in the hut of the field and the garret of the city are beginning to think that, instead of paying half-a-crown for the loan of half a fire-place, they had better keep their half-crown in their pockets till they can buy a whole one.

"These are the views which are gaining ground among the poor; and it is certainly vain to endeavor to repress them by equivocations. They are founded on eternal laws; and although their recognition will long be refused, and their promulgation, resisted as it will be, partly by force, partly by falsehood, can only be through incalculable confusion and misery, recognized they must be eventually; and with these three ultimate results: that the usurer's trade will be abolished utterly; that the employer will be paid justly for his superintendence of the cultivation of land when he is able to direct it wisely; that both he, and the employer of mechanical labor, will be recognized as beloved masters, if they deserve love, and as noble guides when they are capable of giving discreet guidance; but neither will be permitted to establish themselves any more as ceaseless conduits through which the strength and riches of their native land are to be poured into the cup of the formation of its capital."

I SEE THAT MR. TOWNE has signified his purpose in the columns of the *Christian Union* to "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." But as this quotation in his mouth does not refer to "Jesus of Nazareth," must not the readers of Mr. Beecher's paper either be the innocent victims of a delusion, or, like others of us, extremely puzzled?

THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER this week is largely devoted to the commencement exercises of the Cambridge Divinity School. I notice Mr. Lowe's address to the Alumni, in which he discusses what it is that goes into the making of a true and successful Christian minister. But there is Collyer, who appears to have had about as much success as any. Ask him. He will point with satisfaction to his "horseshoe." Since Unitarianism professedly has no "body of doctrine" to teach, why is not a good *secular* education as good an outfit as a young man need have? Knowledge—all he can muster. And then, if he have a knack at *knowing the world*, he can minister to some purpose. Mr. Lowe proposes that the students shall go, during vacations, and learn the art of pastoral duties from some settled pastor. But won't it be humdrum and routine? Native wit, if the man have it, will save him with his "flock." There is no substitute—I speak in behalf of those who have yet to endure clerical ministrations, and hope for the day when the people will no longer "flock" as sheep to a shepherd.

I PERCEIVE THAT one of the graduates said, "Other men say beautiful things; Jesus *lived* beautiful things." The remark is not new; but how utterly without foundation! Jesus is not honored by this wholesale slander of the rest of mankind. Thousands of souls, I doubt not, have lived and died whose lives were as beautiful as his. What's the use of worshipping one man so blindly! If God has had but one well-to-do moral son in this world's whole history, it would seem as though there must be some taint in the original blood for which he was responsible. Let us think better things.

I SEE THAT at some meeting of the week Dr. Hedge and William Gannett had some discussion as to the comparative value of the terms "Christianity" and "religion." Dr. Hedge thought that religion was a partiality, but Christianity embraced a good deal outside—was identical with humanity. Gannett thought the word religion alone was broader, deeper, and truer. It is not easy to see the force of Dr. Hedge's remark, when we know that *Christianity* names a sect, and *religion* is a common term among all people. But Christian people will insist that their private cup holds more than the ocean.

THIS MORNING Mr. Alger gave his farewell discourse. He retires from the Music Hall Society, and will, as I judge from his remarks, hereafter devote himself to studies and the literature of those questions that may be classed more specifically under the head of Social Science. His discourse indicated this direction. He said: "Looking into the past, we see the race divided into five classes, kings, priests, warriors, distributors and producers, and everywhere we behold the first two using the second two to oppose the fifth, and prevent them from having their due share of rank in the social polity." How this state of things might be changed and an equitable, harmonious social state be inaugurated, was ably portrayed. The attendance was large, and very appreciative.

THIS HAS BEEN a "farewell" day generally with the churches—vacation begins, and preachers and people are remanded to the ministrations of Nature. A happy release. Dr. Bartol is reported as bringing his work to an end for vacation with fitting words. I quote a sentence or two: "One seer answering the message from

heaven in his inmost soul is worth more than all your synods and conventions. Be strong in yourself, and no great name shall have the disposal of you." "I answer the ridicule of the sceptic by pointing to the overflowing beauty of the world. That beauty inspires faith. There wouldn't have been so much of us if there wasn't to be more. So go on with courage and faith. Noble action is the passion of our being. Fresh experience is immortality."

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for returned manuscripts.

FREE RELIGION AND FREE TRADE.

EDITOR OF INDEX:—

In your issue of March 8, you say: "The increasing audacity of the Catholics of this country is well illustrated in the attempt to exempt certain Catholic books from United States duties. It is inconceivable that the request shall be granted. Yet stranger things of the kind have happened, especially in New York. Let the Committee on Ways and Means be watched closely."

Please reconsider the position you here take, if indeed you are the unbiased champion of freedom. Why not admit all books free? If the Catholics can get their books admitted free, perhaps the Protestants will bestir themselves to get their religious books also admitted free. Then others will move, until by and by we shall have justice for all. Is it a reason for refusing justice to a part that we cannot leave it for all?

Think you Free Religion can thrive exceptionally, where freedom in other matters pertaining to the individual is not tolerated?

The national tariff is a burden. It is a tax of the most exorbitant proportions, levied for other purposes than national revenue. I do not ask that THE INDEX discuss the question; but in the name of freedom I protest that the advocate of Free Religion is committed not to oppose freedom of trade.

Being a Free Religionist, I am also a
FREE TRADER.

MILWAUKEE, March 10, 1873.

[The wrong we deprecated was the *partiality* of exempting Catholic books from duty while Protestant books had to pay it. The State should know no distinction of creed, and permit none in the execution of the laws. As to the relative merits of the Protective and Free Trade policies, no question was raised, and neither side was endorsed. The fact is that, while our instincts incline us to favor freedom in trade as in everything else, we are patiently waiting for wisdom enough to pick our way through the tangled jungle of this vexed subject.—ED.]

EVIL INFLUENCE OF ORTHODOXY UPON MIND AND MORALS.

BY CHARLES K. WHITTLE.

I said in a former article that young people who accept the doctrines and adopt the mode of life recommended in Orthodox prayer-meetings usually suffer, as the natural consequence thereof, a complete arrest of mental development, and also a deterioration or perversion of both the mental and the moral faculties. To understand how this comes about, we must look at the new influences brought to bear upon them, and the new ideas by which their speech and action must thenceforth be directed, under penalty of being stigmatized as "backsliders."

1. *Arrest of mental development.* When a man gets possessed of the belief that every human being, by God's express appointment, is exposed to a future of everlasting and remediless misery, and that the one great, predominant duty of life is to get oneself and others saved from that doom, of course all other human interests are dwarfed to his eye in comparison with this. Assuming that the peril in question is real, and that every soul not "saved" after his fashion is forever "lost," and that such salvation is worth to each soul more than all other values combined, of course his mind leans towards disregard of all other values. The care of the soul being, in his view, "the one thing needful," the body and the mind seem to him trivial in comparison. He must guard both of these against vicious indulgences, since such indulgences are pernicious to the soul also; but, having learned in the prayer-meeting that his body is "vile" and his mind "carnal," he looks upon both these as sources of temptation and danger; and as for deliberately applying his time to the cultivation and development of either body or mind, he would regard this as a waste of time, a selfish neglect of the one great

business of urging his fellow-men to attend to their souls. Moreover, he finds that the leaders of the prayer-meeting credit each other with spirituality and saintliness in exact proportion to their exclusive attention to the business of saving souls. He who spends his whole time and thought in this direction is there esteemed the best man, and that course is praised and honored as the wisest course. The reading of the Bible is there described as not only better than any other reading, but as advantageously taking the place of all other reading. In the dialect of those people, all things not spiritual (that is to say, not bearing on the soul's salvation) are classed together as "worldly." Art, science, and literature come under this denunciation; and though nothing is said directly against them, the new convert is made to feel that his choice of "the better part" must so occupy him with affairs of the other world as to leave neither leisure nor interest for mere mental cultivation. His mind, in fact, is usually sacrificed to the supposed interests of his soul, and gains no further exercise or development of its special powers after he has yielded to the prayer-meeting influence.

But arrest of mental development is not the only evil in these cases. There is likely to be also—

2. *Deterioration or perversion of the intellectual faculties.* The things which the young convert is required to believe are often flagrantly inconsistent with reason, and often contradictory one to the other. If he is bold enough to allege such discrepancy as a reason for doubting, or to point out that sundry of their propositions are unproved as well as improbable, he is taken to task for his reliance on "carnal reason." But in fact such difficulties are rarely expressed and rarely felt. The young convert is usually uncultured and pliable. Believing his prayer-meeting teachers to be good, he jumps to the conclusion that they are wise also; and so he promptly accepts as true whatever they tell him. Or, if any particular point of doubt rises in his mind, they assure him that this is a suggestion of "the great adversary of souls," and let him know that doubt, in matters of this sort, is to be rebuked and repelled, instead of being solved, in a "worldly" way, by examination of evidence. Thus he comes to feel a confident reliance on their assertion as *proof* of the matter in question; and on the beliefs and usages of the church to which they introduce him as uncontestedly sound and correct. And thus his mind, getting less and less accustomed to decide matters by reason and evidence, and more and more accustomed to rely on assertion and tradition, loses the power of appreciating argument and evidence. A very brief conversation with a young proselyte of this class will usually show that he can neither understand the position of the intelligent person who answers him, nor understand the fact that he is answered. But this perversion of mind through the prayer-meeting influence is usually accompanied by another mischievous result, namely—

3. *Deterioration or perversion of some of the moral faculties.* Take, for instance, truthfulness, in regard to which I will cite the testimony of two Orthodox witnesses.

The *Advocate* quotes the following from Prof. Blackie's *Essay on Christianity*:—

"It has become almost a proverb that the zeal of Christian theologians stands divorced, not only from charity, but from truth; of all disputants, men of the clerical profession are the most unfair—so much so that among churchmen as a class candor is scarcely a commendable virtue."

Commenting upon this extract, *The Advance* says (Dec. 19):—

"There is too much truth in the accusation. Certainly each side in a religious controversy usually retires disgusted with the lack of candor and fairness in the other. This is owing to a dogmatical self-conceit, which arrogates all truth, learning, and logic to one's own side; to a failure to place oneself sympathetically in the position of the opponent, so as to see things with his eyes; to an ambition to get the seeming victory, involving the temptation to evade the real merits of arguments in cases of difficulty; to a limitation of thought and reading to one's own side of a question; and to a restriction of acquaintance and fellowship to those who are of the same opinion."

The habit of uncandid and untruthful speech, acknowledged by these writers to be common among clergymen, is notoriously common among those imitators of clergymen who direct and conduct the prayer-meetings of the Young Men's Christian Associations. The reasons cited by *The Advance* in explanation of this unfortunate fact, are, no doubt, real, and largely operative; but the vice in question is mainly attributable to another cause, which that editor does not mention; namely, the fact that the creed which those people receive as true, and which, from the time of its acceptance, is largely effective in moulding their characters, itself contains propositions and assumptions not only untrue, but contrary to reason, dishonoring to God, and often contradictory to each other. For instance, those people are required, as church-members, to believe—

That God is benevolent and beneficent, willing good and doing good continually; and yet that, before creating mankind, he made a lake of fire for the purpose of eternally torturing millions of men and women:

That God is unchangeable; and yet that he will hate and torment hereafter, because they are impenitent sinners, millions of those whom he loved and sought to benefit in this world, in spite of their being impenitent sinners:

That, though God allots blessing and welfare to the repentant and returning sinner *here*, and wishes every man to turn from evil to good, he has nevertheless appointed that, after this mortal life, no benefit shall follow either repentance or reformation, and that then he will favor and encourage well-doing no more than evil-doing:

That all the contents of the Bible were so dictated and inspired by God as to be infallibly correct; and thus that the imperfections and follies ascribed to him in some parts of that book are just as much *his word*, and just as much to be believed, as the perfection ascribed to him in other portions of the same book:

That God is just, inflexibly allotting to every sin its deserved punishment; but that his justice is of a character so very peculiar as often to punish the innocent instead of the guilty, to commute the eternal punishment threatened to the latter for a temporary punishment inflicted on the former, and then, in consequence of this arrangement, to accept the guilty as innocent: finally, to cite but one more of these self-contradictions—

That God, writing upon stone his command to the Jews to keep holy the seventh day of the week, by that same expression commanded Christians (who were not to come into existence for centuries after) to keep holy the first day of the week; though he also inspired Paul, the first writer of instruction to the Christians, to discourage all observance of days as holy, and to declare the followers of Jesus "delivered" from such observances.

Here are a few out of many of the absurdities accepted as unquestionable religious truth by the prayer-meeting people. If now we consider what distortion of the intellect and of the moral sense a rational being must suffer before he can accept this mass of self-contradiction and absurdity as true, and defend it as true and right, and urge the belief of it upon other rational beings as a religious duty, we shall see how naturally those persons fail to distinguish the difference between truth and falsehood—how easily they fall into the habit of telling untruths—how venial a lie will seem to them when they utter it in defence of some doctrine or usage of their church—and how hopeless it must be to expect their assent to any counter-proposition merely because it is true. Their "sacred volume" represents God himself as, on one occasion, approving and enjoining a falsehood, and that not for any beneficial purpose, but to lure a human being to destruction. What wonder that believers in this story should themselves take the liberty of violating the truth for an object so important as the upbuilding of their church or their sect? True, they profess to believe that "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone," but the fact that even this does not deter them from frauds of the pious sort is only one more self-contradiction in a system largely composed of self-contradictions.

When we recognize the fact that the dialect, creed, and usages of a church are such as to confuse and mislead, to some extent, both the mental and moral perceptions of him who becomes pious under its guidance, we shall cease to wonder at the well-known habit of the ministers and members of that class of churches to make false pretences in support of the faith they are trying to propagate. It is a peculiarity of the case we are considering, that, in a vast majority of their utterances of untruth, they are quite unconscious of that fact. *Mis*-education has done for them, in the particular department in question, just what entire want of education has done for the ignorant rustic. They are unable to distinguish things that differ; unable to distinguish that contradictory statements cannot both be true; unable to see that evidence is necessary to produce conviction; unable to see that a text is not an argument; unable to see why the affirmation of their minister, or of some unknown writer in their tract or scripture, should not prevail against the common sense, the personal experience, the very eyesight of him whom they are exhorting. In short, they cannot realize that any statement favorable to their side *can* be false, or that anything impugning their doctrine can be true.

Is it needful, for the welfare of the community, as well as of the individuals led astray by this Orthodox faith, that some effort be made to expose the false pretences on which that proselytism is founded?

Refuse to despair. Amelioration is eternally possible, if you will but hope for it, and, hoping, work.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

From Rome to Rip Van Winkle is not so great a leap as might at first appear if we consider what those wise in myths have written for our instruction about Rip's family connections. These wise men would connect him with all the famous sleepers of antiquity—with Siegfried, and Charlemagne, and Olger Danske slumbering in Avalon, and Frederick Barbarossa, and the enchanter Merlin, and St. John at Ephesus, and the Seven Sleepers there, and many others. And all of these stories, say the wise mythologists, took their rise in men's attempts to represent in some impressive manner the long sleep of the earth in winter. It is very likely, but the best meaning of a myth is very seldom its first one. The long nap of Rip Van Winkle in the Catskill gorge is far more significant than any Nature-myth in which it may have had its origin. Its interest is human. It is full of the pathos of change, and of that swift forgetting which consoles the busy generations for their most grievous losses. It rebukes our self-sufficiency and brings home to us our social needs and obligations.

But whither tends all this? To a Rip Van Winkle which Mr. S. H. Morse, formerly editor of the *Rationalist*, has lately modelled in *alto relievo*. While Mr. Morse was connected with the *Rationalist*, he gave himself to that enterprise with a singular devotion and unselfishness; but he knew all the time that, should he fail to make it go, there was ready for him "a garden of refreshment" into which he might retire and find abundant consolation. It would be well if every earnest man were able to transfer his enthusiasm from one pursuit to another with such good results as has already signalized Mr. Morse's return to his original calling. For, without any disparagement of his editorial work upon the *Rationalist*, it is evident that modelling rather than editing is the

—Hant and the main region of his song."

His Rip Van Winkle was, perhaps, suggested to him by the long naps the *Rationalist* sometimes enjoyed between its periods of activity, and it may prophesy that that somewhat intermittent periodical is even now "not dead, but sleeping."

In the meantime it is a most original and genuine creation. Rip is represented in the first moment he has struggled to his feet. He is looking dreadfully dazed. He has not oriented himself, it is very evident, but he is trying very hard to do so. Sleep has not suspended for him the ordinary processes of life. He has grown old faster in his sleep than men do who wake every morning. His flesh has dried up till he is almost a skeleton. You can see how stiff he is, how his joints ache, and his limbs totter, and his thin hands tremble. Mr. Morse, unlike Mr. Rogers, in his Rip Van Winkle groups, has not attempted to model at the same time Rip Van Winkle and Mr. Jefferson. He had realized what Mr. Jefferson himself must realize, that no artifice can enable this great actor to look the part of Rip after his resurrection with entire satisfaction. He would have to "take off his flesh and sit in his bones" in order to do this; and Mr. Jefferson's flesh is not of the sort that can be put on and off at pleasure. Nor can Mr. Jefferson eliminate at will the merry twinkle of his eye. And we can fancy that when he sees this "counterfeit presentment" of his hero he must do some injury to the Tenth Commandment by coveting his rival's leanness and transparency.

Mr. Morse has also made an excellent head of Mr. Greeley, and he is now engaged upon a head of Theodore Parker.—*Rev. J. W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, N. Y.*

A LUDICROUS but disgraceful story is told of the president and directors of one of the Paris railways. While the Board was sitting, a shareholder of the company abruptly entered and gave an account of a terrible accident which had taken place on the line, and which was sure to cost the company a good round sum of money in the way of damages and of compensation to passengers. As he proceeded in his narration, director after director slipped out, one by one, and long before he reached its close he was left alone with the president, who, engrossed by the recital he had heard, did not perceive the departure of his directors. When he did notice it, he struck his forehead with his hand, jumped up and ran off, leaving the shareholder still talking. The shareholder was amazed, but he soon discovered the explanation of this strange conduct—they had all run to the Stock Exchange to sell their shares before the intelligence was made public.

SMITH.—The following characteristic letter from Rev. J. Hyatt Smith appears in the *Church Union*:—

"I lately received a letter of four pages, without signature, earnestly calling upon myself and all my pulpit brethren to discard all form and ceremony of ordinances, and seek and receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. The unknown writer lashed the preachers fearfully for not being perfectly holy. Now this letter was rolled up inside of a pamphlet, bound so closely with a long wrapper that the written matter could by no probability be seen, and on the outside package was a one-cent stamp. Four mortal pages, of 'doctrine, reproof, and conviction in righteousness,' and Uncle Sam cheated out of two cents. I think that ought to be denominated tuppenny holiness."

Says John Ruskin: "If a man spends lavishly in his library you call him mad, a bibliomane. But you never call one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses; and you do not hear of men ruining themselves by their books. We talk of food for the mind as of food for the body. Now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it—though there have been men who have pitched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper in the end than most men's dinners are."

Advertisements.

GENERAL NOTICE.

On Aug. 8, 1872, I contracted for the two best advertising pages of THE INDEX for the current year. "No advertisements objectionable to the editor to be taken." For terms apply to

ANNA K. BUTTS, 30 Dey St., New York. No improper advertisements, no advertisements of patent medicines, and no advertisements known to be fraudulent or unjust to any one, will be hereafter admitted into THE INDEX. All advertisements accepted before this date will be allowed to run their time.

THE INDEX must not be held responsible for any statement made by advertisers.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.

Toledo, O., June 21, 1873.

THE INSIDE HISTORY

OF THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

By FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

This is a handsomely printed pamphlet of 54 pages, containing the full explanation of the recent "INDEX troubles" which was submitted to the stockholders of the Index Association at their Second Annual Meeting, June 7, 1873. It is hoped that every one who has read the statements of the other side will in fairness read this also. PRICE (postpaid), 25 cents. Address the Author, Toledo, Ohio.

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Free Religious Association.

The Report in pamphlet form, of the ANNUAL MEETING of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION for 1872, can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, WM. J. POTTER, NEW BEDFORD, MASS. It contains essays by John W. Chadwick, on "LIBERTY AND THE CHURCH IN AMERICA," by C. D. B. Mills, on the question, "DOES RELIGION REPRESENT A PERMANENT SENTIMENT OF THE HUMAN MIND, OR IS IT A PERISHABLE SUPERSTITION?" and by O. B. Frothingham, on "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY," together with the Report of the Executive Committee, and addresses and remarks by Dr. Bartol, A. B. Alcott, Lucetta Mott, Celia Burleigh, Horace Steaver, Alexander Loe, and others. Price, 35 cents; in packages of five or more, 25 cents each.

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Seeming and Being.

BY A. W. STEVENS.

Of all the sad experiences that belong to our lot as mortals, I know of none so pathetic as the coming to find how many and great illusions there are in this life. It would seem that we begin in an illusion, and pass on from one to another throughout our whole career. That which appears to be is what we are first struck with—only later we learn what *really* is.

By nature we are all romancers. The youth in us makes us expectant and hopeful, and capable of fine and happy delusions. Slowly, and led by the hand of experience, we approach realities, and discover the nude fact. Before this, we dwell in the midst of shows—pleased with everything, understanding nothing. Like the spider, we spin out of our own conceits the gossamer web that makes us see all things through a glamour and beautiful mist. Experience discovers us in this childhood home of fascination, approaches us wandering idle and happy in the midst of this Vanity Fair, where all things please and nothing instructs, and with her, stern but kind, we go forth and learn to know things as they are.

What a romancer the boy is! His imagination is an airy steed, on which he ardently rides through all the fields of fiction. When the fit of fancy is fairly on him, nothing is beyond his power to create: he stands a magician surrounded by obedient materials. At a wave of his wand the old house of his youth becomes a castle, whence he a knight sallies forth to deeds of high enterprise; or, if his turn be nautical, the house is a broad-canvassed and gally-penned ship, in which he sails over all seas to all lands, and fights many a naval battle for love and fame and victory. How ruthless yet inevitable is the fate which recalls him from such delightful enterprises in the realms of imagination, to the common, prosaic duties of school and work!

The infant, even, in the mother's arms is an earlier victim of illusion. It thinks the whole world a pretty toy for it to play with. According to its childish fancy, nothing therein is opposing to it, nothing unyielding, nothing harmful; but all is bright and beautiful and agreeable. As soon as it can prattle, it asks for anything and everything to be given it, expecting nothing to be refused; no, not even the high-hung moon and stars, thinking them to be as nigh and as apprehensible as the readiest plaything to its hand. The first lesson that child really learns is that it is deceived by appearances. All is not bright and beautiful and agreeable; much is here that is opposing and unyielding and even awful. It must be careful what it touches, what it tastes, how it appropriates things; it must learn that some things are far, others near, some are attainable, others not; it must learn, indeed, that everything has a show and a substance, an appearance and a reality, and that it

is necessary to distinguish between these. In learning this, the child comes upon some hard lessons, and struggles with them not always with emotions of pleasure and satisfaction.

The youth sits in his native door-yard, and looks out to that point where the horizon line touches the blue crest of a range of hills: beyond that boundary which his daily vision has become so acquainted with lies (he says to himself) the great, grand world he has never seen—lies life; active, eventful life. How attractive it is to him; how full of glad and surprising and glorious experiences he feels it must be; how many prizes it holds out, and no blanks can he permit himself to discover among them! There is fame, there is wealth, there is power, there is happiness: how he longs to hasten away from home, and cross those hindering hills that stand between him and greatness, and find place and opportunity and success in the wide, inviting world! He departs at last from his native circumstances; the horizon line lifts and goes before him, and leads him to the great, grand world. Does he find it so great and grand as he expected? That was his illusion, which now he wakes from. Success is not easy he finds; so hard is it that it eludes him most times—he grasps at a prize and gets a blank. The world buffets him; life is stern to him. He discovers that there is not much spare sympathy among men; that somehow every man looks out for himself, and expects every one else to do so. His illusion vanishes. Or, perhaps, it shifts to the other quarter now, and rests upon the old home. In his present disappointment he remembers that; and all the attractions that once allured him to the world now turn and dwell over the spot where he was cradled. Thenceforward for a long time his heart thinks of the past, not of the future; and memory is the sweet consoler of present disappointment.

The young man who stands on the threshold of his manhood, who is nearly ready to pass through the open door which admits him into business, into politics, into society, into friendship, into marriage, dwells in an illusion concerning every one of these. He looks on them from without, not from within. He sees them as they appear, not as they really are. In every one of them, whatever else he meets, he meets with some disappointment; not one of them is exactly what he imagined it to be. In business he finds rivalries and competitions, more than he expected, which quickly push him aside unless he resists with a determined and persistent effort. He finds long days and years of hard work and close confinement, and many embarrassments, losses, failures, which crush him down unless there is in him a brave, hopeful heart, and an indomitable purpose. He thought, in his innocence, that the conduct of business was always honorable; that all business men were honest. He learns by experience that this is not so. He learns that the commercial standard of morality is several degrees lower than the absolute standard; and that many things are countenanced in business, and considered quite indispensable, which are not strictly just and right. His illusion gradually breaks away; he comes to understand the business world just as it is. The reality disappoints him not a little; but he gradually looks for comfort in conformity, and lets down his own standard to that of the commercial community. Or, if the divine spark will not so easily be quenched, he summons his own virtue, resists the demoralizing tendencies of business relations, and strives to reform them by administering his own affairs in rigid consistency with principle.

The young man's illusion about politics is that they open up to him an honorable pathway to fame, and give him a noble opportunity to serve his country in the spirit of patriotism, and likewise to serve himself. He looks from a distance at the councils of his nation, and thinks that there he might learn to understand and practise statesmanship; there he might earn a just distinction in the championship of the rights of the people, and of every cause that goes to make a people happy, prosperous, and good. It takes not long for this illusion to be dispelled. When he comes to understand politics as they really are, he finds that instead of being a school of statesmanship, they are a school of partizanship; instead of teaching him how he can serve his

country, they show him how he can enrich and empower himself at his country's expense; instead of setting before him honorable ambitions and noble uses, they lead him to personal jealousies, petty intrigues, and wholesale corruption. Again he seeks to be consoled by adapting himself to circumstances, and allowing his banner of individual purity to be dragged down by his associations. Or, again, spurred by the high spirit within, he bears that banner aloft still higher, with the determination to make his dream a reality, his illusion a fact.

In his isolation and obscurity, the young man looks towards what is called society, with great desire; for he thinks could he enter its charmed circle, he should find real refinement, true culture, perfect manners, pure companionship. Those who are in this circle he envies, and sighs for the time when it shall open and take him in. It does so at last. He is in. He is a member of society, and he sees it as it is. Does he find it what he expected? Some refinement, some culture, some excellence of manners and companionship he finds, surely. But are these all he finds? Vulgar selfishness, concealed ignorance, artificial politeness, polished insincerity, genteel frivolity,—these also and foremost he discovers in society. Underneath its splendor and ornamentation he finds inanity and vapidty. In many places it sounds hollow; and when it is not in full dress it looks attenuated and ghostly. The young aspirant for social distinctions sadly learns that they are often gained upon no sound basis of merit,—that the aristocracies are made up by leaving out of them the best people. As his illusion about society gets dispelled, he comes to respect himself more and it less; that is, unless it captures him both soul and body, and makes him as silly and insipid as itself.

It is not possible also but the growing man should have his illusion about marriage. The sentiment of love lends a coloring to its objects, than which none is so bright and strong. In domesticity he looks to find his highest felicity. The home draws its hallowed line about a spot, whereon he imagines the supreme delights and satisfactions of life are found. Nothing is glided with so soft a radiance or set in so pure a halo, to the eyes of the ardent, growing man, as that event in the future, which he hopes will crown all hope and fulfil all expectation, by giving to him the object of his soul's pure passion for a life possession, and a home where he may place it as the brightest jewel in a crown, surrounded by paler glowing gems, that all together shall be his most priceless wealth of love and happiness, out-valuing the rest of earth. But, as he grows observing, and his acquaintance with society deepens, he sees how the homes of many others are formed; he marks how certain marriages are made, and what comes of them. He is astonished to discover upon what frivolous pretexts, from what base motives, in what an unwholesome spirit, some of these domestic relations are sought for and established. With amazement and pain he beholds how the sacred name of marriage is invoked to further and cover designs that are politic, mercenary, sensual, selfish, and terribly heartless; how mothers connive to dispose of daughters, and fathers of sons, in exchange for an establishment, a fortune, a mere living, encumbered with a fop or a flirt, a knave or a fool, a man or a woman of light head and little heart,—yet each party full of sly arts and petty tricks to deceive the other, and bring about a mutual connection empty of love and honor. With increasing amazement and pain, he looks into those homes where beings have been brought together without mutual adaptations, attractions, affinities, faiths—married by caprice, lust, folly, fashion, pride, despair—and sees how slight the happiness, how great the misery there; how incongruous, inharmonious, unnatural are the relations that hold such beings together, and constitute such homes. And when he observes all this in regard to marriage, he begins to think that he may have had some inadequate and immature notions about it. It dawns upon him that marriage is an institution of love and not of law; that it has its primary reason for being, not in any written, conventional compact or social allowance, but in the unspeakable, unobtainable instincts and desires of the soul; that it is not obligatory upon or desirable to any but such as are drawn to it by internal, inevitable at-

traction, and as are given to it from the purest motive and finest spirit. And as he shall enter into marriage himself, and learn what it is by experience, he shall come to realize that it offers not joys and pleasures alone, but grave responsibilities and great duties as well; that it calls for self-sacrifice even more than it allows self-indulgence; that it weaves care, anxiety, grief, disappointment with other lighter and pleasanter experiences; that its use and end are, not to make us happy merely, but to make us magnanimous and noble, to raise us into a fine manhood and womanhood, to make us not more a part of another, but more of ourselves, to fuse not two into one, but to make each of the two a more complete person.

One other illusion the young man has, and that is in connection with religion. Every imaginative, enthusiastic, earnest youth is religious. He muses upon the unknown; he dreams about the unseen; the mystery of life impresses him, and the greater mystery of the universe fills his soul with awe. He questions concerning God, and concerning himself. He looks into infinity, and does not withdraw his gaze, though he knows he cannot fathom it with his perception. His own origin and destiny are wonderful to him; he hopes, he fears—he rejoices, he despairs. Baffled in his own thinking, he turns to others; his religious and moral nature are growing, and they long for confidence, for sympathy, and guidance. He naturally looks to the Church, and to those who are in it, for all these. The Church-people, he assures himself, are wise in all such matters; they are good also; they can instruct and help him. He does not dare to think that he is worthy to be one of them, though he hopes to be sometime, perhaps; in the meantime he expects great assistance from them in the solution of his questions, the relief of his doubts, the satisfaction of his longings.

This earnest young soul seeks the light and warmth of the Church, and for a time not a little satisfaction does it find there. The Church is not altogether useless. It does meet some of the wants of the young, and is quite attractive and helpful to them for a season. But the Church does not educate, does not develop; it only pleases and comforts. The earnest youth, however, wants more than to be pleased or even comforted. He wants light, liberty, inspiration, sincerity. The Church knows not how to satisfy a mind thoroughly roused; a persistent inquirer upsets its composure entirely. For doubts it has opiates, but no wholesome tonics. If the questioner will not take a "Thus saith the Lord," and have done with it, the Church knows not how to treat his case. But the earnest youth questions searchingly and deeply; he questions what he is told is unquestionable. He is amazed to find that the Church has but one answer to all his inquiries, and that the Bible—which is itself a riddle, guessed differently by almost every Christian. He finds that his persistent search for the truth offends the Church; it is angry with him because it cannot answer his questions, or because he will not stay answered. Professing to be wise, it is really ignorant; and it treats him coldly because he cannot accept its ignorance for wisdom. He goes out of the door he came in at, and finds that the high-road to truth leads by and beyond the Church.

But not only is the Church an intellectual disappointment to the earnest youth, but a moral one as well. While there are many excellent men and women in the Church, whose pure and noble lives have blessed and do still bless the world, its system of morality rests on a false basis; it has a tendency to make people moral in a very unthorough and superficial manner. The commandment of the Church is to do, not to be. It says: "Conform! observe!" Men mark, and heed well what streets the Church puts upon ordinances and ceremonies and formulas, saying that if these be done, and these be kept, and these be accepted, salvation is secure. Men mark, I say, this teaching of the Church; they do conform, they do observe, they do accept, and—they call themselves Christians and think their whole duty is done. Hence the Church is full of Christians who are very unchristian-like—who are not half so good, not half so much like the master, as some outside. Salvation being offered on such easy terms, men bid freely. Religion, they find, is no hindrance to any commercial transaction they wish to engage in; and as it is rather respectable than otherwise, they take it in large instalments, pay the price demanded, and become "religious" men; that is, church-members. Quite dumbfounded, therefore, the earnest youth is to find that among prominent and active supporters of the Church are notorious stock-gamblers, bank-defaulters, railroad swindlers, political tricksters, and commercial gradgrinds of all sorts. His quick conscience that prompts to utter loyalty to justice, honor, and integrity; his ardent soul that makes him ready for any sacrifice for these, and full of desire to attain to spotless goodness,—these are shocked by the low moral and spiritual tone of the Church, and he turns away disappointed and disgusted, feeling that if religion be not something nobler, better, and purer than this, he wants none of it.

Thus one illusion after another holds its place

and cheat before us, and makes us its victim as we pass on through life. One after another it is our necessity to outgrow them all, leaving behind the show and gaining the substance, learning to be deceived no longer by appearances, but learning at last to understand and accept realities.

I have said that the stern, the pathetic part of our experience was this unlearning our illusions, this awakening to the fact of our deception, and slow gathering of conviction that we ought to be deceived no longer. So indeed it is; but it is also the ennobling part of our experience. We gain wisdom slowly, as the fruit gains ripeness. But how glorious the autumn mellowness of Nature! How great, too, the privilege to grow wise by any means! Illusions are harmless if we do not dwell in them beyond our time. Who would miss in the child that charming simplicity, that wonder-eyed innocence, which is its facile capacity to be deceived? Who would miss in the youth its faculty of imagination, of dreaming, of painting everything on the background of the future in high colors? Certainly nobody who loves what is natural. The only danger that attaches to illusions is that we be not willing to outgrow them and cast them off when the time comes for us to face realities. To retain an illusion a moment after we discover it is an illusion; to deliberately choose a fiction for a fact, an appearance for a reality, and suffer this choice to get lodgment in our moral sense,—this is our unpardonable sin, this our deepest possible damnation. Whatever it costs us to exchange an illusion for a reality, we must pay the price and make the transfer.

And those who are able to do this must all the more do it because so many are not able, or fail to do it. How large a multitude are directly engaged—whether consciously or unconsciously—in a systematic effort to keep up the appearances of things, and make it seem that they are devoted to realities! But all this time they are of necessity permitting realities to escape them. Appearances have the most glitter about them, they make the most show, because they are external and superficial, and the first to engage the eye. Therefore the heedless and thoughtless many are content with them. One or the other—the appearance or the reality—they must have. They make the choice which is to them the easier. How few who are not more anxious about their reputation than about their character! Yet character is ten thousand times more important and valuable than reputation. Character is the *thing itself*; reputation is only the name of the thing. Character is the reality; reputation the appearance.

When our transactions become serious, we must not deal in counterfeit coin; let then our currency be hard, honest realities. We must be content with simple being, however little our being amounts to, and not strive to eke out our substance with a show. We must be willing to be taken for just what we are, and not desire to be thought otherwise—letting our character be our support, and not our reputation. So fast as it may be necessary, we must unlearn our illusions, and press through all seeming until we arrive at solid being. Indulgence in illusions is the pastime of children, not the business of mature years. When we arrive at the age of reason, we should resent all attempts to deceive us—to put us off with fiction in place of fact, with plausibility in place of demonstration—as insulting alike to our intelligence and our conscience. Because we are rational beings capable of apprehending truth, we want to know, we must know, what is, not what *seems*; we desire to become acquainted with realities, not with appearances; we are filled with hatred of shams, and are deeply in love with what is genuine!

The only place for us to stand at any time is on our two feet, upon the solid ground of principle, turning policy entirely out of doors. We are never sure we stand quite firm until we get this perpendicular position; we are never quite trustful and respectful of ourselves until we are in this upright attitude. Whatever other illusion we delight in, let us never take pleasure in any which obscures to us the truth, which begets our vision of the right, which juggles and palters with our moral sense. Let us be entirely sincere, and reduce our characters and our lives to realities as fast as possible. Let us be that which cannot be misunderstood, our genuineness being so apparent. Let us be that which cannot be dissipated with objections, with sneers, or with violent opposition. Let us be that which commands respect if not sympathy, which secures trust and confidence, if not personal attachment and allegiance. Though men do not agree with us, do not believe with us, do not take our side, yet let us be so honest, sincere, straight-forward, and true, that they can but give us credit for these things, and have some deep faith in us because of them. And whatever, in our most rapt moments, we dream of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, let us in our wakeful hours strive greatly to make our brightest dream a fair reality. Thus shall we pursue what is best, and sometimes overtake it; thus shall we lift our actual into closer harmony with our ideal!

The parts of a truth often lie so far apart, it is difficult to get a complete view of it.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Concluded.)

When, at length, the long voyage drew towards a close, it was curious to mark the effect on the tempers and dispositions of the passengers. We were wonderfully good-humored and jocular, inclined to exchange promises of looking each other up afterwards, in case we visited one another's destination; disposed to compliment the captain, and even to think the best of the ill-conditioned mate, who was less surly than usual, though he always responded discouragingly to the questions put to him as to what day and hour we should reach New York. Of course the Americans aboard became exceedingly patriotic. Some sanguine individuals appeared in their shore-going clothes, in which they were hardly recognizable, after the shabbiness of the voyage. Everybody was brisk and talkative, and in the best of tempers. And at last, one beautiful evening—shall I ever forget it?—there came sailing out of the sunset a little pilot-boat, with a great number *seven* painted on her canvas, which we crowd to the side of the vessel to see, as if it brought us a message from heaven. Rapidly nearing us, it puts aboard a pilot—whom nobody would suspect to be such, as he is dressed in black with a chimney-pot hat on—and makes off again. And that night we all love each other like brothers: everybody invites everybody else to drink; there's an immense deal of conviviality and singing, and Dick, Harry, and I are fetched to join it while pacing the deck together, under the bright stars, having a pipe and talking of home and America.

Next morning we are up betimes, to find ourselves becalmed off a low, long island. A fine steamer, with all its machinery on deck, wants to tow us up to New York; but the captain and ours can't agree about terms, so it splashes off again, very much to our dissatisfaction. We lie to till noon, grumbling, when a breeze springs up, enabling all hands to get joyfully to work to win our own way through the Narrows—a strait so named at the entrance to New York harbor. It is delightfully warm—almost sultry—though there is snow on the shores of Staten Island, with its neat white villas, verandahed hotels, trees and gardens; all of which are unspeakably pleasant and refreshing to sea-wearied eyes. We pass the Quarantine-station, where a whole fleet of vessels is riding at anchor—ah! more than one of them sports the bonnie red cross of St. George!—and where a doctor comes aboard to put us through the form of an examination. There are more islands—one with a fort to it like a gigantic pork pie—ferry-boats, steamers, vessels of all kinds; and at the confluence of two great rivers, diverging to the right and left, a busy city. And our voyage is ended.

I shall reserve my impressions of New York for another letter, this having reached a pretty decent length already. (Mind you retaliate in something like fair proportion.) At present I am delighted with almost everything—as would probably be the case if I had landed in Kamtschatka, after five weeks of salt water. New York is very bright and amusing, but I don't think much of it as a city, after London. Broadway isn't more than half as wide as Regent street; the Bowery has no trees in it worth mentioning, and the Park, as they call it (which I can see from my window), won't compare in size and beauty with many of our squares. The houses and shops have innumerable signs and windows; the telegraph-wires run along the streets; the people are uncommonly well-dressed but considerably uncivil; and the ladies delight in "stunning" colors. I don't think I have seen a shabby person anywhere, or been thanked or spoken pleasantly to by anybody whom I've had occasion to buy anything of, since my arrival.

I was, as you know, to report myself to your admired Mr. Wheeler, who had undertaken to consign me to New Orleans; however, on calling at his office I found him temporarily out of town, and a letter from my father, which seems likely to involve a change of plan. He tells me that he is on his way to New York—will be here in the course of a week. So I have nothing to do but amuse myself and await his arrival, which I naturally look forward to with a great deal of interest and curiosity.

And now, darling, good-bye for the present, and God bless you! Only he knows when we shall meet again, and I could be sad if I did not try to avoid thinking of it—but the time *will* come and make amends for all. Holding steadfastly to that belief, I shall keep on loving and hoping. Does it need that I should tell you that I retain none but the kindest feelings towards you?

that I will never permit myself to doubt or distrust you, even for a moment?—or fancy that anything can come between us to mar our mutual trust and reliance on each other? Perhaps this separation, though hard to endure, may yet teach us a better estimate of our true selves; and of that affection which, I am persuaded, will one day constitute our perfect, abiding happiness. Then, dearest, we shall smile at past mistakes, and wonder how they could ever have troubled us; recognizing their extreme impotence and triviality, when compared with the love that knows no change nor alloy till it passes from earth to heaven. Again God bless you, and farewell! Write to me immediately, directing us at the beginning of this letter: yours will be forwarded if I have left New York. Regards to Mills, Frank, Tib, and all friends who care to inquire about

Yours faithfully,

PAUL COWER.

P. S. We saw Harry Franklin off for Canada yesterday evening; he wouldn't stay any longer. I shall correspond with him regularly. I did my best to persuade Dick to write to you, or to your father; and he made a beginning, but filled up the rest of the sheet with caricatures of Yankee faces—which I inclose, appropriating it for that purpose. The faces are capital—I wish I could have got him to illustrate this letter. He is in excellent health and spirits; has already ascertained that your brother Tom is at Cincinnati, Ohio—a long way from here—and talks of going thither, when, as the Americans say, he feels like it. I shall be sorry to part with him, though he promises to write and to visit me when I am settled in Louisiana. At present New York is the place for him, he says. A final blessing my Kate—I shall kiss the name in the hope that your lips will touch it afterwards—and good-by!

CHAPTER XXIV.

IS MAINLY IN PRAISE OF NEW YORK CITY AND AMERICANS IN GENERAL.

Vivacious New York! Who that has ever sojourned in thee long enough to become acquainted with thy good qualities, as well as thy notorious, patent, widely-bruited bad ones, but retains an agreeable remembrance of the most quick-blooded, most potential, most metropolitan of American cities? Thou hast no equal, though plenty of rivals, on this side of the Atlantic; who talk of thee as good-naturedly as rivals are accustomed to do of each other, all the world over: still, like many a human charmer, thou pleasest, in spite of thy numerous faults, and shalt here be accorded a most unwonted, most unprecedented eulogium. They and others may parade them *seriatim*, pronouncing thee a miracle of misrule and phenomenal corruption, a dirty, noisy, fast, flashy, bustling, striding, voracious, temporary, rowdyish, hybrid, money-making and money-squandering, unloved and unlovable place, which aspires only to become a kind of Brummagen Paris, and does it very clumsily (all with more or less of truth, the more's the pity!); yet that doesn't prevent thee from being the real capital of the United States, the best city to live in throughout the Great Republic, and in many respects its type and quintessence. As such, accept the praise I have long owed thee, preparatory to my hero's adventures within thy familiar precincts. If there be readers impatient of such an introduction, they have the easy alternative of at once passing to the next chapter.

I know very well that the assertions contained in a recent sentence will be disputed, and especially by Americans—even by many New Yorkers. I am aware that the former are accustomed to inform newly-arrived Europeans that New York is not the United States; that you must go east, west, south, and north, sir, if you want to see the real greatness of this country; that New York, sir, though we own to considerable pride in its power, enterprise, and prosperity (particularly when abroad), is but a bigger sort of Liverpool, a Yankee Tyre; a nineteenth-century Sidon; a prodigious caravansary, market-place, exchange, and railroad terminus, one-half or two-thirds peopled with migratory strangers; the neck of a vast eel-pot; the mouth of that lusty young giant, Uncle Sam, who swallows and assimilates into his corporate system everything that enters it. I admit that its inhabitants, its editors, cry aloud with groanings which cannot be uttered, that it has hitherto been a prey to a self-constituted and practically self-elected oligarchy of soundrels; a coarse and brutal despotism, which while neglecting, or rather insolently ignoring, every office and duty of good government, has, by means of the feeble, most compact organization ever framed, depleted a long-suffering community exactly in the fashion of Victor Hugo's *pieuvre*, until it has, one servently hopes, insured as well as provoked its own destruction, complete and final. I have read the ingenious strictures of the English Tory press, denouncing the Empire City as that double abomination, a commune or municipality elected by universal suffrage and an Irish republic, and of course the natural outcome and culminating triumph of

democratic institutions. All of which I pronounce only one side of the story, and no more entitled to pass current for the whole of it than the separate halves of coins have to be received at their combined valuation.

What are the characteristics of American civilization? It is very magnificent and very new, extravagantly pretentious, mutable, and democratic. Starting with infinitely greater advantages, natural and political, than the Old World affords, it considers nothing in it too high or too grand for it to emulate; nothing too rich or too fine in the way of indulgence. It pulls down rapidly, to build up as rapidly, regarding nothing as final, and exhibiting a splendidly audacious confidence in its future. Its marvellous growth, power, and influence admit of no denial, but in almost every part of it one finds something defective, something that might be bettered: you can neither praise it without considerable deductions, nor censure it without immense admiration. Superficially it puts its best foot foremost and plumes itself on its generally imposing aggregate, ignoring many shortcomings, contradictions, and discrepancies; but at the same time paradoxically submits to have its vices reflected in a magnifying-glass, allowing its virtues to lie modestly hid in the background. It is expansive, incongruous, free-and-easy, and cosmopolitan, containing, like the sheet in the apostle's vision, both the clean and unclean, presented on an equal footing. Lastly it is based on manhood, work, self-reliance, and has a stupendous destiny before it—nothing less than becoming paramount in and taking the leadership of all the world.

All of which I believe of New York City. In fact, a capital will inevitably embody the dominant idea of its inhabitants. Thus London is business-utilitarianism; Paris, pleasure and centralization; New York, prosperous, progressive democracy. Will the reader excuse a not-unwarranted digression on the first and second metropolises that I may the better discriminate the claims of the third?

London—great, grimy London—is the capital of the universe: in power, in earnestness, in everything thorough and weighty in this working-day world, so infinitely superior to all other cities as to dwarf them to insignificance. Without a knowledge of it, only to be gained by a residence of some years, no man's education can be considered complete. Wonderful from its immensity; impressive in proportion to its huge agglomeration of human interests; possessing every variety of society and appliance of civilization; and not so had in respect to parks, monuments, buildings, and atmosphere as is commonly pretended,—there eulogium ends! I am not going to echo that cuckoo-cry of disparagement which, originating partly in unthinking repetition of hygienic sarcasm, partly in that affectation of superiority to national prejudice which most Englishmen feel bound to cultivate, takes no note of the enormous metropolitan improvements effected during the present reign—an era of which it has been well remarked that it "found London a vast province of brick and mortar, and will leave it a great and splendid capital;" but the truth must be confessed. It is neither beautiful nor picturesque, after all, nor hardly to be rendered so; while of grandeur it boasts but a single component—the unavoidable one of size. It is, in fact, a great deal too big and too sombre for liking: you might as well try and get up a personal friendship for its three millions two hundred and odd thousand of inhabitants. In it you are uncomfortably conscious of being an inconsiderable unit of an overwhelming sum total, a bubble on the ocean of life—nobody. To the individual it appears and is the most merciless metropolis in the civilized world: it cares for him no more than the great forces of Nature; your own hopes and fears, troubles and aspirations, seem small and insignificant; you are half ashamed of them. You know that centuries after you are dead and gone and forgotten, this monster microcosm will survive (man may come and man may go, but London lives forever), and resent the unwelcome assurance of your own ephemeralty. It is like watching the revolutions of the great wheel of Time, upon which, with Charles Lamb, you "would fain lay an ineffectual finger." But for his having become synonymous with boredom, you could even find retributory comfort in Lord Macaulay's New Zealander—only his advent is deferred to such a terrible *pando post futurum* as to deprive you of that meagre satisfaction.

[To be continued.]

Lusignat, who was hung at Morristown, New Jersey, yesterday, for butchering his wife with a knife, "jumped on the scaffold with an elastic bound, laughing and showing his white teeth," says the telegraphic report of his execution. His last words were that he was not afraid to die, and that he was going to see his wife. That depends altogether on the present whereabouts of his late partner, and his destination. Nixon, who was hanged in New York to-day, gave utterance to a blasphemous parallel on the scaffold. His last words are reported to have been: "My Saviour was crucified; this is nothing."—*Washington Star*, April 5.

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

FINDING JESUS.—Another sea captain said: "I found the Lord Jesus in the attic of my praying mother's house. I had crept up there to be alone in prayer, and Jesus revealed himself to me. I never think of the place or the hour without wanting to shout glory to God in the highest. When I found I was saved myself, I began to spread the tidings of the cross everywhere I went."—*N. Y. Observer*.

THAT FOOL COPERNICUS.—"I am now advised that a new astrologer has risen, who presumes to prove that the earth moveth and goeth about, not the firmament; the sun and moon, not the stars—like as when one sitteth on a coach, or in a ship that is moved, thinketh he sitteth still and resteth, but the earth and trees do move and run themselves. Thus it goeth; we give ourselves up to our own foolish fancies and conceits. This fool (Copernicus) will turn the whole art of astronomy upside down; but the Scripture sheweth and teacheth another lesson when Joshua commandeth the sun to stand still, and not the earth."—*Martin Luther*.

PRIDE.—I have been frequently and greatly surprised that Christians will say by mouth and pen "I am proud of," "I feel a pride in," etc. Such expressions by men in a natural state are common and to be expected, because natural; but from the lips or pen of one in a gracious state, a Christian, it is a mistake. They do not mean so; or if they mean what they say, they certainly do not consider what manner of spirit they are of.

Let us appeal to the true standard, the Bible. Is pride once mentioned in the infallible book with commendation, or even with toleration? Is it not branded as an utter abomination to the Lord, causing the infliction of some of the sorest judgments on men and nations? The sin of Sodom was pride, idleness, and fulness of bread; it sent Nebuchadnezzar out seven years to herd with oxen and eat herbs till pride was humbled and he knew better how to behave himself; it caused the angel of the Lord to smite Herod suddenly, so that he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost; and brought Haman to the gallows he had built for another. It is truly said other sins turn us from God, while pride turns God from us.—*Roumanville (Canada) Observer*.

SINNERS, SHAM AND REAL.—Christ, the real Savior, came into the world to save real sinners. When Luther was under a bitter sense of sin, he said, "Oh! but my guilt is so great, I cannot believe that Christ can save me." But one who was helping him much, said to him, "If thou wert only the semblance of a sinner, then Christ would only be the semblance of a Savior; but if thou be a real sinner, then thou shouldst rejoice that a real Savior has come to save thee." If we meet with a man who says, "Yes, I am a sinner, I know I am a sinner, but I do not know that I ever did much amiss; I have always been honest and correct!"—such a person has a name to be a sinner, and no more. He is a sham sinner, and a sham Savior would suit him well. But for another who confesses that he has been a grievous transgressor, there is a real Savior. Rejoice, O ye guilty ones, that the Christ of God himself really came with real blood, and presented a real atonement to take away real sins; such as theft, drunkenness, swearing, uncleanness, Sabbath-breaking, lying, murder, and things I need not mention, lest the cheek of modesty should blush; even these can be blotted out by the real Savior, who has come to save the chief of sinners from suffering what is due to their sins. Oh! that we could ring this great gospel-bell till the hills and valleys were filled with its music. May the Lord open men's ears and hearts, that those who hear the glad tidings may accept the Savior who has come to save them!—*Spurgeon*.

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending July 12, 1874.

David R. Locke, \$100; Francis E. Albot, \$50; H. A. Markes, \$1; C. Brown, Jr., \$1.50; F. R. Marvin, \$1.83; R. S. Barker, \$3; L. T. Osborn, \$1; G. R. Dexter, \$3; W. C. Kelley, \$3; E. C. Miles, \$3; G. E. Corbin, \$1.50; F. H. Buchanan, \$3; E. L. Fiske, 12 cts.; Wm. H. Dyke, \$5; W. F. Stevens, \$2; Judson A. Gager, \$1.00; Roger Sherman, \$1; J. A. J. Wilcox, \$3; Jacob Beede, \$3; H. H. Hatch, \$3; J. H. Northrup, \$2; Fred Fischer, \$1.50; E. G. Blaisdell, \$1; Levi Baldwin, \$3; C. K. Matthews, \$3; L. C. P. Freer, \$1.50; Luther S. Dixon, \$2.25; Luther Nickerson, 4 cts.; Geo. Hinkhorn, 50 cts.; C. Ropp, Jr., 25 cts.; T. Lees, \$2.10; J. R. Hawley, \$5.00; Olie B. Squier, \$1; Maggie Devor, \$1; C. Conos, \$3; N. Lonsbury, \$3; A. P. Putnam, \$3; Geo. H. Stevens, \$3; R. F. Underwood, \$3; G. P. Delaplane, \$3; H. E. Mann, \$3; H. W. Gillett, \$3; J. K. F. Atlake, \$3; A. Trounstein, \$3; Wm. Hill, \$1; J. W. Patterson, \$1.50; Chas. C. Hayes, \$1.50; John R. Lewis, \$1.50; T. B. Claiworth, \$1; Ettie & Lizzie Marshall, \$3; Christopher Day, \$3; M. S. Severance, \$1.50; Annie Lepore, \$1.50; J. C. Allen, 40 cts.; Precourt Poor, 25 cts.; J. F. Boyd, 85 cts.; Alfred Warren, 80 cts.; A. L. Richmond, \$1.00; J. R. Waddle, \$1; C. C. Bues, \$1.50; H. Blair, \$1; John G. Doering, \$3; C. V. Vihuer, \$3; H. Heyerman, \$1.50; Wm. Hansen, \$3; John D. Caldwell, \$3; Worthy Putnam, \$1; Wesley Best, \$3; Chas. J. Seymour, \$1; Seth Cole, Jr., 50 cts.; N. G. Knight, 10 cts.; J. D. Thomas, \$2.75; Jos. Mellis, 10 cts.; R. Rosenbaum, \$3; Thos. B. Rodman, \$3; George Allen, \$1; N. E. Floyd, 10 cts.; C. H. Doeringer, \$1; Geo. News, \$1; J. S. 50 cts.; H. Oppenheimer, \$3; Dr. Hudson, \$1.

The Index.

JULY 19, 1873.

THE INDEX accepts every recuit of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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This fund is to be used, first, in meeting any deficiency in current expenses that may result from the recent "Index troubles," and, secondly, in such other ways as the editor shall find most advantageous for the paper. All appropriations will be reported to the Directors.

Acknowledged with thanks for the week ending July 12:—

\$1.00 each—R. S. Barker, E. W. Mundy, H. W. Brown, O. Martin, Levi Baldwin, J. W. Sulist, Geo. Thorn, E. T. Cowperthwaite, J. F. Ruggles, E. T. Billings, Ella E. Gibson, A. L. Richmond, Emily Ranney, R. Wilkin, R. Touchton, Wm. F. Perkins; \$1.00—Henry Felgi; \$5.00—E. W. Meddaugh.

POETRY AND RELIGION.

"Few modern poets are much given to high poetic thought, and most of them eschew utterly high poetic life. And, after all, it is the latter that most surely tells. The poet, like the preacher, succeeds more by example than precept. It is a grander thing, and humanity in the end acknowledges it for a grander thing, to live a heroic poem than to write a book of heroic poetry. To those who never read a line of the *Inferno*, Dante's magnificent grief, as told by his biographers, makes him poetically, because heroically, immortal. Milton is less spoken of but more revered for his splendid, almost supernatural self-reliance, than for the *Paradise Lost*. . . . A poet may be very excellent and be very little of a hero. But if he be not a hero, he will never receive that religious reverence which is, hide it as we may, instinctively considered the poet's due. Now Mr. Aubrey De Vere is so far a hero that he has evidently given himself, wholly and willingly, but with a touch of sadness that is visible in all his poems, to two losing causes,—the cause of the old, pure Muse, and the cause of Ireland. For his devotion to the former, we may perhaps think him antiquated; for his devotion to the latter, we may think him unwise. But the devotion is there! Even though we rate him eccentric as the beloved knight of La Mancha, we must yet admit that he is a knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, with a spear as straight and a shield as spotless as any De Vere that ever made the vow of chivalry."

Such is the fine thought of the London *Spectator*, reviewing a recent book of poetry. Seldom is so much high truth incarnated in literary criticism. The poet is but a poetaster, unless he puts his genius as truly into the poem of his life as into the poem of his imagination. Through the rhythm and melody of his verse must be heard the deeper music of a soul that sings the song of the stars; behind the exquisite form and coloring of the vision conjured up by his creative thought must shine the transcendent beauty of an original, inimitable, and magnificent character. The truly divine poem is a rainbow whose arch of glory is but the reflection of a luminary unheeded by the spectator—the arrested and returning radiance of a spirit aflame with unborrowed fire. All poetry that is not mechanism or doggerel is the ideal of a great nature painted on the skies by the hand of Art; and Art is a most base pretender if it reproduces not with

pre-Raphaelite exactness a subjective reality more real than the solid crust of the globe.

Instinctively mankind gauge the poet's greatness by the sincerity of his muse,—by the truthfulness to his own best and loftiest dream with which he has expressed himself to the world. They do not forget that every man's life moves far below the inaccessible summit of his aspiration; but neither do they forgive the poet who forbears to point to it. With a tender pity they commiserate his falls in climbing its rugged steps; they excuse his weaknesses and condone his sudden, unpremeditated aberrations of conduct. But they reserve their reverence and admiration for the heroism which persists in climbing, and the grand veracity of genius which pictures life as seen from the imagined heights. They judge the poet's life by the fidelity of his life-aims; and they withhold their permanent veneration, however dazzled for a season, from the trifler whose rhymes are untrue to the sublimest truth he sees because his actions are habitually ordered by a lower law. Poetry is the interpretation of human life in accordance with the canons of eternal beauty; and no man is a poet who would interpret it by any rule less divine. He whose life expresses no fealty to this law of beauty cannot become the seer whose visions shall illustrate it to the world; and this prejudgment of mankind determines unconsciously the degree of *abandon* with which they surrender themselves to the witcheries of his genius. Suspiciously they listen to them, if infidelity to beauty vitiates his life among men, knowing that the song of Circe converts the human into the bestial; and the fame of that poet is a dying echo who makes not his devotion to the ideal as heroic as his verse. Greater or less than any word is the man behind it: its meaning is what is put into it, not what is brought to it; and thus every word borrows its enduring greatness or littleness from him who spoke it.

The greatest aim of poetry is to clothe truth with beauty, to express in noble images the vague but lofty dreams of the human heart, to utter in tones of melody the inextinguishable aspiration for better things which struggles to be heard even in the harsh and unmusical noises of the commonest career; nay, to make life itself the sublimest work of art by making it a complete expression of the divinest meanings of Nature. He is no poet who cannot comprehend this,—no *vates*, no "prophet and spokesman" of the gods. The genius which builds grand thought and grand imagination into the temple of a poem that is written in words, is as nothing compared with the genius which builds purpose, fidelity, and heroic struggle with circumstance into an epic of invincible virtue. He is the king of artists who finds his materials, not in marbles or pigments or chords or syllables, but in the passions, the motives, the actions of humanity,—in the loves and griefs, the deprivations and temptations and sufferings, of his own heeded or unheeded life. The perfect life—there is no other perfect poem.

How closely, then, is poetry allied to religion! Poetry regards life as expression, religion as the thing expressed; that is the difference, and it is slight. Carry poetry up to its highest attainment, and it makes life religious; carry religion up to its highest attainment, and it makes life poetic. The one looks to semblance, and the other to reality; but no semblance is complete which is unveracious, and no reality is complete which is unrevealed. He alone can seem who is; he alone can be who makes himself manifest. PERFECTION is the aim of poetry and of religion alike,—the latter to make it existent, the former to make it apparent. In its highest development, each must transcend the utmost that is possible to human experience under its actual conditions; each must dream its dream, and bravely work for the impossible; each must enter the world of unfathomable Being, and seek in the finite to touch the Infinite; each must discover the ground of its own existence in the intangible, the inaudible, the invisible. Yes, although the lower manifestations of poetry and religion deal with that which is most real to the senses of the multitude, their higher manifesta-

tions deal with that which is purely ideal even to the rarest and most exalted of the few. Man, both on his poetic and his religious side, touches what exists, not in the apparent universe, but in himself alone.

"That type of Perfect in his mind
In Nature can he nowhere find;
He sows himself on every wind."

Yet his failure to find the "perfect" in the universe which he sees, hears, and touches proves only that sight, hearing, and touch cannot compass it; that the very idea of perfection is the offspring of mind alone. Hence the undertone of unutterable pathos which is heard in all exalted poetry; for, dealing with images by its very nature, poetry cannot escape the necessity of sensuous symbolism, and therefore tries without avail to express symbolically that which is forever inexpressible. The same fate lies on religion. All art obeys the same necessity; and religion is the art of living. So long as man is haunted by the ideal of perfection, therefore, his art and his religion must equally aim at the unattainable. Like the hyperbola sweeping towards its asymptote by an infinite curve, they endlessly approach it, but can never reach it.

Religion, in short, is the art of living the highest life; and the highest life is the present triumph of the poetic art. Being thus different aspects of the same fact, the human pursuit of ideal perfection, is it any wonder that religion and poetry are indissoluble? To despise one is to despise both; to reverence one is to reverence both. It is wise, therefore, to fear for the safety of neither. Man will cleave to both until he has learned to dispense with himself.

MASSACHUSETTS INFANT ASYLUM.

An article signed "T. W. H.," which appeared a few weeks ago in THE INDEX, referred to the Report of a Catholic Asylum which, after stating the percentage of deaths, remarked that, if they had not preserved the earthly lives of these children, their eternal salvation was secured by their introduction to the Church.

This spirit is very common in sectarian institutions, and the same consideration prompts to the carelessness of infant life which is so very prevalent. Many a pious person utters a grateful sigh when a child is taken out of the world, as if its departure were an escape from evil and peril.

There is a real evil in this spirit, as affecting hospitals and asylums. In some cases they make no report of the methods or results of their medical treatment, so that the public is unable to judge fairly of their work, besides nothing being contributed in the lack of such reports to the general stock of knowledge on the important questions of health. The influence on individuals is also often prejudicial. The hope of recovery is not allowed its natural influence. A young girl who had been a patient in a hospital of this class, on being asked why she left it, replied: "I did not like to stay; they were all the time talking to me about preparing to die, and I wanted to get well and be married." She certainly chose the better part.

In strong contrast with this spirit is the thoroughly humane and scientific management of the Massachusetts Infant Asylum, an institution established about seven years ago for the express purpose of promoting the preservation of infant life. It was found that under the existing system, which allowed of foundlings and deserted children being sent to the Alms-House, and those of indigent mothers obliged to work for their support often to be placed at board, the mortality was frightful, sometimes rising to as high as ninety-five or six per cent. In fact, the survival of such children beyond the first year was a rare exception.

The Infant Asylum had for its one object to prove that such children could be saved, and could grow up to health and possible usefulness and happiness. It was a new experiment, and all concerned in it had to learn by the hard lessons of experience. The progress towards the desired end has been constant and satisfactory. The Report of the present year says: "The percentage of mortality for the last twelve months

was 47.7, while that for this year is 14.3,—which is only a little more than half of the percentage for the most favorable year before this; namely, year before last, when it was 26.6." The most experienced friends of the work thought it would be a great success if the mortality were reduced to fifty per cent.; yet already, in a year when the average mortality of the city is very high, it is reduced to much less than half that amount. Although we can hardly hope for so favorable a result every year, there seems no reason to doubt that the mortality can be kept quite as low as in the community at large.

This result has been obtained by a careful obedience to the laws of science and Nature, as far as they are yet known. Not only are material comforts and skilful medical attendance given to the children,—not only are wet nurses provided, since no art of man can equal Nature's skilful compounding of the food for babes,—but the divine influence of love and tenderness are allowed their full value; and it is found that the babes put out to board often thrive better for the love and petting of the family circle, even without as good sanitary conditions as the Asylum affords.

Such an institution ought to exist in every large city; and we point to this success as proof of what may be accomplished. We have no right to permit such a waste of life as now goes on everywhere. Besides this economy of life, I believe a great moral influence has been exerted upon the unfortunate mothers of these children, many of whom are encouraged and helped to retain the care of their children, who otherwise would have deserted and abandoned them.

The secretary of the Association is Mr. Charles Ware, of Brookline, Mass., who will doubtless be happy to forward copies of the last Report—which is the sixth annual one—to any persons interested in this important subject.

E. D. C.

FREEDOM AND VAGUENESS.

Our very admirable friend William H. Channing, at a recent public meeting in London, is reported to have spoken something in this vein: That, while he would bring all possible emphasis to bear on the word "freedom," his thoughts and affections were more than ever concentrated on the term "Christian;" and it was, in his judgment, more than ever necessary to bring out in clear, noontide brightness "the grand, central truth gathering round the fellowship of the Father and the Son." There was danger, he thought, that the "strong religious sentiment of the community might lose itself in vagueness, and dissipate itself in thin air, because it did not recognize the central reality of the fellowship of the Father and the Son, as the very means of fellowship in the universal family."

I quote from the *Christian Register*, and shall not hold so excellent a rhetorician as Mr. Channing answerable for the cloudy figure of a "central truth" "gathering round a fellowship." Central truths commonly have others gather round them. It is pleasant to find our friend Channing, whose chief merit hitherto has been brilliancy, not clearness, who has frequently been "dark from excessive bright," coming out on the side of lucidity; but his illustration of it cannot be regarded as fortunate. If there is one doctrine that is not clear, that never has been made clear, that never can from the nature of the case be made clear,—a doctrine that never has been stated except with the caution that it was an ineffable mystery into which angels looked in vain,—it is the doctrine of the "fellowship between the Father and the Son." The doctrine of God in Humanity, the doctrine of a divine Humanity, or of Humanity as itself divine, is infinitely more intelligible. Every departure from that "central doctrine"—the departure of the Arians, the Socinians, the Unitarians—has been a deliverance from the powers of darkness, an exodus from Egypt. It was a relief when it came to humanitarianism; though humanitarianism only disposed of the vagueness that "gathered round" the doctrine of Jesus, but left the problem of God and Humanity unsolved.

Thus far, freedom has been the foe of vagueness in every particular, because it has led the mind out little by little from the region of theology to the region of philosophy, and from the ancient method of philosophy, that of the Scholastics, to the modern method which is scientific. Our critics may say what they will about the vagueness of the Free Religion men—we must still remain unconvinced of it; we must still believe that we seem vague merely because we are comprehensive and have a wide view, because we embrace many details instead of having our horizon occupied by a single object. If there is a word which more than any other (more than "freedom") suggests vagueness, it is the term "Christian." No two sects define it alike. The great sects, Romanism on the one side and Protestantism on the other, define it so differently that their interpretations are hostile. The extreme sects—the Romanists or Calvinists on the one side, and the sentimentalists and transcendentalists on the other—cannot agree on the fundamental terms of definition. The little clique of Unitarians, whose one conspicuous characteristic is their intelligibility, have given up the conundrum and allow every one who is sufficiently interested to claim the name to define Christianity for himself. Not a few are ready to say that the term does not require definition, but is equivalent to goodness, kindness, benevolence,—qualities so long associated with Christianity as to have become identified with it. The term "Christian" is about as vague as the term "Tagan," which is a good word for pulp use, but has no distinct meaning.

The term "Religion," though large and more comprehensive, carries a far more intelligible sense; for it does not, of necessity, imply a system of theology or scheme of dogmatics, but brings up the simple facts of sentiment, which all understand naturally without explanation. When we say "Christian Religion," we are called on to specify what precise thing we mean; we are in the region of complications; we move about among subtleties and snares. We have to define and confine; shut ourselves in, and shut our neighbors out,—and this is a delicate and difficult thing to do, if we do it nicely.

Jesus surely was not vague, when he resolved the Law and the Prophets into love of God and man; brushing away the complicated traditions of the elders, and the intricate casuistries of the doctors, and giving a formula which everybody could understand by the heart, which is the religious organ. The lawyer did not understand it; thought it vague, because so large. "Who is my neighbor?" he asked, and might have continued to ask even after the parable of the Good Samaritan had been related as an illustration. He wanted precision, and would soon have lost himself in complexities.

Now precision in thought is a good thing, and vagueness in thought is a very bad thing; and freedom does run into complexities, and therefore incurs danger of entanglement and confusion. But the method of freedom is hostile to vagueness, because it promotes distinctness of thought in matters whereon thought bears. It resolves the apparently simple into its parts; and the vague is the apparently simple. The phrase "fellowship between the Father and the Son" is apparently simple. But apply thought to it, and it is a nebula of mist. If it should become a galaxy of stars, it would be purely through the agency of freedom. Our admirable friend Channing, and other admirable friends with him, seem to my apprehension to confound the intellectually with the sentimentally simple. They prefer an infinite fire-mist to a firmament gemmed with constellations. The nebula leaves a single impression on the imagination, but the constellations are the clearest to vision.

O. B. F.

"We do not expect to please everybody," editors often say: "there will be always some to find fault." It is a lame sort of self-defence. We do not expect to please anybody—at all times. But every one whom we hope to please at all would rather have us speak exactly as we think, than be obliged to suspect us of politic conformity even to his own opinion.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to E. errors.
N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.
N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.
N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

THE TREE STILL STANDING.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 27, 1873.

MR. EDITOR:—

The tree does not even waver under Mr. Crane's last blow. If I pay any one less than cost for his products, I certainly do "steal unconsciously." But the purchaser cannot ascertain whether he is paying the exact cost price or not. He therefore buys of him who charges least, supposing that no one will be foolish enough to sell for less than cost and thus ruin himself. "How shall the cost be determined?" asks Mr. Crane. The cost varies with different individuals, and the cheapest wins. Every person must determine for himself the cost of his own products. Any arbitrary rules concerning price interfere with the liberty of the people. These ideas are impracticable, are they? Perhaps so; but in my judgment it is, to say the least, imprudent to pronounce any new idea to be impracticable before it has been fairly tried.

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

LOURDES GROTTO.

"I am the Immaculate Conception," said the phantom to a young girl several years ago in the charming Pyrenees, where a cave had been scooped out in the pleasure-grounds of a castle.

Believers in this story became numerous in the adjacent country, who made this a sort of Mecca for the pious country folk from all parts of France. We have this news given us with fresh accompaniments from the hands of the interested priesthood, how forty thousand pilgrims were there a few days ago, presided over by the very Rev. Bishop of Carcassonne, with all the pomp and circumstance of the Catholic Ritual; and that two hundred banners were in the procession costing a quarter of a million francs, while a great speech was made by the Bishop of Tarbes, with the people continually crying, "Vive la France, vive le Pape!"

All this is sent by telegrams to London, and from thence communicated to a gaping world through the *Times*.

The *Paris Patrie* also states "that by command of the ghost or phantom the young Bernadotte girl touched the rock, and forthwith came abundance of water that continues to flow and bless the faithful with its curative properties; that as a consequence magnificent hotels and boarding-houses have sprung up in all directions, and that thousands of miraculous cures of incurable diseases are related."

This cave or grotto, we learn from other reliable sources, is a charming and romantic spot, where the snow-crowned mountains glisten under the noonday sun, while the eagle's-nest of a castle is proudly seated on a basaltic rock overlooking the whole country. A statue of the "Mother of God" is placed in the hollow, at the very spot where the said ghost was seen, with the miraculous fountain at the left of the grating.

And why, my incredulous friend, should this story be untrue? Should the stupendous miracles of Galilee be confined to that day and generation? Is it not fitting that this wonderful demonstration should be made to a child whose purity could not be questioned, instead of to a matured Christian all used up by piousness and indigestion?

So we have here another instance of special interposition to strengthen the faith of devotees, and rivet closer the clerical chains which bind the ignorant and credulous, endorsed by the regularly ordained Bishop of the greatest Christian Church, having in its folds over two hundred millions of people!

We learn from Luke that this immaculate conception was antedated six months in the person of our Elizabeth, and that her husband was so informed while he was burning incense in the temple.

The Angel Gabriel was delegated to impart this information in both instances, with this difference, however; that the older Elizabeth was not personally visited, while Mary saw the angel and had the personal conversation.

The priest Zacharias in the one case conversed with Gabriel, while the carpenter Joseph was notified through a dream of that which was to transpire. However, it was perfectly satisfactory, and all parties interested accepted the situation.

Much curiosity has existed among reflective people why more importance was not attached to the eccentric John, as he was the party who brought Jesus forward, and comes into existence by as great expense of miracle, and with much greater publicity.

John was from a priest's family in good standing among the Jews, regularly serving in the

Temple, and his father was speechless, we read, for nine months, until the child was named; while upon the other hand, the son of Mary had not been publicly announced, and was finally born in a stable.

The glorification of Jesus was immediately commenced, we learn, by the angel chorus, and continued by the shepherds, Simeon, Anna the prophetess, and the wise men.

John is only made prominent during two days while preaching and heralding Jesus, baptizing him in the Jordan. We cannot have any doubt that he did his work of advertising well, until he was cut off from his kindred by the dancing daughter of Herodias.

But the divine origin of Jesus must be frequently affirmed, by the renewal of these miraculous presentations as in the case of the Bernadotte girl of the Pyrenees, and they always occur somehow in those countries which look to Rome as their spiritual head.

I really think that John is not appreciated as he ought to be, even among the water-power Baptists. J. E. H.

EXPERIENCE.

How easy to criticise the apparently cowardly position taken by the man who for the time being seems utterly crushed by some one of life's bitterest experiences! How foolish and wrong it seems for him not to accept calmly the inevitable, and rouse into life the noble manhood latent within him!

Mental strain, like physical overwork, may, in spite of heroic endurance, break down even the strongest constitution; still it is essentially a case of self-kill or self-cure, and the wise man sees that the issue must be met.

The absolutely essential medicine is the speedy banishment of all feeling of mere selfish sorrow.

Is it death? Let there arise indomitable resolution manfully applied to the execution of some wise purpose or new and large interest.

Is it love? Let it appear that friendship alone will suffice, as thus only can both be happy.

In our most careless days, when all is sunshine, we are sometimes momentarily depressed, scarce knowing why, but in fact because we are drifting rudderless.

If we may thus be unhappy at a time when everything is fair around us and opportunity for the diversion of thought is abundant, how black is the prospect when suddenly we seem left utterly alone, utterly miserable, without even a wish to live!

Nether God nor man can help you; all sympathy is perhaps worse than thrown away; civil war rages within,—a terrible struggle which must leave you, as a man, *nothing or everything*. If you have only become more broadly sympathetic, your effort to perfect yourself has succeeded; true humanity has triumphed.

Then all thanks to those noble natures who have taught me in season this greatest, this most blessed, of lessons. J. H. B.

Boston, June 24, 1873.

POISON AS A PRAYER-TEST.

EDITOR INDEX:—

The so-called "Tyndall's Prayer-test" has excited a great deal of discussion, not only in religious but secular and religio-secular papers. Perhaps there is not a single educated family in Christendom but has discussed the subject over the breakfast-table. In fact, among all English-speaking people possessing ordinary education, it has been for some months a fruitful topic of conversation. But it seems to me the "test" is rather far-fetched.

It is simply a question of faith. Matthew, xvii. 20, says: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove: and nothing shall be impossible unto you." James, v. 14, 15, says: "Is any sick among you; let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." As an instance that prayer to God has power, he (James) gives in verse sixteen of the same chapter the story of Elias, praying first that it might not and then that it might rain; and he was accommodated.

So it is plain enough that faith alone is needed.

"Tyndall's test" is too slow and complex. A shorter way of proving the efficacy of faith is shown in Mark, xvi. 17, 18: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

At a glance it may be seen how much simpler this plan is than Tyndall's. The believer has but to "lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

If this is so, why take the trouble to dedicate a certain ward in a hospital to one form of treatment, and a second to another? Do not try two potholes. If Celestialopathy is the cure-all, why try Terrestrialopathy? The matter is really in a nut-shell, and may be tried at any moment in the year, in any city in the world wherein is one "believer."

The writer is an apothecary (not one of the kind described by Shakespeare, for he weighs nearly two hundred pounds), and he has on several occasions offered to "Christians," including a number of "called ministers," a dose of poison—arsenic, strychnine, or morphine—as a test; and every one of them has refused the tempting potion, notwithstanding Mark, xvi. 18, was read to them before and after the generous offer.

And the worst of it is this: a soul (according to their theory) has been lost in consequence of their refusal. For I have invariably informed each one that, if he would drink the dose offered and suffered no harm, I would believe in his God, Christ, Devil, and Church; would resign my present employment, and devote my whole time, means, and energy towards "converting unregenerate souls to Christ."

But they would none of it, and so my soul is lost! L. G.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Jan. 27, 1873.

"THE CHRISTIAN CAUSE IN ASIA."

The N. Y. Herald gives some "extraordinary facts" which it regards as "really encouraging to the Christian cause in Asia."

Let us see what they are and what they really amount to.

1. The Japanese Calendar which has ruled for more than twenty-five centuries has been changed, so that their New Year shall commence with the first, instead of the last, of January, according to the "Christian method."

2. The day is to be divided into twenty-four hours instead of twelve, as before; and the one which corresponds to Sunday is to be observed as a holiday!

3. The 25th day of December is to be "observed as a grand holiday by the Japanese." "Christmas day is to be henceforth held sacred to *Trinita*, the first Emperor of Japan."

Wonderfully encouraging evidence, indeed, of the "progress of the Christian cause in Asia!"

If observing one day in January rather than another, as New Year's Day,—if reckoning twenty-four hours to the day instead of twelve (as Jesus Christ undoubtedly did),—and keeping Sunday, not as the Sabbath, or as the festival of Christ's resurrection, but simply as "a holiday," and December 25, not as sacred to the memory of Christ, or as the anniversary of his birth, but as "a grand holiday" sacred to the memory of *Trinita*, a heathen emperor,—if these are, any or all of them together, indicative of Christian progress, then Christianity is an exceedingly easy thing to put on, and "Jordan" can no longer be set down as "a hard road to travel."

The Herald's reckoning reminds me of a man of Jewish birth, who claimed to be a convert to Christianity. His claim was disputed, when he argued it thus: "I work on the Sabbath (Saturday)—I drink, and swear, and eat pork: I can't do these things and be a Jew; if I am not a Christian, what in hell am I?"

Another admirable illustration occurs to us of a like "extraordinary fact," giving like encouragement to Christian hopes.

At a revival meeting, one of the worst men, in all the region round, arose and acknowledged his backslidden condition. He had joined the church twenty years before, he said; but for nineteen of those years he had lived a reckless, godless, profane, intemperate, licentious life. But he had never, he declared, in all this iniquity, entirely given up his Christian hope. There was only one thing that he held on to, as ground for hope; that, notwithstanding his terribly wicked life, he was a Christian at heart—one of God's elect; he never quite forgot his dear Redeemer. In all his dissipation and degradation, he "always remembered how to spell the name of the blessed Jesus—J-a-i-s-u-s."

The preacher dryly observed that such spelling as that was a pretty slender peg to hang a Christian hope on. In like manner the Herald's "wonderful facts" seem to us rather a slim foundation on which to build "encouragement to the Christian cause in Asia." H.

When we begin to divide and unchurch each other on small points, there is no telling where it will stop. The Baptist having excluded the best of us from their communion table are now beginning to try it on each other, and their papers are vigorously discussing whether regular old line Baptists have any right to accept the Lord's invitation to supper, if he should admit Free Will Baptists too. A still further division among the Baptists call themselves Mennonites, and in eastern Ohio these have become arrayed into two irreconcilable parties called the Omish and the Manese; the point of controversy being the wearing of buttons instead of hooks and eyes, while a serious feud is threatened in another quarter upon the question as to the length and split of the coat-tail.—*Union Era*.

That clerical and lay functions were once combined, the following old-time advertisement will show: "Wanted, for a family who have had bad health, a sober, steady person in the capacity of doctor, surgeon, apothecary, and man-of-wife. He must occasionally act as butler, and dress hair and wigs. He will be required sometimes to read prayers, and to preach a sermon every Sunday. A good salary will be given.—*Horne Journal*."

The schoolmaster sees the mother's face daguerreotyped in the conduct and character of each little boy and girl. Nay, a chance visitor, with a quick eye, sees very plainly which child is daily baptized in the tranquil waters of a blessed home, and which is cradled in violence and suckled at the bosom of a storm. Did you ever look at a little pond in a sour, dark day in March? How sullen the swampy water looked! The shore pouted at the pond, and the pond made mouths at the land; and how saraggy trees, cold and bare-armed, scowled over the edge! But look at it on a bright day in June, when great rolling clouds, all golden with sunlight, checker the heavens, and seem like a large flock of sheep which the good God is tending in that upland pasture of the sky; and then how different looks the pond—the shores all green, the heavens all gay, and the pond laughs right out and blesses God! As the heavens over the water, so a mother broods over her family, March or June, just as she will.—*Theodore Parker*.

As we have before stated, the Society of Friends is not growing, numerically, especially the "Orthodox" branch, for the denomination does not make any proselyting attempts. Unlike some of their brethren of another fold, the Friends do not permit the employment of an indolent genius who spends \$4,000 per annum in looking for an ineptuous Hebrew who may be willing to improve his worldly condition by means of apostasy; every dollar religiously spent by the Friends is expended for a wise purpose and to the purpose. The consequence is that "Quaker" beggars are as scarce a sight on our or on any other streets, as snow in summer. Neither are there any Quaker "clerical bums," nor Quaker church palaces erected at the cost of a half million dollars. Leaving spiritual points out of the question, the community would be the gainer if the Society of Friends could grow as rapidly in numbers and influence as do some of their contemporaneous religious bodies.—*Philadelphia Sunday Republic*.

AMUSING INTOLERANCE.—A controversy has arisen of a peculiar kind in the United Presbyterian Church in Edinburgh. A member of that church had declined to partake of the sacrament because ordinary intoxicating wine was used. This sort of scruple is sure to arise when teetotalism flourishes, and it is of such a harmless kind that one should think it would be treated with some indulgence. Unfortunately, toleration is a virtue little understood in Calvinistic Scotland, and the Kirk Session passed the following resolution: "Whereas, Mr. John Macadam has been guilty of an unseemly, offensive, and schismatical act at the communion table in refusing to partake of communion, and notwithstanding prolonged dealings with him he still refuses to act in conformity with his brethren, the session hereby suspend him from the office of the eldership and from full communion with the members of the church." This is a gem in its way. If the heads of the church do not deal with this case in a more sensible way, we shall soon have to announce a new sect of Presbyterians—"The Spiritual Supporters of Unfermented Wine."—*London Ecclesiastical*.

The *Church Journal*, an English publication, illustrates its Christian charity in an obituary tribute to the late Mr. Mill, in which it says: "His philosophy, so-called, was thoroughly anti-Christian; his sentiments daringly mischievous and outrageously wild. His death is no loss to anybody, for he was a rank but amiable infidel, and a most dangerous person. The sooner those 'lights of thought,' who agree with him, go to the same place, the better will it be for both Church and State. We can well spare the whole crew of them, and shall hear of their departure, whether one by one or in a body, with calm satisfaction."

But if this be true, why wait for the slow and uncertain hand of Nature to remove all the remaining members of Mr. Mill's mental family? The flesh of heretics and dissenters in these days is no more proof against the physical weapons of Orthodoxy than it was in the glorious time of the Smithfield fires.

It is true that the "dangerous persons," the misbelievers of the "rank but amiable" type of the late Mr. Mill, for whose elimination the *Church Journal* so devoutly yearns, number, probably, in all Christendom, a good many millions. But that makes them so much the more dangerous, and the fire and sword of theological hate and intolerance cannot commence work upon them too soon.—*New Orleans Times*.

CHRISTIAN PERSECUTIONS.—The Jews have been persecuted, cruelly maltreated, and outraged, especially in Christian countries, they say; but they always forgot to add which class of people was treated any better. Arabs, Indians, Turks, and Christians were treated in the same manner. The peasants were the beasts of burden, the dogs, the chattel of the nobility, whom they whipped, flogged, mutilated, or killed at pleasure, as it was still the case a few brief years ago in Russia; and the peasants and serfs were orthodox Christians. The heretics and schismatics, tormented and roasted by the thousands, and the Protestants killed by Catholics, were all persecuted Christians. The knights in constant warfare with one another, and the crusaders, together with the flagellants, were also good Christians. Many more Christians than either Jews or Turks were persecuted, tormented, or slain by Christians. The lower classes in Christendom were always treated like outland dogs. Outside of England and Holland, it is not quite a century, that revolutions have commenced to ameliorate the condition of humanity; and since then the Jew, like the peasant, has recovered his rights. These are stubborn facts. Where was the "Religion of Love" all that time? Where was the "Christian civilization" during all these centuries of darkness? It is all vague phraseology. Civilization, the reign of justice and liberty, began with rebellion against the Church and the institutions established or sanctioned by her. Thomas Jefferson and his colleagues understood this well, and insisted upon the separation of State and Church, civil and religious liberty; which in clear words means, to restrain the Church, by the strong arm of justice, from such acts of violence as have always been committed under the holy garb of religion. This only proves that the Church never was and never could be the mother and nurse of modern civilization. She must naturally be intolerant and one-sided, which justice forbids. As long, therefore, as the Church was the supreme power, all classes of people, the Jew included, were persecuted and maltreated. Justice and freedom, in behalf of humanity, have stopped it. One must be stark blind to the facts of history not to see this.—*The Liberator*.

Many complain of short memory, of forgetfulness; few, however, know that they never learned to keep things in their memory. Whatever we know well and correctly, whatever we have grasped with our reason, is indelible. That which makes but a feeble impression on the mind, vanishes easily. People who never listen, never want to know, never exert their faculties to understand, never had anything in their memory to retain; hence their forgetfulness. One may forget details, but principles are fixed facts forever, if the mind has once grasped them. Those who do not want to know, do not wish to learn, feel no desire to understand, no inclination to become wiser and better, feel at last that their memory fails them; but there was nothing in it from the beginning worthy of retention.—*The Liberator*.

Isiah B. O'Neill was hanged in Atlanta yesterday, for the murder of Jas. Little, in September, 1871. A variation upon the ordinary gallows speech is quite noticeable in his remarks: "I hope to meet some of you in heaven," was one of his observations, and there was a painful directness in its application. That there were those among the spectators whom he could not expect to meet in heaven proves the low moral grade of many who voluntarily attend a hanging. Even this condemned felon could appreciate their perilous situation.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The farmer who, with his wife, last week called at a photographic gallery to have her taken, being desirous of getting the "life-like expression," observed: "Fasten your mind on something, or else you will laugh and spite the job. Think about early days, how your father got in jail, and your mother was an old scolder, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you! Just fasten your mind on to that!" She didn't have any photographs taken that day.—*Chicago Post*.

A recent graduate in the Yale Theological Seminary was asked by a fellow theologian, "How he should preach in a community where there were a good many Universalists." "Oh," replied our Amherst boy, "give 'em hell."—*Amherst Student*.

A grocer asked an artist: "Is sculpture difficult?" The artist replied: "Why, bless you, no. You have only to take a block of marble, a mallet, and a chisel, and knock off all the marble you don't want."

It would only be an act of justice to broil Captain Jack on a gridiron over a slow fire; but to charge him with the authorship of "Betsey and I are Out," is cruelty unworthy of our civilization.—*St. Louis Globe*.

That bright genius who presides over the destinies of the Danbury News, in view of the approach of Lent, remarked that people in general were hurrying up to get their wickedness all in.

A judge in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

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An Essay on Miracles.

BY DAVID HUME.

There is, in Dr. Tillotson's writings, an argument against the "real presence," which is as concise and elegant and strong as any argument can possibly be supposed against a doctrine so little worthy of a serious refutation. It is acknowledged on all hands, says that learned prelate, that the authority, either of the Scripture or of tradition, is founded merely on the testimony of the apostles, who were eye-witnesses to those miracles of our Savior, by which he proved his divine mission. Our evidence, then, for the truth of the Christian religion is less than the evidence for the truth of our senses; because, even in the first authors of our religion, it was no greater, and it is evident it must diminish in passing from them to their disciples; nor can any one rest such confidence in their testimony, as in the immediate object of his senses. But a weaker evidence can never destroy a stronger; and, therefore, were the doctrine of the Real Presence ever so clearly revealed in Scripture, it were directly contrary to the rules of just reasoning to give our assent to it. It contradicts sense, though both the Scripture and tradition, on which it is supposed to be built, carry not such evidence with them as sense; when they are considered merely as external evidences, and are not brought home to every one's breast by the immediate operation of the Holy Spirit.

Nothing is so convenient as a decisive argument of this kind, which must at least silence the most arrogant bigotry and superstition, and free us from their impertinent solicitations. I flatter myself that I have discovered an argument of a like nature, which, if just, will, with the wise and learned, be an everlasting check to all kinds of superstitious delusion, and consequently will be useful as long as the world endures. For so long, I presume, will the accounts of miracles and prodigies be found in all history, sacred and profane.

Though experience be our only guide in reasoning concerning matters of fact, it must be acknowledged that this guide is not altogether infallible, but in some cases is apt to lead us into errors. One who, in our climate should expect better weather in any week of June than in one of December, would reason justly and conformably to experience; but it is certain that he may happen in the event to find himself mistaken. However, we may observe that in such a case he would have no cause to complain of experience; because it commonly informs us beforehand of the uncertainty, by that contrariety of events, which we may learn from a diligent observation. All effects follow not with like certainty from their supposed causes. Some events

are found, in all countries and all ages, to have been constantly conjoined together; others are found to have been more variable, and sometimes to disappoint our expectations; so that, in our reasonings concerning matter of fact, there are all imaginable degrees of assurance, from the highest certainty to the lowest species of moral evidence.

A wise man, therefore, proportions his belief to the evidence. In such conclusions as are founded on an infallible experience, he expects the event with the last degree of assurance, and regards his past experience as a full proof of the future existence of that event. In other cases he proceeds with more caution; he weighs the opposite experiments; he considers which side is supported by the greater number of experiments. To that side he inclines with doubt and hesitation; and when at last he fixes his judgment, the evidence exceeds not what we properly call probability. All probability, then, supposes an opposition of experiments and observations, where the one side is found to overbalance the other, and to produce a degree of evidence proportioned to the superiority. A hundred instances or experiments on one side, and fifty on another, afford a doubtful expectation of any event; though a hundred uniform experiments, with only one that is contradictory, reasonably beget a pretty strong degree of assurance. In all cases, we must balance the opposite experiments, where they are opposite, and deduct the smaller number from the greater, in order to know the exact force of the superior evidence.

To apply these principles to a particular instance, we may observe that there is no species of reasoning more common, more useful, and even necessary to human life, than that which is derived from the testimony of men, and the reports of eye-witnesses and spectators. This species of reasoning, perhaps, one may deny to be founded on the relation of cause and effect. I shall not dispute about a word. It will be sufficient to observe that our assurance in any argument of this kind is derived from no other principle than our observation of the veracity of human testimony, and of the usual conformity of facts to the reports of witnesses. It being a general maxim that no objects have any discoverable connection together, and that all the inferences which we can draw from one to another are founded merely on our experience of their constant and regular conjunction, it is evident that we ought not to make an exception to this maxim in favor of human testimony whose connection with any event seems, in itself, as little necessary as any other. Were not the memory tenacious to a certain degree; had not men commonly an inclination to truth and a principle of probity; were they not sensible to shame when detected in a falsehood,—were not these, I say, discovered by experience to be qualities inherent in human nature, we should never repose the least confidence in human testimony. A man delirious, or noted for falsehood and villainy, has no manner of authority with us. And as the evidence, derived from witnesses and human testimony, is founded on past experience, so it varies with the experience, and is regarded either as a proof or a probability, according as the conjunction between any particular kind of report and any kind of object has been found to be constant or variable. There are a number of circumstances to be taken into consideration in all judgments of this kind; and the ultimate standard by which we determine all disputes that may arise concerning them, is always derived from experience and observation. Where this experience is not entirely uniform on any side, it is attended with an unavoidable contrariety in our judgments, and with the same opposition and mutual destruction of argument as in every other kind of evidence. We frequently hesitate concerning the reports of others. We balance the opposite circumstances which cause any doubt or uncertainty; and when we discover a superiority on any side, we incline to it; but still with a diminution of assurance, in proportion to the force of its antagonist.

This contrariety of evidence, in the present case, may be derived from several different causes: from the opposition of contrary testimony; from the character or number of the witnesses; from the manner of their delivering their testimony; or from the union of all these

circumstances. We entertain a suspicion concerning any matter of fact, when the witnesses contradict each other; when they are but few or of a doubtful character; when they have an interest in what they affirm; when they deliver their testimony with hesitation, or, on the contrary, with too violent asseverations. There are many other particulars of the same kind, which may diminish or destroy the force of any argument derived from human testimony.

Suppose, for instance, that the fact which the testimony endeavors to establish, partakes of the extraordinary and the marvellous; in that case, the evidence resulting from the testimony admits of a diminution greater or less in proportion as the fact is more or less unusual. The reason why we place any credit in witnesses and historians, is not derived from any connection which we perceive *a priori* between testimony and reality, but because we are accustomed to find a conformity between them. But when the fact attested is such a one as has seldom fallen under our observation, here is a contest of two opposite experiences, of which the one destroys the other as far as its force goes; and the superior can only operate on the mind by the force which remains. The very same principle of experience which gives us a certain degree of assurance in the testimony of witnesses, gives us also, in this case, another degree of assurance against the fact which they endeavor to establish; from which contradiction there necessarily arises a counterpoise, and mutual destruction of belief and authority.

I should not believe such a story were it told me by Cato, was a proverbial saying in Rome, even during the lifetime of that philosophical patriot. [*Plutarch in Vita Catonis.*] The incredulity of a fact, it was allowed, might invalidate so great an authority.

The Indian prince, who refused to believe the first relations concerning the effects of frost reasoned justly; and it naturally required very strong testimony to engage his assent to facts that arose from a state of Nature with which he was unacquainted, and which bore so little analogy to those events of which he had had constant and uniform experience. Though they were not contrary to his experience, they were not conformable to it. [See Note 1.]

But in order to increase the probability against the testimony of witnesses, let us suppose that the fact which they affirm, instead of being only marvellous, is really miraculous; and suppose, also, that the testimony, considered apart and in itself, amounts to an entire proof,—in that case there is proof against proof, of which the strongest must prevail, but still with a diminution of its force in proportion to that of its antagonist.

A miracle is a violation of the laws of Nature; and as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, the proof against a miracle, from the very nature of the fact, is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined. Why is it more than probable that all men must die; that lead cannot of itself remain suspended in the air; that fire consumes wood, and is extinguished by water,—unless it be that these events are found agreeable to the laws of Nature, and there is required a violation of these laws, or, in other words, a miracle to prevent them? Nothing is esteemed a miracle, if it ever happen in the common course of Nature. It is no miracle that a man seemingly in good health should die on a sudden; because such a kind of death, though more unusual than any other, has yet been frequently observed to happen. But it is a miracle that a dead man should come to life; because that has never been observed in any age or country. There must, therefore, be a uniform experience against every miraculous event, otherwise the event would not merit that appellation. And as a uniform experience amounts to a proof, there is here a direct and full proof from the nature of the fact against the existence of any miracle; nor can such a proof be destroyed, or the miracle rendered credible, but by an opposite proof which is superior. [See Note 2.]

The plain consequence is (and it is a general maxim worthy of our attention), "that no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle, unless the testimony be of such a kind that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact

which it endeavors to establish: and even in that case there is a mutual destruction of arguments, and the superior only gives us an assurance suitable to that degree of force which remains after deducting the inferior." When any one tells me that he saw a dead man restored to life, I immediately consider with myself whether it be more probable that this person should either deceive or be deceived, or that the fact which he relates should really have happened. I weigh the one miracle against the other; and according to the superiority which I discover, I pronounce my decision, and always reject the greater miracle. If the falsehood of his testimony would be more miraculous than the event which he relates, then, and not till then, can he pretend to command my belief or opinion.

[To be continued.]

NOTES.

Note 1. No Indian, it is evident, could have experienced that water did not freeze in cold climates. This is placing Nature in a situation quite unknown to him; and it is impossible for him to tell *a priori* what will result from it. It is making a new experiment, the consequence of which is always uncertain. One may sometimes conjecture from analogy what will follow; but still this is but conjecture. And it must be confessed that, in the present case of freezing, the event follows contrary to the rules of analogy, and is such as a rational Indian would not look for. The operations of cold upon water are not gradual, according to the degrees of cold; but whenever it comes to the freezing point, the water passes in a moment from the utmost liquidity to perfect hardness. Such an event, therefore, may be denominated *extraordinary*, and requires a pretty strong testimony to render it credible to people in a warm climate; but still it is not *miraculous*, nor contrary to uniform experience of the course of Nature in cases where all the circumstances are the same. The inhabitants of Sumatra have always seen water fluid in their own climate, and the freezing of their rivers ought to be deemed a prodigy; but they never saw water in Moscow during the winter, and therefore they cannot reasonably be positive what would there be the consequence.

Note 2. Sometimes an event may not in itself seem to be contrary to the laws of Nature, and yet if it were real it might, by reason of some circumstances, be denominated a miracle; because in fact it is contrary to these laws. Thus if a person claiming a divine authority should command a sick person to be well, a healthful man to fall down dead, the clouds to pour rain, the winds to blow; in short, should order many natural events which immediately follow upon his command,—these might justly be esteemed miracles, because they are really, in this case, contrary to the laws of Nature. For if any suspicion remain that the event and command concurred by accident, there is no miracle and no transgression of the laws of Nature. If this suspicion be removed, there is evidently a miracle, and a transgression of these laws; because nothing can be more contrary to Nature than that the voice or command of a man should have such an influence. A miracle may be accurately defined, a *transgression of a law of Nature by a particular volition of the Deity, or by the interposition of some invisible agent*. A miracle may either be discoverable by men or not. This alters not its nature and essence. The raising of a house or a ship into the air is a visible miracle. The raising of a feather, when the wind wants ever so little of a force requisite for that purpose, is as real a miracle, though not so sensible with regard to us.

The petition of 3,000 clergymen from the Southern Province for some change in either the rubric or the damnable clauses of the Athanasian Creed, "so that the Creed in its present form shall no longer remain a necessary part of the public worship of the Church of England," has been presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Deans of Canterbury and Chester. The list enclosed fourteen deans, twenty-five archdeacons, one hundred and ninety cathedral dignitaries, eighty-one masters and fellows of college at Oxford and Cambridge, and various other notables. Of these petitioners 2,159 are indifferent as to whether the change be made in the rubric or the damnable clauses, or both; 421 desire the alteration of the rubric only; 218 ask that the use of the Creed be optional; 203 for its entire disuse in public worship; and 292 request that a change be made in the damnable clauses. The two deans who presented the petition wished it to be distinctly understood that a gloss upon the Creed like that adopted concerning the baptismal service by the American bishops, by which its obvious meaning should be officially explained away, and a Pickwickian sense put upon it, would not do at all. The petitioners would be satisfied with less than a modification of the Creed, or a change in the rubric which renders its use obligatory. One would think that a palpable falsehood might be got out of the liturgy of a Christian church without all this fuss; but the ways of ecclesiastical governments are sometimes mysterious.—*Independent*.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

Then the brick and mortar of the British Babylon are apt to lie heavy on the soul in another respect: one may easily sojourn in it until he feels as if the world contained nothing else—eternal streets. Leigh Hunt asserts that there is scarcely one thoroughfare, even in the "city" proper, from some part of which a tree may not be discerned; and I do not forget the unrivalled parks, agreeable squares and gardens, and other arboreal delights hid away in unsuspected holes and corners; but despite all these alleviations, there is no disputing the predominance of the almost monopolist builder. We have all read of veritable cockneys of the alums and alleys, who, on their first view of the sea, have mistaken it for green fields, so ignorant were they of external Nature; and cannot doubt that there are thousands of unfortunates in the great metropolis, who live and die in the pitifullest estrangement from the panorama of God's own painting which is spread out beyond that dim pall of smoke closing their horizon—verdant meadows, shining rivers, forests beautiful in alternate shadow and sunlight, and a broad, free ocean, stretching away to fair, far-off countries. In no other capital are you so completely shut off from the works of His hand. Elia's predilections, together with those of Dr. Johnson, entirely ignore this part of the subject; besides they did not live in a London covering an area of six hundred and eighty-seven square miles. Carlyle's encomium of it to Emerson, that "it turns out good men," is high praise—the highest, perhaps, that can be awarded—but beside the present question. It is easier to respect, to admire, to wonder at, than to like, London.

To speak of Paris in its present anomalous condition were irrelevant; but as it was, so it is to be presumed it will be again: defeat, revolution, anarchy even, cannot change the character of a people, or do more than modify and develop their peculiarities. If then, man were but an irresponsible creature, and the gratification of his appetites, tastes, and inclinations the sole aim and end of his existence, the bright and brilliant capital on the banks of the Seine would, in its normal state, be the most delightful place to live in the world. It was not only the most splendid and attractive city in Europe, the Vanity Fair of the nineteenth century, "kept" (like Bunyan's) "all the year long," but also the metropolis of art and wit, the brain of France, which never even during the garish putrescence of that foul Second Empire quite prostituted itself to base uses. But these were notoriously predominant, and so exaggerated that it seemed as if a large class of Parisian authors, journalists, dramatists, and actors, had conspired to revive Phallus-worship as the religion of the nation. I do not need to be reminded, as we were by poor Prevost Paradol, that there was even then (as now) "a reserve of national good sense and national spirit" in the inhabitants of fair Lutetia—nay, of good morals also—though British Philistinism ignored the first and last; but it cannot be denied that, with the majority of them, the idea of self-indulgence dominated all others. Their capital was, *par excellence*, the glorified shrine of all sensuality, luxury, dissoluteness, and profligacy; their palaces and picture-galleries, theatres and places of public promenade, though the finest extant, served mainly, as Carlyle wrote of the Opera, "but as the vehicle of a kind of service which one judged to be Paphian rather," and "behind the glitter stalked the shadow of Eternal Death." Paris is pagan, recognizing no higher belief than that man ought to amuse himself—and make money that he may amuse himself. Sardinapalus' inscription on his extemporized cities of Onchialus and Tarsus—"Eat, drink, and love; the rest is worth nothing"—sums up an average Parisian's theory of life: a new, flash, brilliantly-lighted boulevard where he can sit, for any number of consecutive hours, over his coffee and *petit verre*, on the broad, scarcely-dried asphaltum sidewalk, and see the *monde* pass by, is his ideal of civilization; and one which nations with a better mixture of blood in them than the French, ought to be ashamed of accepting. Rather give us Cheapside at high noon; or even Thames Street! All this without disparagement of the admitted finer qualities of its lively population who wallowed in excesses, even to nausea, under the rule of the third Napoleon, and are now undergoing the bitterest physicking in consequence; though, so far as I see, without any signs of amendment. Their metropolis, though not perhaps the wickedest in Europe—for Rome, Vienna, and Stockholm may dispute that bad pre-eminence—is certainly the most shameless. The fantastic monsters and brutified

stone demons whose leering, scowling, grotesque, sleepless faces have, night and day, for so many centuries watched over Paris from the towers of Notre Dame, might be regarded as the city's tutelary genii.

Now New York cannot pretend to vie with London in importance, or with Paris in splendor; and, as already conceded, halts a long way short of what it might, what it ought, to attain to, were it not subject to atrocious chronic misgovernment by relays of the sorriest chronic misgovernment, democracy, and (until recently) endured by a long-suffering community with that astounding patience which is so curious a part of American character. It is wicked enough, Heaven knows! and inevitably so; being both a big city and a seaport, and also the involuntary receptacle of two-thirds of the scum and sediment of the great gulf-stream of emigration, in its progress westwards. It ought to be safer, cleaner, better paved, better lighted, better every way; granted all and several—but what then? Even New York mayors, aldermen, landlords, fires, murders, politicians, rowdies, Irish and other nuisances, human and miscellaneous, cannot spoil the bright, handsome metropolis at the mouth of the Hudson, or do more than alloy its natural, inseparable attractions. They have performed this so energetically, indeed, especially of late, that one is led to hope for their ultimate extinction; that the recent reforms are not merely spasmodic, but indicative of the advent of a new régime, in which men of honor, probity, and intelligence shall assume the responsibilities they have hitherto selfishly neglected, and give New York the government it wants. Then, and not till then, and not until ignorance shall be disfranchised—deprived of the terrible power of voting to its own hurt, and that of the community, by the establishment of some educational qualification (say the capacity to read)—will the Empire City obtain fair play, and deserve a much higher eucomium than that which I am now about to submit to the reader.

Approached by a beautiful bay, and islanded by rivers compared with which the Thames is a sewer and the Seine a canal, the site of New York is absolutely unrivalled: it lies basking on the water like a huge turtle sunning itself—but very far from asleep—and its appearance besseems its location. A brisker, busier, finer city of its size (quite large enough to satisfy anybody's reasonable predilections, with even taking into account its *spilling-over* of Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Hoboken, and Jersey City) it would be hard to find; it is the only one in the United States which can put in a serious claim to metropolitanism. Boston is half-a-dozen particularly crooked English country-towns rendered ornamental, removed to the seaside, and marching on its environs by means of "caterpillar-bridges." Philadelphia is a big village, built on the plan of a couple of gridirons laid crosswise. Baltimore, though handsome, cannot be voted more than second-rate; and Washington is the dreariest of national failures. But New York, with its houses of bright-red brick, white marble, and "brown stone;" its magnificent wholesale and retail stores, enormous hotels, and railway depôts, fine newspaper offices, churches, banks, and theatres; its marts, wharves, warehouses, and shipping; its suicidal mansard roofs; its streets, reminding one rather of Paris than of London, but being in truth like neither, but distinctly American, and exhibiting a characteristic and almost freakish variety of taste in architecture, which, however questionable, is at any rate pleasanter than the insipid uniformity of both those capitals; with its odd contrasts—"the business quarter finished and substantial, bearing the impress of money-making; the fashionable localities, erected for show, with the legible stamp of the successful millionaire; the mansions of the rich in close proximity with the shanties of the Irish squatter; gorgeous carriages rolling along at one end of an avenue, and at the other geese feeding upon the grass;" with more trees in it than you will find in a month's walk about London (of course excepting the parks, which our shallowness of soil will never allow us to rival); its picturesque, bizarre, irresistible Broadway, striking alike in the grandeur of its buildings, the brilliancy of its coloring, and its bustle and gaiety; its stylish Fifth Avenue, erst the exclusive headquarters of the "upper ten," now half conquered by invading hotels, stores, carriage-warehouses, restaurants, clubs, tailors' and print-sellers' shops, picture-galleries, dancing-academies, and what not; with its broad boulevards (only partially constructed, it is true, but of the goodliest promise—one hundred and fifty feet wide, and with trees on each side); its beautiful Central Park (exceeding Hyde in extent, containing some old forest trees, plenty of huge boulder-rocks, arbors, water, and statues)—New York, with the glorious Hudson ending all its transverse thoroughfares, and telegraph-wires spanning the glad, bright American sky in every direction, entirely unbesmirched by the villainous coal-smoke of the British metropolis, and needing

* From the *N. Y. Tripted*, condensing the observations of Mr. W. F. Rae (special commissioner of the *Daily News*, in *Westward by Rail*—one of the best and most appreciative of books on modern America.

none of the periodical scraping and painting by which the Parisians contrive to keep their show-streets handsome (the by-ones are always shabby enough)—New York has all the requirements of a capital, except perhaps a sufficiency of main thoroughfares, which imperfection, however, American ingenuity is doing its best to remedy; nay, turning to a positive advantage, of which hereafter. Its cheery collective aspect commends itself to the stranger at first sight: coming from Europe he instinctively infers that life must needs be brighter, pleasanter, less compulsorily exacting than in the Old World, though the new civilization be also at high pressure; a conclusion in many respects justified by experience. Viewed beneath its almost too fervid sunshine, which appears as unmitigated by the softening medium of atmosphere as most photographic pictures (the air is more transparent than that of Paris, and presents everything in as sharply-defined outline), it dazzles like a bold, bright beauty, dressed, if not in the best of taste, yet with a breadth of effect and dazzling recognition of color in harmony with her features and semi-tropical complexion.

And its social characteristics are appropriate. It is the most free-and-easy of places: nowhere else is the right to "do as you please" (a popular declaration of independence generally intensified in the nervous phraseology of its inhabitants by an inadmissible adjective) so universally recognized or less curbed by authority. In fact, the expression epitomizes the national character—which here demands a paragraph or so in correction of certain European misrepresentations, before I speak of its liveliest development in the shape of the genuine New Yorker.

For Heaven's sake, or at least that of common sense and a mutual understanding, is it not time to have done, at once and for all, with that pernicious nonsense and prejudice which both Englishmen and Americans have too long tolerated, if not cherished, with regard to each other, and which has, instead of the truth about them, substituted in the popular imagination merely the grossest caricatures of their exceptional peculiarities? There is no use shirking the fact, or begging the question by voting the misrepresentation mutual (which I shall speak of presently). Englishmen have assuredly under-estimated Americans to an extent of which they were quite unconscious until the late civil war disclosed the shameful spectacle of a large minority of them—and those arrogating superiority of culture and intelligence—instinctively taking the wrong side and vehemently aiding, abetting, and sympathizing with perhaps the worst cause that ever precipitated its own destruction. In consequence, instead of being as we ought the best of friends, brothers in hopes and aspirations, partners in one great destiny—in fact a single nation—there is, on one hand, a conviction of bitter injustice which it may yet take years to eradicate; and on the other—what shall I say?—a wish to condone the past and do better for the future.

Of course all prejudice originates in ignorance and intolerance; a conceit of our own superiority, and an involuntary assumption that everything which differs from our standard must be wrong. It finds its last exemplification in Leech's pitman: "Bill, 'ere's a stranger—'ave 'arf a brick at 'im." What a deal of brick-throwing has there been between the United States and Great Britain, and to what mischievous purpose; for our very affinities and resemblances have made us more sensitive to the injury! "Of all quarrels, family quarrels are accounted to be the most exacting; and the reason in general why they are so—if the parties were but oftener aware of it—is the same which ought to render them the most forgiving; for it is but affection inverted; affection the more wounded, the more it thinks affection its due."² This honestly describes what of real feeling against Englishmen existed in the best class of Americans anterior to the war; and though, from various causes, there was a quasi-Anglophobia extant among the community, it involved but little animosity except what was infused into it by the Irish, with whom hatred of England is a *sine qua non* of patriotism. English sentiments partook far more of the nature of ignorance, pure and simple, and misapprehension; both being quite as profound and self-satisfied as those which Frenchmen entertained of their insular neighbors—nay, they even plumed themselves on the prejudice as a mark of genuine British superiority. In fact, both nations had got into a false position towards, a bad habit of disparaging, each other, intensified by the affinities above-mentioned. With the American demagogue, the stump-speaker, the "rowdy" editor, England was always the *bet-nor* of the great Republic; the hot-bed of Toryism, the paradise of oligarchy, the country of class-legislation—a land which in every respect served as foil to and conflicted with his own, whose glorious mission it was to uphold and develop to the uttermost the doctrine of the Rights of Man. The ascription of all this, enormously inflated by "Runcombe" and "spread-eagleism,"

provoked the retaliation of English social dislike, sarcasm, and misrepresentation; they lent a willing ear to the superficial and ingenious gentlemen who told them that Americans were a tobacco-chewing, exhorting, whittling race, who wore short, striped trousers, swallow-tailed coats, thick boots, straw hats, and bowie-knives, talked through their noses in the amazing jargon of Halliburton's "Clockmaker," imbibed drinks with strange, slangy names, sat on their shoulder-blades with their feet on mantelpieces, and were, in brief, sordid and offensive and ridiculous ruffians, whose disagreeableness was only relieved by their absurdity. This deplorable rubbish a certain class of exclusives, ingrain Tories and reactionists, had a special interest in fostering—for what a rebuke to them was the giant Republic, what a fatal protest against their very existence, and sure guarantee of their ultimate extinction!—and naturally the feeling permeated downwards. All the uninformed and unthinking, all the snobs and supercilious, the cheap imitators of the aristocracy and gentry among the middle classes, echoed the cry; which few cared to unlearn, and which, kept up by their press and literature in general, prepared the way for worse, until opportunity furnished occasion, revived almost extinct ill-will in Americans, and "undid the healing work of fifty years."³ Fortunately other influences have been at work since the close of the civil war, which first opened English eyes to what they always respect—the power of a possible enemy. A change has now come over both nations. They are discovering that the preposterous Yankee of their imagination is a brave, intelligent, and generous people who fought, not as they supposed for dollars or empire, but for freedom, mankind—nay, the cause of civilization itself; while we are learning that "the brain and heart and muscle of England were at our side," after all; and only "the dress-suit and stomach and digestive apparatus" in opposition. A pity that the latter should have needed all the counter-action of the former to prevent a collision.

A new people, in a New World, "heir to all old civilizations, founders of that new one, which, if all the prophecies of the human heart are not lies, is to be the noblest, as it is the last;" the Americans would be unworthy of their origin and history, to say nothing of their destiny, did they try to be only Englishmen; or attempt to stretch the old wardrobe of forms and habits (which they, themselves, are all the time outgrowing) to the dimensions of their robust national existence. Race, if it be vital, must progress and develop new phases. Forty millions of Americans have a right to differ from a nation in which they fail to see the superiority to themselves, especially when (as happens as often as not) the difference is in their favor. There must be the completest concession of this, before it is possible to arrive at a correct estimate of them. And, besides, the difference is less than the resemblance to Englishmen. "You know," said Thackeray to an American friend, while walking the streets of Philadelphia, "what a virtue-proud people we English are? We think we have got it all to ourselves. Now that which most impresses me here is, that I find homes as good as ours; firesides like ours; domestic virtues as gentle and pure; the English language, though the accent be a little different, with its home-like melodies, and the *Common Prayer Book* in your families. I am more struck by pleasant resemblances than by anything else." And again the generous novelist wrote from Europe: "You are more tender-hearted, romantic, sentimental than we are. I keep on telling this to our fine people here, and have so belabored your country with praise in private that I sometimes think I go too far. I keep back some of the truth; but the great point to try and ding into the ears of the great, stupid, virtue-proud English public is that there are folks as good as they in America." A statement in the main true, whatever discrepancies (to be suggested in the course of this novel, and generally with native authority) may exist to the contrary; but which Britons seem to find it hard to realize.

[To be continued.]

² James Russell Lowell in *The Biglow Papers*.

³ Thomas Hughes, at the Boston Music Hall, October, 1870.

⁴ O. W. Holmes, in the *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*.
⁵ W. B. Reed, of the city in question, author of a pamphlet containing some interesting reminiscences of the great humorist, entitled *Humor in Memoriam*, and printed privately in 1864.

The *Interior* says: "The last new religious wonder in New York is the new church of St. Bartholomew. It puts all the fine churches in the city into the shade. It is radiant with gold and crimson. The leading pews were knocked off at auction last week, \$4,500 being the leading figure. It would be a burlesque to put over the door of that church—'To the poor the Gospel is preached.' 'Why don't you bid off one of our high pews?' said an earnest vestryman to a New York merchant. 'I bought a farm the other day for less than what you ask for one of those little pews,' was the answer."

The Sanctuary of Superstition.

THE SINNER'S DEATH LEAP.—There is, in a forest in Germany, a place they call the "deer-leap"—two crags about eighteen yards apart; between them a fearful chasm. This is called the "deer-leap," because once a hunter was on the track of a deer; it came to one of these crags; there was no escape for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and, in utter despair, it gathered itself up, and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course, it fell and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to heaven. It is plain; it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says, "I won't walk in that path; I will take my own way." He comes on up until he confronts the chasm that divides his soul from heaven. Now, his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm, from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back, now, and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump! jump! He misses the mark, and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men! angels! devils! what shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the SINNER'S DEATH-LEAP.
 —Rev. T. Devitt Thimagne.

NO MIXTURE IN ETERNITY.—In the other world there is all pure love or all pure wrath; all sweet or all bitter; without all pain, or without all ease; without all misery, or without all happiness: not partly at ease, and partly in pain; partly happy, and partly miserable; but all the one or the other. This life is a middle place between heaven and hell; and here we partake of some good and some evil. No judgment on this side hell, upon the worst of men, but there is some mercy mixed with it; for it is mercy that they are yet on this side hell: and no condition on this side heaven but there is some evil mixed with it; for, till we get to heaven we shall have sin in us. In heaven all are good, in hell all are bad; on earth some good, but more bad. In hell misery, without mixture of mercy or of hope: they have no mercy, and that is bad; and they can hope for none, and that is worse. While they be in time, they are pitied. God pities them, and Christ pities them, and good men pity them and pray for them and weep over them; but when time is past, all pity will be past, and they in misery without pity to all eternity. "The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Holy Lamb; and the smoke of their torment ascendeth forever and ever; and they have no rest day nor night." Then, for the Lord's sake, for your soul's sake, I beseech you, if you have any dread of God, and fear of hell, and desire of heaven—any care whither you must go—take no rest night or day in time, till you have secured your everlasting happy state, that you may have everlasting rest night and day in eternity; or, that you may pass into that eternity where it is always day and no night, and not into that where it shall be always night and never day; and never forget that Jesus is the only door to heaven.

Contributions or stamps, to pay for these insertions in this and 145 other newspapers (which are supposed to have three million readers weekly), will be thankfully received by the Rev. J. W. Carter, 7 Avenue Road, Bow, London, E.
 —*Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* (London, Feb. 23, 1873).

An Athol, Mass., man recently had a severe fit of illness, during which he experienced religion. One day during convalescence the minister called, and prayed, followed by the sick man, who then said to the clergyman: "I am not much used to praying, and I don't know as that prayer was exactly grammatical."—*Springfield Republican*.

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending July 10, 1873.

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N. B.—Postage on this index is five cents per quarter, dating from receipt of the first number, payable in advance at the place of delivery.

Leigh Hunt, in an introductory letter to an American edition of his Poetical Works. Boston, 1857.

The Index.

JULY 26, 1873.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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This fund is to be used, first, in meeting any deficiency in current expenses that may result from the recent "Index troubles," and, secondly, in such other ways as the editor shall find most advantageous for the paper. All appropriations will be reported to the Directors.

Acknowledged with thanks for the week ending July 10:—

\$1.00 each—Benj. E. Hopkins, Lewis G. Jones, Preston Day, Matt. H. Ellis, B. Brinton, Carl H. Horseb, Mrs. C. H. Horseb, T. L. Smith, E. B. Thomson, L. Everett, J. H. York, Lizzie E. Dorr, Wm. Sterns, S. H. Dame, Joseph Hayes, Helen E. Perkins, Samuel Drew, Mrs. R. Thomson, George Folsom, Z. S. Wallingford; \$2.00—Mrs. S. A. Woods; \$5.00 each—S. & H. Cole, Sarah Einerson.

"Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world," says Emerson, "is the triumph of enthusiasm." Yes, but it must be enthusiasm for what is intrinsically "great and commanding." Enthusiasm without ideas cannot lift a pin; give it intelligence, and it lifts the world.

"PEACE ON EARTH."

Is it really possible that the principle of arbitration, as a substitute for war, in the settlement of national quarrels, has made so much headway as seems to be indicated by the action of Parliament on the eighth of July? The motion of Mr. Henry Richard, proposing concerted action by the great powers for the purpose of improving international law, and establishing arbitration as the recognized means for the settlement of differences, is one of the most cheering signs of the time, when the fact is appreciated that such a motion could actually be carried in the House of Commons, even by the casting vote of the Speaker. Four millions of men are kept permanently under arms in Europe, thereby withdrawing from productive industry labor which is estimated as worth \$1,250,000,000, and involving an annual taxation of \$2,000,000,000, and an annual payment of war debts of \$750,000,000 interest. Add to this the depopulating emigration, the embarrassment of national finances, and the incalculable private demoralization which are caused by the enormous military establishments of the European powers, and it will be seen from what mountainous burdens Europe would be relieved by the universal adoption of the arbitration principle. It is too much to hope that the monarchical governments which are based on these military establishments will ever voluntarily adopt a principle which would overthrow them; but it is very clear that sooner or later the people will rise in insurrection against the oppression now entailed on them by the ambition of their rulers. Who wonders at the rapidly growing strength of the Internationals, or the excesses into which they may plunge, when the above facts are candidly considered? Not until arbitration supplants war, will the grinding poverty of the multitudes be relieved, or the world become what it ought to be—the happy home of a race at peace with itself and in earnest for all that tends to elevate its own condition. Speed the day!

THE "CHRISTIAN PARTY."

Right on the heels of a recent triumph of the Christianizers in Pennsylvania, by which a recognition of "God in the Constitution" was carried against active opposition in the Constitutional Convention of that State, comes the announcement of a new "Christian Party" in the State of New York, the object of which is the enactment and enforcement of more stringent Sunday laws, "aimed especially at the Germans." The New York World declares that the temperance and sectarian issues are to be vigorously worked this autumn in that State in behalf of the Republican party, and thus describes three different organizations even now active in the field:—

"1. There is a *temperance party* charged to work up the temperance question, the leaders of which are looking for office from the hands of the Republican party.

"2. There is a *prohibition party* organized and at work to enforce this question to the return point; and that, too, is being managed by the Republicans.

"3. In April last there was organized in Albany, under the name of a *Christian party*, a movement for the enactment of Puritan laws in regard to Sunday, aimed especially at the Germans, who spend that day in recreation. A second meeting in this movement was held in Utica in May, and a call was issued for a State Convention to be held in Syracuse in September. Since the meeting of the temperance and prohibition convention at Albany, at which prominent Republicans and officials in that party promised to carry out and enforce all that the prohibitionists desired, a consultation has been had with the leaders of the Sunday Puritan movement, when it was decided that, in order to hold the German vote with the Republican party this fall, so as to secure success, it was best not to hold the Puritan convention in September, but to work secretly until after election, and then hold the convention in time to operate upon the next legislature. Secret circulars have therefore been sent out to all parties connected with the movement, announcing the programme and the postponement of the State Convention until December."

It is possible that this story is a mere partisan invention, a trick devised for the purpose of detaching the Germans from the Republican party in the autumn elections. If not, it is one more proof of the increasing tendency on the part of politicians to appeal to religious prejudice and intolerance for the sake of carrying their own ends,—one more proof, therefore, of the growing strength of religious prejudice and intolerance in the minds of a formidable portion of the American people. It is not free thought alone which is spreading; bigotry spreads too. The advantage, nay, the necessity, of organizing Liberal Leagues will by degrees force itself on the attention of every one who values the preservation of religious liberty and desires its enlargement. The work of THE INDEX, as a paper devoted not only to the development of liberal thought but also to the organization of liberal forces in society, must be increasingly important as time goes on; and now is the hour to ensure its usefulness hereafter by transplanting it to Boston or New York.

SCIENCE.

The word science has come, in popular usage, to have somewhat of a narrow significance. The word is commonly employed to designate one department of human knowledge,—that of physical or material things. Those who claim that human knowledge embraces, and can embrace, only physical and material things, of course would insist that the word science is not susceptible of any such special significance, but that it designates human knowledge in general. These however would seem to make a vast assumption, and to go ahead of proof. The word science, as commonly used, means physical science; and in this usage I believe that it does, as another says, "represent but one-half of the universe." While waiting for good and sufficient proof to the contrary, I strongly incline to the conviction that only one-half of the universe is physical or material. What the other half is I do not know; but I am just as certain that no one else knows that it is not mental or spiritual.

Now science, in its largest sense, I suppose to

mean true knowledge; and in this sense I suppose it to represent not one-half of the universe but the whole of it—physical and mental, material and spiritual. Science is our *true knowledge* of anything and everything—our true knowledge of mind and of matter, of the laws of the spiritual and the laws of the material universe. Whatever false knowledge, or imperfect and partial knowledge we have of anything, that is unscientific so far. He is the scientific man who *knows*, or who seeks to know by scientific methods, and who never lets his belief go ahead of his knowledge. He may guess, he may imagine, he may hope, he may expect many precious and beautiful things that he does not know (Heaven be praised that we all do), and so long as he properly discriminates between his guesses or his imaginings and his knowledge, he is not unscientific; but the instant, upon any basis of imperfect or partial or false knowledge, he begins to generalize and dogmatize, he becomes unscientific, no matter whether he is a so-called man of science or a theologian. He is scientific who sticks to facts as the basis of belief, as much in "science" as in religion, or anything else. Many "men of science" are as dogmatic as others. They announce conclusions before all the facts are in; or they refuse to admit certain evidences, or are indifferent to certain mighty suggestions and strong intimations. They often commit the mistake of relying too exclusively upon what are called the evidences of the senses; and in this are just as unscientific as Christians and Spiritualists, or believers in the supernatural (who would verify miracles by eye and ear testimony), whom scientific men generally hold in fine disdain. An instinct of the heart, an aspiration of the soul, a swift gleam of the imagination, are just as much facts that the truly scientific man will make note of, and give due weight to, as any fossil found in the field, or human skeleton in a cave, or bird-track in a limestone bed. Those men of science who pretend to have discovered that there is no God, are just as unscientific as those theologians who pretend to have discovered that there is one. So too those who announce it as a proven fact that there is no mind or soul, but that all that there is, is matter. The truly scientific man is yet neither a confirmed theist nor a confirmed atheist, neither a confirmed materialist nor a confirmed spiritualist. He has no business to be; for confirmation or demonstration of neither theism nor atheism, materialism nor spiritualism, is yet at hand. Profound is the thinking, vast is the research yet needed, before these great and momentous questions can be called settled. No snap judgment is in order, either from the "intuitionist" or the "scientist;" but both are scientific if they will bring forward their evidences, and wait for the results of real knowledge.

True science, then, does cover the whole ground of human knowledge; it is the true knowledge of man. Whoever seeks to bring to light whatever is concealed, to make known what is now unknown, in heaven or earth, in man or Nature, and who does this in a large, truth-loving spirit, avoiding narrowness and dogmatism, avoiding conclusions before knowledge,—he is truly a man of science, a scientific man. And, for my part, I cannot see why a poet who, though working with his imagination (which is a portion of his outfit as a human and rational being), yet works to this end and in this spirit, is not as truly a scientific man as the naturalist who deals with insects and fishes and stones and plants. What is the universe but a grand poem that is always being freshly written, and which we are evermore trying to catch the cadence of? What is human life but a poem, both sad and sweet, that we are each trying to have a hand in making? Nature makes no such false distinctions as we; she called the poet and the plowman one in Robert Burns, the carpenter and the seer one in Jesus. Tyndall, the physicist, it seems finds science not more delightful than Emerson's poetry. He has learned them both "by heart;" can he tell us which is more poetic or which more scientific than the other? The love of truth is scientific; the love of truth is also poetic.

A. W. S.

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE.

Dr. Bellows, the other day, paid the president of the Free Religious Association the compliment of being one of the few Free Religionists who believe in something *positive*. What called forth the remark I know not, unless it was a frank admission by the particular "free religionist" in question that he acknowledged, accepted, honored the past; was grateful for what the Christian religion had done, and treasured up its good fruits. He said this not with the air of a seer, or the manner of a philosopher who was announcing a proposition of deep originality, but in the style of one who was compelled to correct a plain and humiliating absurdity; for he said in emphatic language that every "free religionist" he knew felt precisely as he did, and that they who supposed them to feel otherwise presumed them to be dolts, dunces, or idiots.

Can it be possible that Dr. Bellows makes that declaration the ground of his compliment? If he does, his notion of what is *positive* is very peculiar. The sectarian's notion of what is *positive* is very peculiar. That is *positive* which falls in with his opinion; that which falls out with his opinion is *negative*. They who make a great matter of *historical* Christianity might think that a recognition of the past of Christianity, even of the fact that it had a past, deserved to be classed among *positive* tenets. The Trinitarian thinks an admission of the Trinity *positive*; the Calvinist is satisfied with the quality of positiveness expressed in a confession of total depravity, or a belief in an indefinite future of woes. To the Universalist, positiveness means assent to the doctrine that God is Love, and so on. The Unitarian will drop the charge of being *negative*, if an affirmation of faith in the Messiahship of the Christ be made. The *positive* man is the man who accepts the sectarian's *peculiarity*, how small soever that may be. The man who rejects that peculiarity, though his faith include a thousand matters outside of it, is *negative*. To the disciple of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy Newton would be a dweller in the land of negations, as Galileo actually seemed to the believers in the Mosal cosmogony. To say *Aye* to an instituted superstition is an affirmation of faith; to say *Aye* to an unacknowledged truth is a repudiation of faith.

As a simple matter of fact, the Free Religion men hold many more positive ideas than their opponents do. Unless the word "positive" be taken in the sense of *set, arbitrary, dogmatical*,—as we say of an absolute, stubborn person that he is very *positive*,—if by *positive* be meant *affirmative*, this must be the case. The idea of *historical religion* contains a larger affirmation than the idea of *historical Christianity*; the idea of the symphony, or the sympathy, of religions contains a larger affirmation than the idea of the solitary Hebrew chant; the idea of the brotherhood of prophets contains a larger affirmation than the idea of the solitary revealer; the idea of progressive enlightenment contains a larger affirmation than the idea of special revelations; the idea of *Evolution*, from the beginning, of the human mind contains a larger affirmation than the idea of development from a single point in history; the idea of truth as a thing to be attained contains a larger affirmation than the idea of truth *once delivered*; the idea of God incarnate in Humanity contains a larger idea than the idea of God incarnate in the Christ; the idea of the inspiration of reason contains a larger affirmation than the idea of the inspiration of a few evangelists and apostles. And so we might go on contrasting the opinions of the Free Religionist, point by point, with the opinions of the "Christian," or the "Jew," or the "Mussulman," or the Indian "Theist." As the whole includes the parts, so his faith includes separate "faiths."

There is good reason for thinking that the word "positive" is employed in the sense of *dogmatical*. Thus the objection to the Free Religionist is that he affirms *too much*; he loses himself in light; he erects no fences; he sets down no stakes; he builds no house; he is all out of doors. As he who has no house is a beggar, an outcast, a vagrant, so it is said the man

who has no bounded and roofed spiritual abode is nowhere, is an alien from the privileges of definite truth. This figure of the man living out of doors has done excellent duty among the *caryatides* of faith. It is effective, not to say imposing. But I submit that it has been over-worked. It is a figure that is more ornamental than important. The physical man is not comfortable or safe if he has no abiding place, no roof over his head, no walls to keep the wolves and maulers away. The progress of civilization is marked by the increase in the number of people who are comfortably housed in dwellings of their own. But in culture, progress is not indicated by that rule, but by the reverse rather. In the infancy of the mind, people creep into caves, erect shrines, build temples, construct creeds and spiritual citadels to keep off imaginary devils that were supposed to infest the intellectual air; but as they become wiser and discover the wholesomeness of the world of thought, they leave their enclosures and disport themselves fearlessly in the realm of mind, plucking fruits and flowers in all fields, gathering harvests wherever they grow, and resting peacefully under the foliage of any tree that gives them a shadow from the heat. The more souls live out of doors, the more hopeful is the spiritual condition of humanity. When all shall venture to sleep in the open air, the perfect day will have come.

O. B. F.

UNSCIENTIFIC AND NON-SCIENTIFIC.

It seems to me that some of our friends confound these two words. Charmed, as well they may be, at the vast steps taken by the science of the age, they forget that science represents, after all, but one-half the universe. Wage war against the unscientific,—that is, that which claims to be scientific and is not,—as much as you will; but if you exclude the non-scientific, then art and poetry, romance and passion vanish, and humanity is impoverished.

Under the exclusively scientific impulse, there is a reaction against all literature and art. We see it on all sides to-day; and most in those men and institutions where science has its freest course. An eminent naturalist told me the other day that the age of art had forever passed, that it belonged to the childhood of the world; and he hoped it would never revive. For himself, his aim was to continue his researches into the characteristics of the insect order *Diptera*. At Harvard,—where the scientific system has had fullest development, the department of "Rhetoric and Oratory" was only saved from extinction by the indignant remonstrance of the Overseers; and in the Commencement exercises of this year there was no more allusion to literature than my friend the entomologist would make to art.

It is on this ground, I think, and this alone, that the clerical order will hold its own for a time against the scientific. As philanthropists or leaders of practical reform, the clergy seem to me of less value than is commonly claimed for them; at least the pioneers are apt to come from the ranks of the unchurched. But as representatives of the ideal, the emotional, the poetic side of our nature, they may still claim to stand for something important. Not as against Emerson or Parker, to be sure, for those writers recognize the ideal side of life better than the Church does; not as against Tyndall, even, for he knows Emerson's poems by heart,—but simply as against the man who recognizes the scientific side only. So far as the Church is unscientific,—that is, claiming to be scientific and not fulfilling the claim,—it is powerless; but so far as it is non-scientific, it is still needed. It stands (often in a blind prejudiced way) for the demands of the heart, the imagination, the taste,—all non-scientific things. And even those of us who can feel no great personal interest in it, can still see its value in this respect.

And we must remember that even practical reforms need to be approached from the ideal side as well as the utilitarian; and that the merely scientific attitude may not be enough. The anti-slavery reform had to be carried, not merely against "Cursed be Canaan," but against

facial angles and theories about the origin of the human race. It will be the same with the woman suffrage movement: there will be many scientific men who will fight it with their science, as well as many clergymen who will resist it with their Bibles. Secular Harvard holds out against co-education, while the Methodists voluntarily establish it in every academy and college. As to theology, I prefer Harvard; but so long as it does injustice, I thank Heaven for the Methodists. Of course, there is more hope for the men of science, in the end, because they aim at truth; whereas the others defer to authority. But it is not a question of "in the end;" it is a question of now. If my house is on fire, I prefer the most obsolete old hand-engine that plays on it while it burns, to the most improved "steamer" that is not yet in working order and only deluges the firemen. A radical, in a good cause, must not shrink from the fellowship of bishops and doctors of divinity. Professor Youmans is doing a great work against superstition, probably, with his *Popular Science Monthly*; but if it be true, as they say in England, that his influence has turned Herbert Spencer against the higher education of women, I should rather follow the lead of Rev. Dr. Clarke and Bishop Haven.

T. W. H.

Not long ago we heard of an "epidemic of delusions." Now we hear of an "epidemic of murders." Has anybody heard yet of an "epidemic of executions?"

"Materialism," which is a word of just reproach when it means besotted self-abandonment to sensual pleasures or the greed of gain, ought not to be in the least degree tainted with blame when it means a philosophical theory of the universe. It may be a true theory, or a false one; we think it a crude and superficial one. But it is just as consistent with high and fine character as any other theory. Nobility of soul may and does accompany all forms of speculative belief.

At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Radical Club, Mrs. Pratt said that the real intention of the Christianizers is "cloaked" by the phrase, "God in the Constitution," and that their true object is the national acknowledgment of Jesus as God. This is substantially true. It is not the cause of Theism, but the cause of Christianity, which enlists their enthusiasm. Hence we speak always of the "Christian" rather than the "Religious" Amendment. The distinction between the two, however, is not recognized by the Christianizers, to whom "Christianity" is itself "Religion;" and the term "cloak" is not at all descriptive of their course. We consider them the sincerest and most unflinchingly consistent of all Evangelical Protestant Christians.

If the New York *Church Journal and Gospel Messenger* thinks to recommend religion to sensible people by such a definition and description of it as is contained in the following extract from its editorial leader of June 26, it shows to what depths of imbecility the religious press of this country has sunk:—

"It actually seems that a man may be religious even in a religion that is true, in a religion ordained minutely by God himself, carefully and conscientiously religious, and yet be a scoundrel."

"For religion is a set of observances, forms, ceremonies, acts of worship more or less elaborate, which, if the religion be a true one, are intended to bring a man into contact with eternal verities, with the everlasting laws of God, and the everlasting duties of God's rational creatures; which are to keep the sense and consciousness of these present in his mind and heart and powerful in his life, and help him in their fulfillment."

"And yet it is possible that religious observances may become to him, under certain circumstances, the *whole*. They may end with themselves. They may blind him to their purpose. They may hide from him the very things they were given to reveal and intensify. He may stop in the semblance, and forget the reality. He may be intensely religious, and yet utterly unrighteous, as were the Pharisees."

"This, we say, may be the case when the religion is even true and divine."

The "true and divine religion" which is consistent with "scoundrelism" will certainly get the contempt and scorn which it richly merits.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to *Errata*.
N. B.—Articles for this department should be *SHORT*, and written only on one side of the sheet.
N. B.—Flagrantly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.
N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

GROTE ON COMTE.

NEW YORK, June 16, 1873.

EDITOR INDEX:—

I have copied from the recently published *Personal Life of George Grote* (John Murray, London), by Mrs. Grote, the enclosed extract from a letter written by the historian to George Cornwall Lewis, under date of Oct. 1, 1851. I have copied that part only which relates to Comte. The allusion to Mr. Mill's review of Comte makes the extract the more interesting; and I presume that some of your readers will recollect that Mill himself, in his *Examination of Sir Wm. Hamilton's Philosophy* (Preface, p. viii, 3d Ed.) refers to Mr. Grote as "an illustrious historian and philosopher who, of all men now living, is the one by whom I should most wish that any writing of mine, on a subject in speculative philosophy, should be approved."

I thought the extract would be one which you would like to publish.

Very respectfully,
 GEO. R. BISHOP.

EXTRACT.

"In Comte's fifth volume, there is a great deal which is as unsatisfactory to me as it is to you. In his speculations respecting what he calls *sociology* and the progress of society, I find more to dissent from than to agree with. I respect very much his conception of philosophical method, especially with reference to the physical sciences; but his views respecting history and the moral sciences are, in my judgment, on many points faulty and untenable. I agree with you in thinking that 'an abstract history,' independent of time, place, and person, is a chimera. But there are, nevertheless, certain general conditions and principles common to all particular histories, and which are essential to enable us to explain and concatenate the facts of every particular history. These general principles and conditions of human society may be presented by themselves, with illustrations from this or that particular history. In this way you may have what may be called (very improperly, I think) an *abstract history*, or what I should call a philosophy of history.

John Mill says more in praise of Comte's speculations on history than I think they deserve. You say you have no distinct notion of *felichism* as representing a stage of the human mind. I have (at least so it seems to me) a very distinct notion of it, but I doubt very much, as matter of fact, whether it ever constituted so marked a stage of the human mind as Comte would make out. His affirmations on this point (positive beyond all reasonable estimate of the existing evidence) indicate that he has not himself got rid of that tendency which he so justly condemns in others—the hankering to divine the mysteries of inchoate or primordial man, where there is no torch to light up the dark cavern.

I agree with you also in thinking that much of what he says about polytheism is fanciful or incorrect. Think of a man assuming it as an attested fact (*un fait capital*, V. 254) that Thales actually taught the Egyptian priests to measure the height of the Pyramids by the length of the shadows! I set little value upon what he says respecting polytheism and monotheism; but I agree entirely with his classification of the two stages of the human mind, *l'état théologique* (either polytheistic or monotheistic) and *l'état positif*, together with what he calls *l'état métaphysique*, to form a bridge between them; and I think he has the merit of having set forth the radical antithesis and incompatibility between these two modes of interpreting phenomena better and more emphatically than it had ever been done before. He keenly feels and clearly perceives where it is that religion traverses and perverts the interpretation of physical phenomena. But as to moral or social phenomena, he recognizes no standard except his own taste and feeling; and this has been passively adopted, in him, from the Catholic teaching of his youth, though he has eliminated all the religious *échafaudage* with which it was once connected.

What he calls *progress* is often, in my judgment, change for the worse; and the general indications which he holds out of what is to be aimed at (for he never sets down or defends any rational standard) are just what you would hear from a Catholic priest, always excepting the religious doctrines. His morality is the commonplace of Catholic divines of the present day—divinizing chastity and making light of individual prudence; and he applies this standard to judge of the morality of Athens and Rome, as if all the points on which they differed from it were points of comparative corruption.

Moreover, I do not at all trust his knowledge

of the facts of history. He has never gone through any careful study of the evidence, nor read anything beyond the expositions of Bossuet and Montesquieu, and a few such others—certainly men deserving of much respect, but by no means to be implicitly followed, and both immersed in that Catholic atmosphere which Comte takes to be the true Olympus, or region of pure air, to which the moral man has at length ascended, and beyond which he cannot and ought not to aspire. Comte has banished the gods, but he breathes and extols their atmosphere of morality as if it were purity itself. I do not know whether you will understand or follow the remarks which I have made on Comte: the subject is almost too wide to be touched on in a letter."

INTELLECTUAL HONESTY.

I have read with deep interest what has been said in THE INDEX on the question of the proper attitude of "Free Religionists" towards prevalent religious opinions and institutions. It seems to me that, after applying to the subject the ordinary rules of courtesy which the instincts of all well-bred persons quickly suggest,—after exhausting the help which those rules afford to its solution,—the unresolved residuum becomes simply a question of intellectual honesty. That, I take it, is at once the characteristic excellence and the chief instrumentality of this movement. A rare intellectual honesty, such as seems to me to be shown by the chief leaders of this movement, considered merely as personal attainment, is proof enough of the great superiority of Free Religion over the prevalent Evangelicism, and at the same time suggests the true method of dealing with popular errors.

It is a cheap performance to champion a cause, and refute and denounce all opposers. The vocabulary of praise and blame is as extensive and emphatic in the mouth of a narrow zealot as in that of the largest and strongest thinker, and is much more frequently called into requisition. It is one thing to overwhelm error and its votaries by exposure and censure; quite another thing to understand it and them. Every thoughtful person knows that in practice neither a baneful error nor its advocate is a concrete devil, at whom, like Luther, we are to "sling ink" without even the intervention of a pen. Careful and dispassionate discriminations are to be made. A better religion than the world has known hitherto demands justice towards all doctrines and systems; and in order to that, an emancipation from the tyranny of every system or no system.

Every one who has passed up through the religious experiences of Protestant Christianity knows that, while a certain grace and charm are imparted to the character by them, and a certain reinforcement of moral resolution is gained thereby, there is little or no accession to the intellectual virtues; but, on the contrary, some loss. They do not flourish in an atmosphere of Evangelical piety. The *rationalité* of it is not far to seek. Where something else than simple truth becomes the object of paramount moral and religious regard, the moral tone of the intellect is necessarily lowered. If allegiance to and reliance on Christ is the supreme moral and religious duty, then all that multifarious mass of history, cosmology, miracle, and doctrine, commonly associated with him, which is supposed to be the chief authentication and support of his office and mission, ought to be accepted in the place of the conclusions of personal investigation. In that case the "Truth" will take on the conventional meaning which makes it synonymous with the "cause of Christ." In this manner it is that the general moral and religious force of society becomes itself a powerful repressive influence upon the growth of the intellectual virtues, the cultivation of which, both for their intrinsic worth and as the great instrumentality and condition of all high attainment, it is the especial function of this movement to promote.

The scientific conscience is a counterpart in morals of the intellectual progress of the age; and it is doubtful whether Paul was any more capable of applying it to the investigation of religious subjects than he was of employing the method of modern scientific thought to the study of physics.

Like every other inferior stage of moral or intellectual development, this intellectual immorality, or *un-morality*, is, for the most part, unconscious. So soon as it becomes conscious, intellectual emancipation has already begun, and with a thoroughly sincere character will thenceforward be rapid.

The moral kernel of the whole matter lies in a sincere attempt, fully and exactly, to understand the thing one feels compelled to combat. Let the attempt only be perseveringly made, and one learns very soon that, in order to a perfect understanding of a delusion as it exists in the mind of the errorist, it is necessary not merely to "put yourself in his place," but to be fully emancipated from personal predilections—to espouse, for the time being, the cause you would understand, and to hold in abeyance all feeling of moral reprehension until the situation is fully mastered. So only will a wise opposition

become possible. So only can any charity which is not a maudlin sentiment on the one hand, or on the other mere moral indifference, be developed.

I cannot forbear illustrating by a recent example. I have been an eager reader of everything that came to my hand from the Evangelical side of the discussion raised by Professor Tyndall's proposal to test the physical effect of prayer,—desirous that something of truth might be shown to lie at the foundation of the conviction common to all religions, but emphasized by the inculcations of Christianity; and with what result? With next to none, except the development of the anomalous fact that the intrepid iconoclast in this discussion shows a moral temper greatly superior to his opposers—evinces an intellectual honesty you might search in vain for among his detractors. Excepting, perhaps, the utterances of Dr. McCosh, nothing has come to my notice from that side of the question which did not leave a painful impression of moral as well as intellectual incompetence. Judged simply from what was said, and giving to the word "Christian" that meaning which makes it include all that is noblest and highest in human character, one must award the Professor the credit of being the best Christian of them all.

CLEVELAND, O.

E. D. S.

CONGRESSIONAL RECOMMENDATIONS.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

Dear Sir,—The first Article of War "for the government of the Army of the United States," reads as follows:—

"It is earnestly recommended to all officers and soldiers diligently to attend divine service;" and then it proceeds to define the punishment for misconduct in church.

As the whole subject of Army Regulations is now before Congress, upon the report of a Board which has re-adopted this article, it seems to me a pertinent inquiry whence comes this recommendation to attend divine service? If Congress is the party who "recommends," the further inquiry is suggested, whence it derives its powers to recommend religion in any shape under the Constitution as it stands at present, untampered with by the God-in-the-Constitution party? While Congress is on the recommending path, why does it not take up the question of morals, for instance, or some other subject of importance? *Studious* habits might not be of very great injury to officers caged for the greater part of their lives in frontier garrisons; and this might advantageously be made the subject of a "recommendation."

S. R. H.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 10, 1873.

Senator Scott, talking to a Pennsylvania Sunday-school, recently, asked the scholars why Simon was kept in prison? One of the teachers hastily prompted a boy to say that it was for hostage; and the youth, not quite catching the word, piped out: "He was detained for postage!"

What it costs to "run" Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a year is shown in the following figures: Henry Ward Beecher, \$20,000; Mr. Halliday, associate pastor, \$3,000; Mr. Weld, first sexton, \$3,000; Mr. Raynor, second sexton, \$1,200; music, \$8,000; insurance, \$500; current expenses, \$7,000; Plymouth library, \$700; total, \$43,000.

We were at a Sunday School Concert the other evening, and enjoyed the following:—
 Little fellow (reciting his verse)—"I am the Bread of Life."

Superintendent (questioning him as to his knowledge of the Bible)—"Who said, 'I am the Bread of Life'?"
 (In surprise) "I said it."

A clergyman at Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, was lately examining the parish school. In the course of examination, the Bible class was brought forward. After many questions had been asked and answered, greatly to the satisfaction of the minister, he proposed that any boy might ask him a question, as he might then have an idea of what particular information they wanted. A pause ensued. At last a bright-looking boy said: "Sir, I would like to ask one." "Well, my little man," asked the minister, "what is the question you are to ask?" "Sir," said the boy, "what was the use of Jacob's ladder when the angels had wings?" The minister felt taken aback; took out his snuff-box, and looked at the boy. "I think, my little man, that is the very question I should have asked at the class, and I will give a sixpence to any boy in the class who will answer it." After a somewhat long pause, one little fellow, third from the bottom, held out his hand. "Well," said the minister, "can you answer that question?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what was the use of the ladder when the angels had wings?" "Oh! sir, the angels were poukin' (moulting) at the time, and couldna flee." The minister is taking an interest in that boy.

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An Essay on Miracles.

BY DAVID HUMDE.

(Continued.)

PART II.

In the foregoing reasoning we have supposed that the testimony upon which a miracle is founded may possibly amount to an entire proof, and that the falsehood of that testimony would be a real prodigy; but it is easy to show that we have been a great deal too liberal in our concession, and that there never was a miraculous event established on so full an evidence.

For, first, there is not to be found, in all history, any miracle attested by a sufficient number of men of such unquestioned good sense, education, and learning, as to secure us against all delusion in themselves; of such undoubted integrity as to place them beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive others; of such credit and reputation in the eyes of mankind as to have a great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood, and at the same time attesting facts performed in such a public manner and in so celebrated a part of the world, as to render the detection unavoidable: all which circumstances are requisite to give us a full assurance in the testimony of men.

Secondly, we may observe in human nature a principle which, if strictly examined, will be found to diminish extremely the assurance we might, from human testimony, have in any kind of prodigy. The maxim, by which we commonly conduct ourselves in our reasonings, is, that the objects of which we have no experience resemble those of which we have; that what we have found to be most usual is always most profitable; and that where there is an opposition of arguments, we ought to give the preference to such as are founded on the greatest number of past observations. But though, in proceeding by this rule, we readily reject any fact which is unusual and incredible in an ordinary degree, yet, in advancing farther, the mind observes not always the same rule; but when anything is affirmed utterly absurd and miraculous, it rather the more readily admits of such a fact, upon account of that very circumstance which ought to destroy all its authority. The passion of *surprise* and *wonder*, arising from miracles, being an agreeable emotion, gives a sensible tendency towards the belief of those events from which it is derived. And this goes so far, that even those who cannot enjoy this pleasure immediately, nor can believe those miraculous events of which they are informed, yet love to partake of the satisfaction at second hand or by rebound, and place a pride and delight in exelling the admiration of others.

With what greediness are the miraculous accounts of travellers received, their descriptions

of sea and land monsters, their relations of wonderful adventures, strange men and uncouth manners? But if the spirit of religion joins itself to the love of wonder, there is an end of common sense; and human testimony, in these circumstances, loses all pretensions to authority. A religionist may be an enthusiast, and imagine he sees what has no reality; he may know his narrative to be false, and yet persevere in it with the best intentions in the world, for the sake of promoting so holy a cause. Or even where this delusion has not place, vanity, excited by so strong a temptation, operates on him more powerfully than on the rest of mankind in any other circumstances; and self-interest with equal force. His auditors may not have, and commonly have not, sufficient judgment to canvass his evidence: what judgment they have, they renounce by principle, in these sublime and mysterious subjects; or if they were ever so willing to employ it, passion and a heated imagination disturb the regularity of its operations. Their credulity increases his impudence; and his impudence overpowers their credulity.

Eloquence, when at its highest pitch, leaves little room for reason or reflection; but addressing itself entirely to the fancy or the affections captivates the willing hearers and subdues their understanding. Happily, this pitch it seldom attains. But what a Tully or a Demosthenes could scarcely effect over a Roman or Athenian audience, every Capuchin, every itinerant or stationary teacher, can perform over the generality of mankind, and in a higher degree, by touching such gross and vulgar passions.

The many instances of forged miracles and prophecies, and supernatural events, which, in all ages, have either been detected by contrary evidence, or which detect themselves by their absurdity, prove sufficiently the strong propensity of mankind to the extraordinary and the marvellous, and ought reasonably to beget a suspicion against all relations of this kind. This is our natural way of thinking, even with regard to the most common and most credible events. For instance, there is no kind of report which rises so easily and spreads so quickly, especially in country places and provincial towns, as those concerning marriages; inasmuch that two young persons of equal condition never see each other twice, but the whole neighborhood immediately join them together. The pleasure of telling a piece of news so interesting, of propagating it, and of being the first reporters of it, spreads the intelligence. And this is so well known that no man of sense gives attention to these reports, till he finds them confirmed by some greater evidence. Do not the same passions, and others still stronger, incline the generality of mankind to believe and report, with the greatest vehemence and assurance, all religious miracles?

Thirdly, it forms a strong presumption against all supernatural and miraculous relations, that they are observed chiefly to abound among ignorant and barbarous nations; or if a civilized people has ever given admission to any of them, that people will be found to have received them from ignorant and barbarous ancestors, who transmitted them with that inviolable sanction and authority which always attend received opinions. When we peruse the first histories of all nations, we are apt to imagine ourselves transported into some new world, where the whole frame of Nature is disjunct, and every element performs its operations in a different manner from what it does at present. Battles, revolutions, pestilence, famine, and death, are never the effect of those natural causes which we experience. Prodiges, omens, oracles, judgments, quite obscure the few natural events that are intermingled with them. But as the former grow thinner every page, in proportion as we advance nearer the enlightened ages, we soon learn that there is nothing mysterious or supernatural in the case, but that all proceeds from the usual propensity of mankind towards the marvellous; and that though this inclination may at intervals receive a check from sense and learning, it can never be thoroughly extirpated from human nature.

It is strange, a judicious reader is apt to say, upon the perusal of these wonderful historians, that such prodigious events never happen in our days. But it is nothing strange, I hope, that men should lie in all ages. You must surely

have seen instances enough of that frailty. You have yourself heard many such marvellous relations started, which, being treated with scorn by all the wise and judicious, have at last been abandoned even by the vulgar. Be assured that those renowned lies, which have spread and flourished to such a monstrous height, arose from like beginnings; but being sown in a more proper soil shot up at last into prodigies almost equal to those which they relate.

It was a wise policy in that false prophet Alexander, who, though now forgotten, was once so famous, to lay the first scene of his impostures in Paphlagonia; where, as Lucian tells us, the people were extremely ignorant and stupid, and ready to swallow even the grossest delusion. People at a distance, who are weak enough to think the matter at all worth inquiry, have no opportunity of receiving better information. The stories come magnified to them by a hundred circumstances. Fools are industrious in propagating the imposture; while the wise and learned are contented, in general, to deride its absurdity, without informing themselves of the particular facts by which it may be distinctly refuted. And thus the impostor above mentioned was enabled to proceed, from his ignorant Paphlagonians, to the enlisting of votaries even among the Grecian philosophers and men of the most eminent rank and distinction in Rome: nay, could engage the attention of that sage emperor Marcus Aurelius, so far as to make him trust the success of a military expedition to his delusive prophecies.

The advantages are so great of starting an imposture among an ignorant people, that, even though the delusion should be too gross to impose on the generality of them (which, though seldom, is sometimes the case), it has a much better chance for succeeding in remote countries than if the first scene had been laid in a city renowned for arts and knowledge. The most ignorant and barbarous of these barbarians carry the report abroad. None of their countrymen have a large correspondence, of sufficient credit and authority to contradict and beat down the delusion. Men's inclination to the marvellous has full opportunity to display itself. And thus a story, which is universally exploded in the place where it was first started, shall pass for certain at a thousand miles distance. But had Alexander fixed his residence at Athens, the philosophers of that renowned mart of learning had immediately spread throughout the whole Roman empire their sense of the matter; which, being supported by so great authority, and displayed by all the force of reason and eloquence, had entirely opened the eyes of mankind. It is true, Lucian, passing by chance through Paphlagonia, had an opportunity of performing this good office. But though much to be wished, it does not always happen that every Alexander meets with a Lucian ready to expose and detect his impostures.

I may add as a fourth reason, which diminishes the authority of prodigies, that there is no testimony for any, even those which have not been expressly detected, that is not opposed by an infinite number of witnesses; so that not only the miracle destroys the credit of testimony, but the testimony destroys itself. To make this the better understood, let us consider that, in matters of religion, whatever is different is contrary; and that it is impossible the religions of ancient Rome, of Turkey, of Siam, and of China, should all of them be established on any solid foundation. Every miracle, therefore, pretended to have been wrought in any of these religions (and all of them abound in miracles), as its direct scope is to establish the particular system to which it is attributed, so has it the same force, though more indirectly, to overthrow every other system. In destroying a rival system, it likewise destroys the credit of those miracles on which that system was established; so that all the prodigies of different religions are to be regarded as contrary facts, and the evidences of these prodigies, whether weak or strong, as opposite to each other. According to this method of reasoning, when we believe any miracle of Mahomet or his successors, we have for our warrant the testimony of a few barbarous Arabians; and on the other hand, we are to regard the authority of Titus Livius, Plutarch, Tacitus, and, in short, of all the authors and witnesses,

Grecian, Chinese, and Roman Catholic, who have related any miracle in their particular religion: I say, we are to regard their testimony in the same light as if they had mentioned that Mahometan miracle, and had in express terms contradicted it with the same certainty as they have for the miracle they relate. This argument may appear over subtle and refined, but is not in reality different from the reasoning of a judge who supposes that the credit of two witnesses, maintaining a crime against any one, is destroyed by the testimony of two others, who affirm him to have been two hundred leagues distant at the same instant when the crime is said to have been committed.

One of the best attested miracles in all profane history is that which Tacitus reports of Vespasian, who cured a blind man in Alexandria by means of his spittle, and a lame man by the mere touch of his foot, in obedience to a vision of the god Serapis, who had enjoined them to have recourse to the Emperor for these miraculous cures. The story may be seen in that fine historian [Hist. lib. v. cap. 8. Suetonius gives nearly the same account in *Vita Vesp.*], where every circumstance seems to add weight to the testimony, and might be displayed at large with all the force of argument and eloquence, if any one were now concerned to enforce the evidence of that exploded and idolatrous superstition. The gravity, solidity, age, and probity of so great an emperor who, through the whole course of his life, conversed in a familiar manner with his friends and courtiers, and never affected those extraordinary airs of divinity assumed by Alexander and Demetrius; the historian, a contemporary writer, noted for candor and veracity, and withal the greatest and most penetrating genius, perhaps, of all antiquity, and so free from any tendency to credulity that he even lies under the contrary imputation of atheism and profaneness; the persons, from whose authority he related the miracle, of established character for judgment and veracity, as we may well presume, eye-witnesses of the fact, and confirming their testimony after the Flavian family was despoiled of the empire, and could no longer give any reward as the price of a lie—*Utrumque, qui interfecit, nunc quoque memorant, postquam nullum mendacis pretium*; to which if we add the public nature of the facts, as related, it will appear that no evidence can well be supposed stronger for so gross and so palpable a falsehood.

There is also a memorable story related by Cardinal de Retz, which may well deserve our consideration. When that intriguing politician fled into Spain, to avoid the persecution of his enemies, he passed through Saragossa, the capital of Arragon; where he was shown, in the cathedral, a man who had served seven years as door-keeper, and was well known to everybody in town that had ever paid his devotions at that church. He had been seen, for so long a time, wanting a leg; but recovered that limb by the rubbing of holy oil upon the stump,—and the Cardinal assures us that he saw him with two legs. This miracle was vouched by all the canons of the Church; and the whole company in town were appealed to for a confirmation of the fact, whom the Cardinal found, by their zealous devotion, to be thorough believers of the miracle. Here the relater was also contemporary to the supposed prodigy, of an incredulous and libertine character, as well as of great genius; the miracle of so singular a nature as could scarcely admit of a counterfeit, and the witnesses very numerous, and all of them in a manner spectators of the fact to which they gave their testimony. And what adds mightily to the force of the evidence, and may double our surprise on this occasion, is, that the Cardinal himself, who relates the story, seems not to give any credit to it, and consequently cannot be suspected of any concurrence in the holy fraud. He considered justly that it was not requisite, in order to reject a fact of this nature, to be able accurately to disprove the testimony, and to trace its falsehood through all the circumstances of knavery and credulity which produced it. He knew that, as this was commonly altogether impossible at any small distance of time and place, so was it extremely difficult, even where one was immediately present, by reason of the bigotry, ignorance, cunning, and roguery of a great part of mankind. He therefore concluded, like a just reasoner, that such an evidence carried falsehood upon the very face of it; and that a miracle, supported by any human testimony, was more properly a subject of derision than of argument.

[To be continued.]

A certain up-country clergyman discoursed in this truly eloquent manner upon the subject of Jonah and the Whale. It is almost as good as Talmage's best. He said: "I seem to see Jonah passing along the road to Nineveh; I seem to see him entering the ticket office, buy his ticket, and pay for it; I seem to see him walk upon the vessel; I seem to see them lift their anchor and the stately ship move grandly out upon the broad Atlantic."—*Liberal Christian.*

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

(CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued).)

In New York City, you behold the American, if not at his best, yet at his busiest—the shrewd, keen, ingenious, indomitable, inexhaustible "Yankee" that Englishmen may, might, could, or should have heard of; who chiefly believes in success, and too often worships it in its grossest and most material form of money, for which I am not going to justify him; though the characteristic has been so unfairly exaggerated that even such a man as John Stuart Mill could once write that, in the United States, one sex was entirely given up to "dollar-hunting," and the other to "breeding dollar-hunters." But Britons, at any rate, cannot afford to throw stones. I have not heard that Americans ever proposed to erect a statue to Mammon in the shape of a merely rich railway speculator, or furnished occasion for a certain *Latter-Day Pamphlet* that we all remember (nor, it may be added, kicked their idol when it had fallen): your Plutocrat in New York City being appropriately allowed to perform that act of self-worship and self-stultification himself. Hear the truth about both nations: "In America there is a touch of shame when a man exhibits the evidences of a large property, as if, after all, it needed apology; but the Englishman has pure pride in his wealth and esteems it a final certificate."† In fact, the American only *talks* more about money, as about everything else that interests him, but lacks the ingrained reverence for it of both the average Briton and Frenchman—the last of whom, apart from his lust for it as a means of display and luxury, often becomes avaricious in his old age, when there is no meaner, sharper, or politer rogue conceivable. But the derided Yankee appears to advantage even in his fiercest pursuit of wealth; seldom seeking to compass the object of his ambition by parsimony or even economy; not often allowing it to kill his generous instincts, sympathy, and public spirit, and, being in general satisfied by making a moderate provision for his children. He has none of that posthumous egotism so common among Englishmen, a desire to found a family—"an ingenious contrivance by which greed is rendered insatiable." He means to give his descendants the advantages of a good education, travel, and a start in life; but intends that they shall work as well as himself, and sees no glory in the idea of keeping them idle forever. He would rather let his cup overflow, for the benefit of the community, into Astor Libraries, Peter Cooper Institutes, Cornell Universities, Peabody Charities, and the like. His Pactolus is dammed up into no great stagnant pond, breeding corruption, but allowed to flow, as from a reservoir, into channels fertilizing the neighborhood. Both his acquisitiveness and liberality are helped by circumstance. In every new, rapidly advancing country, materialism must necessarily be uppermost—there is so much to be done, to be got, to be scrambled for—and as, in the old proverb, all roads led to Rome, so in the United States the one way to distinction is dollar-getting, and all honest modes of it are equally honorable. Titles and decorations are non-existent to divide the struggle. Yet, at the same time, money will purchase for its possessor far less than almost anywhere else in Christendom—certainly not the social privileges, position, and consideration it bestows in England. But what I have to say on that head will come in better presently.

The American's pluck, persistence, intense application, and adaptability to circumstances justify the success they insure: he is rarely hard-natured, or proud, or exacting (except towards himself); and however rich, celebrated, or illustrious, never conceits himself to be made of different flesh and blood than his poorer fellow-creatures, to whom he is commonly very ready to lend a helping hand. He scarcely expects deference for his wealth alone. Mr. Danbey could not exist in New York City, nor Mr. Carver—an essentially English pair, of course deducting the villainy of the latter. The American millionaire, merchant, lawyer, editor, "big-bug" of every description, troubles himself less about his dignity than any man going; the American *employé* (there is no English word covering my meaning) yields no obedience beyond the limits of plain duty, stands on his manhood, and, business hours over, considers himself "the boss's" equal—his vote counts as much in shaping the destinies of the nation. He has

even been known to "take a drink" with him, without any of the insufferable consequences we should imagine as inevitable. Very likely "the boss" has himself risen from the position of *employé*; certainly the latter hopes to do so, and the consciousness of either fact exerts a wholesome influence on both, though not all that could be desired. If the system fail, as it assuredly does and must, in neutralizing artificial distinctions and enmities, and in realizing what the French theorize about as *fraternité*, but never practise, it, at least, works as well as the English, with its chronic strikes, "rattennings," organized assassinations, and Mr. Broadhead. Strikes there are, and trades-unions there are, in the United States; but these are inevitable in the great and growing contest between labor and capital, extant in every civilized, manufacturing country. The question was not killed with those poor revolutionary Communists of Paris, nor will be settled by any ten, or nine, or eight hours' agreement; though perhaps by co-operation—the substitution of mutual for opposite interests. And nowhere will this be sooner decided than in America. In England the whole framework of society rests on authority: rank, position, custom, opinion, usage, all exert a compressive and repressive influence; everybody is somebody's superior, and accustomed to exact as to yield proportionate deference. Democratic tendencies disappear as men get on in the world; they go over to the exclusives, while "the hardest radical instantly uncovers and changes his tone to a lord."‡ In the United States things are republican and pulsative; there is no rooted discord existing between classes, and but temporary antagonism; none of that arbitrary division of society into hard strata, and unhappy, unnatural estrangement of human interests, which Talfourd denounced from the judicial bench, with his dying words, as the arch sin of English civilization. I know all about the impossibility of people of different breeding, tastes, habits, and manners associating with each other (what a paltry parody of their betters a large proportion of the English middle classes are; how materialistic those below them); but that is not the point. The real distinction between the American social system and that which Britain is striving to throw off is this: In the former it is a man's own fault if he does not attain proper rank in his own guild, and with his like—it will be accorded him, and its accompanying consideration, as freely as his place to a lord in England, where law and custom force on every one at his birth a false and fictitious gradation of rank, from which no effort of his own can free him. Inevitably caste shows itself in conduct. "Our great people," says Thackeray,† "are so habituated to see folks on their knees before them, that they are shocked when they meet a man of independent demeanor." In political liberty Englishmen stand ahead of the nations of Europe; in social progress they lag after them all.

Of course there are many disadvantages on the other side. In a country where "one man is as good as another," the Irish corollary "and a great deal better" will not infrequently be acted upon, especially by poor Paddy himself, inevitably the most rampant republican of the community. Englishmen are, on their first arrival here, always intensely disgusted with American manners, or rather, as they would say, the utter want of them. Their first experience is like being plunged into a bed of stinging nettles. They find no deference and but little civility anywhere. The hotel clerk doesn't condescend to notice them until he has finished conversation with his friends. The shoe-black who polishes their boots, pockets his five or ten cents without a word of acknowledgment. When they want postage-stamps, the vendor thereof serves them as if highly resenting that duty and bound to convey as much to their offensive selves in the brusque discourtesy of his action. If they ask a pedestrian to direct them in the street, he first stares at and springs an "How?" upon them with almost as agreeable an effect upon their nerves as the snapping of a pistol, and then tells them with what is to them quite a revolting abruptness. Sharpness, rudeness, incivility, self-assertion, seem to be the rule; everywhere it appears taken for granted that courtesy, politeness—those small amenities of daily life which cost so little, yet are worth so much in softening and mitigating its wear and tear and friction—are, at least in the intercourse of men, uncared for, or rather fully disregarded.

All of this is more than half true, and worth putting on record, with a view to its correction. It may be questioned, indeed, if we have as yet succeeded in producing as agreeable a social average as is common, not merely in Great Britain, but throughout civilized Europe. The standard of national manners certainly needs elevating. There is too much of selfishness, egotism, and conceit among us (especially the latter)—the root whence this altogether gratuitous and rampant self-assertion originates. Civility is mistaken for servility, or, at least, something akin to it. Every American is a walking De-

†In the earlier editions of his *Elements of Political Economy*.

‡Ralph Waldo Emerson, in *English Traits*.

†Emerson, in *English Traits*.

‡To M. Taine. See the latter's *Letters to England*.

declaration of Independence "on his own hook," and bound to show strangers that he is as important a person as they are, if not more so. Very good! Only if we were entirely at ease on the subject we should hardly be so intent on proving it: such an ever-active demonstration suggests latent doubts and misgivings. Neither is there anything inherently degrading in those "minor morals" of kindness, courtesy, good behavior, and pleasant manners, nor contrary to the soundest republicanism and strictest American feeling.

But something remains to be said on the other side, which the Englishman hardly takes note of. He is like a man emerging from a crowded parlor into the uncompromising atmosphere out of doors, where perhaps a bracing wind is blowing. Observe that the American, so brusque and unceremonious to his fellow, is towards women the politest of persons. That is a natural, manly impulse in all who have risen above the rudimentary selfishness of savage life—which, by the way, class civilization sometimes travels round to and emulates. In France, "where they have the prettiest words for the *beau sexe* and nothing beyond," the women work harder than the men, performing not only much more than their share in the office, shop, and manufactory, but even the coarsest agricultural drudgery. In England they have a sliding scale of courtesy, adapted to the rank of the person addressed, and sometimes speak to "inferiors" as if they belonged to another species. The average American, being in a very great hurry to get on in the world, and jealous of his independence, neglects the amenities, just as he is careless of his language so long as it expresses his meaning in a direct, idiomatic manner—for which, after all, language was invented. In what constitutes the essence of politeness, namely, good nature, he is really second to none and superior to most people. Already his more intelligent countrymen—the editors (whom Englishmen imagine as perpetually "on the rampage" towards one another), lawyers, merchants, and others (especially if travelled)—have adopted a suavity of manner quite edifying to witness; and by and by we shall cultivate the graces, and originate a new school of manners, excelling anything to be seen in Europe, because founded on that practical recognition of manhood which, as intimated, forms the basis of the national character, and entirely free from the taint of caste considerations. In the meantime is not British snobbishness as objectionable as American rudeness, and a meaner quality? I oblige, deplore, and detest the steamboat, railway, hotel, or express clerk who is so very "gentlemanly" as to be above his business, the conductor who "promptly ditches" his passenger on the provocation of being asked to change a five-dollar bill, the "sales-lady" who elevates the nose of scorn at me when I don't buy the first article she produces, the Jack-in-office in general which fancies itself the natural lord and master of those temporarily subjected to its control, and like others have marvelled at "the mystery of American strength as a nation and weakness as a public," but surely the civility of British attendants is not much to brag of, being always more or less identified with a slavish craving for *back-sheesh*—the offer of which, in the United States, would be resented as an insult. On the whole, I prefer Mose the Bowery boy to Tittlebat Titmouse; and can almost put up with Irish Biddy's barbarism, stupidity, and absurd airs of equality abroad, when I remember the poor creature's condition at home, or "no followers allowed" in London,—though I grant you it requires some philanthropy to do so.

Concede to this equitable democracy a large-heartedness nowhere, I think, so well developed as on the American continent, public spirit which appears equal to any task but that of reforming its own abuses, the frankest and most cordial acceptance of strangers (native or foreign) who can show any title to a welcome, and a facility of adaptation of new usages so remarkable that, socially, New York is continually changing,—and you have its human aggregate, whose rush of life is so vigorous that, at first, it seems to take away one's breath and then intoxicates like champagne. Amid such a fast population an Englishman is apt to imagine there can be no place for him, until he finds himself straining every nerve to be neck-and-neck with the foremost—just as he wonders at men jumping off the ferry-boats, to gain a few seconds, on peril of their lives, and does the same himself in a week or two. There should be a larger supply of oxygen in the air than the average, life is so stimulating. The American works harder than the Briton, because longer, and with a keener nervous energy; there being in every class a feverish struggle for money or success unknown in every other country. The whole nation, male and female, is possessed with a demon of unrest and anxiety. The higher one ascends in the social scale, the more intense is the demand upon brain and body—the New Yorker, especially, doing business with greater ardor, and performing more intellectual and physical labor in the twenty-four hours than any inhabitant of any other city in the universe. No wonder it sometimes lands him in

the madhouse, or induces paralysis (almost a national disease), or drinking, or drugging (of which anon); though he seldom commits suicide, and never, as Englishmen say, "breaks his heart" from reverse of fortune, being born heir to the idea of his superiority to circumstances. He doesn't cry over spilt milk, is quick in abandoning failure and trying again; plastic, a man of many dodes. He will either make a shaft or bolt of the means at command. If he "burst up" half a dozen times, in as many different callings (changing them as often as he pleases without loss of dignity or self-respect), he can go to Kansas, or San Francisco, or Texas, and begin life afresh, without emigrating. The Western States are practically colonies, *minus* the disadvantages of expatriation, and *plus* the power of returning in days instead of months, as with Britons from Australia or New Zealand. It is the consciousness of these resources, together with his great gains—for New York is perhaps the most prosperous of cities, despite its municipal dishonesty—which has rendered him indifferent to political villainy. He has not felt the pinch as other people do when their public men are knaves. "Let them thrive," he has said, "and be something'd to them!" A few hundreds of dollars, more or less (his mule of the swindle), won't make much difference to him; he could realize ten times the sum in the time it would take to dabble in politics—attend primary meetings, find men to accept office, canvass his acquaintances, discover who is fit for a public post, and who, at the same time, will accept small pay for much responsibility; and then watch carefully that the person whom he has aided in electing discharges his duties. All this would involve work—work diverted from his own direct profit to that of the community, of which, to be sure, he is a member, and not a less respectable and patriotic one than your French or Englishman; but it needs a greater than ordinary stimulus to induce him to leave his vocation for politics. By and by, when his pocket is more nearly touched, when he lives closer, and the stealings imply coming down a grade in the world, he will be as sharp with his rascals as anybody else dare.

Preeminently a nervous, bilious, and overworked person, possessing the sensitiveness of the Frenchman without his elasticity, the earnestness of the English temperament and not its equability, subject to more exhausting influences, both of climate and circumstance, than either,—nevertheless the New Yorker gives himself but little rest and no holidays, except the inevitable Fourth of July and New Year's Day, exhibiting on the former a rather rudimentary tendency towards flags and fire-works, liquor, brass bands, and gunpowder; and too often combining the "calls" of the latter with locomotive inebriation. He has, indeed, yet to learn the appropriately named art of recreation, his principal resource at present centering in alcohol. "He drinks," said a keen-sighted traveller, "not for social enjoyment, but as a physical necessity, to relieve apparently some actual cerebral over-strain." Also, as intimated, he does himself; dabbling in narcotics, anesthetics, and so forth, to soothe the stereotyped irritability of his nerves. There is no country wherein quacks so notoriously flourish as in the United States; and, as a prominent New York paper recently asserted, "The extent to which women are blindly using chloroform is as astonishing as it is fatal; if they do not suffer from its effects, the next generation will." Their dread of pain and trouble induces still worse practices, to be honestly admitted in this story. Still let us not be too ready to cast stones at them. Whatever the vices of American society, there are various counteracting and compensating phenomena which prevent, and are sure to prevent, them in the long run from doing the mischief they seem to threaten. In other words, there are checks and balances to be considered, as well as tendencies.

[To be continued.]

The writer has availed himself of various passages and suggestions in the text from the *N. Y. Tripped Nation*, and *Anglo-American Times* (which last excellent and valuable journal has done more to remove error and diffuse correct information concerning American affairs in Great Britain than any other paper extant). The way in which these passages have been introduced forbids more than a general acknowledgment.

"Kitty's going to join our Sabbath School," said one little girl to another; "she's coming with me, next Sunday, ain't you Kitty?"
"Oh, I don't know—I've never been to Sabbath School; what do you have to do?"
"Why you get saved, of course; and books and albums, and—"
"I mean, what do you have to do—have to study anything?"
"Oh it isn't like that. It's like church, you know. When you first go in, you have to put your head down and pray."
"But I can't pray," says heathen Kitty; "I don't know how."
"Oh, well, do as I do. Shut your eyes and count fifty."

At a spirit meeting the other night, a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusements were most popular in the spirit world. The reply was, "Reading of obituary notices."

GIRARD COLLEGE.—None will question Mr. Girard's liberality and philanthropy in voting so large a portion of his fortune to so laudable purpose; and yet this same man confines his posthumous charity to "poor white male orphans;" and after saying, "I do not forbid, but I do not recommend the Greek and Latin languages" as branches of study, while including such abstruse studies as "astronomy, natural, chemical, and experimental philosophy," in the curriculum which he lays out for the instruction of the children, he winds up by enjoining and requiring that "no ecclesiastic missionary, or minister of any sect whatever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in said college, nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of said college." When I presented my ticket of admission to the porter at the college lodge this morning, I found myself unconsciously regarding my costume, and considering whether it in any way partook of a clerical character. A moment's afterthought, however, convinced me that no sane man would ever accuse me of being a priest or person, and I was soon laughing over the idea with Professor Allen, the President of the College. "Do you strictly enforce the anti-clerical regulation?" I asked of Mr. Allen. "Yes; the law compels me to do so," he replied; "if any clergyman finds his way in here, he does so with a *supersessio veri*," and then he laughingly added: "I recall an incident in this regard. A gentleman with a clerical look about him once presented a pass to the janitor. The janitor eyed him up and down, and then said, 'I cannot admit you, sir; you are a clergyman.' 'The devil I am!' exclaimed the visitor, who was a banker, or merchant, or engaged in some kind of business. 'You can pass,' was the quiet rejoinder of the janitor. He knew at once that any one using such an expression was not likely to infringe on the provisions of Mr. Girard's will."—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

THE GREATEST LIAR ON RECORD.—The Bishop of Litchfield hath a taste for walking, and on one occasion, sometime ago, he walked from a church in the Black country to the railway station, where he was to take the train for home. On the way he happened to observe a group of men sitting together on the ground, and immediately resolved to "say a word in season" to them after the fashion of the Caliph Haroun or the average district tract distributor. "Well, my good men," said his lordship *incognito*, "what are you doing?" The response of one of the men was not calculated to please and encourage the amiable prelate. "We bin a loyin'," he said. "Lying!" said the horrified bishop; "what do you mean?" "Why, yer see," was the explanation, "one on us fun a kettle, and we bin a tryin' who can tell the biggest lie to have it." "Shocking!" said the bishop, and straightway improving the occasion he proceeded to impress upon the sinners the enormity of lying. He informed them that he had been taught that one of the greatest sins was to tell a lie, and, in fact, so strongly had this been urged upon him that never in the whole course of his life had he told a lie. Would that we might relate how those wicked men were moved and charmed by the recital of such saintliness! Alas! no sooner had the excellent bishop made this announcement than there was a gleeful shout: "Gie th' Governor th' kettle, gie th' Governor th' kettle!"

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The Index.

AUGUST 2, 1873.

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This fund is to be used, first, in meeting any deficiency in current expenses that may result from the recent "Index troubles," and, secondly, in such other ways as the editor shall find most advantageous for the paper. All appropriations will be reported to the Directors.

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RADICAL CALVINISM.

In the *Christian Union* of June 18, Rev. Edward C. Towne published a long criticism upon Unitarianism and Free Religion, their tendencies and some of their present representatives. In 1860 he left the Orthodox ranks and joined the Unitarian denomination; in 1867 he took an active part in organizing the Free Religious Association; and now (for such is the apparent drift of his article) he abandons both Unitarianism and Free Religion to their fate, in the fond belief that Orthodoxy itself has, after all, more of true liberality and true religion in it than either of the liberal movements he first espoused and at present so sharply criticises. Although he does not explicitly say so, it would seem that he now prefers to affiliate with progressive Orthodoxy, as retaining a profounder religious faith, and promising a larger religious freedom than are to be discovered or anticipated in the diminishing Christianity of these unorthodox movements. For in some sense scarcely intelligible, Mr. Towne still adheres to Christianity as the "providential" and purest form of religion possible to man.

We have somewhat hesitated to make any comments on the above-mentioned article, lest Mr. Towne might mistake their motive; but on the whole we judge that he will credit us with as little wish to wound as he would have credited to himself. Accepting his own caustic strictures as a perfectly legitimate discussion of what is fairly before the public, and not doubting that the misrepresentation and practical injustice he falls into result from imperfect comprehension of a movement he never fully fathomed, and not from the least intention to distort it or to caricature its participants, we think that the cause of truth will be furthered by criticism as frank on our part as on his.

The principal points made by Mr. Towne against the Free Religious movement are that the "leaders" of it (we know of nobody who aspires to the self-stultifying and absurd position of "leading" a movement against all personal "leadership") have adopted the new dogma of "mixing no religion whatever with their liberty, lest liberty should suffer;" that the "Free Religious conceit of exclusive knowledge of freedom is the last refinement of Unitarian conceit;" and that "the truth is that Christian thought has generally reached in our day an undogmatic epoch." In other words, the Free Religious Association has abjured religious faith in striving to attain an unreal and in fact dogmatic free-

dom; while the Christian sects of to-day are finding all freedom that is desirable by developing their faith into "a breadth and depth of pure consciousness of religious motives, of godliness and charity and devotion, which no dogma can ever get under." In Mr. Towne's estimation, all "freedom" that is not based upon "faith" is "narrow and barren;" and he ardently expects that "a grand radicalism of the heart of Christendom is to break forth with new interpretation of Law and Gospel."

Here is betrayed the secret of Mr. Towne's very imperfect radicalism. He claims "for fifteen years" to have been an "extreme radical;" but in point of fact he has never been, is not now, and probably never will be, an "extreme radical" at all. From the first beginnings of his heresy until now, he has been a devotee of *faith* rather than of *ideas*. Unlike the Unitarians (whom for this reason he never fully understood) he originally seceded from Orthodoxy not because it set bounds to human *freedom of thought*, but because its doctrine of damnation for sinners set bounds to human *faith in God*, by making the Divine character intrinsically hideous and unlovely. What he has striven for has always been an intenser faith rather than a larger freedom. His hostility to Jesus as the self-offered Savior from a hell the very existence of which would be a dishonor to God, and as the claimant of a mission which would put a human leader in the place of Providence itself, has grown out of a jealousy for the Divine glory which is worthy of the chief fathers of Calvinism itself; and his wrath has burned fiercely against a "pretender" who thrusts himself between man and God. Hence he has said and written things about Jesus which even to the radicals seemed extravagant, bitter, and unjust, and which are inexplicable to those who do not discern that Mr. Towne is an enthusiast for the rights of God rather than for the rights of man. With all his ability (and he is as able as he is brave, sincere, and self-sacrificing), he inherits the spirit of the Orthodoxy in which he was bred, and which it is very unlikely he will ever entirely escape from. A year or two ago he claimed to be a "Calvinist" still, in a Boston Evangelical paper; and although such a claim appeared to many at the time as a freak of eccentricity bordering on derangement, when considered as coming from one who imagines himself also to be an "extreme radical," it now seems strictly true in a certain sense. For Calvinism, like all other phases of Christianity, rests on "faith;" and Mr. Towne's radicalism is nothing but "faith" carried out so far as to become a protest against the historic doctrines of Calvinism itself. It is singular how extremes sometimes meet; and the old Calvinistic "faith" in the Bible re-appears in a striking manner in Mr. Towne's rapt anticipation that a "grand radicalism of the heart of Christendom" will yet burst forth in a "new interpretation of Law and Gospel." Alas for the fond ecstatic dream! The only radicalism that is ever "grand" bursts forth from the heart of humanity, and knows no "Law and Gospel" but that of *ideas*. *Ideas*, not *faith*—we must accept the issue. There is no radicalism but that of ideas. Change the objects of faith as you will, faith itself remains essentially unreasoning; and reason is the synonyme of radicalism. To protest against the personal Jesus in the name of the personal God, and to transfer faith from one to the other, may be and is a great advance in religious development; but it is not radicalism. True, it marks the transition from Christianity to Theism of one kind; and it seems remarkable that any man should still consider himself a Christian who transfers his faith from Jesus the Christ to God the Father, even although he still clings to the faith-principle which underlies Christianity and almost all other special religions. Between faith and reason, however, taken as bases, there is a world-wide difference. Radicalism is the ordering of thought and life by reason, by principles, by ideas; while Christianity is the ordering of thought and life by the will of God revealed through the Christ. Behind the will of God, however, Christianity does not venture to go; neither can any form of religion which rests

on faith. But radicalism proclaims ideas as the law of all personalities whether human or divine; and this law is paramount to all will whatsoever. If to abandon the law of faith for the law of reason, and to substitute ideas for persons as the only rightful sovereigns of human life, is to sacrifice religion to liberty, then Mr. Towne's strictures are correct; but in that case he is marvellously mistaken in imagining himself a radical at all. He adheres still to the faith-principle as the ground-work of religion, as it is indeed of Christianity in general and of Calvinism in particular. While he builds on that basis, he is more Orthodox than radical, and falls into a grave error in mistaking sharp sayings about Jesus for proof of radicalism. When he becomes really radical, he will build on reason, not faith, and perceive that the emphasis put by the Free Religious Association on the idea of liberty is not the sacrifice of religion, but rather the establishment of it on the only foundation upon which it can permanently maintain itself in the veneration of mankind.

RADICAL CHARITY.

One of THE INDEX subscribers, in renewing his subscription recently, wrote as follows: "I do so at once, as my sympathy and wishes are with the principles which are generally advocated by THE INDEX. I have noticed, however, traces of an intolerant and illiberal spirit in some of the articles during the past year, and really hope that this may be remedied in future. It is not pleasant to find bigotry in our columns; that properly belongs to the Christian press."

The good man and the honest truth-seeker can never mean to be intolerant or uncharitable. In the first place, it is his *duty* not to be. He owes it to the truth to give it the freest possible chance to be expressed; and he knows that it requires many different voices for its utterance, and many different ways for its manifestation. He knows that the truth must have *free* course in order to get glorified; and he knows that he has no right to sit as sole judge for its cause, and to determine *who* shall appear as its witnesses, or *how* they shall present their testimony. He knows that the truth has the right to the freest parliament, and to the advocacy of anybody and everybody, no matter what their title or standing; and he observes that sometimes the latest new-comer, as well as he who has longest held his place, has an important word to utter and a valuable part to take in the discussion. But not only is it his obligation to the truth to be charitable and tolerant for its sake, but he owes it to his fellow truth-seekers to treat them with the strictest fairness and the most generous courtesy. Ordinarily he has no right to any other presumption than that they *are* truth-seekers, that they want the truth for themselves and want it to show to others. Men go on quests for truth, not for error. They may find and ignorantly take up error instead of truth; but that is not what they want—they *want* the truth. Now though one man may be quite certain that he has found truth in a given case (for I hold that incertitude is not the fate to which we are necessarily doomed in any intellectual inquiry), he cannot be less certain that he has not found out the *whole* truth about anything, and that therefore another man's candid report of what he has also found must be not only very valuable but absolutely indispensable. The discoverer has always a right to tell what he has discovered, and to tell it in his own way; and he must not be interfered with, nor sneered at, nor wantonly provoked. He most serves the truth and his fellow-men, who most encourages and aids mankind to attain and impart knowledge, and who makes the means of learning most easy, attractive, and universal. Every thinker's simple right is to utter his thought without fear and without reproach; and it is each thinker's duty to help every other thinker to do this.

But, moreover, the honest truth-seeker not merely rests under the *duty* to be charitable and tolerant, he can *afford* to be. By such a course he gains everything, he loses nothing. His gain of course is that which the truth has, and her's is immense when *freedom* is the condition under which all men seek her. The *real* truth-seeker

has no fear of the truth or for the truth. He has nothing to conceal, and he desires that nothing should be concealed. He wants everything brought to the light; he desires that every man should speak, and speak freely,—that each should tell all he really knows. The result of free discussion can never be the condemnation of the truth-seeker, though it may be the condemnation of his opinions. But for this he is not sorry; he rejoices rather—no man so much—because if his opinions can be proved false he desires they should be, and then, if false, no man condemns them so heartily as he does himself. Beside the truth he has nothing of his own that he wishes to preserve,—no private opinions, or beliefs, or theories. He is not a conservative of anything that has not the vitality of truth in it, and what has that vitality he knows will live whether he seeks to destroy or to save it. The truth-seeker is a radical, therefore, because he goes for laying everything open and bare, for bringing everything into the light, for publishing and not suppressing, for ventilating and not stifling, for loosing and not binding. Were he to be intolerant and uncharitable, then, he would spite and wrong himself, he would damage his own cause, he would ruin his own interests, he would blast his own hopes. In fact, just so far as the radical is intolerant and uncharitable he is not a radical. He may think he is, but he is not. The true radical has no fear; therefore he has no hatred; therefore, again, he cannot be intolerant or uncharitable. The truth is safe because it is absolute and eternal. It waits for all men to know it. Love of truth inspires love of man; and such love rules out narrowness, and bigotry, and every vestige of partisan feeling.

In the spirit of the foregoing remarks, I thank the INDEX subscriber with whose words I began this article for his kind and frank criticism of the paper he does his part to sustain. His is no indiscriminate or unintelligent devotion, and therefore it is all the more encouraging and valuable. I believe that THE INDEX desires to be a learner as well as a teacher, and that it is willing to learn not only from its judicious friends but even from its stubborn foes. It desires to have no undue pride of virtue nor any conceit of knowledge, but as wisely to appropriate criticism and censure as praise and admiration. Its motto is "Liberty and Light." If it is in any way unfaithful to this, it desires that the fact should be brought home to it. If it fails to give the same liberty that it demands, if it refuses to receive light from any and every source while it seeks copiously to shed it forth, the sooner it is convicted of such infidelity and flat inconsistency the better. It will not exert itself to make an ingenious self-defence when fairly confronted with this charge, but will lend every possible assistance to its just prosecution,—glad to have the truth appear, even though it bring in its hand a condemnation for THE INDEX.

But though it is not impossible that any writer for these columns should sometimes let his or her pen take on a wiry edge, or seem to dip it in ink too intensely black or fiery red, it must at the same time be remembered that there is great virtue in plain speech, and in calling things by their right names. It must also be remembered that some persons are shocked when they have no business to be. The radical cannot use the same language that the conservative does, to describe the same thing; and although the language which is used may shock the conservative, it does not necessarily follow that the radical meant to be shocking. He must be allowed to be explicit and even forcible in utterance; and if, when he aims a well-intentioned blow at what he honestly believes to be error, somebody's prejudices happen to be in the way and get hurt, it cannot fairly be deemed his fault. Kindness and good taste must not be held to be incompatible with plainness and directness.

A. W. S.

I trust that all who desire to subscribe for THE INDEX will not forget that the opportunity is now offered them to secure the paper at the "clubbing" rate of \$2.00 a year. This offer is only for a limited time, and should therefore be approved at once.

A. W. S.

SPIRITUALITY AND RELIGION.

It is a good thing to understand our terms, for it leads to greater clearness of thought, and so to better understanding of each other, more respect for each other's opinions and greater fairness in mutual judgment. The various definitions of religion, which have been offered by earnest thinkers from time to time, show what a comprehensive word it is, and how it stands for a vital, organizing principle more readily recognized by its effects than analyzed as to its nature and origin. Very few are willing to give up the term religious, and even those who do, generally make an indignant protest against its narrowed signification, and the arrogant assumptions of those who claim a special right to it.

But it seems to me there is a real, practical misunderstanding arising from the confusion of the terms spiritual and religious. Many imagine that a person who is spiritually disposed,—that is to say, who delights in the exercise of his spiritual faculties, in the contemplation of the grand themes of eternal life, in meditation upon the great creative power in all which can be distinguished from the objects of time and sense,—is necessarily a religious man; while another honest soul who is concerned mainly with that which is directly about him, but, lacking something of the "vision and the faculty divine," is little concerned except about the here and the now, and is incapable of rhapsodies and enthusiasms, thinks often that he ought to be troubled about his state, and regrets that he is not a religious man.

While I will not question Mr. Abbot's etymology of the word religion, if it be really based on the best evidence, I do feel that the word in its largest and best sense, and as representing the most vital element of our inward life, does imply the sense of law, of obligation, and so of a binding force. It is like the law of love, which binds us so to one another that it is the only condition of freedom. Its material symbol is the law of attraction, which binds all together and holds all in relation to the great centre, and yet by which all can move in harmony and order. It is the same principle as duty, in the high sense in which Wordsworth uses it:—

"Tis thou that keep'st the sides from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens by thee are fresh and strong."

Thus considered, religion seems to me to unite in action the two elements of spirituality and materiality, or practicality. It binds this life and all future life together; it relates this planet to all other places in the universe; it fills the smallest practical duty with the infinite meaning and value of great spiritual truths, and it gives form and expression to spiritual life.

The two factors of religion in well developed natures work so harmoniously together that we do not separate them. "The man who loves his brother whom he has seen," naturally loves "God whom he hath not seen." He who rejoices in the life of the bird and the flower, and finds daily toil sweet and blessed, rejoices in the certainty of the infinite possibilities of eternity; the hour of meditation and communion sends him back strengthened and purified for active life.

But many have so divorced these two forces of life that, instead of mutually blending in and aiding each other, they are considered as antagonistic. We all know the extremes to which the admiration of spiritual exercises has carried men. It is not perhaps the common fault of our time and country, but do we not see those who are really spiritual, full of interest in spiritual themes, but who are yet wanting in that fulness of life and love which ought to be the fruits of the Spirit? It seems to me this is the explanation of those beautiful hymns and other poetic expressions of religious truths, written by men lacking all moral beauty in their lives. They were not hypocrites; they saw what they described, but they did not wed it to "the stern daughter of the voice of God."

On the other hand, do not those brave, honest souls who accept and glory in the name of atheist, but whose humane and noble lives show them sound to the core, and full of life,

simply lack in spirituality? We always feel in these men a want of sympathy in those experiences of communion and divine reception which are very real to other souls; but it seems to me they are religious men, and that their devotion to truth and right is genuine, and their hearts are warm and their lives are full of earnest meaning. That they lose much of inspiration and beauty seems as inevitable as that the excessively spiritual man loses in warmth and vigor and force of action. I think the practical injustice and evil is in claiming a superior merit for the immaterial over the material side of our nature, that he who delights in contemplation is higher than he who delights in work, that he who saves his own soul is religious, but he who cares for his own body and the bodies of others is not. We are truly, grandly, and healthily religious only when the two phases of life are blended in our lives; only when soul informs the whole body, and the spiritual life animates and invigorates practical duty. The man who can go so much out of himself as to labor for other men, or for the cause of truth and right, seems to me to have gained the power of the Spirit; to be in truth related to the great Centre and Source of life,—and so to merit the name religious, however little his spiritual nature may be developed into conscious expression.

E. D. C.

INTUITION.

In the last number of THE INDEX which has reached my eye (June 7), there is an editorial summary of the contrasts to Free Religion; and among the contrasts is placed Intuitionism. Since I account myself a Free Religionist, while I also profess to be an Intuitionist, I beg to explain wherein I think the writer to misunderstand Intuition.

First, I would protest against the accepting Theodore Parker as a trustworthy expounder of the doctrine. He was a man of high moral sensitiveness, commanding will, noble aspiration, wide and rapid in his survey of men and books, bold and warm, eminent in unselfishness and self-sacrifice; but far from accurate either in logic or in history. He made the wonderful assertion that mankind at large has intuition of a future state, blind to the fact that this is false of the ancient Hebrews and of the modern Buddhists, to say nothing of our irreligious multitudes. Like Mazzini and the deist Lord Herbert of Cherbury, he regarded God and Immortality as alike truths of intuition; but I know few theists who can herein follow him. The vast majority of men regard a future state as precisely the *darkest* of all dogmas. One part glorifies Christianity because it reveals this otherwise unattainable doctrine; another part holds up "spirit rapping" to admiration for the same reason. The misapplication of a principle by one who exalts it, is no disproof of the principle.

I was an Intuitionist in Geometry before I became an intuitionist in Morals and Religion. It is to me a clear first principle that no science can exist except on the basis of intuition; and as Geometry is the received type of the most perfect science, I hope it will not displease the readers of THE INDEX if I enter a little into this, avoiding technicality as far as possible. The common treatises of Geometry, following Euclid, put forth in the outset certain *axioms*, or propositions to be received without proof; i. e., to be received upon mere reading of them, or to be believed upon looking at them,—which, in Latin phrase, is by *intuition*. Thus intuition confronts us on the threshold of the science. Of the current axioms, some are verbal and belong to all quantitative science; yet two, quite necessary, are purely geometrical: some persons would make three, but the following two suffice: 1. Between any two points in space one path exists shorter than any other; 2. Two straight lines perpendicular to a third are everywhere mutually equi-distant. From the first we can prove the primary properties of a *plane*; from the second the primary properties of *parallel straight lines*. Many attempts have been made to get rid of these axioms, but the reasoner has

had at last to propose some other axiom as a substitute. But if any should now succeed in this attempt, the fact would remain that prior reasoners who rested on mere intuition, held as complete a conviction of truth as any of us, and a just conviction too.

Next, in the science of Mechanics we begin by laying down certain *laws* concerning equilibrium and motion, and concerning the transference of forces from one point of application to another. For all of these but one, mere intuition suffices to bring conviction; yet appeal may be made, and is made, to experiment, to furnish material for the proofs of argument called "induction." For the main law of Dynamics intuition does not suffice; yet neither does experiment, if we reason severely: for, the dogma that a ball once set in motion will move forever, with undiminished velocity, if unimpeded, is not adequately established as absolute truth by the petty experiments which alone we can make,—such as, on a lawn and on a sheet of ice. Such experiments suffice for the *presumption* of truth. Call it a hypothesis rather than a law; then in the applications of the science abundant verification of the hypothesis is found. But (what must here be pressed) induction itself rests on a basis which is anything but demonstrative. Its basis is one or more provisional assumptions, to be received as were the axioms of Geometry, upon intuition. The late Professor Baden Powell, a very keen searcher into first principles, basis induction on two *presumptions*, and says that the first is justified by the second. 1. "All phenomena of the kind in question are *similar* to the few which are actually examined." 2. Nature is uniform in her laws and processes. Now in a book problem of Mechanics or of Heat, where we by hypothesis exclude diversity, we hardly need the first principle at all; but when we deal with actual Nature, and consider the vagueness of the word "similar," the second presumption by no means "justifies" the first—much less in Chemistry, in Physiology, and in human action, where elements are very numerous, and a complexity easily unsuspected by us is at work. But the second principle, on which Sir John Herschel insists that all modern science rests—the uniformity of Nature—is furnished to us originally by intuition; just as are the axioms in Geometry. No doubt we have much after-verification of the doctrine, in the harmony of each science with itself, and next of each with others; finally in the agreement of results indicated by science with results ascertained by direct inquiry and observation. Not the less is the original doctrine a presumption, a hypothesis, a provisional truth, dictated to us by good sense, by common sense, or, it may be, by uncommon sense, by genius, upon mere intuition. Nor is this all. The "uniformity" of Nature is a very vague phrase, needing different interpretation under different circumstances, and often yielding little more than a *suggestion* by analogy. In the actual process of induction we cannot dispense with consideration of chances (as I have explained in the "Fragments of Logic" prefixed to my volume called *Miscellanies*). If we know no reason for supposing the cases not examined to differ from those examined, we *presume* similarity; and when we find partial verifications (in fact of that which was anticipated (by argument), we need to inquire "whether this is too much to attribute to chance." This is decided only by good sense (common or uncommon), which is supreme arbiter; just as on propositions called intuitive, one might even say we decide by intuition whether an induction is sound. Yet, of course, this is an intuition of a mind well versed in special inquiry.

I hold that science is indissolubly wedded to intuition, and that we can never succeed in building Religion into a science if we cast off intuition. I advance nothing paradoxical, but just that which we must expect. I do not regard intuition as a *faculty*, any more than is "good sense" a faculty. Barbarians eminently lack good sense, as is testified by their wild credulity. Wide information, habits of orderly, systematic thought, instrumental aids to accuracy (such as writing affords), public debate, open judicial processes,—all these combine to diffuse general good sense in a community; so that, as the mind of nations becomes cultivated, the sounder is the judgment and the more trustworthy the sentiment which rests on mere intuition. The basis of morals, however, is the agreement of barbarian with civilized man as to the *relative rank* of certain springs of action; such as, that gratitude is nobler than self-indulgence, patriotism than love of life, love of knowledge than love of dainty food, public spirit than private avarice. Only the soul from within pronounces a verdict upon such matters. If a man has a taste of his own in morals,—as, if he hold a sen-

sual life to be better and more desirable than a life of philanthropy and self-sacrifice,—we cannot argue him down; we can only vote him down by appealing to the intuition of mankind. If any one say that this is an infirm foundation of morals, hear how Aristotle replies in this very matter, when he has appealed to the following lines of Hesiod:—

"That utterance never wholly perishes which many peoples utter;
Nay, but it is even an utterance of God."

"If any one," says Aristotle, "reject this as an insufficient basis, he will never get anything else so firm." [I may add, that the "saying of Hesiod" has been caricatured into *Vox populi vox Dei*; instead of, "The voice of mankind is a voice of God."]

The name of my friend the lamented John Sterling is not wholly unknown to some of your readers. Baden Powell misconstrued a sentence of his, which ran: "Physical results prove nothing but a physical cause." I believe he substantially agreed with Baden Powell himself, who says: "Legitimate [physical] science can never lead to anything but higher generalizations of physical order." Sterling, though a pupil of Coleridge, was eminently free from the supercilious cloudiness by which Coleridge so exasperates one; yet he thoroughly agreed with Coleridge that it is impossible to found anything which the modern world will recognize as Religion on mere outward observation, outward experience or experiment, outward science. In Geology, Astronomy, Chemistry, &c., we of course need a human mind to follow the reasonings, but none of the premises from which we there reason are propositions concerning the human mind; therefore, also, none of the conclusions can be moral, spiritual, religious. But when propositions concerning the mind itself enter a science, then the science may become spiritual.

The most fundamental proposition of religion known to me is the axiom (justified by intuition) that "the qualities of a created mind cannot be higher, but must be immeasurably lower, than that of its Creator;" or, "If there be a Mind ruling in the universe, it contains the noblest powers of the human mind, and vastly more." To impute pre-eminent intelligence and pre-eminent goodness to the primal source of our being, is the first step into Religion. It is not and cannot be demonstrated, otherwise than by appealing to the axiom which we lay down as intuitive. Of course, as axioms in science are very few, so are the intuitive truths of morals and religion. Geometers have fretted under the axioms, vainly; so likewise do utilitarian moralists and scientific oligonists vainly fret against intuitive truths. Such first principles, though very few, are absolutely vital to the sciences.

As to making immortality an intuitive dogma, there are so many objections that it is wonderful (if anything were wonderful in religious opinion) how earnest theists can so treat it. But Coleridge wrote that the doctrine of the Trinity is the sole foundation of all reasonable philosophy; so with him the doctrine of the Trinity was intuitive! Let every man, for his own guidance, give as much weight as he pleases to his private thoughts,—to his conscientious convictions, his arguments of what is coming, his theological philosophy; but no one can propose his "intuitive truths" as a basis for the belief of others—that is, as a basis for science. He must show, either that mankind in enormous preponderance believes them, so that they are matters of human intuition, not merely personal; or else, that in some proportion to men's growth in intellect, wisdom, nobleness of moral character, they tend to believe them. If Theodore Parker had been satisfied to allege this *tendency*, he would have a claim for immortality as a presumption; still, as I think, by no means as a dogma which may be simply announced as truth. Immortality has always been with me (ever since I ceased to receive the doctrine on Scriptural authority) as the final result of a chain of argument which, however I might succeed in shortening it, had several loopholes of error; nor have I ever entirely overcome an underlying suspicion that there may be an inherent contradiction (such as a German school maintains that there is) in the idea that the same individual who dies can revive. Physical arguments do not seem to me *at all* to prove it, or even to touch the real matter; yet, since men uneducated in a science are not aware *what* problems in it are self-contradictory, a sense of my own ignorance incapacitates me for dogmatizing on such a subject as the After Life, which combines elements moral and physical in very uncertain relations. Hence, practically, I am here at a vast distance from Theodore Parker who was able to preach the doctrine as a fact, and make it fundamental in religion. He was certainly wrong in asserting for it the rank of a truth intuitive to mankind.

But the question whether we can appeal to human intuition for a decision on this particular matter is one of detail. I desire only to bring out clearly the true doctrine of *intuitive truths*, or "propositions to which we assent by mere dwelling of the mind upon them."

FRANCIS WM. NEWMAN.

WESTON SUPER MARE, ENGLAND,
June 21, 1878.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errata.
N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

"GOOD WORDS."

DEAR INDEX:—

Amongst all the miserable trash that uselessly encumbers the press, wearing out type and wasting paper and ink, (*Good Words: a Paper for the People*, published at New York by the Christian-at-Work Association, must take a front rank. It is as nauseating a specimen of superstition and arrogance as one could wish never to find. The publishers send it forth in the name and in the interest of religion. From such a religion as theirs is, the world needs sorely to be released altogether. Its God is a demon who, if he cannot make a heart love him, will fill it with fear, and by that fear compel love at last, or cause the fear to be realized in an eternity of woe. These papers are sent out broadcast, falling into homes where the weight of priestly tradition crushes out all idea of newer revelations and broader truths; allying into the hands of readers who never think, except as their church has thought; spreading themselves open before eyes that, seeing, see nothing in, for, or of religion, but what they have been taught to see. Then, again, they fall into the hands of some who, careless about religion only because intellectually they have been too lazy to think about it, have lived indifferent, bad, worse, or worst lives. Some brimstone-tinted story, verse, or exhortation awakens the terrors that have but slumbered since the days of early religious instruction; a few tears, a few prayers, a standing up for Jesus, convert a sinner into a saint, and the "good words" have accomplished their mission. So the wretched business prospers! Superstition, bigotry, and cant, bring forth fruit an hundred fold; and while, here and there, one individual grows up into freedom of mind and soul, hundreds grow up into slavery, bound in chains which they seek to rivet upon all around them by means of churches, Christian associations, and similar machinery. Self-interest and fear are the elements in human nature to which all appeals are made, and where the greater terror can be produced in the hearts of hearers and readers, is the field where will be gathered the greater harvest of souls. "What did you think of the sermon?" I was asked one Sunday a few weeks ago, coming out of a church where a revivalist-preacher had delivered a rambling discourse, every other sentence of which had a coffin or a corpse in it; and the only reply I could make was, "I thought there ought to have been a bier in front of the pulpit, and a hearse at the door."

Any person who has been favored with a copy of (*Good Words*, No. 48, may find in it a poem, based on Matthew xvi. 26, and entitled, "Is it worth it? Or, the Gain and the Loss." This poem can be readily found by the abundance of italics in it, if by nothing else. After describing the vanity of all the pleasures the world can give, thereby implying that the gain in obtaining the whole world is very little, it describes the loss in the following "good words":

"To waken up among the damned;
To hear the devil's jeer;
To wallow in vile leprosy
No thought can picture here,
Lost! lost the soul! oh, never more
A ray of light to see,
Of peace, or hope! Endless remorse,
Undying misery."

Oh, never more to get a glimpse
Of such a thing as good or pure!
To see, at last, sin's loathsomeness,
Too late to find its cure!
And this for souls that heard of Christ!
Knew of his work of love;
Ah! that will be the ceaseless sting,
All other woes above!

Work out the sum—the gain, the loss—
And weigh the profit well;
Then tell the *Loving One* who asks,
Will you choose *CHRIST* or *HELL*?"

You will take notice that the last "good word" in this beautiful production needs large capitals for its proper expression.

This is a sample of the tone in which all the articles are pitched. "CHRIST, or HELL;" these are the alternatives; and from the relative size of the letters in this instance, it is safe to infer that, while it is important that people should choose Christ, it is more important that they should escape hell. And it probably is so.

It is indeed important that the whole world should escape from the hell of such doctrines as are sown and cultivated by (*Good Words* and its fellows. The religion of fear and self-interest cannot make the kind of people who are most worthy to be called by the name of Man. It does not give the best preparation for living the life we are living; and the "other life" for which it can make any adequate preparation must be one hardly worth living: for if the centre of that life is a Being such as is presented by the *Good Words* theology, then it were better to feel, with John Stuart Mill, that rather than to call a being good who is not what we mean when we call our fellow-creatures good, we would go to hell, had he the power to send us there.

F. W. WERNER.

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An Essay on Miracles.

BY DAVID HUME.

PART II.

(Concluded.)

There surely never was a greater number of miracles ascribed to one person than those which were lately said to have been wrought in France upon the tomb of Abbé Paris, the famous Jansenist, with whose sanctity the people were so long deluded. The curing of the sick, giving hearing to the deaf and sight to the blind, were everywhere talked of as the usual effects of that holy sepulchre. But what is more extraordinary, many of the miracles were immediately proved upon the spot, before judges of unquestioned integrity, attested by witnesses of credit and distinction, in a learned age, and on the most eminent theatre that is now in the world. Nor is this all: a relation of them was published and dispersed everywhere; nor were the Jesuits (though a learned body), supported by the civil magistrate and determined enemies to those opinions, in whose favor the miracles were said to have been wrought, ever able distinctly to refute or detect them. [See Note 3.] Where shall we find such a number of circumstances agreeing to the corroboration of one fact? And what have we to oppose to such a cloud of witnesses, but the absolute impossibility or miraculous nature of the events which they relate? And this, surely, in the eyes of all reasonable people, will alone be regarded as a sufficient refutation.

Is the consequence just, because some human testimony has the utmost force and authority in some cases—when it relates the battle of Philippi or Pharsalia for instance—that therefore all kinds of testimony must, in all cases, have equal force and authority? Suppose that the Cæsarean and Pompeian factions had, each of them, claimed the victory in these battles, and that the historians of each party had uniformly ascribed the advantage to their own sides,—how could mankind, at this distance, have been able to determine between them? The contrariety is equally strong between the miracles related by Herodotus or Plutarch, and those delivered by Mariana, Beale, or any monkish historian.

The wise lend a very academic faith to every report which favors the passion of the reporter; whether it magnifies his country, his family, or himself, or in any other way strikes in with his natural inclinations and propensities. But what greater temptation than to appear a missionary, a prophet, an ambassador from heaven? Who would not encounter many dangers and difficulties in order to obtain so sublime a character? Or if, by the help of vanity and a heated imagination, a man has first made a convert of him-

self, and entered seriously into the delusion, who ever scruples to make use of pious frauds in support of so holy and meritorious a cause?

The smallest spark may here kindle into the greatest flame, because the materials are always prepared for it. The *avidum genus auricularum* (Lucretius), the gazing populace, receive greedily, without examination, whatever soothes superstition and promotes wonder.

How many stories of this nature have in all ages been detected and exploded in their infancy! How many more have been celebrated for a time, and have afterwards sunk into neglect and oblivion! Where such reports, therefore, fly about, the solution of the phenomena is obvious; and we judge in conformity to regular experience and observation when we account for it by the known and natural principles of credulity and delusion. And shall we, rather than have recourse to so natural a solution, allow of a miraculous violation of the most established laws of Nature?

I need not mention the difficulty of detecting a falsehood in any private or even public history, at the place where it is said to happen; much more when the scene is removed to ever so small a distance. Even a court of judicature, with all the authority, accuracy, and judgment which they can employ, find themselves often at a loss to distinguish between truth and falsehood in the most recent actions. But the matter never comes to any issue, if trusted to the common method of altercation and debate and flying rumors; especially when men's passions have taken part on either side.

In the infancy of new religions, the wise and learned commonly esteem the matter too inconsiderable to deserve their attention or regard. And when afterwards they would willingly detect the cheat, in order to undeceive the deluded multitude, the season is now past, and the records and witnesses, which might clear up the matter, have perished beyond recovery.

No means of detection remain, but those which must be drawn from the very testimony itself of the reporters: and these, though always sufficient with the judicious and knowing, are commonly too fine to fall under the comprehension of the vulgar.

Upon the whole, then, it appears that no testimony for any kind of miracle has ever amounted to a probability, much less to a proof; and that even supposing it amounted to a proof, it would be opposed by another proof, derived from the very nature of the fact which it would endeavor to establish. It is experience only which gives authority to human testimony; and it is the same experience which assures us of the laws of Nature. When, therefore, these two kinds of experience are contrary, we have nothing to do but subtract the one from the other, and embrace an opinion, either on one side or the other, with that assurance which arises from the remainder. But according to the principle here explained, this subtraction, with regard to all popular religions, amounts to an entire annihilation; and therefore we may establish it as a maxim, that no human testimony can have such force as to prove a miracle, and make it a just foundation for any such system of religion.

I beg the limitations here made may be remarked, when I say that a miracle can never be proved, so as to be the foundation of a system of religion. For I own that, otherwise, there may possibly be miracles or violations of the usual course of Nature, of such a kind as to admit of proof from human testimony; though perhaps it will be impossible to find any such in all the records of history. Thus, suppose all authors, in all languages, agree that, from the first of January 1600, there was a total darkness over the whole earth for eight days; suppose that the tradition of this extraordinary event is still strong and lively among the people; that all travellers, who return from foreign countries, bring us accounts of the same tradition, without the least variation or contradiction,—it is evident that our present philosophers, instead of doubting the fact, ought to receive it as certain, and ought to search for the causes whence it might be derived. The decay, corruption, and dissolution of Nature is an event rendered probable by so many analogies, that any phenomenon which seems to have a tendency towards that catastrophe comes within the reach of human testi-

mony, if that testimony be very extensive and uniform.

But suppose that all the historians who treat of England should agree that, on the first of January 1600, Queen Elizabeth died; that both before and after her death she was seen by her physicians and the whole court, as is usual with persons of her rank; that her successor was acknowledged and proclaimed by the parliament; and that, after being interred a month, she again appeared, resumed the throne, and governed England for three years.—I must confess that I should be surprised at the concurrence of so many odd circumstances, but should not have the least inclination to believe so miraculous an event. I should not doubt of her pretended death, and of those other public circumstances that followed it; I should only assert it to have been pretended, and that it neither was nor possibly could be real. You would in vain object to me the difficulty, and almost impossibility, of deceiving the world in an affair of such consequence; the wisdom and solid judgment of that renowned queen, with the little or no advantage which she could reap from so poor an artifice,—all this might astonish me; but I would still reply, that the knavery and folly of men are such common phenomena that I should rather believe the most extraordinary events to arise from their concurrence, than admit of so signal a violation of the laws of Nature.

But should this miracle be ascribed to any new system of religion, men in all ages have been so much imposed upon by ridiculous stories of that kind, that this very circumstance would be a full proof of a cheat, and sufficient with all men of sense, not only to make them reject the fact, but even reject it without further examination. Though the Being to whom the miracle is ascribed be, in this case, almighty, it does not upon that account become a whit more probable; since it is impossible for us to know the attributes or actions of such a Being, otherwise than from the experience which we have of his productions in the usual course of Nature. This still reduces us to past observation, and obliges us to compare the instances of the violation of truth in the testimony of men with those of the violation of the laws of Nature by miracles, in order to judge which of them is most likely and probable. As the violations of truth are more common in the testimony concerning religious miracles than in that concerning any other matter of fact, this must diminish very much the authority of the former testimony, and make us form a general resolution never to lend any attention to it, with whatever specious pretence it may be covered.

Lord Bacon seems to have embraced the same principles of reasoning. "We ought," says he, "to make a collection or particular history of all monsters and prodigious births or productions, and, in a word, of everything new, rare, and extraordinary in Nature. But this must be done with the most severe scrutiny, lest we depart from truth. Above all, every relation must be considered as suspicious which depends in any degree upon religion—as the prodigies of *Livy*; and no less so in everything that is to be found in the writers of natural magic or alchemy, or such authors who seem, all of them, to have an unconquerable appetite for falsehood and fable." [Nov. Org. lib. II. aph. 9.]

I am the better pleased with the method of reasoning here delivered, as I think it may serve to confound those dangerous friends or disguised enemies to the Christian religion who have undertaken to defend it by the principles of human reason. Our most holy religion is founded on Faith, not on reason; and it is a sure method of exposing it to put it to such a trial as it is by no means fitted to endure. To make this more evident, let us examine those miracles related in Scripture; and not to lose ourselves in too wide a field, let us confine ourselves to such as we find in the Pentateuch, which we shall examine according to the principles of these pretended Christians, not as the word or testimony of God himself, but as the production of a mere human writer and historian. Here then we are first to consider a book, presented to us by a barbarous and ignorant people, written in an age when they were still more barbarous, and in all probability long after the facts which it relates, corroborated by no concurring testimony, and re-

sembling those fabulous accounts which every nation gives of its origin. Upon reading this book, we find it full of prodigies and miracles. It gives an account of a state of the world and of human nature entirely different from the present; of our fall from that state; of the age of man extended to near a thousand years; of the destruction of the world by a deluge; of the arbitrary choice of one people as the favorites of Heaven, and that people the countrymen of the author; of their deliverance from bondage by prodigies the most astonishing imaginable. I desire any one to lay his hand upon his heart, and after a serious consideration declare whether he thinks that the falsehood of such a book, supported by such testimony, would be more extraordinary and miraculous than all the miracles it relates; which is, however, necessary to make it be received according to the measures of probability above established.

What we have said of miracles may be applied without any variation to prophecies; and, indeed, all prophecies are real miracles, and, as such only, can be admitted as proofs of any revelation. If it did not exceed the capacity of human nature to foretell future events, it would be absurd to employ any prophecy as an argument for a divine mission or authority from heaven; so that upon the whole we may conclude that the Christian religion, not only was at first attended with miracles, but even at this day cannot be believed by any reasonable person without one. Mere reason is insufficient to convince us of its veracity; and whoever is moved by *Faith* to assent to it, is conscious of a continued miracle in his own person, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience.

NOTES.

Note 3. This book was writ by Mons. Montgeron, councillor or judge, of the Parliament of Paris, a man of figure and character, who was also a martyr to the cause, and is now said to be somewhere in a dungeon on account of his book.

There is another book in three volumes, called *Recueil des Miracles de l'Abbé Paris*, giving an account of many of these miracles, and accompanied with prefatory discourses, which are very well written. There runs, however, through the whole of these a ridiculous comparison between the miracles of our Savior and those of the Abbé; wherein it is asserted that the evidence of the latter is equal to that for the former: as if the testimony of men could ever be put in the balance with that of God himself, who conducted the pen of the inspired writers. If these writers, indeed, were to be considered merely as human testimony, the French author is very moderate in his comparison; since he might, with some appearance of reason, pretend that the Jansenist miracles much surpass the other in evidence and authority. The following circumstances are drawn from authentic papers, inserted in the above-mentioned book:—

Many of the miracles of Abbé Paris were proved immediately by witnesses before the official or bishop's court at Paris, under the eye of cardinal Noailles, whose character for integrity and capacity was never contested even by his enemies.

His successor in the archbishopric was an enemy to the Jansenists, and for that reason promoted to the see by the court. Yet twenty-two rectors or curés of Paris, with infinite earnestness, press him to examine those miracles which they assert to be known to the whole world, and indisputably certain; but he wisely forbore.

The Molinist party had tried to discredit these miracles in one instance; that of Mademoiselle le Franc. But, besides that their proceedings were in many respects the most irregular in the world, particularly in citing only a few of the Jansenist witnesses, whom they tampered with,—besides this, I say, they soon found themselves overwhelmed by a cloud of new witnesses, one hundred and twenty in number, most of them persons of credit and substance in Paris, who gave oath for the miracle. This was accompanied with a solemn and earnest appeal to the parliament. But the parliament were forbidden by authority to meddle with the affair. It was at last observed that where men are heated by zeal and enthusiasm, there is no degree of human testimony so strong as may not be procured for the greatest absurdity; and those who will be so silly as to examine the affair by that medium, and seek particular flaws in the testimony, are almost sure to be confounded. It must be a miserable imposture indeed that does not prevail in that contest.

All who have been in France about that time have heard of the reputation of Mons. Herault, the lieutenant de police, whose vigilance, penetration, activity, and extensive intelligence, have been much talked of. This magistrate, who by the nature of his office is almost absolute, was invested with full powers, on purpose to suppress or discredit these miracles; and he frequently seized immediately and examined the witnesses and subjects of them, but never could reach anything satisfactory against them.

In the case of Mademoiselle Thibaut, he sent

the famous De Sylva to examine her, whose evidence is very curious. The physician declares that it was impossible she could have been so ill as was proved by witnesses, because it was impossible she could, in so short a time, have recovered so perfectly as he found her. He reasoned, like a man of sense, from natural causes; but the opposite party told him that the whole was a miracle, and that his evidence was the very best proof of it.

The Molinists were in a sad dilemma. They durst not assert the absolute insufficiency of human evidence to prove a miracle. They were obliged to say that these miracles were wrought by witchcraft and the devil. But they were told that this was the resource of the Jews of old.

No Jansenist was ever so embarrassed to account for the cessation of the miracles, when the church-yard was shut up by the king's edict. It was the touch of the tomb which produced these extraordinary effects, and when no one could approach the tomb, no effects could be expected. God, indeed, could have thrown down the walls in a moment, but he is master of his own graces and works, and it belongs not to us to account for them. He did not throw down the walls of every city like those of Jericho, on the sounding of the rams' horns, nor break up the prison of every apostle, like that of St. Paul.

No less a man than the Duc de Chatillon, a duke and peer of France, of the highest rank and family, gives evidence of a miraculous cure performed upon a servant of his, who had lived several years in his house with a visible and palpable infirmity.

I shall conclude with observing that no clergy are more celebrated for strictness of life and manners than the secular clergy of France, particularly the rectors or curés of Paris, who bear testimony to these impostures.

The learning, genius, and probity of the gentlemen, and the austerity of the nuns of Port-Royal, have been much celebrated all over Europe. Yet they all give evidence for a miracle wrought on the niece of the famous Pascal, whose sanctity of life, as well as extraordinary capacity, is well known. The famous Racine gives an account of this miracle in his famous history of Port-Royal, and fortifies it with all the proofs which a multitude of nuns, priests, physicians, and men of the world,—all of them of undoubted credit,—could bestow upon it. Several men of letters, particularly the bishop of Tournay, thought this miracle so certain as to employ it in the refutation of atheists and free-thinkers. The queen-regent of France, who was extremely prejudiced against the Port-Royal, sent her own physician to examine the miracle, who returned an absolute convert. In short, the supernatural cure was so incontestible that it served, for a time, that famous monastery from the ruin with which it was threatened by the Jesuits. Had it been a cheat, it had certainly been detected by such sagacious and powerful antagonists, and must have hastened the ruin of the contrivers. Our divines who can build up a formidable castle from such despicable materials,—what a prodigious fabric could they have reared from these, and many other circumstances which I have not mentioned! How often would the great names of Pascal, Racine, Arnaud, Nicole, have resounded in our ears! But if they be wise, they had better adopt the rest of their collection. Besides, it may serve very much to their purpose. For that miracle was really performed by the touch of an authentic holy prickle of the holy thorn which composed the holy crown, &c., &c.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON TO THE CHILDREN.

—Not long ago Mr. Emerson addressed these words to the pupils of a Boston school: "I wish to say one word or two to the boys and girls. Everything depends on you and you alone in the future. I hope you read the right books. I am afraid there are too many story books, too many newspapers; that the young people do not read quite as good books as their fathers did. At the same time I wish to say to the boys, let them read Scott, let them read Plutarch, let them read Mrs. Edgeworth's stories. There is a noble life that you will have to read, or ought to read—the life of Sir Phillip Sidney, that hero and pattern of the times and age in which he lived. His friend, his lover, Lord Brooke, says of him, that in youth, as a child, he had the same bearing and carriage as a man; that in his youth there was nothing to distinguish him from the man who was afterwards the hero of Europe. The same gravity, the same solidity, belonged to him then as afterwards. It is remarkable that some of the better English people have been the same. I think it belongs as much to us that the highest traits should also appear in the form of the child. But I see I am taking too much time, and I will not say any more."

By far the greater part of the inhabitants of Persia are Mohammedans, the total number of dissenters from the established religion being considerably under a hundred thousand souls. The dissenters consist chiefly of Armenians, Nestorians, Jews, Guebres, or Parsees, and a few Roman Catholics.—*Greenville Murray, in N. Y. Herald.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1874, by F. E. Annot, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

(CHAPTER XXIV.—(Concluded).)

The New Yorker contrives to mix up a good deal of sociality with business, often blending them in the oddest fashion. His office, counting house, or store is not fortified against outsiders by a carefully graduated scale of delay and incivility, calculated to impress you with a sense of his importance and your own insignificance; he regards "all that" as a restraint and a nuisance, and when abroad chafes at really necessary restrictions, being quite unaccustomed to them. At home, be he president, bank-director, or editor, you may have access to him in a wonderfully simple manner: he "likes to see folks himself," he says; finds that "it pays," and relies on his own tact (in the absence of your good sense) for getting at your business by a few plain, incisive questions. Interrupted or hindered, he has not much patience. All of which contrasts refreshingly with people's circumlocutionary habits in England, where the word stranger is almost synonymous with intruder, and, until they know a man's standing, prospects, and position in society, they involuntarily regard him with as much geniality as if he wanted to borrow money, or came with an eye to the spoons.

As for society in New York, properly so-called, I think that none but the most inveterate of anti-republicans will commit the absurdity of supposing that a capital of nine hundred and twenty thousand odd inhabitants, with a fair proportion of them rich, highly educated, familiarized by travel with foreign countries, possessing most of the appliances of civilization and a decided taste for enjoying them, does not contain plenty of clever, refined, and agreeable people. That is so much a matter of course that allusion to it is only excusable because of the existence of a shallow notion (which often gets into print) that American society is identified with money; that it simply means what New Yorkers refer to when they talk of a "shoddy," or "petroleum," or "codfish," aristocracy. To be sure the latter is most conspicuous and glaring, and naturally most accessible to strangers; besides liable to chronic "showings-up" from native satirists—all of which circumstances combine to bring it into undue prominence; but such impressions are necessarily one-sided, and have been so for at least a quarter of a century. "No one will deny," wrote N. P. Willis (a good authority) in 1850, "that mere wealth has lost much of its value, within the last five years, as a passport to society. There are, at this moment, rich people, by scores, waiting unadmitted at the door of fashion—those, too, whose houses, carriages, 'goodness in Wall Street, would, at one time, have been an 'open sesame' undisputed. Wealth, now, above an easy competency, only suggests the additional question of 'how it was made,' and without a satisfactory answer to that, the 'black-ball' upon a new-comer's advances would be unanimous." And though the civil war, with its tremendous opportunities in the shape of contracts and bounties, inevitably developed a proportionate increase, both in the pocket-aristocracy and its pretensions, it also induced a stricter necessity for the preservation of the barrier between the vulgar rich and the refined. There is, in fact, the same division of the opulent into exclusives and inclusives, real *ton* and the sham, observable in civilized capitals all the world over. The bounds are less sharply defined than in Europe; there are fewer claims to hereditary distinction (which, of course, is only the more highly valued on that account), and the select class is continually changing, being reinforced from below; but that is all. There always will be an aristocracy, even in a republic, so long as people aspire to what is best socially, and practically assert the last item of the first part of the Declaration of Independence. That it should differ from that of Paris or London is also a self-evident proposition; but the difference, whether for good or evil, is, as Thackeray has told us, less than the resemblance to Englishmen.

In all modern cities money must command a certain position, and it would be impossible that it should not have its influence in New York; yet, as already asserted, it is scarcely omnipotent there. "Shoddy" may own the finest houses in the Fifth Avenue (there was once a famous one in that thoroughfare, each room of which was furnished in an entirely different style from all the rest; so that you passed from *Renaissance* to Old English, from that to "classic," and so on), drive the most splendid teams in the Central Park, dinners *à la Russe*, prepared by French cooks, cut the greatest dash at Saratoga, or Newport, or Long Branch, flash the most brilliant, most costly diamonds from coronal or shirt-

front, glove, boot, and dress itself as unexceptionably as can be seen anywhere out of Paris, and puff and advertise all its doings in some of the journals, which willingly publish these things and much worse stuff—"shoddy" may and does practise all this; but it is not the best American society, after all. Neither is it to be found in the Second Avenue, among the "Knickerbockers"—a term including not only the old Dutch families, consigned by the author who has made that name famous to a ridiculous immortality (to which they are still sensitive), but also to those appertaining to the more modern, colonial, and revolutionary era of Hamilton and his contemporaries. These, like some other hereditary aristocracies, having done little or nothing to conserve distinction, occupy in New York much the same position as that of the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris. "They live among themselves, are poor, proud, and inausferably dull. But they believe in themselves, and are believed in by others. The wife of a shoddy millionaire conceives it happiness indeed when she is allowed to visit a Knickerbocker; but it is a happiness which she seldom enjoys, for these dull fossils can only keep up their prestige by keeping out all appertaining to shoddy." In fact the best society in a republic can only mean that class which most truly and powerfully represent the culture and refinement of the country. In New York it consists of bankers, merchants, and journalists of character and reputation, professors and officials of the University of Columbia College, and other great educational establishments, the clergy of various denominations, and the best professional men of all kinds, who, caring and claiming nothing particular in the way of ancestry, or other factitious distinction, lead honorable and useful lives, in accordance with the spirit of their institutions, and are as scrupulous as to whom they associate with on terms of companionship and intimacy, or admit to their houses, as could be wished. Foreign adventurers may sometimes obtain an opportunity to abuse their hospitality, but the native upstart is rigidly excluded.

Furthermore to sing its praises, after the British capital there is none which includes such a kaleidoscopic variety of the human family as the Empire City. The popular English notion that the citizens of the Great Republic are all on a dead, monotonous level, with nothing to distinguish one from another—or, as the *Saturday Review* once put it, that "all men in that land of progress are alike; everybody wears the same clothes, talks the same dialect, and rides in the same cars"—is the wildest of hallucinations. So far from that being the case, the truth is that, though there may be less sharp social and artificial contrasts, there is no country in the world where individual character is developed so freely among circumstances so mutable or dramatic as in the United States. Besides the diversities of native growth—in themselves continental—they comprise almost every nationality under heaven, interused or repelling each other, every variety of religious creed, every condition. In New York especially, one sees this with curious facility; not obscured by its size, colonized into Leicester Squares, segregated from a community which knows little or nothing of the foreign element within it, but conspicuous, accessible—living in accordance with the cardinal rule of Rabelais' Abbey of Theleme: "Do what thou wilt." Of course the Europeans are predominant—indeed one-half the population "hails" from across the Atlantic, and, of the other half, a large proportion consists of the children of emigrants, foreign in all their sentiments, habits, and associations, and, it may be added, much harder to manage than the original Irish and German settlers. It is their votes which cause nearly all the corruption extant,—always east, as they are, for the Dext'rous Spoiler. The last have become Americanized; but the ratio of foreigners to natives grows larger every year, and, as a rule, the worst, the most idle, ignorant, and vicious of the emigrants remain in the city, while the better class are attracted to the farming regions of the West—leaving the residuum a source of dangerous power, upon which any organization of corrupt politicians can draw at pleasure. But the jumble is amusing, affording a lively microcosm of the world at large. One can live English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, or American fashion, all within the compass of one metropolis. And we may conceive how untrammelled in the exercise of their personal and even political proclivities all these people are by their public "demonstrations"—the good-natured, liberty-loving Americans looking on with equal unanimity at a Communist, German, Polish, French, or "Feulan" procession, and only interfering (but then pretty effectually) when the intolerant Catholicism of poor Paddy tried to prevent his detested Protestant brother from exercising the same privilege. Where, I ask, in any other civilized capital is so much (even its government) conceded to alien residents? Where else would they be permitted to occupy its only main thoroughfare, driving all its business traffic into the side streets, for half a day together? Nearly a score of years ago, I remember, there

was a rumor in New York City that its Chinese inhabitants, then perhaps numbering only a couple of hundreds, had a temple in the Bowery where they worshipped their Joss, in the shape of a big bronze idol—as they really do at this day in California. It didn't prove to be the fact, but might have been so, for what the citizens would have cared: the editors merely sent reporters to get particulars. And I have no doubt whatever that if a sect of Yzedis, or Adorers of the Evil Principle (avowedly such, I mean, for the religion is, practically, not unknown either in New York or other capitals), they would be entirely uninterfered with. The people are more tolerant in matters of faith than the Athenians who listened to Paul on Mars Hill, and from a better motive. And the same praise can now be awarded them in respect to politics; for the rowdism which used to mob abolitionists culminated and collapsed in the bloody and disgraceful Irish "draft" riots of July, 1863, and can no more be repeated than the national iniquity in which they originated. The war ended all that, and much more skin to it—half of the worse characteristics which once might fairly have been alleged against the American people.

Then where else is one's social freedom—that "right to do as you (adjectively) please" heretofore alluded to—so universally admitted and acted upon? "An Englishman," says Emerson, "wears a wig, or a shawl, or a saddle, or stands on his head, and no remark is made." Well, they have accomplished something in the assertion of personal liberty since 1847; but the writer of this novel retains a lively remembrance of what he underwent, not a score of years ago, in the British metropolis, for merely anticipating the beard movement. He might have compiled a small vocabulary of the abuse levelled at him, of course by the lower orders; whereas, for half a decade, his appearance had never provoked hostile comment in the Empire City, though beards were not then in fashion. And I should like to see a Belgravian family—lightly-dressed, elegant, pretty women, dandies, and children—chatting and enjoying themselves of a summer evening at the threshold of their open-doored mansions, or in the balcony, as New Yorkers do in the Fifth Avenue; while the crowds outside the big hotels in Broadway almost emulate the sidewalk life of Paris. During the "heated term" of 1870, the citizens went about without either coat or waistcoat, fanning themselves with Japanese fans—a practice which, as was ingeniously remarked, would of itself have been enough to freeze and petrify the whole of Boston. Socially, the New Yorker is the most unconventional of mortals.

Again, there is always something of interest occurring in his capital, commonly of a public nature and involving some kind of display or spectacle, towards which the genius of the nation inclines them as much as the French, who do not exhibit more good humor or capacity for being easily pleased. Your Gothamite is a great getter-up of shows and sights, an irrepressible lover of them. He delights in all kinds of "demonstrations," in stump-speaking, music, blazing tar-barrels, celebrations, "levees," in general glorification of himself and others—everybody who appears to deserve it. "Our people like excitement, sir," said Mr. Jefferson Brick to Martin Chuzzlewit; and the statement may be accepted as eminently truthful. Many of their celebrations are both picturesque and splendid—for instance, the processions during a presidential election; others rise to magnificence. Such occasions supply the lack of state-pageants, and, if less gorgeous, are more amusing, besides originating among and belonging to the people. And you can only avoid seeing them by keeping out of Broadway, which is the road to everywhere, and affords you an opportunity of meeting all your friends and acquaintances at least once a day—in itself an advantage over London.

In fine, every variety of entertainment, almost every element of refined, elegant, luxurious living is to be had in New York in greater abundance and of better average quality than elsewhere on the American continent, and at prices generally cheaper. The theatres, music halls, parks, drives, clubs, libraries, and so forth, are better and ampler than any others. In it the man of business finds as good a centre for his operations as London; the pleasure-seeker can amuse himself as well as in Paris; while *litterateurs* and art students feel themselves more at home in the Empire City every day. To conclude, you know all its celebrities by sight, and, in consequence, have a far livelier interest in all their doings than is possible in the British metropolis, where thousands live and die contemporaneous with their best friends without ever having set eyes on them; where Thackeray and Dickens in the flesh were comparatively unknown until they gratified that honest longing which people had to look on our benefactors, by giving readings. And without being over-prone to hero-worship, who does not acknowledge this to be a source of legitimate satisfaction in a great city?

When New York shall get itself decently governed, drained, paved, and lighted; when Broadway shall be widened throughout, and effect-

ually relieved by the construction of half-a-dozen equally handsome thoroughfares on either side of it; when all the principal streets shall be arched by innumerable elegant bridges for the convenience of pedestrians; and viaducts or aerial railways shall allow the citizens the comfort of riding in the free air, over the house-tops, instead of through dark, half-ventilated tunnels, like the London sub-ways; when tenement houses shall be things of the past, or built on a very different model; when the noisome, rat-infested, tumble-down markets shall be utterly abolished and replaced by those as fine as that recently completed above Thirty-Fourth Street; when all the piers and docks shall be of massive stone instead of rickety timber, affording no less than thirty miles of wharfage, outside a raised "girdle" or "belt" railway, completely encircling the city, and neighbored by capacious warehouses, to receive and store goods without the inconvenience and expense which now cripples trade; when these wharves and warehouses shall extend from the Battery to Harlem, on both rivers; when the first-mentioned pleasant old resort shall, besides grass and trees, be further ornamented with fountains, water-gates à la Inigo Jones, and steps leading to the river; when Mr. Mullin's new post-office, in City Hall Square, shall have been burnt down (the natural end of all New York buildings), and another of shining white marble covers the site of Union Square; when the East and North Rivers shall be spanned by immense suspension bridges, beneath which the largest vessels can pass without lowering a spar, and undermined by tunnels, supplying the necessary means of communication between the Queen City and its tributary trans-aquatic suburbs (to be annexed as inevitably as those of the British metropolis into its giant integer); when they, in their turn, stretch miles along the river, and into the interior, furnishing residences for a good proportion of New Yorkers, now driven into Jersey, Connecticut, or elsewhere, but willing enough to return when there shall be facilities enabling them to live within reach of their business occupations; when viaducts and underground railways, running along the sides and through the centre of the island, lead the teeming population to Harlem, and over solid, handsome bridges, or through tunnels, beyond the river into Westchester county—the picturesque hills and valleys of which will be covered with the fine houses of wealthy citizens; when all the unsightly rocks shall be blasted out of the upper portion of Manhattan Island, and their place occupied by airy streets and avenues, and the Central Park is in the middle of the city, while all below it, like the locality technically known by that name in London, is engrossed by business only, and crowded by day and deserted by night; when the new national Museum of Art and the Crystal Palace shall rival South Kensington and Sydenham in value and attractiveness; when the "Road" or "Public Drive" is finished all the way from the "Circle" to the Kingsbridge Road, commanding at the upper part an unmatchable prospect of the Hudson and its opposite shores from an elevation of from fifty to a hundred and twenty feet; when that superb river shall be bordered with villas, lawns, and garden terraces, up to the "ancient dorp of Youkers"; when commerce shall have established a new "Port of Entry" at the north-eastern end of the city, and made a "Pool" of Hell Gate Channel and Long Island Sound (thereby saving fourteen hours in the passage to or from Liverpool); when that absolute blunder which arbitrarily banished the capital of the union to the banks of the Potomac (as if the parliament of Great Britain should assemble in the sleepy old town of Warwick), is rectified by its removal to the shores of the Hudson, where it naturally belongs,—when all these things shall be accomplished (and a good many of them are already in progress), and lastly when, as Mr. Emerson has predicted, the European merchant "passes from India by the Pacific Railroad, making his exchanges in New York,"—In short, when it is the chief commercial mart of, as well as the most beautiful city in, the whole world, then will its inhabitants possess a metropolis worthy of their alte, nation, and general good qualities. Such a prophetic vision, I imagine, was that vouchsafed to the sage Oloffe the Dreamer, when he climbed to the tree-top to behold the New York of the future dimly foreshadowed in the tobacco smoke of its patron, the good Saint Nicholas,—as related in the most mythical of histories.

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending August 2, 1873.

James Annis, \$2; George E. Whitehead, \$2; R. B. Hubbard, \$2; J. C. Clark, 75 cts.; Alonzo Denison, 75 cts.; H. D. Bennett, \$1; Richard W. Wood, \$1; J. B. Folsom, \$3; Geo. W. Hatchelder, \$3; J. M. Macomber, \$1; M. H. Isbell, \$3; Wm. U. Daine, 75 cts.; H. L. Bacon, \$1; John Hendrie, 25 cts.; Gilbert Billings, \$1.50; Jacob Hoffman, 25 cts.; F. Loosor, \$1.50; J. F. Dyar, \$3; Wm. G. Harder, \$1.50; E. Heidenreich, \$3; J. F. Wilson, \$3; J. W. North, \$3; Wm. Hine, \$3; Wm. H. Eastman, 75 cts.; Reuben Wallace, \$3; D. G. King, \$10; James Thomson, \$1; N. T. Bomar, \$3; Nelson Thwing, \$1; Levi Kelley, 75 cts.; L. Eberley, \$3; J. F. Ruggles, \$1.50; D. L. Smith, 75 cts.; M. D. Conway, \$3.57; H. Gilliland, \$2.35; John Austin, \$3; W. Tripp, \$3; F. D. Nellis, \$3; W. W. Scott, \$1.50; E. S. McCormick, \$3.75; A. M. Twining, 10 cts.; Isabella G. Hardy, \$3.

*Mr. W. F. Rae, in the volume before quoted.

The Index.

AUGUST 9, 1873.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. H. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

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DOLLAR DONATION FUND.

This fund is to be used, first, in meeting any deficiency in current expenses that may result from the recent "Index troubles," and, secondly, in such other ways as the editor shall find most advantageous for the paper. All appropriations will be reported to the Directors.

Acknowledged with thanks for the week ending August 2:—

\$1 each—Gilbert Billings, Isaac Ames, "A Friend," Richard Illenden, Mrs. W. H. Pillow, Reuben Wallace, Chas. Atwood Hardy, Chas. Almy; \$2.00—A. R. Jones; \$5.65—F. A. Maxze.

Mr. Underwood's *Christianity and Materialism* is a bold and vigorous defence of a philosophy which "deems it more reasonable to regard the operations of Nature the result of natural forces, undirected by any God and subject to eternal laws, than to view them as the doings of an intelligent being of infinite power, wisdom, and love." We find in his pages no criticism of the grounds of our own belief in theism, as explained in the Index tract entitled "The God of Science;" but we recognize in Mr. Underwood a keen critic of Christian theism, and one whose blows it is certainly difficult to parry. The views of Nature he presents are simple and reasonable; and while we fail to perceive their incompatibility with the philosophic idea of God, as developed by the great masters of thought, they certainly destroy the foundations of dogmatic theology. Whoever desires to understand the opinions held to-day by a large class of minds, advocated in a spirit which must command respect from all who can appreciate manly fidelity to independent convictions, will be interested by this essay; and whatever judgment he may form of "Materialism," every candid reader must find his prejudices against "Materialists" as men melting away rapidly as he reads. This is a great gain; for there is no greater obstacle to a genuine friendliness among mankind than ill-will for mere opinion's sake.

TWO STRAWS.

A correspondent of the *Boston Globe*, writing from Penekese (where Professor Agassiz is now holding his summer school of science), quotes the following passage from one of the professor's recent lectures:—

"The more we know science, the more lenient we become towards those who differ from us. It is interesting to see how few the sources of knowledge are, and how few investigators have lived. This is largely owing to our wrong education; and I am reverent enough to dare to say it—Christianity has operated against it. It has taught us to believe, and not to investigate. Investigators have been persecuted by it, Galileo for example; and it is no wonder if some scientific men hate every form of belief. And yet the time must come when they (belief and investigation) will go hand in hand."

Is it true, as Professor Agassiz here intimates, that science and Christianity have opposite tendencies and exert opposite influences—that science inclines men to leniency towards those of contrary opinions, while Christianity inclines them to persecution, because it teaches "to be-

lieve, and not to investigate"? This we believe to be the necessary difference of result consequent on a radical difference of principle. Science bids men *discover* truth, whereas Christianity bids them *accept* it. The one offers truth as the reward of exertion, the other as the reward of submission. The one, by leading men over the rough road of experiment and thought, shows how easy it is to stumble, to go astray, to make great mistakes with the best of motives; but the other, by commanding them to pin their faith on the unsupported word of evangelists and apostles and priests, makes it a simple matter of obedience to tread the path of prescribed belief. To science, therefore, difference of opinion is inevitable, as an earlier stage of intelligent unanimity; to Christianity, on the contrary, it is sinful, as proving on the part of the recalcitrant a wilful insubordination to divine authority. While science, therefore, feeds the fountain-head of charity, Christianity does much to create a merciless pharisaism, pride of orthodoxy, and disposition to persecute. This is none the less true because some men of science are harsh and intolerant, while some Christians are liberal and gentle. We speak of tendencies, not individuals, and by no means forget that temperament sometimes proves itself too strong for all external influences. Dogmatic science, and undogmatic Christianity, nevertheless, are monstrosities in Nature.

That Professor Agassiz, who is not supposed to be fanatically attached to extreme radicalism, and who certainly is quoted with triumph by the ecclesiastical opponents of Darwin, should have expressed this plain truth with so much point and freedom from ambiguity, is a little surprising. Surely, modern thought is developing itself with increasing boldness, even where least expected. Criticism of Christianity, not wanting in appreciation of its good side, which is the emotional, and yet not lacking in keen discernment of its weak side, which is the intellectual, meet us now from many quarters where a few years ago its supremacy was unquestioned. Progress in liberal thought is one of the most marked signs of the times. People speak out boldly in defence of it, who even a dozen years ago would have been aghast at the idea of defending it. If anything is clear, it is that free thought is strengthening itself daily in the secular press, in the lecture-room, in the university, in literature, and even in the pulpit.

Yet side by side with this steady march of radical and anti-Christian thought appears another fact no less clear to the eyes that watch it. While Professor Agassiz was lecturing in his little circle of students at Penekese on the irremediable intellectual defect of Christianity, and through the press to the great circle of all thoughtful minds, Pope Pius the Ninth was sending to this country his private secretary, one of the prelates of his household, whose name figures in the *Boston Journal* as "Monsignor Kelstaff," just arrived in New York. The object of this eminent nuncio is to "inquire into the feasibility of sending a large number of missionaries to preach Roman Catholicism to the negroes in the Southern States," "to urge all bishops and priests here to renewed zeal in promoting the Church on this continent, and thereby make up for what the Church is losing in the Old World," and "to make a minute report of his observations in America, more especially of the state of Catholicism in the United States." It is unlikely that this visit will affect the money-market very profoundly; yet it points not very obscurely to causes of disturbance in this country to which the money-market may yet respond in deep agitation. Ecclesiastical ambition is still vigorous, crafty, and menacing; and popular stupidity is still its easy victim. Whoever observes the amazingly rapid increase of Catholic churches here, and knows the small individual contributions by which they are built,—whoever studies the despotic power wielded over the daily press in some places by the Catholic influence,—whoever marks the insidious advances of the Catholics against the principle of free secular education, and appreciates how feeble are its defences in the hands of its Protestant defenders,—in short, whoever comprehends the nature of the

irrepressible conflict between Christianity and freedom of all kinds, and beholds how strong a grasp the former has still over our most precious institutions, will see in the advent of "Monsignor Kelstaff" an indication of a mighty current setting quite in the opposite direction to that indicated by Professor Agassiz's little outbreak of radicalism at Penekese.

Two straws—two currents—whither tending? Who knows? Yet who cannot guess?

FREE AND TRUE.

In these days, when not only in thought but in action the largest liberty is demanded, it is important that one thing should be borne in mind; namely, that *with* freedom we must have fidelity. Freedom is a good thing, a most desirable thing; but after all it is only a means to an end,—and that end is truth in thought, and rectitude in life.

I yield to no man in the persistency with which I demand freedom. Freedom we *must* have before anything else; for no man can so much as *begin* to think or act rightly until he is free. Any kind of slavery is fatal to mind and body alike. We see nothing, we do nothing truly and well until we are emancipated from every trammel. So long as I am forced, by any sort of compulsion, to think or feel or act in any way, my thoughts, sentiments, and actions are not most beautiful or admirable, because they are not the results of a voluntary rational being. Only as I am *free* to think and feel and act, according to my own untutored and unbribed intellectual and moral judgment, will any intelligent and good persons hold me in highest regard, or consider my relations to them to be most helpful and agreeable.

And, in insisting upon freedom, I may not limit my demand merely to that degree of it which seems needful and satisfactory to myself. In claiming and exercising my own freedom, I shall be inconsistent if I prescribe or describe the freedom fit for another. To a child, or an idiot, or a maniac, I may do this; but not to any mature rational being. For the exact degree of freedom which suits me, may not suit another; the exact degree of freedom which is useful to me, may not be useful to another. He may be better suited with more or with less freedom than is agreeable to me; a greater or less degree of freedom he may find more useful to him than I find to me. For instance, I may not wish, or may not think it best for me, to be free to drink intoxicating liquors; and so I *bind myself* with a pledge never to drink any. (This is not external bondage, but a limit which I myself set to my own action—whether wisely or not may be a question; but it is a choice of the degree of freedom for myself which I have an undoubted right to make.) My friend, however, chooses a larger liberty than that. He thinks it better becomes a rational being to be free at all times to drink or not to drink, and therefore he refuses the pledge of total abstinence; and he also has an undoubted right to all the freedom he desires in this respect. So too, for reasons which seem sufficient to myself, I may not desire to attempt control over my amative propensities, and therefore go and join the Shakers, and devote myself to life-long celibacy. My friend, again, says that he thinks we should crucify no part of our nature, each being significant of use, and that the *whole* man should receive proper development; and so he chooses more freedom in this respect than I assign to myself.

Beyond a certain point, intellectually and morally, every man is a conservative; the most radical of radicals is no exception to this rule. There is a step beyond which each individual chooses, or prefers, not to go. There is a brink to every radical's radicalism; and though he may think it only consistent to ignore that brink, and screw up his courage to walk right off it, yet he will take the plunge with a cold shudder if not with an audible groan. Our very constitution of mind and body, our temperament, our educational training,—these make every man more or less of a conservative, make him indisposed to claim or exercise more than a certain amount of freedom for himself. A man who never is "shocked" even at the honest and sin-

cere freedom of another, is perhaps as rare as a babe that does not prefer its mother's milk to any other kind of food. Therefore we must be on our guard against this constitutional conservatism which leads us, not only to put a check upon our own thought, feeling, and action, but also, almost unconsciously, to protest against the greater freedom of thought, feeling, and action of another. Let each one choose his own degree of freedom, gradually adapting himself to as large a liberty as he finds useful and agreeable to him—for unquestionably liberty is the only normal and healthful condition of every mind and body.

But, now, to recur to the statement with which we began, let us remember that *freedom must go hand in hand with fidelity*. All freedom has its limitations. There is no freedom which is not subject to law. The highest amount of liberty we can have consistent with truth and right, is desirable; but not a whit more. There is a limit beyond which if liberty go it falls into license. Freedom without conditions is fatal to peace, welfare, and happiness. He who tries to think the unthinkable, beats his brains out against the solid wall of logic; or he who thinks recklessly and fanatically, disregarding the sober wisdom of experienced thought, turns his brain giddy in the thin air of nonsense. He who attempts to practise what is really unsafe, unbeneficent, and infelicitous, rides his hobby of freedom to his and its destruction. We live in a universe of laws, and it is only wise to learn what they are and to seek to conform to them. We should seek to be free only to know and to be faithful to those laws. They command us whether we heed them or not; nay, they compel us to submit whether we yield them willing obedience or no. *Free to obey*,—that, and that alone, is the freedom possible and good for us.

But the question arises just here, Who shall announce the law that shall circumscribe freedom in any case; who shall decide what is true to believe and good to do? Of course there is but one reply to this; and that is that each rational individual shall decide for himself just how freedom and fidelity shall cooperate in his case; each shall announce to himself the law that restricts his freedom. Yet is there no general rule which will apply to all; no average judgment of the limit belonging to individual freedom? I think there is, and it seems to me to be this:—

No person should claim or exercise freedom of any kind, the result of which is loss of self-respect, or infringement upon another's equal right.

First and foremost, that is wrong to any man which tends to degrade him in his own eyes. He exists for perfection; he should not therefore willingly keep himself imperfect. He is sacred to himself; therefore he should do nothing which in his self-estimate lessens his personal sacredness in any degree. In this particular another shall not judge for him,—he shall judge for himself; and whatever is not impure in his own eyes, whatever is not consciously self-degrading, to him, so far, that is allowable. But he must be true to himself; he must be true to his ideal self. The glory, actual or possible, with which his being shineth in his own eyes he must not by so much as the least spot or stain diminish. Let him keep peace with himself, let him be able to face himself at all times without blush or reluctance, and then he is the freest being in the universe; no bolts or bars or laws confine him—all things are his. His own verdict as he goes along, passing from stage to stage of experience and growing wisdom,—always docile, always hospitable to all men's judgments and opinions even of himself,—his own verdict as he goes along, I say, shall suffice him; that, and only that, is his truest approval or condemnation.

But the individual must think of others as well as himself. To others he must be faithful also. His truth to himself shall be consistent with his truth to another. He shall not claim more than he gives. In his relations with every other individual he shall be as kind and considerate and conciliatory as a just, generous,

magnanimous nature can be. He will err least, probably, when for others he sacrifices himself most. He must, at least, *always pay what he owes*. Reciprocity is a law he must not seek to escape from. It takes two to make a bargain: does it not take two to unmake one? *Fair play* is a conspicuous element in social ethics. *Let alone* is also another. We may not avoid shaping our course somewhat by the rule of the greatest good to the greatest number. Utilitarians in morals we all must be to some extent. By experience we must find out what theories and practices most promote the general welfare and happiness, and what really do not I think we shall have to abandon. Somehow the individual's perfection goes hand in hand with the perfection of all.

Fidelity to self and fidelity to all,—are not these the very foundations of social ethics? Are not these also the only natural limitations to individual freedom? May not all questions of individual and social liberty be settled by the touchstone which these two rules supply? If so, then it becomes the claimant of freedom, more or less,—the radical, especially, who is supposed to "shriek for freedom" loudest,—to put upon his banner the motto *FREE AND TRUE*: free to think all and to do all that is true to self and true to Man.

A. W. S.

COUNTRY VISIONS AND THOUGHTS.

If one asked of God a revelation of himself which should give rest and peace to a weary soul, which should express the eternal strength and repose of the Infinite Being and yet the varied activity and flowing life which make creation possible and keep it fresh and living by constant change, which should unite in one harmonious view the infinite and the finite, the far-off heaven and the present earth,—let one look from my window to-day, and see if God has not spoken as fully and clearly to the heart that can receive his word as ever he did to prophets of old.

* Afar off under the clear blue heaven speckled by light fleecy clouds which but deepen its beauty, lies Mt. Desert Island. The mountains lift up their strong massive sides to the sun, crowned by the ancient forests, like giants supporting the world. So calm and still it seems as if they had rested through ages of solitude, content in the grandeur of their mighty being. A little nearer, the points of the mainland run out into Frenchman's bay, and I can trace the forms of the trees that clothe them with greenness and beauty, while the fresh breeze ripples the water and sends it up in lines of pure white foam on the sand-bars and beaches which the coming tide is soon to cover,—and which will flow on up to our very lawn, almost bathing the roots of the trees which skirt it, moistening it with spray and fog to deepen the color of the wild roses, and bring out the fragrance of the linnea and the spiciness of the wintergreen which lurk among its nooks and coverts. On the little hillock is the family grave-yard where lie the bodies of the beloved wife and daughter of the household,—one gathered after a long life of usefulness, the other a woman in the very prime of life, and with such richness of gifts and nobleness of character that she remains a living presence and a minister of encouragement and strength to each new comer at this place, though ten years have passed since she walked bodily here.

And on the lawn as it is called (not as we will believe in affectionate remembrance by some early settler of a far-off English home), the hay-makers are at work, and the mounds send their rich fragrance to say how sweet is toil, and that the great Creator of all this beauty wants the helping hand of man to till and dress the garden he has planted. Still nearer, put forth your hand and pluck a white rose in its fresh, perfect beauty, and as it brings to you memories of by-gone days and dear old gardens of childhood, and loving words, and voices long hushed and still, look up again over the graves on the hill-side, over the blue waters, over the dark green hills, up to the clear heavens above; drink in the influence of the

summer air fresh with the breezes of the sea and sweet with the aroma of the earth, and then—

"Name it what you will,"

but let it all steal into your heart and life, and it will reveal to you the meaning of many a dark hour and many a hard struggle, and give promise of infinite peace and fulness of life.

So, like the psalmist, we may still "lift up our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh help," and find fresh revelation of truth as he did.

E. D. C.

WEST HARTSHORNE, Me., July 16, 1873.

ARGUMENT VERSUS INSPIRATION.

At the recent grand convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, from the "Question-box" the following slip was drawn: "*Should we argue with infidels?*" Answer.—*We should talk with them kindly without argument.*" The infidels, of course, are (among others, partial or complete) ourselves. We are the most unqualified and hopeless of them, and therefore to be spoken most kindly to, and argued with least. Reasoning has less pertinency with us than with any; less than with the Unitarians, for instance, who are infidels, but of a more equivocal stamp. We are the most hopeless, and, as being the most hopeless, are the most absolutely subjects not for ratiocination but for charity.

I do not say this in bitterness or sarcasm, as if the answer to the question propounded above were a confession that the "Evangelical Christian" had a weak case, and, in lack of reason, must fall back on sentiment. No such confession is made, no such admission is acknowledged. That the "Evangelical" cannot cope with the infidel in argument, is indeed freely acknowledged; but argument is not accepted as the court of appeal. Argument is fallacious; argument is of the carnal understanding—argument is of the devil. Of course the infidel is stronger in argument, being under the instigation of the evil one who is the master of casuistry, the prince of lies. At these weapons the "Christian" is sure to be beaten. He relies on inspiration; his assurance is from above, through faith. He claims direct revelation from the Lord. He is certain of his ground,—he knows; in the face of argument he believes. Though all argument were against him, he would hold fast his conviction; nay, the more argument is against him the stronger will be his reliance on his intuitions which are by the grace of the Holy Spirit. It is a merit with him to resist argument; for to resist argument is to resist the devil. As truth comes from the Spirit, so truth must be communicated by the Spirit. The organ of the Spirit is not reason but love. If the infidel is to be converted, love must do it: his heart must be reached by the power of the Infinite heart. A single kind word, therefore, will avail more than all the argument in the world of speculation. The work of love is not (be it remembered) to soften, befog, or disarm the infidel,—to disarm him by attacking his weakest point; it is to convey to his spiritual nature the regenerating grace of Christ. To argue is weak; that implies a want of confidence in the Savior. Charity is strong. The kind word implies faith in the spirit, absence of confidence in the flesh.

I think the above is a fair statement of the "Evangelical's" position. It is a clear and strong one as taken by him, and is in all aspects respectable. It is a position taken by others besides the "Evangelical." Whoever relies on *intuition* takes it, though possibly not after the same manner. He claims an assurance different in kind from that obtained by the philosopher, or man of science. He says: "I know; I am sure; I see; I feel." The Quaker says this; the transcendentalist says this; the disciple of the school of the "Spiritual philosophy" says the same thing. He appeals to the sentiment, the consciousness, the higher reason, the interior sense, the immediate spontaneous conviction, the heart's perception of divine things. He says: "Oh, well, if you don't see it there is nothing to be said. The truth is its own witness, and all it needs is a pure heart; against a stubborn heart it has no power."

This notion that "unbelief" is of the heart,

that "infidelity" is moral, that reason is carnal, that the inward eye is closed by science, is probably our most obstinate opponent in the war the rationalist is waging against superstition. That is one of superstition's strongholds. Hence the opprobrium attached to free *thinking*, and the unlimited swing given to free *feeling*,—as in the case of the Methodists, and other sentimental sects. Hence the horror of the *rationalist* or *reasoner*, as his name imports; while the spiritualist, or emotional man, receives endless commendation. Our faith is in reason, as being competent to *render an account* of the faith that is in us,—not in logic especially, or in learning, or in criticism, or in the matter-of-course understanding; but in *thought*. Everything that is to be justified, must be justified by *thought*. To substitute "talking kindly" to a man for talking convincingly with him, is an insult, a thing to be resented. Every belief, even the most fundamental—the most fundamental especially—must be brought to the test of argument. The process will be a little rough at first, as all processes carried on by persons who have been kept out of their rights and are therefore disposed to seize them rudely, must be. Subordination is succeeded by insubordination, servitude gives place to riot. But when capacities are admitted and rights adjusted, all will go well. It looks now, sometimes, as if "argument" would tear beliefs to pieces; but in the end it will simply establish the beliefs that are vital and true.

The rule of "talking kindly" to infidels, instead of arguing with them, produces the Voltaires and Palmes and Seavers, who answer such saponaceous overtures with a contempt which is natural if undeserved. Let reason be the test, and reasoning the rule, and a more calm and philosophical method will be in vogue. The young Christians perpetuate the race of seofers, create the class they fear and deplore. Their "good" talk causes the derision that honest, manly talk would never excite. Mind demands to be met with mind, not with feeling. Science will curl its lip if sentiment comes into the field rolling its eyes and spreading out black-gloved hands. That, in plain speech, is nonsense; and will be received as nonsense deserves to be received,—with cool silence.

O. B. F.

Communications.

THE HIGHER TRUTHS OF NATURAL RELIGION.

It was said in a recent discourse upon John Stuart Mill, that "he died without fear of death and without hope of heaven." And I have never seen a more lovely expression of serenity and peace than that depicted upon the countenance of her who, finding no satisfactory evidence of immortality, yet in advanced years, while looking forward to the moment of life's setting sun with the utmost cheerfulness, penned these lines:—

"'Tis Thine to re-create immortal birth,
Or seal the slumber of the Nevermore."

In thus resigning one's sense of personality in uncertainty as to future conscious existence, but reposing in full trust upon the Infinite Unknown with undoubting faith that the order of the universe in its entirety is perfect whatever may be the result in its individual details, there is an element of the truly sublime. In the utter self-abnegation implied, there seems something far more grand and noble than in the Christian's dying ecstasy, mingled as it of necessity is with much of egoism, that now he is to be forever set free from trials and sufferings, that the limitations of his spirit are to be forever removed, and that he is now to enter upon the full and eternal fruition of all which his most enraptured imagination can suggest of perfect joy and delight. And so, when the beautiful form which has been the embodiment of all that is lovely and precious in the human spirit, is put away into darkness, and no certainty of continued existence comes to the bleeding hearts of bereaved ones, it is a loftier height of the spirit—a sublimer trust—that can composedly and cheerfully commit to the bosom of the *Adi*, with no assurance of recognition again, that which was part of our own very existence, than can exist where the spirit is sustained by undoubting belief of a speedy and everlasting re-union in glorious mansions beyond the skies. Surely, if there is a hereafter, such faith entitles to the right of participation in the best it has to give.

The spirit which prompts to the exercise of such faith and trust seems akin to that of the old Calvinistic one which was considered the

acme of Christian attainment; namely, "the perfect willingness to be damned for the glory of God." But there is this difference; that, in the one case, there is a far less rational and humane idea of the over-ruling Spirit of the universe than in the other. Yet it is pleasant to find in such diverse extremes a unity of that religious sentiment which exists in all human souls, variously wrought out as it may be in the diversified religions of the race,—thus forming a basis of fellowship among them all.

No less striking is the difference between the common type of Christian and many a so-called infidel in their relations to the future than in regard to the conduct of this life. The former makes it his prime object to save his own soul for the *future* existence, in order that he may enjoy himself forever; the latter, not certain as to what is to come, labors for the known present to perfect himself and others here and now. In the words of one of this class: "Considering the welfare of each individual soul as part and parcel of the universal welfare of the race, and that the individual cannot realize his own most private ideal unless he consecrates himself to universal ends, he seeks not selfishly his own good, but, without hope of earthly reward or expectation of a heavenly one, he counts it a dazzling destiny to serve the cause of spiritual emancipation and free human development."

Duly considering such examples, who shall accuse those who make Natural Religion their guide, of the want of an enthusiastic devotion which penetrates to the very heart of human welfare, and is based upon an exalted faith in the infinite and the eternal?

A. H.

SCIENCE—SPIRITUALISM.

IN THE INDEX of July 26 is an article on "Science," over the initials "A. W. S.," by which it is known as the work of Mr. Stevens. I read it with interest, as I usually do his articles. He appreciates the narrow, external, and material definition of science, and defines it as "our true knowledge of mind and matter, of the laws of the spiritual and the laws of the material universe,"—which is far broader and better than the common idea. Indeed, while physical science is making great progress, and is of signal benefit, we are but entering the verge of investigation of spiritual science, and but just beginning to know something of the subtle, unseen, and permanent forces which mould and shape, build up and dissolve, all material forms and substances.

The greatest advance in that direction has been made by thoughtful and scholarly men and women among the Spiritualists, with others of kindred views but not technically under that name. It was said of old, "The stone which the builders rejected shall become the chief of the corner;" so spiritual science even among those "whom scientific men," as Mr. Stevens truly says, "generally hold in fine disdain," will save the world from that materialism and atheism toward which science, in its present physical and inductive aspect, surely tends. The future pathway is toward materialism and atheism, or toward a rational spiritualism,—the first the result of physical science looking at the outward and transitory body of things, and disdaining recognition of the soul and spirit within all; the second the joyous triumph of a broader science which shall feel and know the central, creative, and inspiring soul, and shall begin, *from within*, to study the outward body, in man and in all Nature alike. Of this spiritualism, the *knowledge* (not belief merely) of a future life, of the return of friends from thence to us, and of their sweet communion tangible to soul and sense, is a part, to me and to hosts of others. I think, confidently and gladly, it will grow and conquer, and be a great vitalizing element and ennobling influence in the future, and will bring the unity and reconciliation of religion and science.

And here allow a criticism. Mr. Stevens speaks of some scientists as "dogmatic," refusing "to admit certain evidences, or indifferent to certain mighty suggestions," and as "relying too exclusively on what are called the evidences of the senses." This dogmatic pride, this deafness to inner voices or truths, this relying on outward sense alone, are legitimate results of the half-science he so clearly shows up,—a science of the husk, not of the germ. But he speaks of such as "just as unscientific as Christians or Spiritualists, or believers in the supernatural (who would verify miracles by eye and ear testimony)." Here, it seems to me, he fails to see clearly. Christians, or supernaturalists, may have miracles to verify; but usually it is not even "eye and ear testimony," but only *faith*, that is asked for, and that blind enough.

Spiritualists have no miracles to verify, and in their pursuit of truth accept the evidence of the outward and inward senses, the facts tangible to eye and ear and touch, and the verdict of reason and affection, of the soul's wants and the help the senses give them.

I cannot give details, but will call up only the memory of hours spent with one of the ablest and clearest lawyers, most eminent statesmen, and most thoroughly educated men in our land,

in the investigation of spiritual phenomena. It was a pleasure indeed to note his close scrutiny, his keen and careful criticism, his nice balancing of proofs and doubts, his ready rejection of errors, and his cheerful acceptance of realities. Pardon me, but I must ask for myself and all Spiritualists claiming any intelligence, to be counted out from among all Christians and supernaturalists who "verify miracles by eye and ear testimony" alone, or who ask for "faith nothing doubting." We ask for truth by exact and complete spiritual science, and take tests and proofs from soul and sense; and supernaturalism or miracle is not for us.

But I must stop, for there is no end to this matter; yet in a brief word like this one feels the poverty of language and the difficulty, in small space, of making complete statements. Accept this therefore as suggestion and friendly criticism.

G. B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, MICH., July 27, 1873.

RATIONAL NURTURE OF CHILDREN.

NEW YORK, February 17, 1873.

EDITOR INDEX:—

Superstition has always been a great bulwark of sectarianism. Were bigotry deprived of the power to influence the minds of men through their dread of the supernatural, the cause of liberal religion would be greatly strengthened. But so long as the mass of mankind are taught in early life to believe in the existence of angels and devils, and the occurrence of miracles, it will be more or less difficult to convince adults of the truths of philosophy.

In view of these facts, it seems very strange that so many parents of culture and liberality of thought should entrust their children to the care of ignorant, fanatical servants, whose conversation not only abounds in bad grammar and slang expressions, but turns frequently upon fairy tales and ghost stories. Ought not the dawn of intelligence in the child to be carefully watched, and its tender mind nourished with the true, the beautiful, and the good? Why should it be taught silly, debasing fictions?

The subject of the management of children, in respect to what they should be allowed to hear and read, deserves very wide discussion. It should be deeply pondered by radicals especially, as it is the old leaven acquired in childhood which blinds most men to the truths which modern thought has evolved. Full consideration of the matter may very likely lead to the following conclusions:—

1. No child, after he is old enough to understand what he hears, should be left under the care of any person uneducated or superstitious.
2. No child should ever be allowed to hear or read anything about angels, fairies, devils, ghosts, or miracles.
3. The attention of children should in general be directed to objects of Nature more than to tales of fiction, however pure, moral, and entertaining.

B. W.

ACCIDENT TO A VETERAN STATESMAN.—Hon. John P. Hale fell in his parlor in this city, July 22, and fractured his hip. He had been for some time in feeble health, and there is no doubt just cause of alarm that the accident may terminate fatally. Although Mr. Hale has been in comparative retirement since his return from the Spanish court, yet his public service was of a nature that has given him an abiding place in the memory and affections of his countrymen. He is now in his sixty-eighth year. Three years after his graduation from Bowdoin College in 1827, he was admitted to the New Hampshire Bar, and almost immediately took a prominent place in politics. In 1832 he was a member of the State legislature, and from 1834 to 1842 district attorney for the State. Then he was three years a member of Congress, again in the State legislature, one term of which he was speaker, and during that time was elected to the United States Senate. Excepting an interval of two years, he continued a member of the Senate for sixteen years, when, in 1865, he entered upon a four years' service as United States Minister to Spain. The time of Mr. Hale's public life, and particularly the portion of it spent in Congress, will suggest to many the stormy career that it brought to him. His grand opposition in 1845 to the annexation of Texas as a slave State, and his brave fight in behalf of an oppressed race, when it obliged him to sacrifice position, and friendships, and almost everything but a good name, will now be recalled by thousands. But in losing a little he gained much, for there is hardly a philanthropist or patriot in the country but whose heart beats quicker at mention of his name. Their prayers will ascend with ours that his failing years may not close too suddenly.—*Dover (N. H.) Star.*

The fine idealism in the exploration of Nature, by lens and prism and calculus, which casts theologies into the back ground of human interest, is preparing the way for a religion of religions, whose Bible shall be the full word of human nature.—*S. Johnson.*

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Little by Little.

BY A. W. STEVENSON.

The nomenclature of science has divided the universe into two parts. One it calls the macrocosm, or the great world; the other it calls the microcosm, or the little world. The macrocosm, or the great world, includes the large, bulky, extensive things of Nature,—the mountains, forests, rivers, seas, and starry skies. The microcosm, or the little world, includes Man—who is really a very small thing among the immense works of creation—and all those lesser forms which grade from Man all the way down to the most minute and infinitesimal.

These eyes which were given us wherewith to look out upon the external universe, are like two doors that the Divine architect has cut in this material frame which encloses us, and has arranged them upon such pliant hinges that, at our will, they are thrown wide open, admitting us freely to all the bounteous scene and vast realm of beauty which has been prepared to charm and instruct us. It is our happy privilege to go and come through these facile gates of communication, and bring home across their threshold, from our widest wanderings, vast treasures of fact and suggestion which we can renew and increase as often as we wish, and keep in constant store for our present and future dependence and support.

But these eyes of ours, though so wonderful an invention of the Divine mind, are yet very small and insufficient means of communication with that immense outlying region which the universe in all its available scope unfolds to us. They are but as pin-holes in a solid wall, through which in vain we strive to get more than a meagre and most partial glimpse of the enchanting scene beyond. Our naked vision must be clothed with human inventions before we can see far or wide into the domain of the infinite.

But man is an offspring of the Divine, who inherits the highest inventive genius for supplying his own deficiencies. All his senses complement each other, and conspire together to extend and enlarge their functions. Give man a place to plant one foot, and he will soon make a place to plant the other; thus stepping out along that line of progress which leads into and through all mysteries, all knowledge, all achievement.

Among the most wonderful inventions of man, wherewith to aid his natural faculties, are the telescope and the microscope. These are eyes to his eyes, quickening and intensifying his ordinary vision in an almost miraculous manner. One of these instruments gives us the long view; the other gives us the close view. By the aid of one, our eyesight is indefinitely extended; by the aid of the other, it is contracted but intensified. One is a new door opening into the macrocosm; the other is a new door opening into

the microcosm. Applying the one, we stretch out our vision far into infinite space, following the distant track of the planets and beholding them make their magnificent rounds; detecting the remote juxtaposition of the stars, and surprising the coy moon in her very unusual act of stepping full across the pathway of the sun's vision. Applying the other, we suddenly arrest and recall the wandering and diffusive habits of our visual organs, and concentrate them upon the near view; and, lo! just beyond the threshold of our range of sight we discover a new world opening to us, full of infinitesimal creations of the existence of which we had not dreamed, and by the wonders and beauties of which we are straightway astonished and fascinated.

He who has used either of these remarkable aids to sight, has had an entirely new point given to his perception of infinite wisdom and power. But he who has thoughtfully looked through the microscope, has had his eyes opened to the otherwise incredible variety and skill and delicacy, and, withal, minuteness of the Creator's work. He is impressed as never before with the Divine *consentiousness*; with the infinite patience, carefulness, and fidelity which the Divine Intelligence applies to the doing of the least things, and to the carrying out of the smallest particulars of its comprehensive plans. By the aid of the microscope we discover God right in the midst of his secrets; we penetrate by it into the laboratory of his great work-shop, and behold the beginnings of things, the minutiae of his operations. We find that the true greatness of the Divine power is displayed in the smallness of its execution. We observe that it does not create things *all at once*, and in the mass, but gradually and increasingly—little by little. After consulting our microscope, we know that this world is not one solid, homogeneous lump or ball, but that it is composed of infinitesimal atoms, rather loosely held together, with spaces between all admitting air and motion; and that with infinite care and labor the Divine mind has brought these into such delicate relations, and keeps them so, well balanced between independence and interdependence. When we look at a forest, all grand and great in its serried assemblage of huge trunks and waving branches, we know that each tree is a bundle of fine molecules which God has built up in successive layers and circles and spiral columns; and that the whole forest itself is really a collection of delicate pollen that once was floating in the air like so much dust, but which now is deposited in this majestic and impressive form. The microscope reveals to us, as by the magician's wand, the minute anatomy of every tree, shrub, plant, flower; indeed of every body in existence: and shows that each is a sum of many atoms, every one of which the Divine hand has touched, bringing it from distant quarters and arranging it with tender care in connection with others. Without the microscope, the botanist especially would be at loss, for he would scarcely know anything of the structure and composition of plants; but with this wonderful instrument he is able to explore his domain with faithful minuteness, to track the dainty to his most obscure hiding place, and to follow him as he retires from all ordinary vision and ensconces himself in the minutest seed or germ, there to work his finest wonders of creation, and thence to project and construct all forms of animal as well as vegetable life.

This revelation of the special and infinitesimal operations of God is a most remarkable and impressive one. It shows us that the great Creator does not scorn details, does not despise the day of small things; but, on the contrary, that it is in the very littleness of his creations that he displays his skill and care and wisdom most markedly. I know of no better religious instruction than any thoughtful person can have, than that which is sure to be found in the microscopic study of the works of Nature. Do you seek for miracles to impress you?—here they are in profusion: miracles of Divine wisdom, power, patience, and conscientiousness! You will find them in the leaf that rustles to your feet in the autumn, or that sparkles with brilliancy on the overhanging bough in spring. You will find them in the tiny seed resting and riding on the bosom of the wind, which deposited here produces *mosses* or ferns, deposited there produces

mammoth trees and forests. You will find them in the delicate anatomy of the flower that holds up its fragrant cup under your window, and in the hardly less delicate anatomy of your own hand that reaches forth to pluck it. By such study you will find that God has never been in a hurry to do things; that he has never hastened forward to secure and grasp results, but has deliberately and patiently come at them by "here a little and there a little." By such study one will be reminded of the debt of gratitude we owe to the great Friendliness for the smallest and commonest blessings, because it has taken such care and pains to produce them for us. One will be led to see that a really appreciative and thankful soul will recognize the goodness of God in the least as well as in the greatest of things; that, while it will be thankful to him for the lustre of the morning and evening sky, for the glories of the golden day and the mellow beauties of the silvery night, for food and raiment, for friends and family, for prolongation of life, for the inward sustenance of hope and faith—that, while it will be thankful for these greatest things, it will not forget also to be thankful for the life-giving air that blows from the hills and the sea, for the pure water that trickles from a thousand hidden springs, for the sweet shape and hue and odor of the field and garden flower, for the fringed gentian that modestly blooms along the road, and the common thistle that grows by the wall; for all, indeed, that the Divine mind has bestowed its thought and care upon, however small and insignificant that may be.

And it will be exceedingly fortunate for one, if one learns from such study to emulate the infinite example; to despise not beginnings, to scorn not small things; in all one dares and does and hopes, to work and wait with patience and perseverance, being satisfied to advance little by little, and being not satisfied to execute anything except in the spirit of fidelity and devotion.

How well it would be for all those who set out in life with business ambitions, if they would learn to be content with little things before they snatch at large ones; to make progress slowly and gradually, and not with rapid and enormous strides! It seems as if every month, almost every week, brought some new account of a misguided and criminal man who has hastened to be rich, who has sought to clutch the prize of fortune by other than honest and legitimate means. Not little by little has he been willing to accumulate honorable wealth, but by rushing into the vortex of speculation, by driving his craft under full sail down the slippery rapids of embezzlement, defalcation, and breach of trust. The insane and utterly foolish desire to live fashionably, and to have one's name ranked among the highest incomes, is more and more luring men on to business rashness and fraud; and unless the strong tide of this ambition can be somehow changed, our commercial life seems destined to become hopelessly corrupt and corrupting, and the honest banker and merchant and trader to be known only as by ancient tradition. Money is very useful and riches very desirable; but all the gold in the coffers of men and the mines of the earth cannot compensate for the loss of manly integrity, or compare for a moment with the worth and value of true and noble character!

Well will it be also if those who are laboring to educate, improve, and reclaim mankind shall keep in mind that patience and perseverance are indispensable qualities in workers and doers of good. The human mind and heart, in most cases, respond but slowly to the word of instruction and the hand of reformation. Not totally perverse or depraved is the will of man, but depraved and perverse enough to require the utmost persistence, steadiness, and faith in those who are striving to lead and guide it for good. But "continual dropping wears away the stone," and gentleness and firmness combined will overcome the most obdurate and obstinate willfulness and indifference. Learn a lesson of those workmen who renew and brighten stained and weather-soiled granite. With their strong but finely tempered instruments they pick and pick away on the dark face of the hard surface, not seeming at first to make much impression or change, yet gradually, though slowly, chipping

off the objectionable feature, until at last all the soils and stains of years have been removed, and the whole structure stands forth as with renewed and brightened look! So, let those who are working on human character to improve and benefit it, continue to apply their well-directed and repeated efforts—not too roughly and nervously, lest they break and tear instead of renovating, but gently and steadily, again and again; and as surely as the contact of water and air with the solid continent affect and change its aspect from time to time, just so surely will kind and persevering treatment tell on the most hardened and stubborn human nature, and produce in it alteration and improvement.

Likewise must the teachers of new truth, and of sound but unpopular doctrine, take this lesson to heart. No superstition, or prejudice, or error, gives way easily and all at once; it has to be literally hacked to pieces, and its roots cut one by one, before it will totter to its fall and yield the soil of the mind to better growths. Truth does not travel by telegraph or express, but goes on foot plodding its slow and toilsome way, arriving at its goal by gradual stages, and often coming in all unheralded by any preceding demonstration. Most men do not easily change their beliefs, do not take readily and kindly to the new, but cling tenaciously to the old—to those beliefs they inherited from the past, to those which are approved by popular tradition and respectable custom. It is well on some accounts that this is so; for if all men were possessed with an insatiable desire for mere novelty and change, there would be no stability in our thought and belief, but crudeness and chaos would prevail. The old is venerable, and should not be rudely treated. The new should be admitted *only* when it brings healthier and richer life and better conditions. Innovations should come only when they can be brought and supported by cool judgment, calm reflection, and sound reasoning. But the order of Nature is that, *in due time*, the old shall give way to the new. The purpose of things is, unmistakably, *progress*. The world of matter does not stand still; it is always advancing by degrees to fuller and fairer development. The world of mind, or thought, does not stand still—cannot—but ever is progressing to grander outlook and nobler conclusion. Though the progress of truth is slow and gradual, it is nevertheless sure and steady. Nothing and nobody can stay it. It has seen and unseen auxiliaries. Not only inspired men speak it, but the wind whispers it, the murmur of the rocks open and tell it, the stars sound it along their eternal ways; shut it up in prisons, and it breaks through bars and bolts; drive it into obscurity, and it flashes forth its secret from the darkest corner; banish it from the pulpit, and it springs to the platform; pursue it from the platform, and it finds a vehicle and voice in the omnipresent press; hound it down with persecution of every sort, and when you think you have exterminated and slain it, lo! its immortality outwits you, and it rises in a new place and form! The coming of truth is like the coming of day. Not all at once does the dazzling aurora break upon our unprepared vision; but slightly, at first, it sends us warning in a gentle gleam of light and soft purpling of the eastern sky; then, one by one, it lights its flaming torches and blazes the horizon with their accumulating glory,—until, little by little, all the far-off hills are kindled with morning's beacon fires, the intermediate valleys unroll their panorama as the darkness melts from the earth, and the new day is come when the sun, spurning the last hindrance, marches up his glorious and unimpeded way. And so the full glad day of truth arrives, and its sun shines to illuminate the world. It must overcome the night of ignorance by degrees, and gradually dispel the darkness of superstition. But though opposition be piled against the truth, and the barriers be carried as high as madmen can rear them, its sun will find his horizon line, and its day will break at last all clear and full. The truth is mighty, and *must* prevail!

Once more, this lesson of little by little should be pondered by those who are striving for self-improvement and perfection. Slowly and toilsomely is this noble task wrought out. We have to take ourselves as we find ourselves, and from that point of departure work out our highest and best. We may find great faults and defects of character to be overcome; very well, they are the obstacles which we must set ourselves to remove; or, rather, they are the crude and raw materials which we must handle, shape, and fashion, working them into the edifice of our uprising character. Any attainment grand and worthy we can afford to come at through many and great difficulties. What aim so exalted as that of a human soul who aspires for perfection? What hindrance so sudden, then, that we will not dare and overcome as we climb that shining way? Be patient and persevering, you who are also aspiring and endeavoring! Pret not though your progress be very slow and toilsome; be satisfied to gain a little, though not much; if you gain in the least, take heart, though you have labored weeks and months to secure this small good. All good you are on the

road to, and will arrive there sometime. And suffer no diminution of faith in yourself. Cardinal among your beliefs be the belief in the high dignity of your own origin and destiny. Children of the gods are we; and amongst themselves shall they make place for us when the Olympus of our aspiration shall be won. Climb, then; and be content to climb slowly, if but surely.

Slowly but continually does the coral insect strive, adding mite by mite to his submarine mass, until at length the surface waters are penetrated, and there rises upon the topmost wave a new continent whose foundations are far down upon the floor of the great sea. So rises the manly or womanly character, by daily accretions of strength. Every earnest purpose, every pure desire, every unvoiced aspiration, every patient waiting helps to build up the moral edifice and add stability to the whole. And then, when strength of experience and effort is gained, though all the waves and billows of this uneven life surge and beat against it, it stands secure; for its structure is firm and lasting, and its foundations rest on a rock that may not be moved.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXV.

PAUL'S FATHER.

When the father of Paul Gower arrived in New York, and, taking a hack-carriage from Pier No. 1, North River, near the Battery, to the Astor House, was shown upstairs to his son's room, he proved to be a tall man, looking at least ten years older than his real age of five-and-forty, and sufficiently like the young man's late grandfather to both surprise and affect him. We have all met such family resemblances; like and yet unlike, inasmuch that it is difficult to decide whether the similarity or diversity is the greater. Thus John Gower inherited his father's large head, bold features, and deep-set blue eyes, while a premature tendency to baldness increased the general resemblance; and his voice was, at times, curiously suggestive of the old gentleman's; but there the likeness ended. Instead of the hale, placid, almost venerable face of the one, with its fleshy curves and comfortable English plenitude of cheek and double-chin, the other's countenance exhibited the inevitable contrast effected by his long course of Americanization, both of climate and character. His complexion was sallow, his face seamed and worn into sharp, nervous lines; without being attenuated, it looked flabby, and the anatomy of his head was too plainly visible beneath its covering, a peculiarity rendered the more conspicuous by its size, and by the looseness of the skin, which formed wrinkles about the corners of the eyes and mouth. He seemed a handsome man run to seed; and one who might have improved his appearance by brushing his hair, tying his neckerchief carefully, and adjusting his suit of black into something like harmony with his large-boned and rather loose-jointed figure. Probably a little of the slovenliness of plantation life was perceptible in this negligence. His straggling, grizzled beard, growing mostly under his chin, and half tucked away behind a crumpled shirt-collar, imparted additional unconventionality to his aspect, and he had a nervous habit of plucking at it by the ends. Altogether he impressed Paul oddly, though tenderly—this strange father, whose claim to the title was yet apparent in his countenance; and who, shaking his son by the hand for a long time, asked if he would have known him, and called him "sir." Paul was too agitated to reply.

The meeting, in fact, involved some inevitable awkwardness to both. They were very kindly disposed towards one another, and for that reason shy in expressing their feelings. Each, too, had previously rehearsed the interview in his own mind (as we are all apt to do on extraordinary occasions), and in part resolved on the course of conduct that seemed most appropriate, with the usual want of calculation as to the behavior of the opposite party, which commonly necessitates an entire change of programme. On both accounts, therefore, they were too self-conscious, and by so much the less capable of yielding to the natural, spontaneous emotions of the moment. John Gower manifested most perturbation—I have said that Paul resembled his dead mother—but was hardly less master of himself than his son, who would have liked, in the words of Scripture, to have fallen on his father's neck and kissed him, but was afraid to risk the impulse; shaking hands appeared such an inadequate thing, under the circumstances.

What with the one's shamefacedness and sensibility, and the other's diffidence in reviving a claim which, it might be supposed, he had permitted to lapse from long abeyance, sometime expired before they could converse together freely and naturally; when it was with singular gratification that Paul heard himself addressed without the slightest assumption of authority—as if his father recognized his right to be met on equal terms. Habit is a great thing—and the young man had been so mercilessly and so recently henpecked by his sharp old grandmother.

I shall omit John Gower's inquiries about her and his daughter, and kindred topics; also Paul's answers. The doctor (we may as well give him his professional title, as in America we always use it) had of course been informed of his father's decease, by letter; and of his will, with respect to which he now exhibited the same dissatisfaction which had characterized his brothers and sisters in England, but more freely expressed. Indeed, he frankly admitted that it was a great disappointment to him, for reasons unexplained; adding, however, half-cynically, that he might have expected no better fortune.

"I shouldn't have cared a red cent's worth about the money, sir," he said, "if I hadn't need of it, as I shall proceed to inform you. I've got a surprise for you, and perhaps a mighty disagreeable one. Instead of owning a fine plantation in Louisiana, I'm now within a few thousand dollars of being as poor as Job's turkey. Aren't you disappointed?"

Paul was more astonished than anything else, and said so; his father regarding him, in the meantime, with marked attention.

"Do you know anything about the Mississippi?" he continued, after lighting a cigar and giving his son one—precious articles apparently, for they were separately enveloped in a kind of cocoon of dried tobacco-leaf. (Notwithstanding his curiosity and interest in what was coming, Paul received this token of equality in manhood with a sensation of pleasure.)

"Very little," the young man answered.

"Well, then, I'll tell you. One of its peculiarities is a habit of changing its bed on brief notice, or none at all—making short cuts across the innumerable bends and loops and twists and twirls by which it wriggles its way for three thousand miles down to the Gulf. On the map it resembles a rattlesnake in convulsions; and if you look close enough you'll find plenty of places marked 'false river' where it has sloughed its skin. In these feats it thinks nothing of slicing away a plantation or so, especially from the concave side of the bank, and leaving a big lake in its place, or making a present of a few thousand new acres to your opposite neighbor. Well, that's precisely what happened at Burzard's Bend, Carroll Parish, Louisiana. It is an extinct locality—wiped out, sir. You may go over my plantation in a boat, or a steamer, but in no other manner. It is all under water."

Paul thought of the emigrant in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, on whose farm that element varied from four to six feet in depth in the dry season, and was quite unfathomable in the wet; but said nothing. His father went on in the half-battering tone often adopted by men who are, or who consider themselves, ill-used by fortune.

"It's just my luck, sir. When I was with the army in Mexico I nearly died of the vomito before I got a chance of doctering others; was given over and left behind at Vera Cruz, and only rallied in time to come up with a spent bullet, after Cerro Gordo. At Callao, an earthquake and the small-pox combined to upset my business as a photographer. My store was burnt down three times in San Francisco (though we didn't think much of that, there), and a miner found a nugget worth twenty thousand dollars in a hole, just after I had abandoned it. And now the Mississippi drowns me out of Louisiana; and of course as my father's money might have helped me, it's indefinitely postponed until I can do without it. If I turned undertaker, I believe folks would leave off dying, just to spite me."

Paul smiled at this rather lugubrious pleasantry, as in duty bound, and the doctor resumed. "You'll wonder I didn't mention this last smash-up in my letters, as there was plenty of time?—well, sir, it was partly on your account. I was looking forward to your arrival, and couldn't find it in my heart to hinder your coming. Wheeler picked up enough to make me pretty sure you'd like a change, even deducting the Louisiana cotton-plantation. That so, eh? well, I'm glad I reckoned rightly."

He had been pulling at his beard and watching his son's face nervously, as if he distrusted some expression of dissatisfaction. But as Paul's countenance spoke his obligations no less than his words, his own lighted up with pleasure; he laughed aloud, patted the young man on the back, and again shook him by the hand.

"That's so, eh?" he repeated. "Good boy! You're not sorry to snap granny's apron-strings and go ahead on your own hook in a free country? I guessed as much. All right, eh?" He took one or two appreciative puffs at his cigar and continued, confidentially: "And I don't mind telling you, besides, that I didn't feel like confessing to him that's dead and gone that I was poor again. I knew what he'd think of it. I

know what poverty means in England, sir, from bitter experience. So I sold off the hands and what was saved of the cotton, and went to Orleans to wait for you. I might have had my share of a pretty liberal subscription raised by friends and neighbors—they're warm-hearted people down South, sir—only I didn't care about accepting it. There were others who wanted the money more than I did."

The young Englishman experienced a momentary impression that his father's independence conflicted oddly with his matter-of-fact allusion to the "domestic institution" of the South (it was before his countrymen had learned to listen complacently to defenses of the same), but naturally did not give the feeling utterance.

"Here's the *Picayune*," Dr. Gower resumed, producing a newspaper, "with a full account of the *crevasse*, in it; you can read it at your leisure, and learn how your chance of becoming a Louisiana planter got nipped in the bud, or mud, which is nearer the literal truth. I hope you are not very much disappointed. It's an easy life, or would be, if it wasn't for the niggers, who worry the very soul out of you with their laziness and devilry, unless you've a heart of stone to deal with 'em—which I haven't. But we won't talk about that now, as of course you've read *Uncle Tom*, and think 'em angels and savages. Let's get on with my story. I resolved to wait your arrival and then decide what to do, rather inclining to Texas. Well, just before this, news came—he touched the band of crape encircling his hat—"Wheeler turned up with the information that he was going back to Europe to make his fortune. When there he dropped in for a big thing, a contract to run new lines of railway in Russia, under some baron or other, of whom he tells extraordinary stories, and who is opening up the country like all possessed. A great country, Russia, sir—especially for Americans! Finding that I was looking out for something, he proposed that I should accompany him as surveyor, taking England by the way, which would give me an opportunity of stopping in on all of you. There was only one difficulty—you were coming and I had determined not to prevent you. However, as Wheeler's departure wasn't immediate (he wanted till spring to complete his preparations), I had only to hold on to make sure of meeting you in New York. So I concluded to accept. And we shall start on Saturday."

He rose, jerked the ashes of his cigar out of the open window, restored it to his mouth, put one foot in the seat of his chair, and, resting his elbow on his knee and his chin on his hand, gazed at his son more earnestly than ever.

"It's the best thing I can do," he said, twisting his beard. "Now, as concerns yourself. Would you like to stay in America, or go with us to Russia?"

The idea of seeing Kate again so soon and unexpectedly,—of returning, not to old slavery and the house near Hampstead Road, but on his way to a new life and strange experiences in an altogether unlooked-for direction, accompanied by this adventurous, half-cosmopolitan father, whom he must otherwise part with in the very inception of their acquaintance, flushed Paul's cheek with excitement and pleasure. There passed before his imagination a kind of mental panorama of the usual impressions which make up our conception of Russia—a colossal St. Petersburg, a bizarre Moscow, interminable roads stretching away over vast steppes and solitudes, and ornamented with guide-posts like barber's signs; soldiers, serfs, and nobles; a bearded and booted and furred population, drinking tea-lemnades out of tumblers, or gambling, or being drilled or knouted; with ice, sleighs, wolves and bears thrown in, *ad libitum*. Moreover, he could not help thinking of what "the fellows" would say in Soho Square, when he walked upstairs into the old "tailor's shop" again and invited them to dinner. Influenced by such vain-glorious fancies, he replied eagerly that he preferred sharing his father's fortunes; only it appeared strange to come all the way to America and then go back having seen so little of it.

"Well, it does. And I should hardly have let you, perhaps, if I'd reckoned on your returning right away. I want you should do what's best for yourself, besides consulting your own inclinations."

His father's gravity of manner at once checked Paul's enthusiasm. "You think, sir," he said, "that I had better remain here?"

"Well, if I answered according to my own wishes, I should say no. A man isn't knocked about in the world as long as I've been without feeling lonely at times, and finding it hard to part from his own flesh and blood after he has seen nothing of it for years, and just resumed its acquaintance in the shape of a young fellow like yourself. My boy—"the speaker laid his brown, veiny hand upon his son's shoulder—"don't mistake me. I took some precautions through Wheeler to insure you the means of coming to me, if you wanted to, which may suggest how I wished it. Now we are face to face, thank God!" (they shook hands once more) "and if I propose a separation, and a speedy one, though only for a time, it isn't for my own advantage. About this Russian business you must be guided by your own judgment. I go because nothing

better offers, here or anywhere; and a few years, more or less, among the Muscovites aren't of much consequence in such a vagabond life as mine—especially when there's a chance to roll up a pile of roubles. Maybe my luck 'll alter; though, considering it's me, I shan't be surprised if the bears tear up the rails or bolt the theodolites. But with you the case is different. If you go, it'll be for a holiday, that's all. There's no reason why you should, except bearing me company; and perhaps some against it, which I shall be perfectly honest in stating. You are one-and-twenty, and have got your own living to get—at least for the present. Now the question is whether you hadn't better pitch right in at once, here, without wasting any time about it."

Paul's Russian vision faded away as rapidly as it had arisen, and, though rather disappointed, he protested his willingness to abide by his father's decision. The latter went on.

"Here you are in a country where everybody can get a living and a good one—where the conditions of existence are altogether easier than elsewhere on this planet—take right hold of something and stick to it; that's my advice. If you think different, however, only say so and I'll engage a passage out for you with myself and Wheeler tomorrow."

It was so candidly, so earnestly spoken, that Paul could only reiterate his former assurances. The doctor was evidently gratified and warmed into increased confidence.

"My boy, I don't want your life to be a repetition of mine. Whether it is my fault or not, I've never been permanently successful—which is the test of merit all the world over. There are people (mostly well-to-do ones, I've remarked) who don't believe in good or bad fortune—will tell you it's all your own doing, and of course their deserving; but I can't help thinking if that's the rule, I'm an exception. Now, I've sometimes suspected that I'm like the fox in the fable, who had so many dodges and twice the number in a bag, but was gobbled up by the hounds for all that, while the cat ran up a tree and was safe. Do you be pussy—trust to one idea. It's the surest plan, like Napoleon bringing all his forces to bear on one point and hammering away at it. See the blockheads there are who get on solely by perseverance. It doesn't want brains."

These truisms sounded unpleasantly in the ear of the young man; he thought them hard and worldly, and their subject recalled his grandmother's not very dissimilar exhortations. He had reflected very little on the art of success in life and his future career (except in connection with Kate Sabin), and had indulged in indefinite expectations of freedom and independence, which his father's speech seemed to throw cold water upon. It was like saying "work" to a young fellow bent on a holiday. Perhaps a latent consciousness of needing such advice put a sharper edge on it. What followed, however, made him ashamed of his feelings.

"I want you should feel you are independent and fighting the world on your own hook as soon as possible. When I landed in New York, fourteen years ago, I had twenty dollars—I shall leave you a thousand. You'll write me, of course, regularly; and as long as I've a cent it's yours. You'll look around and amuse yourself awhile, as is but natural, and then buckle to at something. I wouldn't go on the spree first, if I was you, and knock down all my money—though that's the thing one might naturally expect from the way you've been brought up in England."

Paul started and blushed and laughed, but was more delighted than ever with his father's free-and-easy confidence. He declared his good intentions, and his readiness to undertake life without the thousand dollars.

"Well, I believe you; and," with a smile, "I shouldn't give you up if you did kick up your heels a bit before settling down as a good square trotter. Some people can't work as long as they've got any money aboard; the knowledge that they must sink or swim is their only incentive to exertion. Pitch 'em into deep water, neck and crop, and they'll strike out like Tritons. Others learn best with a life-preserver, which you'd better have in case of accidents. I want to give you a fair start, my boy. I suppose we shall come out all right in the long run, when my father's money drops in—though God forbid the old mother shouldn't live as long as she wants to!—but it's best to take nothing for granted. The banks where the property is invested may burst up, or somebody invent a new water-gas just to kill the shares. So you'd better sail in at something. I don't know what kind of a prospect New York offers for architects [again Paul was reminded of *Martin Chuzzlewit*], but as they're always tearing down and building up here, and have more fires than anywhere, except California, it ought to be first rate. We'll ask Wheeler about it. If it won't do, try something else. Be sure you're right, then go ahead—Crockett's motto. Have you seen Wheeler yet?"

Paul answered in the negative. "He has been out of town," he said, "but is expected to return to-day. I was thinking of going there when you came."

"Let us walk then; we can talk as we go." Accordingly Paul put on his hat and accompanied his father, the pair crossing Broadway and the Park in the direction of Nassau Street—a locality with which the young man was destined to become very familiar hereafter.

THE GERMAN PENAL LAWS.—This is the text of the new German law against the liberty of the Catholic clergy of that Empire:—

"We, William, by the grace of God King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, declare—

"1. That no Catholic priest can publish any disciplinary law or act, excepting for matters purely religious and concerning either the secular or regular clergy.

"2. No priest can indict or publish any disciplinary penalties on account of the fulfillment, on the part of any individual, of the laws of the State, however contrary these may be to priestly tenets.

"3. No priest can publish any disciplinary penalties to be inflicted on individuals of the Catholic faith, either for or not voting at public elections according to circumstances.

"4. No priest can name any person by name in their publication of disciplinary penalties.

"The violation of these laws will be punished by the fine of 1,000 thalers, and by imprisonment of not less than two years. Moreover, the culprit can be suspended by government from the exercise of his duties as a clergyman. What is here decreed for the Catholic priesthood is equally applicable to the clergy of all other denominations."

The meaning of this law is, that any attempt on the part of the bishops and clergy to excommunicate or suspend persons belonging to the Old Catholic party, and who unlawfully exercise their office in Catholic churches, will be punished by two years' imprisonment, and by the heavy fine above mentioned. So that if a bad priest becomes an Old Catholic and preaches heresy, his superior cannot interfere without incurring the risk of being locked up in the dungeon for his pains.—*Brooklyn Catholic Review*.

RECEIVED.

THE SPIRITUAL DELUSION: Its Methods, Teachings, and Effects. The Philosophy and Phenomena critically examined. By DYER D. LUCE. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. 1873. (Toledo: BROWN & FAUNCE.)

DIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA: A Complete Explanation of the Physiology of the Digestive Processes, with the Symptoms and Treatment of Dyspepsia and other Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Illustrated by R. T. TRALL. N. Y.: S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway.

THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS: Opinion and Decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio in the case of John D. Misor et al., versus the Board of Education of the City of Cincinnati et al. Cincinnati: ROBERT CLARKE & Co. 1873.

FOODS. By EDWARD SMITH, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. APPLETON & Co. 1873. (Toledo: BROWN & FAUNCE.)

THE NEW IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT. Letter from H. L. GREEN. Published by the SYRACUSE RADICAL CLUB, 1873.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT: Of, The Sabbath, The Sabbath, The Change, and Restoration. By W. H. LITTLEJOHN. Battle Creek, Mich.: SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. 1873.

TWO APPEALS TO THE LEADERS OF SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. By a DISCIPLE OF ALLAN KARDEC. Florence, Italy, 1873.

GOD, RELIGION, AND IMMORTALITY. An Oration delivered at the Pulse Celebration in Cincinnati, Sunday, January 26, 1866. By JOSEPH TREAT. Cincinnati: Published by the COMMITTEE.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY. Riverside Press. 1873.

OLD AND NEW. August, 1873. Boston: ROBERTS BROTHERS.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE. Illustrated. August, 1873. New York: S. R. WELLS.

THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW. August, 1873. Boston: LEONARD C. BOWLES.

THE LADIES' OWN MAGAZINE. August, 1873. Chicago: M. C. BLAND & Co.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. August, 1873. Boston: J. R. OSGOOD & Co.

THE GALAXY. August, 1873. New York: SHELDON & Co.

THE SANITARIAN. August, 1873. A. N. BELL, M.D., Editor. New York and Chicago: A. S. BARNES & Co.

THE PENN MONTHLY. July, 1873. Philadelphia: 894 Walnut Street.

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending August 9, 1873.

Geo. B. Raymond, \$3; Chas. Willis, \$1; Minnie G. Fawcett, \$1; Wm. L. Heberling, 75 cts.; J. J. Hendrix, 50 cts.; G. C. Bell, 50 cts.; A. M. Jacobs, 50 cts.; R. C. Allen, 50 cts.; Jacob Elverson, \$3; John Blaine, \$3.50; Julian & Wilson, \$2; J. H. Mason, \$3; D. C. Potter, \$2; J. F. Lockwood, \$3; J. Martin, \$2; C. E. Scrill, 75 cts.; F. D. Darling, 25 cts.; Julius Churchill, \$3.50; W. A. Whitner, 75 cts.; A. M. Lathrop, 30 cts.; J. W. Gibson, 10 cts.; A. W. McAllister, 50 cts.; H. H. Morrison, 25 cts.; Allen & F. Jacob, \$1; E. B. Seelye, \$3; G. H. Leonard, \$3.25; A. S. Chase, 50 cts.; D. W. Payne, \$3; J. S. Kingsley, 10 cts.; A. W. Kelsey, 20 cts.; C. G. Glenn, \$1; Chas. M. Dennison, \$3; A. W. French, \$3; C. S. Wemott, \$3; John F. Chandler, \$3.25; E. P. Hurd, \$1.50; Jas. McKenzie, \$1.50.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

The Index.

AUGUST 16, 1878.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonise it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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DOLLAR DONATION FUND.

This fund is to be used, first, in meeting any deficiency in current expenses that may result from the recent "Index troubles," and, secondly, in such other ways as the editor shall find most advantageous for the paper. All appropriations will be reported to the Directors.

Acknowledged with thanks for the week ending August 2:—

\$1.00 each—Chas. Willis, S. E. Dunn, Julius Churchill;
 \$2.00 each—S. Forehand, J. F. Lockwood.

PRIVILEGED PROPERTY.

It seems a sufficiently direct and clear deduction from the principle of "equal rights for all and favors for none" that all property not owned by the State should share equitably the burden of taxation for State expenses. No matter to what uses exempted property may be devoted, it enjoys the protection afforded by the State, and ought to pay honestly its proper proportion of the cost of such protection. As an abstract proposition, it would be difficult to dispute the justice of this position.

Yet there is in this country a very large amount of *privileged property*, receiving the protection of our laws, yet contributing nothing towards defraying the expenses of sustaining and enforcing them; namely, property devoted to charitable and to ecclesiastical purposes. The total value of the former class we do not know; but the total value of ecclesiastical property thus exempted in the United States from taxation was in 1870, according to the census report, \$354,483,581.

Take, for instance, the city of Brooklyn. There are here 239 church edifices, valued at \$9,660,000; and the annual taxation on this property would amount to \$338,600. There are also 60 clergymen's residences, each of which is exempted from taxation to the amount of \$1500; and the aggregate of revenue thus lost to the city of Brooklyn is \$3,150. Churches and clergymen's residences together, the sum of \$341,750 is thus annually donated by the city of Brooklyn to the Christian Church, the whole of it being raised by taxation from the community at large. For whatever is remitted to the churches must be paid by somebody; and thus, by insisting on their own unjust privilege of exemption, the churches contrive to make every tax-payer, whether Christian or Jew or "unbeliever," pay his money annually to their own support, and thereby defeat the provision contained in most of our State Constitutions that no one shall be obliged to support any form of public worship involuntarily.

Is it any wonder, then, that a Catholic priest should recently deny publicly, in the columns of the *Washington National Republican* for June 26, that the separation of Church and State is an American principle? He says: "In this country there has always been an established church in the sense that the government recognizes religion to a certain extent. This is manifest from its past legislation exempting church property from assessment." To this argument the editor of the paper very pertinently replies. So far as the National government is concerned, the only legislation exempting church property from taxation, except a few cases of special remission of duties on articles imported by individual clergymen or congregations (such as religious books or church bells), is an act passed by Congress on

June 17, 1870, under the supposed influence of Jesuit lobbying. The reasons for this supposition are partly to be found in the fact that the Catholics own one fourth of all the church property in the District of Columbia, and that with their characteristic shrewdness they have put it into the shape of real estate which is rapidly rising in value, and which will make them within ten years richer than all the other denominations combined. When, consequently, this bold correspondent of the *Republican* declares openly that "religion has a primary importance over civil liberty," meaning thereby the Catholic religion, the great danger of such disgraceful violations both of the letter and spirit of the United States Constitution ought to be faithfully pointed out. It is marvellous that the liberals of America should be so inattentive or blind to the rapidly multiplying proofs of a spirit of encroachment which manifests itself on the part of the Church in an increasingly formidable and menacing manner. We call special attention to this act of Congress of June 17, 1870, a copy of which has been kindly taken for us by a Washington friend:—

CHAP. CXXXI.—An Act exempting from Taxes certain Property in the District of Columbia, and to amend the "Act to provide for the creation of Corporations in the District of Columbia by general Law."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the passage of this act all churches and school-houses, and all buildings, grounds, and property appurtenant thereto, and used in connection therewith in the District of Columbia, shall be exempt from any and all taxes or assessments, national, municipal, or county. Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That savings banks may be organized within the District of Columbia under the provisions of section four of an act "to provide for the creation of corporations in the District of Columbia by general law," and the limitation of twenty years provided for in said section for the existence of corporations created under and by virtue of the provisions of said section shall not apply to corporations formed only for the purpose of life insurance.

Approved, June 17, 1870.

We hope that every liberal paper will copy this act with appropriate comments, and thus help to give the widest publicity to a dangerous innovation upon the most precious principle of our religious liberty; namely, the complete separation of Church and State. There could be no greater peril to the perpetuity of this Republic than to see Catholic influence as powerful in the lobby at Washington as it has been for years in the heart of New York politics. Let it be promptly rebuked at the next session of Congress by the unconditional repeal of the obnoxious act; and let the States all imitate the example thus set by refusing any longer to permit any species of privileged property to shirk its fair share of the public burdens.

Cheering signs of an awakening to the necessity of action in this matter, on the part of the public, are to be noted here and there. The Boston Liberal League recently voted to "devote its energies for the present towards a repeal of the law exempting church property from taxation." In this enterprise we extend to the League our most cordial sympathy and whatever aid it may be in our power to render. Governor Woodson, of Missouri, recommended in his annual message that church property, which is taxed in that State, should be exempted, saying that "he supposed none but heathen would oppose" the recommendation; but the measure failed to receive sufficient support even to be referred to a popular vote. In the Pennsylvania legislature a church tax bill was recently under debate; and although prompt action was taken by the Presbyterian ministers of Philadelphia, who appointed a special committee to present their protest to the legislature, and declared that "such taxation would grievously oppress many churches, and in all cases require such an increase of pew rental as to make it impossible for many worshippers to continue in possession of their seats," it is said that the cause of justice is likely to triumph next winter. In Wisconsin the same agitation has been in progress for some time; and in other places it is evident that the people are becoming aware of the gross inequal-

ity of taxation to which they have submitted so long. It is a subject to which we expect to recur often, until there shall be no such thing as privileged property.

THE INEVITABLE CHRISTIAN NARROW.

Rev. W. H. Spencer, of Haverhill, Mass., preached a sermon not long since, the object of which appears to have been to set forth the moral superiority of the character of Jesus of Nazareth over that of all other men dead or living. The sermon doubtless deserved as it received the compliment of publication in the *Haverhill Bulletin*; but as THE INDEX was not favored with a copy, I have not had the pleasure of perusing it. The editor of the *Christian Register*, however, was more fortunate. He received the sermon and read it; and it won his approbation to such a degree that he discoursed of it thus:—

"We have read it with lively interest and great satisfaction. It was a good sermon to preach, and a good sermon to hear; earnest, vigorous, manly, and Christian. It makes us feel sure that we are at least a thousand miles nearer to Mr. Spencer than we supposed we were."

In a later issue the *Register* gave some extracts from this sermon, sufficient to show how highly the author exalts Jesus among men, and what an immense claim he makes for him as compared with all other good and benevolent men in ancient or modern times.

But it is not now my purpose to discuss the sermon itself. At present I remark only upon the delight of the *Register* over it, and what that delight signifies. What is it that stirs in the breast of our venerable Christian contemporary such "lively interest and great satisfaction"? Is it that the author of the sermon in question is himself a very excellent man; that he lives in the town of Haverhill and does a great deal of good there as a preacher of truth and righteousness, going about among his fellow-townsmen and blessing many lives with his weekly and daily ministrations; that he advocates everything that tends to promote good morals in that community, and general virtue and intelligence among its people? Surely this is something to rejoice over, and to wake the desire in all true hearts that every town in Massachusetts, and every town all through this land to-day, might have such a living benefactor in its midst, ready to instruct its inhabitants wisely, to counsel them judiciously, to encourage them when they do right and warn them when they do wrong, to be a kind, loving guide to its children, and a warm-hearted, sympathizing friend to its suffering and sorrowing ones. Is this the fact in relation to Mr. Spencer which makes the editor of the *Register* feel so near to him, and commend him so highly? No, not at all. The fact that lifts the jacket of the *Register* with such an expansion of its heart's delight is, that Mr. Spencer has delivered a eulogy upon the life and character of Jesus! Mr. Spencer is a radical, and as a radical he was supposed by the *Register* not rightly to understand or appreciate Jesus. While the *Register* was thus supposing Mr. Spencer to be estimating Jesus inadequately, it felt, we do not know how many thousand miles away from him, but at least one thousand. Mr. Spencer was just as good a man, and in his community just as great a benefactor, before he pronounced this eulogy upon Jesus as he is since; and the *Register* knows this fact very well. And yet Mr. Spencer's own goodness, his own beneficence, his own usefulness, were not sufficient to bridge the difference between him and the *Register*, to draw its grandfatherly heart out towards him, and make it regard him with "lively interest and great satisfaction." But when Mr. Spencer takes occasion to intimate that his estimate of Jesus as a man is not a low one; that, on the contrary, he regards him as the best man who ever lived, and fit to be the spiritual leader of all other men,—then the *Register* feels the distance between itself and Mr. Spencer lessened by a whole "thousand miles;" it stretches out its arms to him and folds him to its warmest embrace.

But, as Artemus Ward used to say, "Why is this thus?" The simple fact is (and it can now no longer be denied or disguised) that the *Regis-*

ter has a shibboleth; and that shibboleth is, "Praise be to Jesus!" Whoever shouts that partisan slogan the *Register* regards with "lively interest and great satisfaction;" whoever does not, no matter how good or how useful he may be, it feels very distant from him. The "man of Nazareth" is the *Register's* "man," and it is more jealous in guarding his personal reputation than in guarding the intelligence and virtue of any community in Massachusetts. It would rather have Jesus praised than good morals inculcated. It would prefer to have the attention and affection of a people called to and fixed upon the merits of a very good man who died two thousand years ago, than to have their attention and affection directed to goodness itself, and to a live impersonation of it in their midst to-day. Deceased good men the *Register* thinks are more venerable than living good men. It would rather the memory of past virtue should be preserved, than that devotion to present virtue should be kindled and promoted.

The fact is that the *Register*, although a very liberal Christian, has yet a creed. That creed is, "I believe in Jesus as the Christ." The *Register's* fellowship is not broad enough to include those in its "lively interest and great satisfaction" who do not accept and advance this creed. I do not say this to blame the *Register*, but only to state a fact. The *Register* is one of the Christian party, and as such it is bound to be loyal to Jesus. Jesus is its Master, its Savior, its Lord,—in its view the only rightful Master, Savior, and Lord of all men. To keep the memory and veneration of Jesus alive, therefore, must be more important in its eyes than anything else. Its narrowness in this respect is only the inevitable narrowness of the Christian confession. With all Christians loyalty to Christ is before all things else. To the Christian's eyes Christ eclipses truth—Christ is the truth. A good life is not so important to the Christian as faith in Christ—Christ is that life. To walk in the way of daily righteousness is a smaller matter to the Christian than to "stand up for Jesus"—Jesus the Christ is that way.

Observe and mark, then, the inevitable Christian narrowness.

A. W. S.

"THIS CHURCH IS OPEN ALL SUMMER."

The list of Sunday advertisements in the New York papers is beautifully short in dog-days. The churches are closed, except the Catholic, whose constituency remains in the city all summer and needs as much care in hot weather as in cold—perhaps more—and the Episcopalians, which cling to the tradition of continuity. Among the churches that advertise their services, a few continue to proclaim their willingness to be patronized in July and August; adding, perhaps, the notice that they *shall* be willing, in all events. Conspicuous among these is the new "Church of the Disciples." I may be uncharitable, but to me the remark has an unpleasant savor of virtue. The announcement has the air of saying: "Look at us; here we are. Our neighbors are taking unhallowed vacations. They have gone away to enjoy themselves, leaving not only their own spiritual wants but the wants of their fellow creatures unprovided for. Their ministers are cooling themselves on the mountain-top, or disporting themselves in the ocean wave, improving 'the season' in London, amusing their idle hours in Vienna, or making excursions in Switzerland. We are at our post; our doors are open. From our desk the Word is spoken; from our gallery the choir dispenses choice music; in our temple the sacrifice is uninterrupted, and souls are saved."

To many it seems an unfortunate custom, that of closing places of worship during the summer season. To us it seems most fortunate; not for the reasons that are obvious to everybody and have become the merest commonplaces,—that the pastors and preachers may have rest from their gigantic labors (the men who work hardest do not have the rest); that the singers may have rest from their arduous duties (of singing three or four selections from opera at the price of ten dollars each for every selection); that the con-

gregation may acquire new vigor for the autumn (to endure the fatigue of sitting through ten months of dull sermons); that the churches may be swept and garnished (which they cannot be unless they are empty). We will not cite the best reason of all,—that the congregation go away first, and leave the minister no alternative but to follow them (for there are always people enough left in a great city to fill every meeting-house if the usual occupants of pews were absent—every one; and if the preachers were live men the people would come to hear them—new people, too, with open ears and fresh minds, so much more desirable than the surfeited audiences that know exactly what the preacher will say, and doze off in perfect assurance that nothing requiring particular attention will be spoken). The summer ought to be the preacher's harvest time, for then he has a chance at the outside world, and can offer vacant seats in plenty (provided the upholstery be not too fine) to the multitude of the unchurched who never have an opportunity to see the inside of a fashionable temple, or hear the gospel from a well-paid minister. The solid argument is rather in favor of keeping the churches open and free to all, during the period of emigration,—or would be but for one consideration of paramount importance; namely, the advantage of breaking up the tradition of continuity which the summer affords.

The notion that the churches should never be closed on Sunday, that it would be a good thing to keep them open every day, that the stream of salvation should be perpetually flowing, that no opportunity of bringing a soul to Christ should be neglected, ranks among the irrational and mischievous errors which it is the duty of sensible people to correct. It is a superstition on which a cluster of superstitious hangs. It ought to be abolished if possible; and the best way to abolish it is to neglect and disregard it by shutting up the churches and keeping them shut for a good round term of weeks, allowing nothing to go on there, but throwing the people back on their own resources. If for three months in the year every church were to be shut, the effect might on the whole be good. Let the time be long enough to make the people feel how much or how little they depend on the Sunday ministrations. Give the congregations a chance to look at the institution of public worship from the outside, from a distance, and to settle in their minds what it is worth. If they conclude that it is worth more than they thought it was, they will go back to it with new zest and resolution. If they conclude that it is worth less than they thought it was, well again; for then they will perhaps be saved from future insincerity. Let the institution stand on its merits. That it may stand on its merits, it must be criticised; and criticised it cannot be so long as people are uninterruptedly under its influence. A habit must be suspended in order that its evil consequences may be checked; and no habit is so purely beneficial or so unqualifiedly good that no evil consequences attach to it. The habit of church-going certainly is not. The habit of preaching certainly is not. In fact, both are habits that would gain in vitality if they were now and then handsomely abandoned.

Hitherto, from time immemorial, religion has claimed a peculiar sanctity for its observances, distinct from that attaching to any other kind of instruction. All consent that scientific lectures shall cease, that schools shall close, that libraries shall be inaccessible. But when it is proposed to shut up churches, the cry of remonstrance is raised. It will be a point gained to disabuse people of an idea so preposterous. The best way to do it is to shut the churches as well as the schools and lecture rooms. We therefore would announce: "This church not open all summer."

O. B. F.

The end of man, or that which is prescribed by the eternal or immutable dictates of reason, and not suggested by vague and transient desires, is the highest and most harmonious development of his powers to a complete and consistent whole. —Wilhelm Von Humboldt.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but in case after no space will be spared to Errata.
N. B.—Articles for this department should be *SHORT*, and written only on one side of the sheet.
N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.
N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

HEALTH AND RELIGION.

Some years ago I attended the ordination of a young Baptist clergyman, in one of the rural towns of Vermont. The principal officiating minister was one of the old hardshell, nasal-toned preachers from New Hampshire, and was richly endowed with "that blessed voice" so mellowed by the unction of direct inspiration. In the ordaining prayer occurred the following sentence:—

"May he take care of his 'arthen vessel—eh, for an 'arthen vessel, when it is broken, it can't ring—eh!"

From all the quaint, comical, saintly, sensible, and senseless sayings of that service I selected this as the only one worth remembering, and have since considered it as the only "good I got" at meeting that day.

Good health, in my opinion, is one of the best preparations, and the securest foundation, for a good religion. If cleanliness is next to godliness, then good health must be, in a large degree, godliness itself. To take care of this "arthen vessel" should be reckoned a primary religious duty, for it is the care of a body which is estimated by all Christians as the noblest workmanship of God.

Without perfection of body it is difficult to attain to the highest intellectual and spiritual excellence. The body is the first growth of man—the first development; it is the fitting up of machinery as the vehicle or expression of the moral and spiritual forces; it is the building of the light-house for the light, or the construction of the locomotive for the steam.

All the invisible and impalpable forces of Nature, all the unseen and mysterious forces of the soul, must have some palpable medium of manifestation in order that they may be known and felt, that they may be feared and revered by man. Not until the body has reached maturity does the soul begin its truest and noblest expansion, and then it calls into requisition all the organs and functions of the body for its infinite variety of expression. The eye speaks, flashing thoughts that go straight to the heart, quick and crushing as bolts of lightning; the lips, though mute, are eloquent of meaning; the attitude, the movement of the body, the lifting of the hand, the pointing of a finger as well as the words spoken or written, all are but the outward expression of an inward man—the seen and palpable exponents of the policy and principles of that invisible soul which holds the helm, or sits upon the throne, of our individual humanities.

It is for this reason we should first study our physical nature, that we should fully understand all its needs and how to supply them, in order that it may be best conditioned for its natural uses, and best fitted to answer the higher and better purposes of its immortal spirit. And it seems to me that the performance of this duty will be more pleasing in the sight of God than any of the sacrificial offerings which reason and common sense have always been required to place upon the altar of dogmatic and fashionable religions.

The system of education as heretofore practised in the schools and colleges of this country has almost entirely ignored the study of the body, and directed its energies to the development of the mental faculties, combined with a saving religious culture of the soul.

This has been the legitimate outgrowth of that old-school theology which taught the total depravity of the natural man, the utter vanity and worthlessness of this earthly life,—that our only business here should be to crucify the body and save the soul. Nearly all our secular common schools and literary institutions not nominally religious, in their methods of teaching are still largely toned and colored by the Pulten's narrow and frigid estimate of humanity.

(Of course there are exceptions to the general rule in the matter of education, and these exceptions show that an advance is being made in the right direction; that even old Orthodoxy, with all its heavy ages of error and superstition, cannot make the world stand still, cannot block the wheels of physical and spiritual progress.)

Let the study of man's physical nature become the leading study in all the common schools of this country; let the laws of hygiene be thoroughly taught and fully understood; let all the children grow into familiar knowledge of the body, its component parts, its anatomy, its organs, functions, how to develop and strengthen it, and all the time to know how to use the body to attain the highest form of physical, mental, and spiritual life possible to earth. Then we shall soon enter upon that golden era when superstition, ignorance, and the folly of fashion

will no longer be allowed to mar the true beauty of womanhood; nor to break the strength and nobility of manhood; no longer in the Baker Streets and Five Points of our large cities will children be born and nursed and educated in crime; and no longer will our criminal laws be of revenge and retaliation, but rather disciplinary and reformatory in spirit and execution.

A universal knowledge of physical health, in all its harmonious relations, how to secure and preserve it, would dissipate half the ills and crimes of the world; the low, fierce passions of the animal would gradually fade away, and men would come more and more under the influence and control of their moral sentiments and spiritual qualities of mind.

We should then have a religion of health, or a healthful religion. In either case it would be an advance upon that religion which now forgets the body in its great concern for the welfare of the soul.

HIRAM TORREY.

WISSAHICKON, Philadelphia.

A CRITICISM OF THEISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

In the contest between theism and atheism is there not a third position, a middle point? My objection to any clearly defined theism is that it attempts to conceive that which is inconceivable; that it makes an *object of thought* of a certain something (or nothing) which cannot be brought within the domain of the thinking faculty. I do not bring this as an objection against the older deism only (that which perpetuated a working, world-fashioning deity), but also against that more refined, subtle theism which none the less makes its deity—or tries to do so—an object of conception, though it strips this object of all conceivable attributes and leaves it as a vague potency. The radical distinction between the older "deism" and the later "theism" seems to me to be this: The former makes up its God out of the definite conceptions of the understanding, thus giving finite attributes to what it calls infinite. The latter finds its material for a theomorphism in that intuition of the reason which is implied in the conceptions of the understanding, but which cannot be reduced to the plane of conception; nevertheless it is this very intuition which theism projects as its God, making an object, a conception, however vaguely defined, of that which cannot be conceived. The older "deism" tries to raise the conditioned up to the plane of the unconditioned; the later "theism" tries to bring the unconditioned down to the plane of the conditioned. The one makes its God an impersonal personality; the other makes its God a personal impersonality. Both attempt to join in thought what in *thought* is forever put asunder. To me both have their essence in idol-worship. The later theism, however, is very subtle, and is continually dodging under on this side or that, in order to keep its God out of limitations. But so long as it attempts to think out God, however far it may carry its removal of the limitations which the intellect sets up, it is simply continuing the old process of idol-making. To the intellect God cannot be postulated, and that is equivalent to saying, *there is no God*. But is this atheism? That depends upon what is meant by theism. So far as atheism is a denial of any conceived, or half-conceived, or conceived and then un-conceived God, it is atheism. But these theomorphic idols, these images which the art-genius of the race has set up in its temple, symbolize an inexpressible reality. The god-forming tendency of the human mind is simply a spontaneous exercise of the art-faculty which seeks to symbolize, or project into form, those intuitions (or—call them what you will) which are otherwise incapable of expression. Hence the gods and goddesses of polytheism; hence the mediæval god or gods; hence the soulless God of the eighteenth century; hence the obscure, misty god of the nineteenth century. These art forms change their shape and aspect with the advancing culture of the race. Each age sees the inadequacy of the idol of the preceding age and attempts to find in the intellect a justification of its own. But the time, it seems to me, has come for the final recognition of the fact that all these idols—from those that are most definite to those that are vaguest in their outlines—are merely more or less adequate symbols of a reality that is incomprehensible,—that is unutterable by any formula of the intellect not less than by any shaping of wood or stone. So understood, I do not hesitate to say, *there is no God*. Indeed, it affects me as a kind of blasphemy to say, *there is a God*, or even, *God is*: it seems to me the old Miltonic satanism,—a rebellion of the intellect, which, when it abides by its assigned place in the hierarchy of life, finds its highest glory in silent adoration. But if atheism go farther than this and employ a new postulate of its own, it is then only the old theism in a new garb, and its "there is no God" conceals an affirmation that is objectionable on the same ground as is that to which it is opposed.

What, then, remains? The old symbols, before which worshipping nations have bent from age to age, topple from their pedestals; but the heart of man is not left without its food. The contents of these symbols remain,—a reality

which cannot be brought within the scope of the intellect and named in words, and can therefore only be embodied in individual life, in speechless worship. A certain spiritual state remains, which realizes in the heart, in the life, in a rapport or harmony or identification with the universe, that which the old idols of the intellect stand for. In the presence of this unutterable, mystic reality, there remains only silence—but a silence that is golden.

Very respectfully,

HOWARD HINTON.

NEW YORK CITY.

"LITERATURE AND DOGMA."

It seems to me that the chief thing to assert of God is, not his personality, but his righteousness. I do not feel like affirming or denying his personality. To affirm it seems to be putting about the infinite something of human limitation; to deny it seems to be stripping him of what is noblest in our conception of being. I can but think that the term righteousness includes all that is really precious to us in the term personality; and Matthew Arnold used it in that sense.

There is something in human personality which we must ascribe to God in order that he may fulfil our largest wants; but what that something is no philosophy has yet made plain. We have not yet cleared human existence of all finite limitations, and seen it shine in the pure splendors of the infinite; and hence, when we talk of God as a person, we are apt to import into that term somewhat of human contraction. Is it not sufficient to believe in God as the enduring righteousness; that all which is most beautiful and excellent to our mortal comprehension is indeed the triumphant force of the universe, the law that lies at the root of all things, the beginning and the end? If we prove the personality of God, a thousand problems yet remain unsolved, and the light does not shine clear; but if we prove the righteousness of God every problem is solved, and the darkness is turned into day.

Channing insisted that the *moral grandeur* of Christ is the main thing to be considered—not the mode of his being; and so we say that the moral grandeur of God is the supreme thing—not his mode of being. I do not care to believe that he is a person, if I can only believe that he is infinitely wise and good. Perhaps I must believe the former in order to believe the latter; but the last at any rate is the greater term, and, if I believe that in all its magnificent fullness, my faith is strong enough.

Literature and Dogma is to me a very helpful and very wonderful book. It makes the struggle of existence seem diviner. It gives me hope and joy and trust; for I find therein a term in which my heart finds deepest satisfaction,—the *enduring righteousness of God*.

S. P. PUTNAM.

NORTH PLATTE, Nebraska.

"QUAKERS" AND FRIENDS.

CINCINNATI, 7th, 13th, 1873.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

In obedience to the "Inward Light" which friend Higginson says, in THE INDEX of July 12, "seems as obsolete as the old French monarchy," I feel it right to criticise his article on "Quaker Revivals." Had he stuck to the word and text, "Quaker," I should have remained silent; but when he inquires, "Where is gone the dignity that marked the *Friends' Meetings* of other days?" I feel it my duty to say that "the dignity, the thoughtful silence, the patience, the gentleness, the solemnity," still remain in Friends' Meetings as of yore. But in *Quaker Meetings* everything indeed seems changed; and they are, as he truly says, "taking up the poorest parts of Methodism just as the Methodists are laying them down."

In the year 1827, the more Orthodox of the Society of Friends forced the evangelical question upon it, and caused a separation of the Society into the two wings called "Orthodox Quakers" and "Hicksite Friends." The "Orthodox" hold revivals as he has truthfully described; but the *Society of Friends*, commonly called "Hicksite Friends" (because of their great leader Elias Hicks, who rallied the more liberal and radical around the old yet ever new, living, and inspiring "Inward Light"), still move on in "thoughtful silence," preserving the ancient dignity, solemnity, gentleness, and spiritual restraint in their various meetings; and should he or others visit the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting held in June, or the Richmond, Indiana, Yearly Meeting held the last week in September, they would truly behold an inspiring sight—some two or three thousand persons sitting in solemn silence, restraining the play of the carnal passions, of self, that the Spirit of Truth may have full and uninterrupted sway in their deliberations.

The Society of Friends having suffered all manner of persecutions in securing that priceless boon, "liberty of conscience," now watch closely the wiles of the Evangelicals in their endeavors to subvert our government, and in

general sympathize with and are readers of THE INDEX; and, so far as the "Inward Light" permits,—or, in other words, so far as their highest sense of duty and right permits,—cordially co-operate in the "Free Religious" movement. Indeed, Friends really are as radical as the "Free Religionists," if not more so. Although still encumbered with some of the wrecks of the past, which they are rapidly removing, they believe now as of yore in a religion of experience, accepting *no truth* until experienced, or fully demonstrated to be true. They believe in the "Inward Light" and power of the Spirit, because they have had demonstrated to them its beneficent influences and experienced its operations in their own souls.

Friend Morris Einstein, in this same number of THE INDEX, gave an excellent Friends' sermon—that which he calls conscience being, as I conceive, a God-given guide to every individual to lead him to the "Kingdom of God within," if he will but obey its monitions. Yet though friend Einstein is, I believe, called a materialist, while I stand at the opposite spiritual pole, I extend to him the warm hand of fellowship, believing that he needs but to take the one step from the phenomena to the spirit controlling the phenomena; from the thing created to the creator, to stand in the fulness of spiritual life and become a disciple of the "Inner Light."

The Society of Friends have no creed, each individual simply "minding the Light," rigidly obeying his highest conceptions of truth and right. They believe in and uphold a free press, a free pulpit, so-called, and a free ministry. They are unalterably opposed to all religious traditions, superstitions, bigotry, and such ceremonial forms or observances as tend to hamper the soul in its onward progress toward the infinite.

Respectfully,

BENJ. E. HOPKINS.

TURNING THE TABLES.—The Calcutta correspondent of the London Times, in a letter dated Oct. 4, writes:—

"A lecture, the mere title of which will startle a great many people in England, was delivered in Calcutta last week by the minister of the Adi-Sumaj, the elder body of the Brahmos. The Adi-Sumaj (that is, Adi-Church), although separated from the Hindus on many points, make their chief separation to consist in claiming a return to the Vedas, which they say Hinduism has departed from. The leaders of this section of the Brahmos are a highly respectable body of men, well educated, generally calm and thoughtful, and thoroughly respected by all classes of their countrymen. The minister of this body startled Calcutta, or at least the religious part of it, by announcing a lecture on 'The Superiority of Hinduism to every other Existing Religion.' This was meeting Christians in a very unusual way. The lecturer held that Hinduism was 'superior,' because it owed its name to no man; because it acknowledged no mediator between God and man; because the Hindu worships God in the intensely devotional sense, as the Soul of the soul; because the Hindu alone can worship God at all times, in business and pleasure, and everything; because, while other Scriptures inculcate the practice of piety and virtue for the sake of eternal happiness, the Hindu Scriptures alone maintain that God should be worshipped for the sake of God alone, and virtue practised for the sake of virtue alone; because Hinduism inculcates universal benevolence, while other faiths merely refer to man; because Hinduism is non-sectarian (believing that all faiths are good if the men who hold them are good), non-proselytizing, pre-eminently tolerant, devotional to an entire abstraction of the mind from time and sense, and the concentration of it on the Divine; of an antiquity running back to the infancy of the human race, and from that time till now influencing in all particulars the greatest affairs of the State, and the most minute affairs of domestic life. These are some of the points insisted upon by the lecturer, and many a long day will it be, I fear, before we shall alter the people's faith in these points, which they can reason about as cleverly as any Englishmen among our best theologians here, and with a surprising power of illustration from the general history of nations. The lecture was replied to the other evening by the Principal of the Free Church College, in the College Hall; and he was met there by several disputants on the previous lecturer's ground, by whom his views were roundly questioned. This of itself will show how necessary it is to have an able and thoroughly educated class of men as missionaries in India. The Christian lecturer (an able and gentlemanly scholar) claimed to include among the sacred books of the Hindus the *Tantras*. A young Hindu, writing immediately after, asked, 'Why, then, do not Christians include among their sacred Scriptures the works of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas?' Be the point discussed what it may, it will not be doubted that in dealing with such persons the only weapon of the slightest use is reason."

That creed is the best which can be reduced most easily to practice.

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FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor,
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[FOR THE INDEX.]

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"What do you mean by that?" asks my wife; "I don't follow you."

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That ever-present evil spirit raging up and down and seeking whom he might devour, on the alert, at my elbow, always, when God seemed ever so far off,—I cannot estimate the influence of that dark shadow on my childhood. Every day was a challenge thrown down to him: "Hold fast what I give you." He was so near, so taunting, and seemed to loom over the whole world with such force, while the counter-acting Goodness sat afar, and only came when he was called. Satan never needed to be called! Why was it?

Oh yes! He was King in those days, or rather a Viceroy of such unlimited power that it scarcely seemed worth one's while to fight. The very bees and honey suggested him, while the boy-rover watched the tiny workers. The awed and reverent delight with which he saw the honey castle grow, were shot across with a shudder.

"Why didn't God find work for idle hands as well? Why did he let Satan have everything his own way in the nursery rhymes?"

My wife had a sunnier childhood; but perhaps because her childish imagination was more vivid than mine, she suffered even more from this spectre of sin. She has often described to me the shadow of an evening lamp, which framed for her a nightly horror. There was a high old-fashioned bureau in the nursery where Bonny's mother slept, when a little girl; and standing on it, a taller and older-fashioned "dressing-glass," as it was called, a quality carved thing, with drawers and knobs and swinging mirror. The evening lamp was placed on a table near and projected the shadow of this ancient frame high upon the wall. There it was, a distinct

profile! A dreadful little head, with horrible suggestions of cunning in its low outline, a hooked nose and a mouth that was open to swallow up anything that came near. The Evil One, without a doubt!

So Bonny's mother, poor little girl, shivered and shrank through many a long night, covering up her head, when the horror grew too dreadful; and to smother in safety beneath the warm blanket seemed the only thing left to her. Or sometimes, waking suddenly at midnight, with vague sensation of something left undone in the day, saying her prayers rapidly, and over and over, to God millions of miles away, but before the black shadow watching there.

"Ugh!" says my wife, "even now I am very careful about shadows. I don't know how the thing faded out of my life; with going into the country perhaps, or moving into another and more modern room."

"Or putting out the light, perhaps," I suggested.

"No, indeed; he was a great deal more horrible in the dark. There was more of him then, and he seemed to loom out into the room, come down from the wall, and lean over me. I was very thankful for the light; for then I saw him distinct and fixed upon the chamber wall."

So we have taken lessons of our own childhood, my wife and I; but there is no need to watch our nursery wall. There can be no evil shadows there, for have there been any suggestions of this towering, menacing Satan, this Power of the Air? When our children do wrong in their baby way, we strive to make them feel they are wronging their own natures, wounding themselves, as well as their loving mother's heart.

But my little woman came home indignant, the other day, from church.

"I have no patience with Dr. F.," and she threw down her muff as though it were a gauntlet to the whole order of divines.

"Dr. F.! The most peaceable and lamb-like man in existence—what has he been doing or saying?"

For I remembered that there had been a children's sermon at our church this afternoon, and that Bonny and the rest had gone out in state, very dignified and important at the treat of going to church.

"The children never heard of the Devil until this afternoon!" said my little woman, half crying.

"Why should I take them to church to learn that? Old Goblin! He isn't just the dreadful thing you and I grew up with for intimate friend; but he is a real, live person now to them!"

"What did you say to Dr. F.?" I interposed, for I knew that my wife had not reserved her fire.

"I told him that he had the credit of the introduction anyhow; that my children were not brought up on sin, for daily food; and that their ideas of father and mother were something that did not agree, at all, with his graphic account of the Father of Lies."

"The mild little Doctor was astonished, I know."

"Never heard of the Devil?" he said, quite confused; "don't they manifest him in their daily life?"

"No, sir! I said, with a courtesy, 'they manifest their father and mother! I brought my children to church to hear of good; from you I expected nothing less.'"

"But, mercy on us, that man's children are dead and married long ago; he does not know one thing about little folks. So he just bundled up some old theories and recollections together, and scattered the whole dusty rubbish from the pulpit upon the children's heads."

"Don't your children tell stories, sometimes?" he asked, on the defensive.

"I looked him straight in the face and said: 'Doctor, a child who is not afraid will never tell a mean lie! If you make children cowards with the threat of punishment hanging over them for this or that little mischief or misdemeanor, you will find lies spring up in some timid souls, but you have made them grow. Why should my children lie to me? They couldn't do anything that they wouldn't tell me. They couldn't do anything, short of murdering the baby, that they would not know was

light in comparison to the lie that covered it. When children are trusted and not terrified, there is no room for lies.'"

"I was too angry at the Doctor," my wife went on, "to tell him about Bonny."

When Bonny was four years old, he was possessed with the spirit of romance. "Forty cats" was nothing to it. There were wonderful visions in the parlor which vanished as mamma went down, golden glories, a splendid new clock with a silver dog on it, etc., etc. Mary Bradford had been here while mamma was out, and brought lots of sugar-plums, and—and—a cane with a tassel.

"Where is the cane, my dear? Bring it to me."

"It's all broke up, and the pieces—the pieces—frowed away."

Mamma was in despair for three days. "What shall I do? It's clear invention, the whole thing!"

And yet she wisely abstained from punishment, even from reproof. She is a lineal descendant of Davy Crockett, my little woman,—she waits till she is sure.

At last an inspiration came: "It's only imagination; we must balance it with facts."

Just then, *a propos*, in came Bonny without his leather belt, and his kilted dress hanging from the shoulder.

"Where is your belt, Bonny? Bring it to mamma; she will fasten it for you."

"I tan't," said Bonny, gravely. "It's gived away!"

"Given away? Who to?" (For mamma did not stop for grammar on that day.)

"To a poor little boy. He came to the window without any shoes on, and I gave him my belt."

"Why, Bonny! How did the boy get up to the window?" (We were on the third floor, in a room adjoining the nursery.)

"He climbed up the grape-vine!"

"Come show me," said mamma, leading him to the window. There, curled up in a little bundle, lay the leather belt.

"Then," said mamma, seizing the occasion, "the boy didn't really take it away!"

"No," sighed Bonny, plaintively.

"Bonny put it there so that the boy could have it if he did come up the grape-vine?"

"Yes," Bonny admitted softly, under his breath.

"Why, that's a fairy-story, Bonny, like those mamma reads out of a book sometimes, about Cinderella and the pumpkin. Bonny knows that a pumpkin never could be a coach; it would break all to pieces going round the corner."

"I saw a pumpkin once, mamma," said the little boy proudly, "out at gwandpa's, in a wagon."

"Yes. And it was brought into the kitchen, and then what was done with it?"

"Pies?" suggested Bonny.

"Yes. Susan cut it up into little bits and boiled it, and put lots of sugar and good things to it, and made it into a pie. She didn't touch it with a stick, and make a coach out of it—that's a fairy story; but she cooked it, and mashed it, and stirred it, and it came out a pie; that's real! Now when Bonny tells me that he took a walk this morning and saw the sparrows in the park, that's real, too! But when he tells me that the little boy climbed up the grape-vine, Bonny did not really see him, only thought about it, and wanted him to come! Does Bonny understand?"

"Yes, Bonny fought he did climb up."

"Shut your eyes tight, Bonny," said mamma.

The little fellow screwed up his face in his eagerness to obey.

"Do you see the little boy climbing up the grape-vine now?"

"Yes," said Bonny promptly.

"Now open your eyes and come to the window. Is there any little boy there?"

"N—no," said Bonny, half inclined to doubt the evidence of his senses.

"Well, then, when Bonny tells mamma anything, he must be sure to tell her if he sees it with his eyes shut or with them open! It makes a great difference, and Bonny wants to be true, always. What he sees with his eyes open, he knows is true. When he shuts his eyes, he sees fairy-stories and grape-vine boys!"

"Well," said I, when the lesson ended and Bonny, subdued, had gone back to his blocks again, "that isn't just the way I should have done, exactly. There (taking a white paper parcel from my pocket) is a box of bon-bons I've been carrying for two days. I have kept them *perdu*, ready to spring them upon Master Bonny whenever he should tell another vision of sugar-plums. I meant to call all the children together, to question Bonny gravely, and then say: 'Well, if Bonny has had his sugar-plums, that's enough for him. He can't have any more; but these are for little brother and sister.'"

"My dear goose," said my little woman, untying the parcel and choosing a bon-bon daintily as she spoke, "don't you know what would have happened then? Bonny with no sugar-plums, and the others with full hands! How long do you suppose it would be before there was a transfer to poor Bonny who had none? You stern parent, I am ashamed of you! Teach Arty and Baby to enjoy themselves while Bonny has need! You couldn't unless you forbade them to share with him, and what a stingy, hateful lesson that would be!"

You see my wife does not believe, any more than George MacDonald does, in the good people enjoying themselves, all serene, at a celestial banquet, while there are any poor starving souls without the door!

"But still," she continued, "we'll nail the grape-vine lesson fast."

"Bonny," called mamma again, and Bonny, belted tight, appeared again at the door, followed by his two-year-old brother.

"Come here, Bonny, shut your eyes again," hiding meanwhile the box behind the sofa-cushion. "Think about sugar-plums. Pink and white ones. Can you see them with your eyes shut?"

"Y-yes," drawled Bonny, opening a little corner of one eye, in his vain effort to keep the other tight-shut.

"Then," said mamma, producing the box suddenly, "look here!"

Holding the delicious little heap of chocolates and sugar-almonds before his astonished eyes—"Which will you have—the sugar-plums you see with your eyes shut, or these?"

The choice was instantly indicated, and Bonny's mouth was full.

"Then," said mamma, holding her little boy squarely before her, "Bonny likes real sugar-plums best! Better than grape-vine sugar-plums?"

Fairly cornered, Bonny, with the strangest working of his face, hid his head suddenly on mamma's shoulder.

"Bonny knows now," continued my oracle, "he will always know when things are real!"

There was never any need to repeat the lesson. The romancing went on, of course, but not with the same spirit, and was always prefaced by—"This is a fairy-story." And Bonny's word was good, as good for facts as his soberer elder brother's, our thoughtful boy, whose share of imagination had evidently been given to his overflowing and radiant brother.

"When I remember," said my wife, "the unreal world I lived in as a child,—how I persuaded myself that I had brothers and sisters at boarding school and had names for them, and different dispositions and traits, and that they were coming home for the Christmas holidays, I can't be very hard on Bonny. If I hadn't been a lone, lorn, only child, with nobody to confide these visions to, I should probably have been bravely punished for story-telling myself. I used to talk them out to the dolls, I remember."

It is well for fathers and mothers to carry their own childhood all through their nursery ethics, to travel back, on occasions of doubt or difficulty, and with a rare sympathy live out the dilemma.

"These things take time!" remarks some overworked papa.

I should think they did! What is time good for else? When neither father nor mother has time to train their children, I propose to repeat daily, at dinner, Charles Lamb's toast: "To the memory of the good King Herod!" Better a hecatomb of innocents than the wholesale starvation of little souls.

DOING GOOD.—There is a book called *A Hundred Ways of Cooking Eggs*, and a very clever man or woman could cook or she must be who could find out such a variety. Now there are many hundred ways of doing good, and if you cannot find out, I could give you a recipe or two. If you have money, feed the poor and do good. If you have none, feed the sparrow in the winter, and there is something done. If you can preach, be diligent in your ministry; but they who teach babies do good as well as you. There is a sweet smell in little violets, and I have heard choice songs from birds I could not see. If you cannot place a fountain by the roadside, you may be able to mend the leaky cup out of which the traveller drinks.—*Spurgeon's Almanac.*

No society in which eccentricity is a matter of reproach can be in a wholesome state.—*J. S. Mill.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by F. E. ABBOT, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TRANSPIRES IN OR NEAR NASSAU STREET.

Paul and his father had not emerged from the southern end of that enclosure which had formed the subject of a disparaging comparison in the young man's letter to Kate Sabin, when they met her brother sauntering in the opposite direction and reading a newspaper. After a double introduction by Paul, Richard explained that he was going to the Astor House to show his friend something in the journal which had attracted his attention.

"It's about Maberley," he said, "and quite accounts for his presence on board the Cayuga. Now you'll see what compelled him to leave England and necessitated the sacrifice of those whiskers. He should have had a closer crop if we had only known, and sailed on a larger voyage—as far as Botany Bay, perhaps. I happened to be looking into the window of a cheerful shop here, where there's a hatchet that murdered somebody on exhibition, as a kind of advertisement, when I saw the fellow's name on a poster, enumerating the contents of a back-number of the paper published within. So I went in and got a copy—and a nice three cent's worth it is, quite worthy of the occasion. I wonder they didn't devote their big cut to the hero of it and invent a portrait; as I see the bonny face of poor Mrs. Nibbett (a once popular London actress) is made to do duty for the heroine of the chopper. A fine compliment, certainly!" and Dick gave the sheet into the hand of his friend.

It was a sort of a police gazette, or weekly record of native and foreign crime, coarsely printed and vilely illustrated with a sensational murder-picture on the front page, as well as the portrait alluded to by Sabin—one of those low sheets pandering to the worse tastes of the vulgar common to all great cities. Evidently extracted from some London print of similar character, the article about Maberley was garnished with half a dozen titles, in which the fugitive's name and offence figured in large, black, capital letters. Adjourning to a seat near the extinct Park fountain (now abolished by the new Post-office), Paul and his father made themselves acquainted with the details.

It is, happily, unnecessary for the purpose of my story that I should emulate the copiousness of the *New York Chronicle of Crime*, or do more than mention the particular wickedness which had terminated the career of Mr. James Maberley in England. I would omit it altogether if he had not an indispensable part to play in this novel, and if, when a real scoundrel is introduced in one, it did not argue dishonesty or want of moral courage to shrink from depicting him truthfully. His crime, then, involved the abuse of his profession to a hideous purpose, intended to conceal the result of his own profligacy and that of his victim, a wretched girl of low origin, who had almost died under his hands, as well as her murdered unborn baby. In consequence, the tragedy had exploded into infamous publicity, contemporaneous with Maberley's flight from justice and the apprehension of his accomplice—a horrible Frenchwoman, whom Paul and Richard immediately identified as the female who had originated the street-row at the door of her principal, in Hanover street, Hanover Square. From her confession the details of the case were mainly derived.

Men are so much accustomed to hearing of wickedness that they seldom indulge in very strong expressions about it among themselves, though they may cordially detest its perpetrators. So when Sabin had followed up his previous remarks on Maberley with others of the same nature, when Paul had heartily regretted his escape and wondered what would become of the poor wife—whether, in the collapse of the Hanover-street establishment, she had not, as usual, taken refuge with his grandmother—and when his father had said, "I should like to shoot him!"—which struck Paul as a characteristic Southern sentiment—the subject was virtually exhausted; though they continued to talk it over on their way to Nassau street, Richard going with them, on John Gower's invitation. Whether the circumstance that the scoundrel whose guilt they were discussing was the husband of the pretty cousin whom he had once loved occurred very strongly to the doctor's mind, and intensified his detestation of him, did not appear, though Paul, who observed his father closely, thought so. Certainly his homicidal wish was uttered very fervently.

Arriving in the street which may be termed the journalistic centre of the American continent—inasmuch as there is scarcely a house, or

perhaps room, within its narrow precincts, which is not, or has not at some time been, the office of some publication—they ascended the common staircase of one of the buildings, the apartments of which were all let off into offices, as the innumerable names on the walls, the doors, and even the stairs, denoted; and threading several dark and dingy corridors, found the door of Mr. Wheeler's place of business closed. Their knocking proving unavailing, they were about to go away, when a man who emerged from an adjacent room, and locked it afterwards, with an air of proprietorship, paused in passing them, to say civilly:—

"I guess, gentlemen, Mr. Wheeler's gone to lunch. You'll most likely find him at Crook and Duff's."

John Gower was in the act of thanking him, when the man suddenly recognized him, laughed and held out his hand. "Why, Dr.," he said, "where did you spring from? The sight of you is good for sore eyes! Don't you recollect me?"

"The Reverend Jim Scobell, isn't it?" asked the doctor, smiling and shaking hands—or, rather, allowing his own to be shaken.

The other laughed again, loudly and brimfully. "Oh! that's Ferret's gas," he said. "When I was secretary to Mr. Calhoun, I read prayers one morning and Ferret, he happened to be there, and was so tickled by it that he has made a parson of me in the *Emerald* ever since, just for devilment. Did you see it this morning?"

"No. I've only just arrived from New Orleans."

"Don't say? Well, you get it, that's all, and read the letter by Sam Green, 'the man not nominated Frank Pierce.' I'm giving 'em b— all round. I make — (a prominent Washington editor) hold the President's horse and black his boots for him. Doc! if you stay here there'll be some fun soon. I'm going to start a comic paper—the *Pickaxe*—what do you think of it for a name? I wrote the *Pepperpot* up to thirty thousand a week, and now those miserable skunks, Woodruff and Ritchings—the proprietors, you know—have got so conceited on the strength of it that they're going in for a *Punch* with Jim Brough for editor!—I'm not good enough for 'em, by —! Well, we'll see. I guess the whole caboot of 'em 'll find out before long. But how's things down South? You didn't come through Mobile, I suppose?"

The doctor explained that he had come north by water, disposing of the first question with a comprehensive "first-rate."

"Ah, if you had, I'd have asked you about John Fordyce of the *Register*—I'm 'Harmony,' his New York correspondent—write twice a week and stir 'em up with a long pole." Talking with extreme volubility, Mr. Scobell led the way down-stairs, John Gower listening to rather than conversing with him, and Paul and his friend following. They could not help regarding the man with some curiosity, which his appearance as well as his speech justified.

He was a coarse-looking person of about forty, of medium height and figure, shabbily dressed and dirty, with hair as coarse and black and straight as an Indian's; not worn particularly long, but noticeable on account of its quality, as well as its unkempt untidiness. It straggled over an unwashed face, whose peculiar, strangely marked features, though of no distinct order, were so full of individuality as to be absolutely unique in their expression of blackguard audacity, cunning and intelligence. His eyes were as bright and sharp as steel beads, and had a singular, peremptory look, suggestive of a tendency towards brow-beating and bullying, which his loud, harsh, brassy, brattling voice fully corroborated. Yet in spite of this, of his frequent profanity, and the general repulsiveness of his aspect—his large mouth was half-full of tobacco, the liquid results of which were visible on his frowzy beard—you would have hesitated before pronouncing him a decidedly bad fellow. Perhaps a reckless, devil-may-care good humor, growing out of his evidently immense conceit and approbation, was the redeeming trait that prevented such a conclusion.

He accompanied the three gentlemen to within sight of Crook and Duff's, pointing out the restaurant in question, and departed, as he said, to the *Emerald* office, where he had an appointment with Mr. Ferret—mentioning both editor and newspaper with some importance. Involuntarily they looked after him, as did a couple of ragged news-boys, gambling for cents on an adjacent curb-stone.

"That one of the lights of American literature?" asked Sabin of Paul's father.

"Well, not exactly. But he's a character, in his way, is Jim Scobell. I believe he began life as a merchant and drifted into journalism, like a good many better and worse men, when his fortune went to smash elsewhere—it was the panic of '37 that finished him. Then he used to be 'round town drunk in the gutters, I've heard, and nearly killed himself with whiskey—had *deltium tremens* for weeks together. I remember him as agent to Lola Montez, when she was out here; he engineered puffs and notices for her in the papers, with one of which I was con-

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needed. He has been all sorts of things—was really secretary to Mr. Calhoun of South Carolina, for a short time before his death (how it came about I don't know), and travels extensively on it in talk and in writing, being—I will say that for him—a good Southern-states-rights man, though he was born in Connecticut. He'd no kind of position on the press in my time, and I reckon it's much the same now, in spite of his talk about the *Emerald* and *Ferret*—whom, they say, he helped to some of Mr. Calhoun's private papers. But he knows politics and politicians, and writes in a reckless, outrageous rowdy style that's rather amusing. And he has a stupendous capacity for lying.

[To be continued.]

THEODORE PARKER.

After the indictment was quashed which included Theodore Parker on the technical offence of obstructing an officer by a speech made at Faneuil Hall before the rendition of Anthony Burns, he wrote and published the *Defence* which, in substance, he would have made at the trial. To his friend Desor he wrote: "For a few days it looked as if I might get indicted and have a trial. It would have afforded me a splendid opportunity for a speech in my own defence. I would not value six months in jail for an occasion to do service to the cause of liberty in America." Near the close of his *Defence* occurs the following passage:—

"I drew my first breath in a little town not far off—a poor little town where the farmers and mechanics first unsheathed that revolutionary sword which, after eight years of hewing, clove asunder the Gordian knot that bound America to the British yoke. One raw morning in spring, it will be ninety-eight years ago the next nineteenth of April, 'Hancock and Adams, the Moses and Aaron of that great deliverance, were both at Lexington; they also had obstructed an officer with brave words.' British soldiers, a thousand strong, came to seize them, and carry them over the sea for trial, and so nip the bud of freedom, auspiciously opening in that early spring. The town militia came together before daylight 'for training.' A great, tall man, with a large head, and a high, wide brow, their Captain,—one who had 'seen service,'—marshalled them, numbering but seventy, into line, and bade 'every man load his piece with powder and ball.' 'I will order the first man shot that runs away,' said he, when some faltered. 'Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they want to have a war, let it begin here.' You know what followed: those farmers and mechanics 'fired the shot heard round the world.'"

"I was born in that little town, and bred up amid the memories of that day. When a boy, my mother lifted me up one Sunday in her religious, patriotic arms, and held me while I read the first monumental line I ever saw:—

"Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind."

The spirit of liberty, the love of justice was early fanned into flame in my boyish heart. That monument covers the bones of my own kinsfolk; it was their blood which reddened the long, green grass at Lexington. It is my own name which stands chiselled on that stone. The tall captain who marshalled his fellow farmers and mechanics into stern array, and spoke such brave and dangerous words as opened the war of American Independence—the last man to leave the field,—was my father's father. I learned to read out of his Bible; and, with a musket he that day captured from the foe, I learned also another religious lesson, that—

"Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

I keep them both, 'Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind,' to use them both 'in the sacred cause of God and my Country.'"

Thus he traces the moral vigor of his manhood back to one of his roots in the old soil. But there is another which is derived from an incident of his childhood. As he was about to throw a stone at a turtle in a brook, his arm was suspended by a vivid impression that it would be wrong. And on asking his mother what it was which changed his mind, that soul of conscience replied to him that it was the voice of God in man. So, equipped with a moral sense adequate both to combat and forbearance, he approached his life-long illustration of absolute religion.

The tender and fastidious souls are constructed of identical material in all creeds and countries. Madame Swetchine, the famous Catholic, at six years of age "desired a watch with an ardent wish transpired in all her movements; and her father had promised her one. During her years of expectation, she never slept, and was a prey to feverish preoccupation. The watch came, and was worn with the keenest enjoyment. But suddenly a new thought seized upon her mind: she reflected that there was something better than a watch. To relinquish it,—namely, of her own accord; she hurried to her father, and restored to him the object of her passionate desires."

The arrested arm of the radical preacher, and the renouncing gesture of the devout Catholic, come from the same source of power, which sets

aside the creeds of men in favor of their natural piety.

When Theodore Parker lived at Lexington, and taught school during the winter months, he went up to Lincoln to offer himself for the district school. The old chairman of the committee was an up-country specimen, born before grammars had settled in town. He said gruffly, "What's your name?" "Theodore Parker." "Where do you belong?" "Lexington." "Be you the son of Capt. Parker who fit the battle of Lexington?" "No: I am his grandson." "What! be you Capt. Parker's grandson, who fit that battle?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then, I guess you'll do to keep our school." This was in the days when to fight a whole district school was the wholesome preliminary to teaching it. The old chairman unconsciously preluded his whole career; for he who could make the most unruly scholar love him became the best-hated man in America, because he attacked moral evil and superstitious usage with the broad-shouldered vigor which flowed down his pen.

Although he knew how to secure obedience, there was so little sternness in his composition that the boys soon discovered the one weak spot of his sense of humor and joyous capacity to appreciate fun. His usual artifice when the accidents of the school-room threatened to upset his dignity, was to effect a retreat into the entry, that his face might waste its risibility on the desert air. The boys, conscious by what a frail tenure he kept the magisterial repose, used to lay little traps to catch a laugh whenever the routine grew larksome.

"What are you doing, Briggs?"—"Nuthin', sir."—"Who is helping you?"—"Tom Barrett, sir."—"Both of you stand out here and let me see how you do it." Arrived in the space before the desk, Briggs shows the master how he was doing nothing by suddenly taking his props out of his pocket, with the sharp question, "heads or tails?" Theodore had barely time to reach his asylum in the entry.

[The above is the beginning of a most eloquent and noble tribute to Parker by John Weiss, just published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. We purposely tantalize our readers with one bite only of a luscious peach, in order that their appetite may be quickened for the rest. No lover of one of the grandest characters yet grown in the New World can afford to lose the pleasure of reading this admirable discourse; and we cannot help counselling our readers to send their twenty-five cents at once to the publishers,—a paltry price for what must make every free and generous heart throb with a warmer devotion to the beautiful, the tender, and the morally great.—E.D.]

TESTING PRAYER.—Couldn't the Rev. Dr. Fiske find a precedent in Scripture for a test of the efficacy of prayer something after the manner of that proposed by Professor Tyndall? Surely what was right in the days of the prophets cannot be wrong in the days of the preachers. And why are not these conditions satisfactory? Professor Tyndall does not propose to prescribe the mode in which the praying shall be done; those who believe in its efficacy have the privilege of approaching the throne of grace in any manner and as often as they think judicious or likely to secure proof of the efficacy of the means to the end proposed. If it is proper to pray for any blessing whatsoever, what sinfulness is there in praying for the restored health of a given number of sick persons? Are not prayers offered daily, in private and in public, for the recovery of the sick; and if, in spite of the doctors, a patient should be restored apparently in answer to prayer, would not the fact be widely heralded as another proof of the efficacy of the means employed? When the revivalist, Hammond, whom all the Protestant clergy, we believe, recognize as a divinely ordained means of bringing sinners to repentance, prayed that the tongue of a heretical preacher might be paralyzed, and it was done in direct answer to his petition, was it not quoted as an instance of the efficacy of an appeal through faith? Since, then, it is through faith that the recovery of the patients in the hospital ward are to be prayed for, why may not an answer as satisfactory as in the case of Hammond be vouchsafed, and the wicked, including the unbelieving Tyndall, be confounded? Why, there is a home for homeless children now in England, which is supported solely in answer to prayer, and it is prosperous almost beyond precedent. The founder never solicits contributions. Whenever he wants provisions, or clothing, or food, or anything else for the comfort of his wards, he kneels down and prays, and before he is fairly off his knees the postman or the expressman comes with the means to relieve all necessities. When we have such abundant evidence of direct answer to prayer, why shrink from a test that might result not only in the recovery of many sick, but in the conversion of one of the foremost scientific men of any age?—*Chn. Commercial*.

MAKING MONEY.—Professor Agassiz is reported as having told a shrewd business man who suggested that he could make a fortune by the right use of his scientific knowledge: "But, my dear sir, I have no time to waste in making money." This sounds well, but will hardly bear analysis. Prof. Agassiz himself finds it very necessary to use the money to support his schools that other people have made. It is well enough for him to talk in this way. He has other gifts, but without money the world would be little better for them. This cant about the folly of making money is very foolish for people in general, else how could we put our children under the instruction of Agassiz, or anybody else? It is foolish to make money if you have no use for it; but if you have noble ends to accomplish, make all you can, and then use it as wisely as you can. You will be healthier and happier for it.—*Herald of Health*.

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending August 16, 1873.

Miss Julia Hall, 75 cts.; N. E. Boyd, 50 cts.; Lulu C. Childs, 50 cts.; John Gilmer, 50 cts.; Wm. Hamburg, 50 cts.; A. C. Folson, 50 cts.; Mrs. C. H. Nelson, 50 cts.; M. P. Martin, 50 cts.; H. Davis, 50 cts.; W. H. Kent, 50 cts.; D. Porter, 50 cts.; Julia Perkins, 50 cts.; F. E. Abbot, 50 cts.; M. D. Wade, 50 cts.; F. J. Dunnett, 50 cts.; K. Helderly, 50 cts.; Sidney Drake, 50 cts.; George Maunfield, 50 cts.; Thos. Tribe, 50 cts.; David Critchton, 50 cts.; Ollie B. Squier, 50 cts.; Sam. W. Treat, 50 cts.; F. W. Kline, 50 cts.; A. Starbird, 50 cts.; T. B. Skinner, 50 cts.; M. H. Mixer, 50 cts.; M. L. Waite, 50 cts.; Jacob Jackson, 50 cts.; H. W. Stanton, 50 cts.; J. C. Kearney, 50 cts.; Nelson Davis, 50 cts.; Henry Drew, 50 cts.; Wm. J. Stuart, 50 cts.; Hyatt Cobb Jr., 50 cts.; E. P. Robeson, 50 cts.; Jas. Hiddle, 50 cts.; F. W. Fendley, 50 cts.; J. C. Reeve, 50 cts.; Lucetta Goodspeed, 50 cts.; J. B. Jay-report, 50 cts.; M. Sumfield, 50 cts.; John Mills, 50 cts.; William I. Bowditch, 50 cts.; A. M. Howland, 50 cts.; Matthew Luce, 50 cts.; George Young, 50 cts.; John Briggs, 50 cts.; Asahel Wheeler, 50 cts.; Nath. T. Allen, 50 cts.; John C. Wilson, 50 cts.; Fred. A. Green, 50 cts.; Benjamin A. Mueller, 50 cts.; G. A. Schmidt, 50 cts.; S. R. Roehrer, 50 cts.; Edmund Jackson, 50 cts.; L. S. Hayswood, 50 cts.; "A Friend," 50 cts.; E. Heldenreich, 50 cts.; A. Friend, 50 cts.; Mrs. Sarah Shaw Russell, 50 cts.; J. Flint, 50 cts.; Mrs. S. L. Morgan, 50 cts.; J. C. Delano, 50 cts.; Mrs. Wm. Cummings and Miss Cummings, 50 cts.; John A. Hayes, 50 cts.; P. L. Howland, 50 cts.; Mrs. C. A. Tucker, 50 cts.; A. Payne, 50 cts.; E. S. Aldrich, 50 cts.; G. A. Tait, Jr., 50 cts.; Thos. Davis, 50 cts.; Howard Oke, 50 cts.; J. A. Barker, 50 cts.; Thos. Davis, 50 cts.; E. H. Aldrich, 50 cts.; T. M. Lamb, 50 cts.; E. V. Lapham, 50 cts.; E. W. Hooper, 50 cts.; Samuel Cheever, 50 cts.; H. M. Twining, 50 cts.; Henry Jones, 50 cts.; James Ford, 50 cts.; Joseph E. Peck, 50 cts.; Bond & Martin, 50 cts.; American News Co., 50 cts.; A. Williams & Co., 50 cts.; George Walker, 50 cts.; Melissa U. Palmer, 50 cts.; Isaac Farnall, 50 cts.; A. Sullivan, 50 cts.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipts unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their contributions acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

DOLLAR DONATION FUND.

This fund is to be used, first, in meeting any deficiency in current expenses that may result from the recent "Index troubles," and, secondly, in such other ways as the editor shall find most advantageous for the paper. All appropriations will be reported to the Directors.

Acknowledged with thanks for the week ending August 16:—
\$2.00—William Jones; \$5.00—Mrs. E. P. Robeson.

RECEIVED.

WOMAN IN AMERICAN SOCIETY. By ABRA GOULD WOOLSON. Boston: ROBERTS BROTHERS. 1873.
DIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. Illustrated. By R. T. TRALL, M.D. New York: S. H. WELLS. 1873.
DIALOGUES AND RECITATIONS. Adapted to the Children's Progressive Lyceums. By MRS. LOUISA SHEPARD. Cleveland: AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST PUBLISHING COMPANY. 1871.
LECTURES ON MR. DARWIN'S PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE. Delivered in the Royal Institution in March and April, 1873. By F. MAX MUELLER, M.A. London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co. 1873.
REFORM IN BURIAL RITES, AND THE CUSTOM OF WEARING MOURNING: Letters by the Rev. CHARLES VOSSEY, reprinted from THE INDEX.
THE RESURRECTION: AN EASTER SERMON. By Rev. ROBERT RODOLPH SUFFIELD.—THE RENAISSANCE OF MODERN EUROPE. By J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.—THE PENTATEUCH IN CONTRAST WITH THE SCIENCE AND MORAL SENSE OF OUR AGE. By A. PHYSICIAN. Part II.—RELIGION: Its Place in Human Culture. By JOHN MCLEOD.—THE PROVINCE OF PRAYER. By W. E. B.—THE HISTORICAL DEPRIVATION OF CHRISTIANITY. By F. W. NEWMAN.—JESUS versus CHRISTIANITY. By A. CANTAB.—All published by THOMAS SCOTT, Esq., London, 1873.
THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. Opinion and Decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio, in the Case of John D. Minor et al., vs. the Board of Education of the city of Cincinnati, et al. Cincinnati: ROBERT CLARKE & Co. 1873.
CREDIT MOBILIER. Speeches of Hon. Job Stevenson, of Ohio, in the House of Representatives; &c., &c. Washington: F. & J. RIVES. 1873.
SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Board of School Inspectors of the city of Peoria, &c., &c. Peoria, Ill.: NATIONAL DEMOCRAT Office. 1873.
JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY. April, 1873. St. Louis: E. P. GRAY.
OLD AND NEW. August, 1873. Boston: ROBERTS BROTHERS.
THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW. August, 1873. Boston: L. C. BOWLES.
THE HERALD OF HEALTH. July, 1873. New York: WOOD & HOLBROOK.
THE MONTHLY MIRROR. July, 1873. New York: B. J. STOW.
THE PENN. MONTHLY. August, 1873. Philadelphia: 306 Walnut St.
THE LADIES' OWN MAGAZINE. August, 1873. Chicago: M. C. BLAND & Co.
THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. August, 1873. New York: S. R. WELLS.

The Index.

AUGUST 23, 1873.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, Editor.
ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS, Associate Editor.
OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, WILLIAM J. POTTER, RICHARD P. HOLLOWELL, WILLIAM H. SPENCER, MRS. E. D. CHENEY, Rev. CHARLES VOTSEY (England), Prof. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England), Rev. MORCURE D. CONWAY (England), Editorial Contributors.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern,	New York City,	One Share	\$100
Rich'd B. Westbrook,	Boston,	"	100
R. C. Spencer,	Milwaukee, Wis.,	Two "	200
R. W. Howes,	Boston,	Miss. One "	100
Chas. W. Story,	"	"	100
E. W. Meddaugh,	Detroit, Mich.,	Five "	500
Jacob Hoffman,	Cumminsville, O.,	One "	100
John Weiss,	Boston,	Mass.,	100
W. C. Russell,	Utica, N. Y.,	"	100

Send twenty-five cents to Roberts Brothers, Boston, for a copy of Mr. Weiss' magnificent eulogium on "Theodore Parker."

Mr. H. L. Green has recently written a letter on the "Future Political Issues of This Country—the most Prominent one Religious Liberty." It was printed in the *Syracuse Daily Standard*, and republished as a tract by the Syracuse Radical Club. Mr. Green clearly discerns the "New Irrepressible Conflict" between Christianity and Freedom.

Elmira, New York, is agitated over the Sunday street-car question. The Common Council unanimously requested Mr. Cowell to run street-cars on Sunday, and he refused. On this Mr. N. M. Sherwood remarks in the *Elmira Advocate*: "The Lord has put the street railway into the hands of a man who knows His institutions and laws; and now what is the Devil going to do about it? I say simply—if he wants to howl, why, let him!" By the "Devil," this elegant writer means any and every one who wants to ride on Sunday out to Eldridge Park. But Elmira must be a "city set on a hill," if within that favored municipality the "Lord" elects the street railway superintendent. In this heathen city of Toledo, he either elects a superintendent who does not "honor His institutions and laws," or else neglects to vote altogether. The street-cars run here regularly on Sunday, and as yet no tempest of fire and brimstone has burned up this Ohio Sodom. Is the "Lord" less particular on the car question than his followers imagine? Or has the Adversary stolen a march on him? A Toledo partisan of the "Devil" might make a droll but dreadfully wicked retort about the "howling."

The Methodists are greatly exercised over their "decay of vitality," which they deplored at length in New York lately, and the causes of which they anxiously probed the overgrown "body" to find. May the "infidel INDEX" (as Bishop Haven, while editing *Zion's Herald*, delighted to designate this poor little paper) suggest an explanation? What ails Methodism is what ails escape-steam. As the steam pours blissing-hot from the open valve, it wonderfully expands in volume, but as wonderfully falls in temperature, because it mixes with the atmosphere at large. Methodism is growing rapidly in its membership; but the more it mixes itself with the world, the more it cools off under the influence of free secular thought. Rationalism is killing Methodism, as it is killing all other forms of Orthodoxy; and all the more rapidly because Methodist preachers cannot themselves withstand the subtle influence of the world they rush forth to convert. The only way to keep up their "vitality" is to shut the valves, and keep the steam within a close enclosure. "Liberal Orthodoxy" is in all cases dying Orthodoxy. If the Methodists wish to be "vital," meaning by that "Orthodox," they must weed out the semi-rationalists from their pulpits and pews; but if they wish to be popular, numerous, and "liberal," they must say good-by to their "vitality." The outside world will gain if they choose the latter alternative.

FAITH AND IDEAS.

Absence from home, from which we have very recently returned, has somewhat delayed the appearance of the following letter from Mr. Towne, to which we gladly give place now in these columns:—

MY DEAR ABBOT,—I am very glad to see in THE INDEX which has just come to hand your admirable editorial on "Radical Calvinism." The spirit of your criticism of my position is in keeping with your personal friendship, which I so highly prize; and the view which you take is for the substance of it strikingly just. I am a Radical Calvinist. Before I had ever left New Haven, I called my belief "New Calvinism," using the epithet "new" in the sense in which Paul speaks of the "new" man, or regenerate spiritual man. I am a devotee of faith rather than of mere ideas of the understanding. It was my faith in God, and not at all my doubts suggested by reason, which brought me out of Orthodoxy, and I wouldn't give a cent for all the science and all the mere truths of opinion in the world apart from the principle of faith. I have always claimed that I was in the path of legitimate evolution of Puritan Orthodoxy, a Christian of Christians in my acceptance of the very truth of law and gospel. You, in the main, do but simple justice to my position. I stand just as squarely against you as possible. For good will, and candor, and charity, I would divide my rations with you every time, if any such thing were in my power; but your method and work I regard as profoundly mistaken and mischievous. You may look upon me in some such way, at the same time that you try to understand me and do me justice.

But you must allow me to take exception sharply to an incidental feature of your criticism. You say that my claiming to be a "Calvinist" "appeared to many at the time as a freak of eccentricity bordering on derangement." You must see that it is unjust to explain a claim made by a person at all scholarly and thoughtful by "a freak of eccentricity," and that it is very unjust and cruel to suggest "derangement." If it were true to any degree at all, it would be very cruel to allude to it. But being as wretched an invention as calumny ever resorted to, it should be let alone by respectable criticism. I do not indeed care much about it now, I am so used to lies and calumny of all sorts, and have so implicit a faith in the providence of my life and my work; but I must ask you either to discover some shadow of proof in the matter or not to touch the insinuation, even incidentally.

You make too much of my reference to my having been for fifteen years an extreme radical. Of course I meant that I had been considered such. In fact I have not claimed to be anything of the sort. I have been much more disposed to claim that I was really Orthodox or Evangelical in the true sense, than that I was an extreme radical. But when you call my radicalism imperfect, you beg the matter in dispute. I have as much right to define radicalism as you have, and I have not the least doubt that you will go to the wall in the struggle to decide what is the true radicalism in religion.

You say that I have "said and written things about Jesus which even to the radicals seemed extravagant, bitter, and unjust." But you do not understand me in these things, and you should assume that perhaps you do not, and suspend your judgment, rather than judge as you do. I have a perfect right as a scholar to discriminate in my own way, and in that way I claim to have spoken only as Jesus himself did when he met a particular view of himself, taken by his chief apostle, by saying to Peter, that apostle, "Get thee behind me, Satan." I do not ask anybody to be at the trouble to find out what I mean, but I do ask of candid criticism not to use such epithets as you use without having made sure of their justice.

It is certainly possible that THE INDEX position may be wrong, and that the intelligence of the coming time may decide for my position. I am willing to lose, if I am in the wrong; but I see no ground for charges which rest upon a begging of the question. For your purpose, however, to do me justice, and your substantial success in it, I heartily thank you, and am cordially yours,

EDWARD C. TOWNE.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., Aug. 2, 1873.

It gives us great satisfaction to find that we did not even innocently misrepresent Mr. Towne's position in our late criticism of it; and we are sorry that he should have occasion to object even to casual expressions. The judgment passed by some upon his claim to be a "Calvinist," and now strongly protested against by him, we were so far from indorsing, that we took pains to show how intrinsically consistent this claim is with his general thought and tendency. Of course, we should otherwise have made no allusion to it.

With regard to the other point raised, however, Mr. Towne referred to his "fifteen years of

being an extreme radical," not of being called such; and we are greatly surprised now to learn that he prizes a reputation for "Orthodoxy" more highly than one for "radicalism." Others, we think, will be as much surprised as we are to learn that he has not himself claimed to be an "extreme radical." Our own impression has certainly been quite to the contrary. Accepting the present statement, however, we cannot help pointing out that it suggests a disposition to return to the bosom of "Orthodoxy" which logically follows from his increasing adhesion to "faith" rather than to ideas. Not that we suppose he is conscious of drifting back towards the church by which he was excommunicated, although we dare say it would please him to be received again into its fellowship; but whoever plants himself on faith as opposed to ideas is just as surely tending back towards the church of Evangelicalism as water tends to run down hill. Faith is the very life of Orthodoxy and Orthodox ecclesiasticism; ideas are the life of radicalism, rationalism, science, and the natural fellowship of unchurched humanity. Hence he who lives by faith is drawn towards the church by a power of attraction which he may or may not resist, but which governs the flight of the comet in its wildest eccentricity as irresistibly as it governs the course of the planet in its sober and contracted orbit.

Whether he is aware of it or not, the above letter of Mr. Towne illustrates the impossibility of comprehending the real nature of science so long as one cleaves to "faith" instead of ideas. "I wouldn't give a cent," he says, "for all the science and all the mere truths of opinion in the world apart from the principle of faith." The Pope would applaud that utterance to the echo. But what a total inversion of fact to conceive of science as coördinate with "mere truths of opinion"! It is Orthodoxy, Christianity, the Christian Church, not science, which rests on opinion, and lives by opinion, and feeds its followers with opinion, and opinion alone. Its dogmas are opinions buttressed by nothing more solid than illusions and superstitions. Faith hatches opinions by the brood, and, when they are endangered, has no defence but to cluck them out of sight under her own wings,—where darkness becomes their safety. But science proscribes opinion, because it is belief not based on facts. She demands either KNOWLEDGE or an HONEST CONFESSION OF IGNORANCE. She allows no one to palm off opinions for verities; and to despise her is to despise the filtered and clarified experience of mankind. Science is sifted knowledge,—nothing more, and nothing less. What shall be preferred to it? Guesses? Dreams? Convictions without a basis of known truth? These may serve a purpose in the absence of science, but in her presence? The "principle of faith" without the restraining hand of science has been prolific of crimes, mistakes, and miseries. Ideas must supersede it, or the world's future will be no betterment of its past.

The great issue between faith and ideas should be widely canvassed; for the discussion goes deep.

The London *Spectator*, referring to a recent demonstration by 200,000 people on Newcastle Town Moor in favor of universal suffrage, deprecatingly says: "Universal suffrage has never yet been worked without losing all check over the voter's qualification." That is the beauty of it. The attempt by the few to require in the many this or that "qualification" for voting is the root of immense mischief. No doubt the multitudes make as great fools of themselves as do individuals, in the use of the ballot. But the only way to learn to swim is to jump into the water. The only "check" necessary upon bad voting is the smart that follows mistakes. There will be smarts enough under universal suffrage; that may be conceded. But are there no smarts under restricted suffrage? England's appalling condition to-day is the answer to that question. The people must learn to govern themselves; there is no possibility of governing them much longer. Mr. Lowe's counsel to the aristocracy was the quintessence of wisdom: "Educate your masters."

AN UNWISE QUESTION.

I once knew a bright young girl, of a disposition inconveniently frank, who was asked by a languid youth whether she liked flowers. She simply looked up at him and answered—"What a silly question!"

To the oft-repeated inquiry of religious journals, why the advocates of Free Religion do not call themselves infidels, it is difficult to make a more respectful answer. It seems anything but a wise question. I should think it would be clear to anybody who had ever attended a Free Religious Convention, that the simple reason why such people do not commonly claim to be infidels is because they are not. That is at least the reason, if I know myself, in my own case. I should prefer not to call myself an infidel, just as I should prefer not to call myself a Christian—because I honestly do not feel fitly described by the epithet.

The New York *Independent*, which is apt to be as liberal as an honest Evangelical paper can be, puts this same question in a manner which shows some glimpse of the facts. "Is it," it says, "because the Free Religionist does not wish to encounter the reproach connected with the word infidel, or is it because there is a lingering feeling in his breast that belief, rather than denial, is the condition of life and growth?"

I should say that it is the last reason, except that what the *Independent* calls "a lingering feeling" is, I should suppose, a feeling as firm as the everlasting hills. This is precisely why the word infidel is distasteful, because it attributes a negative state of mind to those who consider their attitude eminently one of assertion. The followers of Comte, who claim for themselves the name "Positive Philosophy," are not more essentially positive in their self-assumed attitude, than are many of the followers of Herbert Spencer, on the one side, and of Emerson, on the other. There are some persons inside the Free Religious movement, doubtless, whose conscious mental attitude is best described by the word "sceptic"—which implies predominant doubt and questioning. And there may be some whose conscious attitude is that of vehement unbelief,—who dwell chiefly on what they reject. Such persons might properly call themselves infidels, and it seems to me that I should, were I in their place. There are too many brave and noble infidels to make a man unwilling to bear the name if it belongs to him; but why should he bear it otherwise? It is from no disrespect to the name of John or Frederick that I do not answer to it or assume it; it may be a better name than mine, but it is not mine. That is the whole story.

I can honestly say, for one, that it is not the facts of negation that greatly interest me; and so far as they do interest me, it is because they are advanced so persistently in the churches that it is impossible to ignore them altogether. I would fain believe, I do believe, in the existence of a paternal God; but tracts are left at my door which portray him in such a light that, if I believed them, I should wish there were no God. I would fain believe, and I do believe, in personal immortality; but if I go to church, I am liable to hear views of the future life which would make that immortality a curse and annihilation a blessing. I have not the slightest wish to deny, nor do I deny, the divine illumination of Jesus; what troubles me is the persistent denial in all the churches round me, of all divine illumination in anybody else. I can read the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures with the greatest pleasure; but the amazing thing is that, if I read to people the same noble thoughts in the sacred books of other nations, my neighbors shake their heads, and immediately express the hope that there may be some error in the translation. Which now is the believer,—which the unbeliever or the infidel?

It is strange how many good people cling to the impression that everybody who differs from them must be struggling with agonizing doubts and full of mental torture! This Natural Religion, which has grown up in many of us so spontaneously that it is like grass and roses in our lives, they persist in treating as a matter of

burnt-out desolation, made up of volcanic scorrie and cinders. When will they discover that the process of natural vegetation is one thing, and that of geological upheaval another?

T. W. H.

THE SONNETS OF MICHEL ANGELO.

Even in this reading age these sonnets are hardly so well known as they ought to be. They have great value as revealing the intimate personal feelings of a grand, reserved nature like the great Italian's. They sometimes seem to me like a deep shaft which enables the geologist to learn the secrets of the earth with all its hidden history; while the form of expression on religious themes is often that of his own age, the thought is so broad and free that it seems as if this master mind lived out its own life unfettered by the superstition and bigotry around him. It is extremely difficult to do any justice to these poems by a translation. Wordsworth, who admired them very much, was only well enough satisfied with his versions of two or three of them to be willing to publish them. Those translations, however, stand among the very best in our language, and almost fulfil Mr. J. F. Clarke's canon of translation, that it should be done with as much thought as was required for the original poem. Mr. Harford and others have since tried to introduce these beautiful poems to the English reader with more or less success.

One of the most remarkable and beautiful sonnets is that on "Marriage," of which I have never seen any rhymed version. It is full of the profoundest meaning and shows how entirely noble and just this great artist was in his estimate of woman and the marriage relation. In these days, when every crude theory and every wild speculation on these subjects finds utterance, there is a refreshing serenity and strength in this sonnet, which has tempted me to the effort of rendering it familiar to the readers of THE INDEX. I am not guilty of the presumption of supposing that I have given the melody and beauty of the original, but I think I have preserved the thought, and I hope to tempt at least all young readers of Italian to study the original for themselves.

E. D. C.

SONNET.

If pure chaste love, if piety supernal,
Two lovers bearing fate with equal will,
To whom is common every joy and ill,
One spirit binding both in love fraternal,
One spirit in two bodies made eternal,
Rising to heaven both on equal wing—
If mutual fire and upward impulse spring
In both so high, so deep, and so internal
That one the other loves, and self no more,
And Love all guerdon but of Love resigns,
And what one seeks the other still will choose,
And mutual love a mutual rule impose,
When these of endless truth are certain signs,
What envious fate such loving tie can loose?

DOGBERRY IN THE SANCTUM.

The Young Men's Christian Association in Poughkeepsie has been achieving a laughable notoriety by shaking its head over the writings of the greatest thinkers that this country has yet produced. But we have never seen anything so inimitably asinine as an editorial article in the Poughkeepsie *Daily Eagle* of July 28. After mildly complimenting Theodore Parker as, "though not a great, yet no doubt a thoroughly honest man," while yet "he was not a safe teacher," &c., &c., this eminent journal continues to bray with a vigor and persistency which forbids charity herself to doubt what species it belongs to:—

"As to Emerson, we confess we never read anything of his, and never expect to. We might have done so if we had not once heard him deliver a lecture—a two-hours long mess of wishy-washy vamping and pretentious nonsense, that so thoroughly disgusted us that we concluded life was too short and other things too important to allow us to waste any time wading through the stuff such a man could produce for the sake of any chance thoughts that might be found in his writings. We may do him injustice, but, if that lecture was a fair specimen, we don't believe Emerson is capable of influencing any man with brains."

Verily, there is no answering such a criticism as that.

An odd story was told of an instrumental con-

cert said to have been once given by an English ambassador to the Emperor of China. At the end of the performance, the ambassador inquired deferentially which piece had most pleased his imperial majesty; to which the Brother of the Sun and Moon replied, "The first," and added a request to be favored with it once more. The orchestra in vain went through the entire programme a second time; his majesty did not recognize his favorite piece. At last the exhausted players began to tune their instruments, producing the inevitable but intensely disagreeable *pot-pourri* so familiar to concert-goers; whereupon the Emperor clapped his hands with delight, declaring that this was the very part of the programme which had ravished the imperial fancy. If he had only remarked in addition that he "didn't believe Beethoven was capable of pleasing any man with an ear!" That would have rivalled the critical genius of our editor, who might have been compassionately forgiven for going into ecstasies over Fulton or Talmage, but who, like honest Dogberry, deserves to be "written down an ass," when he "doesn't believe Emerson is capable of influencing any man with brains."

A LUDICROUS BLUNDER.

At the recent session of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Baltimore, tracts in favor of the Christian Amendment were circulated through the audience containing the "Demands of Liberalism," accompanied by such comments as would naturally be made by the friends of that Amendment. An old gentleman who was evidently not a little muddleheaded rose indignantly, and called attention to the fact that an "infidel document was being distributed through the house." A great sensation was at once produced. The Moderator requested the Committee of Arrangements to preserve the proprieties, and the wicked tracts were confiscated. It turned out that the old gentleman had read only the "Demands of Liberalism," and did not comprehend that they were merely quoted as showing the horrible nature of the demands now made by free thinkers. Notwithstanding the explanation made at the time by the editor of the *Christian Statesman*, the New York *Independent*, which has proved itself more than once capable of any amount of unfairness and misrepresentation in dealing with its opponents, declared soon after that the Assembly condemned the "old editorials of the *Christian Statesman*" as "infidel documents". Nothing could be more unjust or apparently more malicious. But the joke of the thing is that the *Independent* promptly indorsed the "Demands of Liberalism" when first published in THE INDEX, and even sneered at them as not half strong enough! Hence what the General Assembly really condemned as "infidel" had been emphatically indorsed by the *Independent* itself; and in trying to cast the stigma of "infidelity" on the *Christian Statesman*, it launched on the air a boomerang which returned with an ugly thwack on its own head. While the *Independent* is ruefully rubbing the sore spot, we suggest that greater scrupulousness in its tactics would save it from an occasional headache.

The Dover (N. H.) *Morning Star* complains that Sunday trains are run under pretence of carrying milk to the cities, "on roads where there isn't a drop of milk carried in a month;" and it therefore utters a genuinely Puritanic groan on the occasion. But the only fault we have to find with the companies in this matter is that they truckle so slavishly to a public superstition as to dish up to the feeble-minded a miserable excuse for doing what in itself is perfectly right. One need not apologize for minding his own business; and what legitimate business have the companies but to run trains for the public accommodation? Running Sunday trains is simply part of this regular business. The *Star* should be devoutly thankful that the New Hampshire companies amuse themselves with Sunday trains, if they refrain from corrupting State politics and demoralizing legislation at Concord.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errata.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

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IS "UNIVERSAL CONSCIOUSNESS" IMPOSSIBLE?

MR. ABBOT.—I have just finished reading your lecture on "The Idea of God," in No. 184 of THE INDEX. You state: "I cannot think it is a mere figure of speech to call him intelligent, conscious, moral, personal."

I have no desire to take exceptions; but there is one point suggested upon which I desire you would—as briefly as possible—endeavor to shed some faint ray of light. This difficulty of mine may be best expressed by a quotation from Mansel's *Limits of Religious Thought*, as given in Spencer's *First Principles*:—

"The very conception of consciousness, in whatever mode it may be manifest, necessarily implies distinction between one object and another. To be conscious, we must be conscious of something; and that something can only be known as that which it is, by being distinguished from that which it is not. But distinction is necessarily limitation; for, if one object is to be distinguished from another, it must possess some form of existence which the other has not, or it must not possess some form which the other has."

A second characteristic of consciousness is that it is only possible in the form of a relation. There must be a Subject, or person conscious, and an Object, or thing of which he is conscious. There can be no consciousness without the union of these two factors; and in that union each exists only as it is related to the other."

If consciousness, then, be necessarily relative, how are we to understand your expression—"universal consciousness"?

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

[It is denied by many philosophers that we can be conscious of anything but self and its modifications. But no one denies that we can be conscious of self. If self, however, is conscious of self, it must be at once the subject and the object of thought; and indeed it appears that consciousness is neither more nor less than identification of the subject and object of thought.]

It is plain, therefore, that consciousness, which simply presents self to self, as simultaneously the knower and the known, does not involve limitation, although it does involve relation. So long as the things related are only different phases of the same thing, it is sophistry to represent the distinction as involving limitation of one thing by another thing. How can any thing limit itself? Mansel destroys the very idea of consciousness by representing the knower and the known as two; whereas they are one. It is not enough to speak of their "union;" we should speak of their identity.

That consciousness, therefore, is finite, the causes of whose modifications are external to itself. But that consciousness is infinite or "universal" which contains all these causes within itself. That is our idea of God, as the All in All. Mansel fails to establish his point.—[Ed.]

AN INCREASING PUBLIC EVIL.

BY C. K. WHITTLE.

In the morning prayer-meeting of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, a member, confessing his faults for the benefit of his fellow-members, said he had indulged too much in the habit of reading newspapers. He had found that, by this means, his mind was unduly drawn to worldly things. He therefore avoided the reading of newspapers and magazines, and now read only the Bible.

At another meeting of the same body a young convert said: "I don't want none of your theatres, nor your course of lyceum lectures. What I want is the prayer-meeting. I want to be where Jesus is."

There is certainly evil as well as good in the periodical press. The newspaper, however, is one of the necessities of civilized life; and while we are residents in this world, there is manifest fitness in giving some attention to the daily record of how the world is going on.

In theatrical entertainments, as they are now and always have been conducted, there are certain obvious advantages and certain obvious evils. On the one hand, they afford recreation, one of the manifest necessities of human nature;

on the other hand, some portions of the recreation they offer tend to corrupt the morals of those who attend them.

Lyceum lectures, originally intended for instruction only, are now made to minister largely to recreation also. They accomplish much in both directions, and the complaints of them which we occasionally hear spring not from any alleged evil character, but from the assumption that they might be and ought to be still better than they are.

There is, however, another way of viewing these matters. The prayer-meeting spirit, tendency and influence, which are accurately expressed in the remarks of the two young men above quoted, are hostile to the good features of the theatre as well as to its evil ones. They frown upon recreation, as such, apart from any particular evil influence which may be associated with it. They esteem the desire for amusement a fault in him or her who feels it. They reckon as positive ill-doing the arrangements made to gratify this desire, and regard recreation as not only a waste, but a perversion of time.

It is a noteworthy fact that, though some of the conductors of and participants in the meeting above-mentioned are really intelligent persons, in matters apart from religion and theology, not one of them attempted to correct the error into which their ignorant brethren had fallen. The Orthodox prayer-meeting, as conducted by the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, assumes, as settled points, that human nature is "base," that the human body is "vile," that the human mind is "carnal," and that getting oneself "saved" should take precedence of every other thought and action. And when ignorant young converts insist upon the inferences growing out of these propositions, the more intelligent ones let them pass uncorrected.

The prayer-meeting influence has always been hostile to the theatre; but many will be surprised to hear that the exercises of the lyceum, whether amusing or instructive, come under the same ban; and that the prayer-meeting spirit and tendency are hostile to the lyceum as well as to the theatre. To understand this hostility, one must comprehend the stand-point of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The central idea of the prayer-meeting, as conducted by this body, is their church theory that God is dangerous to men.

This is not the whole of their faith, but it is the essential part of it, and the main motive of their prayers and exhortations. They teach, and try to have it believed, that God, before creating mankind, had determined to keep vast numbers of them burning alive forever. They teach that he threatens this fearful doom to every man and every woman; that he will execute it upon every one who does not take certain specified measures to avert it; and that he knew, before creating mankind, that vast numbers of them would fall into this misery and continue in it forever!

A part of the strange theory upheld by these people is that, even in maintaining and administering hell, God does not cease to be a God of love and mercy! This proposition is irrational and self-contradictory, but the members of the Young Men's Christian Association seem quite unconcerned about that, since another part of their theory is that reason is "carnal," and the exercise of reason in religious matters dangerous. I heard it said in one of their meetings: "Reason has nothing to do with religion; nothing to do with it." And he who thus repeated and emphasized this declaration was an elderly man, of intelligent as well as serious aspect. God's "mercy," as interpreted by these people, consists in sparing from eternal flames a certain proportion of those for whom the Merciful himself arranged and prepared that fate. Nero spared more Roman citizens than he killed; but who ever thought of calling him "merciful" for that?

This irrational theory of the Young Men's Christian Association leads to a result not only irrational but false, calumnious, and monstrous, namely, this: Finding that Universalists, Spiritualists, and some Unitarians represent God as proving himself just and merciful by a providential arrangement for the ultimate welfare of every human being, the prayer-meeting people cry out against these as wicked and dangerous persons! They even call them unbelievers! As if the vindictive element which they themselves assume to belong to God's character, and the parts of his system growing out of that, were the only things worthy of being believed in, the only appropriate objects for the exercise of faith!

Ridiculously inconsistent with themselves as are the prayer-meeting people in some points, they are logical in others. Assuming the eternity of future punishment as the essence of their system, their meetings are conducted in conformity with that doctrine. The young men whose words are quoted at the beginning of this article used those expressions because they were thoroughly imbued with the prayer-meeting spirit. What, to them, are either the instruction or the amusement contained in a lyceum lecture? These things will not "save the soul." Nay, these things are dangerous, and may be pernicious, since they occupy the attention of

men and women with something other than "salvation." The attractions of the lyceum, as of the theatre, are "worldly" attractions; and this world, in the phraseology of the prayer-meeting, is a "vile world," a "vain world," a "wicked world," a "vale of tears," a "dark wilderness," a place chiefly occupied by "temptations and snares." The only legitimate employments of this mortal life, according to the prayer-meeting idea, are, first, to get your own soul saved, and next, incessantly to beset your fellow-men to get their souls saved.

This prayer-meeting idea, to those who are thoroughly imbued with it, is the sufficient answer to every plea for improvement of the bodies or minds of human beings. Suppose you invite one of the young men who furnished the text for this article to attend a lecture on grammar, or chemistry, or drainage, or ventilation, or the improvements needed in our common-school system. He looks at you with pity and astonishment. Will any of these things save the soul of the hearer? Will they not lazily occupy an hour's time which might have been devoted to the salvation of his soul? He is going to a prayer-meeting, and he advises you to accompany him.

Offer him Dr. Channing's book on *Self Culture*. His first thought is: "Was not this written by a famous unbeliever?" The "self" which that dangerous man proposed to cultivate is to be subjugated and crucified, according to the prayer-meeting idea.

Ask him to go to a gymnasium. What! Develop and strengthen "this vile body," the source of so many temptations, the very means which Satan uses to lead the soul astray? The body is to be kept under, denied, resisted, opposed, according to the prayer-meeting idea. If it can be saved from everlasting flames, this is all that needs to be accomplished for it!

The prayer-meeting idea, logically carried out, regards with indifference or hostility every form of art, science, social amelioration, or human improvement, not bearing upon what its devotees call "salvation." This is the direct and legitimate tendency of the sort of assumption, admonition and exhortation in vogue in prayer-meetings. Fortunately, many of the sustainers of those meetings do not carry out this idea in their lives. Many of them give liberally for the supply of bodily wants, and some of them recognize the usefulness of science and art. Still more: such power has precedent, and such boldness is inspired by the example of true believers in New York and other cities, that the Directors of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association have actually introduced "parlor croquet" as a justifiable alleviator at their semi-monthly "social gatherings." And when, in their recent purchase of a new building, the most eligible one was found to have a well furnished gymnasium in its upper story, with a fair list of paying subscribers, these Directors boldly took the establishment under their protection, and advertised the opportunity for gymnastic exercise as one of the attractive features of their own Association. Thus civilization works some slight changes even in ascetic pietism. Nevertheless, the natural tendency of the style of thought and feeling cultivated in the prayer-meeting is precisely expressed in the quotations above given.

Many persons, on talking with a young man under the influence here described, and finding him utterly deaf to reason and indifferent to truth, may be disposed to rate his fanaticism as harmless. They do not consider that he and his associates are all the time deluding other ignorant young people, producing in them also an arrest of mental development, drawing them away from the pursuit of knowledge, and sealing up their minds against even the desire for it. The young, through the ignorance belonging to their time of life, are the most frequent victims of this system. This system, then,—directly operating to continue and maintain juvenile ignorance, to check the desire for knowledge by assuming its uselessness, and to recommend a dogma coming down to us from an uncivilized age as the only thing in this world worth knowing,—is undoing the work of civilization, and checking art, science, the diffusion of knowledge, and all that belongs to the true idea of a liberal education. And it works such harm not less surely because the great majority of its advocates are heartily and earnestly sincere in advocating it. The question then arises—

Are we to go on ignoring this evil influence, and allowing its systematic perpetuation without remonstrance? Or shall we plainly point out the evil, and so rescue some, at least, of the many young people exposed to it?

Take notice, reader, that this exposure of the spirit and tendency of prayer-meetings, as conducted by the Young Men's Christian Association, does not in the least imply a doubt of the unspendable value of true prayer, the affectionate communion of the individual soul with its Maker.

A large portion of the noblest and most valuable moral teaching has been the work, not only of men who did not know, but of men who knew and rejected, the Christian faith.—John Stuart Mill.

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[FOR THE INDEX.]

Mental Freedom.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE PITTSBURGH RADICAL SOCIETY, NOV. 24, 1872.

BY GEORGE H. HOLTZMAN.

I wish to allude to an expression used in this Hall recently by a distinguished and able liberal. It was this: "A man who has no creed is a fool." This remark has dwelt prominently in my mind ever since it was made here some weeks since, and the result of my reflections upon it is that it is wrong,—at least without qualification. Such a doctrine is calculated to mislead young liberals who have already so much to contend with in their aspirations after mental liberty. True, it may be said that a creed held loosely, for the day or hour, to be altered or amended as new convictions arise, may not be inconsistent with tolerable freedom of mind; but this is not the generally conceived sense of creed. We rather understand a definite summary of belief, codified after much reflection and conclusion, and henceforth stored upon the shelf of unalterable conviction for reference and guidance,—a standard by which new thoughts and revelations are to be tested. If a creed in this sense be evidence of wisdom, serving as a double-twisted cable to hold firmly the bark of reason lest she might escape upon the uncertain and troublesome sea of doubt and speculation,—then two points are settled at once: first, the sooner we are provided with such a saving rope the better, and secondly, the only consideration worth our solicitude is that it be strong enough. The particular stuff of which it is made, or how twisted, is of no importance,—all creeds being, I have the best evidence for saying, alike perfect!

The first step towards liberty is to cut this cable at once; and, if need be, trust to sheer luck to cut the compromise alluded to—the sliding cable creed—suggests that we must have an anchor at least. Wherefore, if we have chart and compass? We are embarked for perpetual soundings of the great sea of truth,—a waste whose confines are yet undiscovered and perhaps undiscoverable.

As a further use of this metaphor might suggest sensations of sea-sickness, I abandon it, and submit this proposition: Is positive and entire mental freedom consistent with any sort or kind of creed?

A creed, as it seems to me, involves the idea of completeness,—a budget, comprising whatever is required to settle (for the time being at least) the questions of the origin, the duty, and the destiny of the assenting individual. It is hardly a creed unless it includes this much; it is only then a part of a creed not yet wholly demolished. Now I ask, can a creed in this sense, I have defined it truly, be assented to by any

free mind, in view of the incompleteness of discovery upon these points up to the present time? I incline to think not,—not even for a day or an hour; not even with all the saving clauses that might be invented, nor with entire openness to further conviction. For if a thing be not demonstrated to its ultimate, and thus absolutely known and concluded, how can it be accepted for a moment, and the mind still be free?

But I propose to go further than this in defining mental freedom, and to speculate thus. It seems to me doubtful that the period should ever arrive when a definite creed will be compatible with free thought. Its occupation would be gone, and "FINIS" written upon the last page of the Book of Nature.

However true or otherwise future ages may prove this proposition, I maintain that it is at least true to-day, that the transitory state of knowledge concerning man, his origin and destiny, declares that the time has not yet arrived when the free mind can indite its creed.

Where then stands the genuine liberal, the man of no creed, to-day? The truly emancipated mind, active in desire after truth, maintains a receptive condition distinct from mere credulity. He receives without affirming; he doubts without denying. He occupies a position of the truest humility before men. He will not cry "absurd" or "ridiculous" as to anything not yet fathomed by his mind, nor will he assume that beyond some stated line nothing further is to be ascertained. I think he will discard the word "unknowable" as savoring of dogmatism as truly as any creed. At the same time, he is perhaps the boldest of men. Fear neither of God, hell, nor the devil will suppress the inquiries which he is prompted to make of his own mind or other men's on all subjects whatsoever, and nothing will deter him from pushing the investigation to a satisfactory result if obtainable. He will, as Jefferson advises, "question boldly even the existence of a God," satisfied that, if there be such a personage, he is too wise and exalted to be offended with intelligent doubt which has for its object reliable knowledge on the subject.

He will, as a rule, abandon the aggressive method of argument. He knows too little indeed as yet to assume authority in teaching. Yet he will modestly suggest that this or that thought appears reasonable to him. He will listen with interest to views new or old presented by a more positive mind, but he will not be "taken in" by the sophistry of assertion, eloquence, or vehemence of expression. He will test all propositions in the laboratory of his mind, assisted by such aids as actual discovery affords. He will be persevering in his tests, but will not announce his conversion without clear and indubitable proof. Even then, it will be subject to amendment on receiving further light. True, if dogmatism takes him by the throat, and without argument or reason presents the alternative "believe or be damned," he will very properly show fight, and be apt to retort, "I'll be damned if I do."

A very important condition accompanying mental freedom is that the mind is assimilated to Nature in respect to mode of operation and progress. Nature will not be hurried in her work. We cannot see the great changes going on in her realm, yet researches into the past show how vast and regular these are. Do what we will, we cannot even detect the process of growth in the rapidly forming blade of grass. All seems still and stationary, and yet how surely is all matter in unceasing motion. Thus the freed mind learns how blessed it is to wait and be patient, both in regard to its own progress in knowledge and the general dissemination of the truth in the world. It does not distress him that all are not as he is, knowing as he does that mind as well as matter is silently and imperceptibly working in all its particles, and that inevitable Truth is the tendency of all intelligence, whatever may be the apparent deviation in ages present and yet to come.

I wish to say a few words, as an individual free-thinker, as to what seems to be the natural attitude of this class of persons towards traditional authority, especially that great bug-bear of our time, the Christian Bible. I do not see how a free mind can tamper for a moment with the idea that antiquity has any just claim to

impose upon it ANY BURDEN WHATSOEVER. Claiming as we do (and this we cannot relinquish without returning into bondage) the right to settle for ourselves the question whether there be a God or not, it necessarily includes the right to judge as to how such a being might reasonably be expected to communicate with mankind. On this basis we will examine the Bible, as a history, as a revelation, as a command, as a teacher of pure morals. It must stand in our estimation, in whole or in part, just as it meets the tests with which we are provided; and if we perform this duty honestly, we are responsible for the results arrived at to ourselves alone.

While on this branch of my subject, I hope our New Church friends will allow me to express myself plainly and candidly in reference to the prodigious claim set up by them in regard to revealed truth. If I misunderstand this claim, the misconception is shared by not a few others with whom I have compared notes, and the fault lies in part at least at the door of the exponents of the doctrine, who have failed to make it clear. I state it as it seems to me fully warranted by their language. The formula is about thus: "The Bible is the word of God. It is meaningless without the key. We HAVE THE KEY!"

A parallel to this assumption occurs to me, and if it should seem in any way discourteous, I ask our friends (who are very good-natured) to overlook it for the sake of its humorous aptness. On one occasion, when a very pretentious petition was presented to the English parliament, purporting to be from a large body but having only a few insignificant names to it, Sir Robert Peel said it reminded him of three tailors in Tooley street, who met in the Reform Bill excitement, and drew up a solemn League and Covenant, commencing "We, the people of England!"

Now perhaps the New Church folks hardly realize that the impression made by such a claim as theirs upon one standing outside of their system—a mind, too, resolved upon entire freedom—is mainly amazement at the coolness of it. I know not how else to express it. The demand upon us is scarcely different, so far as I can see, from that made by the Romish Church. Let us see. Article 1st—There is a God. 2d—There is a written word of God. 3d—The interior sense of this word—the actual meaning in fact—is only perceived through a study of the doctrine of correspondences first taught by Swedenborg about one hundred years ago, he having had his spiritual vision opened by Divine interposition for the purpose of enlightening the world. 4th—The New Church enjoys this enlightenment and holds it in trust for all who desire to be led into pure Truth. Reasonable inference—the real article is not to be found outside of the New Church or apart from its method of discovery. The New Churchman, however, imagines he evades this dogmatic position by saying, "We don't claim credence for our doctrine on the authority of Swedenborg or any other of its teachers. Its inherent truth will convince the candid explorer." This appears to be a distinction without much of a difference. It involves the idea that we have not done our whole duty in the search after truth, until we have investigated the New Church method of discovery. This must inevitably follow, if the truth *par excellence* be there. Now the free mind rebels right here. He says, Upon what compulsion must I dive into your mysteries? I cannot yield the point that anything can demand *authoritatively* my investigation, unless the evidence exists in and of my own mind that it is worthy of investigation. I cannot conceive of anything that possesses this INHERENT RIGHT TO BE INVESTIGATED except Nature herself, of which I am indubitably a part. I infer, therefore, that an investigation of New Church method should be a matter of *choice* to me, and consequently that it is possible to arrive at truth without concerning myself about it. In other words, I have the right to say, Nature's claims upon my thought are so plain and so exacting, that I cannot afford to divert my attention from a certain fountain of wisdom to listen to that which is as yet to me but the voice of a man!

Is not a mind to be so untrammelled as this? Or must we *perforce* hearken to the voice of Swedenborg as to the voice of God? Affirming

this, how could we consistently disregard the command of the Pope, and where would the obligation cease, short of the subversion of mental freedom?

I conclude with a reflection or two upon the superiority of the position occupied by the mind freed from the shackles of superstition and hereditary belief. I can conceive of no greater cause for self-congratulation, when one looks around at the vast multitude who are slaves to credism, and considers how firmly riveted are the chains which bind a large portion of mankind, and how few comparatively seem to desire to be free,—than to reflect, "From this bondage I am happily delivered. Though as yet the structure of my theory upon the great questions of my origin and destiny may be but barely begun, and I am subject to the taunt that I 'have no belief and must therefore be unsettled and unhappy,' yet I feel myself soaring aloft without restraint. I suck honey from this or that flower without hindrance. I calmly survey the field of theological strife with all the satisfaction of indifference, knowing that all the while GREAT NATURE is gradually settling the question in the interest of PURE TRUTH. It isn't our fight, nor shall it be our funeral." Now ought not the man to be happy who feels thus, and grateful too,—for God only knows how some of us ever managed to clamber over the wall surrounding the great city of Superstition.

A favorite indulgence of the pious Christian—a sort of selfish joy—consists in the reflection that in heaven he will be more blessed than the angels who never fell from grace,—these latter being barred the more exquisite bliss of redemption through Christ. Though this is akin to the philosophy of rejoicing in the tooth-ache, because of the necessary sequence of delicious recovery, there is yet a reality in the diversity of experience described. The reprieved criminal is suffocated with joy in possessing that which stirs no emotion in the breasts of those who never forfeited liberty. The escaped slave experiences an intensity of happiness unknown to those who have always breathed the air of freedom. The free-thinker, too, redeemed from credism, appreciates his new-found birthright at a higher rate than he whose reason has never been fettered. But, viewing the whole life at once, I am satisfied that the latter experience is the more enviable. It is the more rare, too, and the man who possesses it may well prize it above power, or fame, or riches.

COMMENTARY ON THE BIBLE

BY BISHOPS AND OTHER CLERGY OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH, COMMONLY CALLED THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY.

AN ARTICLE PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURRAY, LONDON.

There is an old but very true saying that "one man may enter a field and steal a horse, while another may not so much as be seen looking over a hedge." This saying is exemplified by the manner in which the writings of the bishops and clergy in the above-mentioned Commentary and the writings of Bishop Colenso have respectively been received by the public in general, but more especially by the Anglican clergy and ministers of all Orthodox denominations.

The Commentary contains a host of passages which would, only a few years ago, have been considered suspicious, dangerous, and even highly heretical if Bishop Colenso had published them. Take the following as a few instances: In Vol. I., Part I., page 830, at Exodus xx. 1-17, we find written—"It may be noticed that, while it is here said that 'God spake all these words,' and in Deut. v. 4, that 'He spake face to face'—in the New Testament the giving of the Law is spoken of as having been through the ministrations of angels. Acts vii. 53, Galatians iii. 19, and Heb. ii. 2."

At Section 2 of the Notes on Exodus xx., page 335, we have: "But there is a question which rightly claims precedence of these—What actually were the words of Jehovah that were engraved on the Tables of Stone? We have two distinct statements, one in Exodus xx. 1-17, and one in Deut. v. 6-21, apparently of equal authority, but differing from each other in several weighty particulars. Each is said, with reiterated emphasis, to contain the words that were actually spoken by the Lord, and written by him upon the stones."

Again, page 336: "It has been generally assumed that the whole of one or other of these copies was written on the Tables. Most Commentators have supposed that the original document is in Exodus, and that the author of Deuteronomy wrote from memory, with variations suggested at the time. Others have conceived that Deuteronomy must furnish the most correct form, since the Tables must have been in actual existence when the book was written. But neither of these views can be fairly reconciled with the statements in Exodus and Deuteronomy, to which reference has been made. If either copy, as a whole, represents what was written on the Tables, it is obvious that the other cannot do so."

And on page 343: "Adopting the conclusion as by far the most probable one, that the Book of the Covenant included from chapters xx. 22 to xxiii. 33, it is evident that the document cannot be regarded as a strictly systematic whole. Portions of it were probably traditional rules handed down from the patriarchs and retained by the Israelites in Egypt. Probable trace of pre-Mosaic antiquity may be seen in xx. 24-26, xxi. 6, xxiii. 19, &c. Some of the laws relate to habits of fixed abode, not (at least, if taken in their strict form) to such a mode of life as that of the Israelites in their march through the wilderness. (See xxii. 5-6, 29, xxiii. 10-11.) Some, especially those relating to slavery, would seem to have been modifications of ancient usages. (See on xxi. 20-21.) These more or less ancient maxims have been associated with such decisions on cases of difference as had been up to this time pronounced by Moses and the Judges, whom he had appointed by the advice of Jethro. (See xviii. 13-26.)"

Also: "The adoption of Patriarchal maxims accords with the spirit of the Mosaic legislation as expressed in the Fifth Commandment."

For further instances reference has only to be made to the Commentary itself, or to the "Critical Examination of it by Bishop Colenso," in Five Parts, published by Longmans and Co., at about four shillings each part. Now, after reading such quotations, what are people to think? They are not so ignorant or wilfully blind or prejudiced as not to see what the so-called Orthodox bishops and clergy frankly declared as unsound and perilous in Bishop Colenso is now taught by themselves as TRUTH. What must be the effect on the minds of multitudes when they find their pastors (after the utterances of eminent divines in the Commentary) still content to teach the contrary through the Church Catechism in their schools, and to proclaim the contrary through the Communion Service in their churches?

Surely, not without cause, and not too soon, does Bishop Colenso, at pages x., xi., in the Preface to the Second Part of his Criticisms on the Bishop's Commentary, call the serious attention of the Clergy to the glaring inconsistency (to use no harsher term) of such proceedings, and give some plain, rational, and wholesome advice, in the following words: "It is to be presumed, however, that this result of modern criticism, at all events, as now avouched in this Commentary under the sanction of the Archbishops and Bishops of England, will no longer be kept a secret from young people when catechised, or from the people at large: that no Clergyman of intelligence will read these words any longer as the Divine words actually uttered 'with a loud voice' on Sinai, without relieving his character—may, his conscience—from the charge of 'speaking lies in the name of the Lord,' by explaining to his flock from time to time the real truth with respect to the Decalogue," etc., etc.

Such being the present state of the case, need we be surprised at so many of the people clamoring for secular education, and objecting to send their children to denominational schools, when they are forced to doubt the sincerity of their clergy, who, knowing these things, keep back the truth in unrighteousness; and not only so, but do their utmost to prevent their flocks from looking into such matters!

And let me respectfully ask the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity of the Church of England, whether they do not consider the present time a fitting opportunity for a thorough revision and remodelling of the Church Prayer-Book with its Catechism and Thirty-Nine Articles, together with the Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical?

Before I conclude, I must call attention to the way in which the Bishops, *alias* the Speaker's, Commentary, shirks many difficult and contradictory passages. E. g., it does not say one word about the striking contradiction between Deuteronomy ix. 1 and Deuteronomy xxxiv. 8; Joshua i. 11, ii. 16-22, iii. 1-2; although its authors are candid enough to allow that there are grave contradictions between Joshua i. 11, ii. 16-25, and iii. 1-2, in these words: "Thus eight days must have intervened between the sending of the spies ii. 1, and the actual passage of the river iii. 2. Thus the declaration of Joshua in the text would not in fact have been carried out."

So much, alas! for the dogma of the Infallibility of the Bible, and also for the teaching of the Clergy of the Church of England, and ministers of other denominations.

Truth obviously demands much more, or much less, than the concessions of the recent champions of Orthodoxy. When they give up the theory that every sentence of the Scriptures (mistakes of the copyists and translators, etc., etc., apart) is the Word of God, when they admit with reference to any single sentence that God did not say and do what the Bible declares that he did say and do, they yield the key of their position to the foe, and the fall of their citadel, Orthodoxy, becomes but a matter of time and detail. Inquiry is no longer to be prevented. Criticism is not repulsed. Reason and conscience are no longer to bow to an unerring guide, but are at liberty to hear, investigate, and verify. We have come to this, and every

thinking layman must soon perceive the fact; the clerical denouncers of Bishop Colenso really, but in a most reluctant and unhandsome manner, accept principles which, when honestly applied, lead pretty much to the same results at which Bishop Colenso has arrived, and by adopting them they in their turn most likely will disturb, more than ever Bishop Colenso has done, the credulous confidence of non-thinking and non-reading professors of Christianity, whether they be Laics or Clerics.

CANTAU, A. M.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OR

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Concluded.

TRANSPIRES IN OR NEAR NASSAU STREET.

"We should call such a man a nuisance and a blackguard in England," said Sabin.

"Well, I don't know that we do anything else here," responded the doctor, as they entered the restaurant together.

It was high noon socially at Crook and Duff's, being midway between that hour and one, when business New York snatches a brief interval from its feverish pursuit of "the almighty dollar" for the purposes of rest and refreshment. The place was crowded throughout with a lively concourse of eaters, drinkers, and talkers, most of those present combining the three characters in one person. Mr. Wheeler was not at the lunch-counter—where a long row of customers, seated on tall, slim stools, were disposing of remarkably large oysters, segments of fruit pie, and coffee—but John Gower soon discovered him in one of a standing group of drinkers and smokers, whom he promptly quitted to join the new comers.

The fifteen minutes conversation that ensued between the Americans relating almost entirely to business (after the first mutual recognition and complimentary inquiries) would possess but little interest for the reader, and is therefore omitted. During its progress Paul and Dick ordered cigars and sherry-cobblers, and amused themselves, as was by no means difficult to do, by watching the surrounding scene. The older men joining them, the talk became general, when Mr. Wheeler (who looked much the same as he did seven months back, in England, and told Paul that he never expected to have seen him alive in America) proposed to introduce his new acquaintances to the group he had recently quitted, informing Sabin that it might prove advantageous to him professionally. So the presentation took place accordingly.

"Mr. Brough, Mr. O'Byrne, Dr. Ritchings, and Mr. Woodruff." The first was a portly, rather handsome man, with a jolly, shaven face and carefully trimmed moustache; his uncouth voice had a mellifluous flavor of the brogue in it, at once imparting raciness to his speech and betraying his nationality. Somehow—probably from his oratorical manner—Sabin immediately set him down for an actor. The second was an Irishman also, but younger and shorter in stature, a peculiarity especially manifest in his legs, though the rest of his anatomy did not lack symmetry or muscularity. He had a bold, aquiline nose, large, insolent blue eyes, not much forehead, and a very receding chin, likewise moustaches and scanty side-whiskers; his appearance denoted extreme conceit and self-importance. The third was a good-looking, chubby man, with a fair complexion and a shrewd American countenance. The fourth had dark hair, neither beard, whiskers, nor moustaches, rather a high color, and a business-like manner. All the party were very well dressed, and inclining to hats, boots, and gloves of the newest and glossiest description.

Paul thought he had heard some of the names before, and was puzzling where, when Sabin furnished the clew by saying quietly, "The Reverend Scobell's rivals." It was intended only for his friend's ear, but Ritchings, who stood close by, caught it and smiled so significantly that Dick added,

"We were directed here by somebody who was talking of you—Mr. Scobell."

"Indeed!" he said. Ritchings laughed. "Then I guess he wasn't complimentary." "Oh, Scobell!" interrupted Mr. O'Byrne, with sonorous scorn. "I wonder somebody hasn't cowed the ruffian before now!" And he looked round, tossing his head disdainfully, as if to imply that he, Mr. O'Byrne, was ready to undertake the proposed chastisement on the slightest personal provocation, or none at all, if anybody expressed a desire to that effect.

"Pho! he's not worth powder and shot," remarked Mr. Brough, magniloquently. "Keep

on never minding him, I tell you, and don't be after fighting a scavenger with mud. You were saying, Woodruff—"

"He might have been sub-editor if he had kept a civil tongue in his head," returned the person addressed, before complying with the suggestion. "I was going to propose that all the fellows should think it over and send in their notions. We might offer a premium of twenty dollars for the one adopted."

"Twenty! fifty, begad! and cheap at the money!" said Mr. Brough. "Punch" was an inspiration. Gentlemen, we are discussing the title for our paper. Does anybody know where there's a commodity of good names to be bought? Because it would be as convenient for us as for Jack Falstaff. My friend Woodruff, here—for Mr. Ritchings, I understand, succeeds from the enterprise, intending to devote himself exclusively to the *Pepperpot*—our excellent publisher, I say, will be happy to negotiate with anybody for the *desideratum* in question, exhibiting his accustomed spirit and liberality. It being a well-known fact that all Yankee-Doodledeem languishes for some appropriate medium through which the combined rays of wit and humor, collected from all points into one brilliant focus, should radiate through the length and breadth of—"

"Spare us your preface, Brough!" interrupted O'Byrne, whereat the others laughed, including the good-humored future editor, who jocularly shook his stick at his compatriot by way of reply.

"Sure, it is in the preface," he said. "I'd be to blame if I hadn't it ready—with the name left out for future insertion. I begin by stating there's absolutely no necessity for a preface at all, which is a good Irish reason for supplying one. Gentlemen, what'll you take? We are going to start a first-class comic weekly that shall knock old *Punch* higher than a kite and make all our fortunes, and have every requisite in the world but a title—not but what there's lashings of 'em already suggested by ingenious artists and contributors, only they happen to be entirely unsuitable and therefore below the lofty standard of our fastidious aspirations. Myself has proposed at least half a dozen, one of which, at present, has the pre-eminence, but it will be readily and cheerfully withdrawn in deference to any gentleman's superior inspiration. We want something tremendous—something irresistible."

"There ought to be a supper," said O'Byrne importantly, "where the thing should be talked over and definitely settled. That's how *Punch* originated. We shall all be at sixes and sevens until we have agreed upon a name. We can't even begin advertising."

"By the powers, but we have, though!" replied Mr. Brough, "in all the daily papers, announcing our anonymous intentions and the unequalled talent at command. Didn't ye observe it in the *Emerald*, *Tripod*, and *Time-server*? But, Fitz, the supper is a good notion, and shall be carried into effect. Woodruff, me boy, you shall pay for it, I'll take the chair, and we'll have a glorious night of it. It's but reasonable that such a bantling as ours is going to be should have a christening. Here's its health and prosperity; and may we live to celebrate its hundredth birthday in as big a bowl of punch as we'll see the bottom of at Windust's next Saturday, plaze the Lord!"

So it was settled that there should be a supper at Windust's, to which Paul Gower and Richard Sablin were presently invited, as artists and possible contributors to the unborn periodical. And both young men felt decidedly elated in consequence, and interchanged congratulations on the prospect of the speedy establishment of a vehicle affording ample scope for their abilities, and an introduction to the world of American journalism.

People are apt to get into mischief by offering impertinent, or at least undesired, advice. A droll example has been quoted from the writings of Voltaire, as follows:—

A Frenchman had the audacity to write to Law, the famous controller-general, telling him that he was the greatest blockhead, the greatest simpleton, or the greatest knave, in propagating the belief that a nation can be made rich by the mere issue of what is called paper money. The Frenchman was correct in his opinion as to the folly of Law's scheme, but he did not act prudently in so addressing him. Being considered a dangerous individual, the authorities conducted him to prison at St. Lazarus.

When he got out of St. Lazarus, where he studied a great deal and fortified his reason, he went to Rome. He demanded a public audience of the Pope, on condition that no one should interrupt him during his speech; and he thus addressed him: "Holy Father, you are Antichrist; and mark how I shall prove it to your Holiness. I call him Antichrist whose life and acts are contradictory to what Christ did and commanded. Now Christ was poor, and you are very rich. He paid tribute, and you exact it. He submitted to the powers of this world, and you have become one of these powers. He went about on foot, and you go to Castel-Gaudolpho

in a sumptuous equipage. He ate of anything that was given him, and you compel us to eat fish of Friday and Saturday, though we live far from the sea and from rivers. He forbade Simon Barjona to protect himself with the sword, and you have many swords to protect you. Therefore, in this sense, your Holiness is Antichrist. I reverence you very much in every other capacity, and I ask of you an indulgence in *articulo mortis*." As might have been expected, they put the man of pure reason into the Castle of St. Angelo.

When he got out of the Castle of St. Angelo, he hastened to Venice, and demanded an audience of the Doge. "Your Serene Highness," said he to him, "must commit an extravagant folly in espousing the sea every year. For, in the first place, one does not marry himself twice to the same person. Secondly, your marriage resembles that of Harlequin, which was only half a marriage, since the consent of the other party was wanting. Thirdly, who can assure you that the other maritime powers will not one day step in and dispossess you of your bride?" Thus he spoke, and they shut him up in the tower of St. Marks.

When he regained his liberty, he went to Constantinople, procured an audience of the Mufti, and spoke to him thus: "Your religion, though it may comprehend many good things, such as the worship of the Supreme Being, and the necessity of being just and charitable, is only a patchwork of Judaism, and a tiresome collection of old wives' tales. If the Archangel Gabriel did bring from the other world the leaves of the Koran to Mohammed, all Arabia would have seen him descend. Nobody saw him; therefore, Mohammed was a bold impostor, who deceived those who were weak enough to believe him." Scarcely had he uttered these words, when he was impaled.

Nevertheless, as Voltaire remarks, he always spoke pure reason. His error was excessive indiscretion. The naked truth must not always be told.

HOW TO TURN OUT.—The Duke of Wellington always slept on an iron bedstead eighteen inches wide. "When a man wants to turn over," he said, "it is time for him to turn out." The Emperor Nicholas did the same, Mr. Owen says. The principle is well enough, but I think the detail is wrong. Sleep itself is far too important to be made uncomfortable. My old friend Rossiter fixed his alarm so that, at the fore-ordained moment, the bed-clothes were dragged from the bed, and Rossiter lay shivering. I have myself somewhere the drawings and specifications for a patent (which I never applied for) which arranges a set of chains and wheel-work under the bedstead which, at the moment appointed, lift the pillow end six feet, on the now horizontal foot-board. He is not apt to sleep long after that. Rossiter found another contrivance, which worked better. The alarm-clock struck a match, which lighted the lamp, which boiled the water for Rossiter's shaving. If Rossiter stayed in bed too long, the water boiled over upon his razor, and clean shirt, and the prayer-book his mother gave him, and Coleridge's autograph, and his open pocket-book, and all the other precious things he could put in a basin underneath when he went to bed; so he had to get up before that moment came.—*Old and New*.

Mr. Elliot, a Baltimore aeronaut, some years before the war, ascended from Charleston, S. C. It was a very calm day, and after remaining in the air two or three hours, just as it was getting dark, he descended on one of the islands in the bay. The white folks had all gone to the city. In a cabin lay a dead negro, Dick, and around the cabin door sat half a dozen superstitious negroes. Elliot and his balloon descended noiselessly in front of them. Just before he reached the ground the darkies caught sight of him. They stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once. The anchor had reached the ground, and one of the darkies, in his haste to get away, stumbled over it just as it commenced to drag. He knew at once who had got hold of him, and his piercing shrieks were truly heart-rending as he cried: "Oh! Oh! I see not the nigger! Oh! massa Debbie! good massa Debbie! I see not the nigger! Dick's in dah! Dick in dah!" By this time he got loose and made for the swamp.

The number of stars visible to the naked eye in the entire circuit of the heavens has been usually estimated at about 6,000. An ordinary opera glass will exhibit something like ten times that number. A comparatively small telescope shows 200,000, while there are telescopes with which there is reason to believe, not less than 25,000,000 stars are visible.

Grace Greenwood relates as an instance of the extravagance of New England humor that, when a young farmer's wife made her first boy's pants precisely as ample before as behind, the father exclaimed: "Goodness! he won't know whether he's going to school or coming home!"

PERSIAN LAWS.—All the Persian laws, like those of every Mohammedan country, are supposed to be based upon the precepts of the Koran, and though the power of the Shah is practically absolute, in theory it is only in so far as it is not opposed to the accepted doctrines of the Mohammedan religion, as expounded in the sacred book of the Prophet, in his oral commentaries and sayings and in the interpretation given to them by the High Priest. Hence the enormous authority and influence of the Persian and Turkish clergy. The Shah is regarded as the Vice Regent and representative of the Prophet upon earth; and it is in this semi-sacred capacity that he claims implicit obedience by divine right from the faithful. Under him the executive government is at present carried on by the mockery of a Ministry, who are mere creatures of the Shah's breath and who have no independent will of their own; neither would they dare to express it if they had one. They may be raised to honor or degraded to infamy at any moment, and surely one of the most undesirable positions even in this slippery world is that of a Persian Minister.—*Grenville Murray, in N. Y. Herald*.

This notable episode in Agassiz's address of dedication at Penekese Island, the other day, strikes the *Christian Union* as worthy of being perpetuated upon canvas by some great artist. After a few opening words, felicitously suited to put all their minds into fellowship, Agassiz said tenderly, and with touching frankness: "I think we have need of help. I do not feel that I can call on any one here to ask a blessing for us. I know I would not have anybody pray for us at this moment. I ask you for a moment to pray for yourselves." Upon this, the great scientist—in an age in which so many other great scientists have concluded that praying is quite an unscientific and very useless proceeding—bowed his head reverently; his pupils and friends did the same; and there, in a silence that was very solemn and very beautiful, each spirit was free to crave of the Great Spirit the blessing that was needed.

What gives the modern movement against Christianity its most formidable character, is a sentiment which has found heroes and martyrs, the love of truth at all risks and despite of consequences, for the sake of truth, and for its sake alone.—*Gutzot*.

It is so far from being true that the effort to lift religions to a common level is antagonistic to the humanities of the age, that these humanities could not possibly dispense with such an effort.—*S. Johnson*.

Among the barbarisms which law and morals have not yet ceased to sanction, the most disgusting surely is, that any human being should be permitted to consider himself as having a right to the person of another.—*J. S. Mill*.

The Boston *Herald* asserts that the "fact that a newspaper is an 'organ' of any party, Church, or man, throws a doubt upon its veracity. The independent press can afford to tell the truth."

We want an intelligent race of Christians, not an affected race of boasters of culture, mental fops, who pretend to know a great deal and know nothing.—*Morning Star (Baptist)*.

A ruler who appoints any man to an office when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God and against the state.—*The Koran*.

An Irishman, leaning against a lamp-post as a funeral procession was passing, was asked who was dead. "I can't exactly say, sir; but I presume it is the man in the coffin."

CASH RECEIPTS.

For the week ending August 23, 1873.

Thos. Nye, \$3; Isaac Bierman, \$3.05; Wm. Jones, \$3; J. H. Ordway, \$1.50; W. Austin, 10 cts.; George Hudson, 50 cts.; Mrs. F. D. Doring, 25 cts.; Mrs. Carrie Hicks, \$3; Henry Muxson, \$3.75; Henry Lantz, \$1; Wm. Smith, \$3; Thomas Howland, \$3; T. Sullivan, \$2.60; Alexander Reed, \$5; Robert Lyon, 30 cts.; Mary E. Nye, \$3; Thos. Maskell, \$1.50; Howes Chapman, \$1; Andrew Seaman, \$1.50; J. W. Gibson, 50 cts.; Jno. Schofield, \$2.70; Mary S. Nichols, \$2; Grinnville M. Dillon, 75 cts.; David Watson, \$4; Nathl. Robinson, \$5; Geo. Draper, \$7; Alfred Robinson, \$1.50; W. S. Bennett, Jr., 10 cts.; Mrs. Julia O. J. Perkins, 25 cts.; J. B. Fletcher, 10 cts.; R. C. Spencer, \$2.00; S. Wilkinson, \$3; H. L. Daniels, \$1; W. B. Gray, \$3; Edward Berrian, \$1; George Hamilton, \$3; Frank S. Hillings, \$1.50.

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N. B.—Please remit by post-office money-order, by registered letter, or by draft on New York. Cheques on interior banks are liable to discount, and the term of subscription will be proportionally shortened in the credit.

N. B.—Orders for Tracts or Single Numbers of *THE INDEX* which are not on hand will, if of small amount, be otherwise filled to the same amount without further notice.

The Index.

AUGUST 30, 1873.

N. B. No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, Editor.
 ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS, Associate Editor.
 OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WENTWORTH HENNINGSON, WILLIAM J. POTTER, RICHARD F. HOLLOWELL, WILLIAM H. SPENCER, MRS. E. D. CUNNEY, ROY CHARLES VORSEY (England), Prof. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England), Rev. MORGAN D. CONWAY (England), Editorial Contributors.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern,	New York City,	One Share	\$100
Rich'd E. Westbrook,	Somerset, Pa.	"	100
R. C. Spencer,	Milwaukee, Wis.	Two "	200
R. W. Howes,	Boston, Mass.	One "	100
Chas. W. Story,	"	"	100
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Jacob Hoffman,	Cumminsville, O.	One "	100
John Weiss,	Boston, Mass.	"	100
W. C. Russell,	Ithaca, N. Y.	"	100

He is to be pitied who has no beautiful outlook from his windows. Yet none is less pitiable than he before whom Memory spreads a landscape lovely with noble deeds.

"Rationalists are not welcomed to our order," says Rev. Dr. Ryder, speaking for the Universalist ministry; "we have no place or work for them." Be at ease, good Doctor. Rationalists will not trouble your "order" with importunities for admission; they find place and work elsewhere. Who is the loser?

At the Perkins library sale in London, on June 3-6, a vellum copy of the Mazarin Bible was sold for £3,400, or \$21,400 of our currency,—a sum sufficient to buy a large library of the very best books for one who thinks that the use of books is to be used. Such a waste of means reminds us of the kindred folly of tulipomania, which induced men by the sheer contagion of fashion to spend whole fortunes for a single tulip-bulb. Wherein is this rage for rare copies, merely on account of their rarity, one whit more respectable? For all purposes of "salvation," a twenty-five cent Testament is as good as a twenty-thousand-dollar Bible. But "a fool and his money are soon parted."

Mr. W. P. Wilson, so well known to many of our subscribers as an active, efficient, and trustworthy agent for the Index Association, will devote the month of September to canvassing for subscriptions to the Association's capital stock. It is extremely desirable that the losses entailed by the troubles of last spring should be fully made good, and we hope that he will be kindly received by all who are friendly to the aims of THE INDEX. Owing to the past abuses of the commission system, it is necessary to state that Mr. Wilson will receive no commission at all, but will be remunerated for his time and labor at what we consider a fair rate of compensation. This we state at his own request; and we cordially commend him to the confidence of our friends.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Report, in pamphlet form, of the Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association for 1873 will be published September 1.

It contains full proceedings of the meeting, including essays by Samuel Johnson on "FREEDOM IN RELIGION" and by John Weiss on "RELIGION IN FREEDOM;" speeches by O. B. Frothingham, W. C. Gannett, Robert Dale Owen, T. W. Higginson, S. Longfellow, J. S. Thomson, F. E. Abbot, Lucretia Mott, and the Annual Report of the Executive Committee.

Price, thirty cents a copy; in packages of four or more, twenty-five cents each. It can be obtained by addressing the undersigned at New Bedford, Mass., or, in Boston, of A. Williams and Company, and at Loring's.

WM. J. POTTER,

Secretary.

NOTICE.

On and after September 1, the publication office of THE INDEX will be at No. 1, Tremont Place, Boston. All letters, papers, and other communications, should be henceforth addressed to "THE INDEX, 1 Tremont Place, BOSTON, MASS."

Correspondents and Exchanges will please take notice.

"STICKLING" FOR JUSTICE.

In the last December Term of the Supreme Court of Ohio, as probably all of our readers learned at the time from the daily press, a final decision was reached in the well-known Cincinnati Bible-in-schools case; unless, indeed, the defeated party shall find some pretext for carrying the case to the United States courts.

The Cincinnati Board of Education, some three years since, passed the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, That religious instruction and the reading of religious books, including the Holy Bible, are prohibited in the common schools of Cincinnati, it being the true object and intent of this rule to allow the children of the parents of all sects and opinions, in matters of faith and worship, to enjoy alike the benefit of the common school fund.

"Resolved, That so much of the regulations on the course of study and the text-books in the intermediate and district schools (page 213, annual report) as reads as follows—'The opening exercises in every department shall commence by reading a portion of the Bible by or under the direction of the teacher, and appropriate singing by the pupils'—be repealed."

Application was immediately made to the Superior Court of the city, by a large disaffected part of the citizens, for an injunction restraining the Board from enforcing these resolutions. The injunction was granted; but the Board of Education appealed to the Supreme Court of the State. The December decision was on this appeal, and reversed the action of the Superior Court, thus ruling (to quote the language of the twenty-third volume of the *Ohio State Reports*) that—

"The Constitution of the State does not enjoin or require religious instruction, or the reading of religious books in the public schools of the State;" and that—"The legislature having placed the management of the public schools under the exclusive control of directors, trustees, and boards of education, the courts have no rightful authority to interfere by directing what instruction shall be given, or what books shall be read therein.

It will be noticed that this decision does not really settle the main question at issue, which is not whether the local school authorities have power to forbid the reading of the Bible, as a religious book and as part of the regular school exercises, but rather whether they have power to permit it. The Court has ruled that Boards of Education may lawfully prohibit such reading; it has not ruled that they may require it. If Bible-reading as practised in the common schools were analogous to the use of ordinary text-books, the whole matter would undoubtedly rest in the hands of school Boards or Committees. But the gist of the objection to the practice is that the Bible is not read as an ordinary text-book, but as a sacred book unlike all others; and that the reading of it is not ordinary instruction, even in morals, but rather a common act of worship participated in by the whole school. It is because the use of the Bible in schools turns them for the time being into churches, that grave objections lie against it. No matter whether the metamorphosis lasts for ten hours or only for ten minutes; the principle is the same, and the inherent wrong is the same in exacting church tithes under pretence of raising school taxes. Have school Boards a legal right to pervert the school funds, levied by taxation avowedly for educational uses alone, to the practical support of ecclesiasticism? If all tax-payers should consent, the objection contained in this question might be waived as merely technical; but so long as one man pro-

tests against being forced to contribute to the support of a form of worship he does not conscientiously approve, so long is the objection real, and not merely technical. We hold that every school Board or Committee which permits Bible-reading in the public schools, as a regular devotional exercise, is guilty of usurpation of power, of perversion of public funds to improper uses, and of flagrant injustice towards a considerable and respectable portion of the citizens; and we further hold that such permission ought to be declared illegal by the courts, so long as that clause is left unrepealed in the "Bill of Rights" which was designed to protect every citizen against being taxed for the support of a form of worship not his own. No quibbling or cavilling can break the force of this objection; and the force of it is making itself felt more and more by the upright-minded and clear-headed portion of the community.

In its customary tone the *New York Nation* remarked, at the time the decision of the Ohio Supreme Court was announced: "For the benefit of the sticklers on either side, we may point out that Protestants can no more make a history or a philosophy, or perhaps a reading-book, for a certain large section of their fellow-citizens, than they can translate the Bible for them after a satisfactory fashion, or so read it as to please them. The matter is a deep one, which merely issuing school rules is not going to settle finally, and all parties may as well consider carefully what ground they will take, and why." For our own part, we have carefully considered what ground we shall take, and why; and even at the risk of being classified with the "sticklers," we propose to abide by it, as already explained. While we agree, therefore, with the *New York Evening Post*, that "the decision is in full accord with the theory and spirit of our civil institutions," we must qualify the praise by adding—"so far as it goes." It would have been a juster, a profounder, and a more truly American solution of the problem, if the Court had assigned as its reason for removing the injunction, that no Board of Education in the State had the least legal right to adopt any other policy on the Bible-in-schools question than that embodied in the obnoxious resolutions of the Cincinnati Board. The present decision is well enough as far as it goes; but that it does not go far enough, will, we believe, be made abundantly plain within the next dozen years.

There is so much, however, that is admirable, and weighty, and timely, in the opinion pronounced by Judge Welch, that we heartily recommend it to the careful attention of all. An excellent reprint of the case, extracted from the *State Reports*, has just been issued by Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, for a copy of which we return our acknowledgments to the publishers. It has furnished the occasion of the foregoing remarks, and will doubtless furnish the occasion of much thinking in the community on a question which is gradually assuming great importance,—not so much on its own account as on account of other questions lying beneath and back of it. It is time for every intelligent man to have an opinion on the subject.

Mr. E. A. Holbrook delivered before the Liberal League of Watertown, New York, on June 23, a vigorous poem entitled, "God in the Constitution." Being published by request of the League, a copy of it has been kindly sent to us; and we extract from it a passage that embodies in few words a most telling argument:—

"Our neighbors the Confederates in pious council met,
 And framed a Constitution; but what became of that?
 They placed God's name within it, their government
 to shield;
 But somehow its defenders have failed to hold the
 field.

Although the Name Eternal was voted in command,
 The great Confederation proved but a rope of sand;
 And though our Constitution may boast no name or
 shrine,
 With wisdom, love, and justice, its spirit is divine."

We had received no information of the existence of this League. It must be doing a good work, as this poem proves. Will the Secretary be so good as to forward its list of officers?

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but as after no space will be spared to errata.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unsigned manuscripts.

CAMP-MEETING METHODISM: A NEW SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

DEAR MR. ABBOT:—

I have just spent a day at a Methodist camp-meeting. I think I appreciate more than ever the importance of the great movement in favor of Free Religion. It was enough to turn the heart of any sensible man to listen to the bolstering bellowings of the preachers, and the agonizing groans of the sinners. Still I would not have cared so much about it if I had not attended the children's meetings and seen the workings there. I suppose a hundred children were congregated in the large tent, ages from five to fifteen,—mainly good children who ought not to go to meeting at all, but to be taught at home to be civil, respectful, kind, truthful, and natural. What did these Methodist sisters do? Talked to them, worked over them, begged of them for more than two hours to "Come to Jesus." They told them about death, hell, the devil, an angry God, the dreadful thing it was to die in their sins unrepented, in the most wild and extravagant manner, until the little ones were bewildered and worked to such a state of fear that they did not know what they were about. Friend Abbot, I felt like walking into the midst of that meeting and breaking it up. I believe I would have done so if I had had one or two to back me,—though I should no doubt have been arrested for disturbing the peace. More than ever am I given to a religion that is without superstition, progressive, not afraid to take the world as it finds it; making it better through science and law rather than blind feeling and disorder. Go on, dear friend, and let not your ardor dampen till Free Religion is established and the world shall know what it is. Then, I think, they will not fail to love it.

Faithfully, M. L. H.
New York City, Aug. 15, 1873.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

MR. ABBOT,—For six months the Christian Church has carried on the most unrelenting persecution against the radicals—two women and one man—and against a free press. In full sight of this, the professedly liberal press, which claims to stand for the defense of mental freedom, with one exception has been nearly or quite dumb. From the first, every sane and intelligent mind must have seen this most bitter persecution,—the violation of law in an effort to crush a free press. Admitting Mr. Beecher's entire innocence, all this is true. Mrs. Beecher Stowe wrote what she, no doubt, believed true of the dead Byron. Mrs. Woodhull wrote what she believed true of a living Beecher. The last being true or false, a suit for libel was in order. But, in any case, such illegal persecution was *infamous*. Was this silence—in one instance much worse than silence—in the radical press an indication of the condition of the general radical mind? I hope it did not fairly represent that mind. If it did, there is no hope for us except through sufferings which Americans have not yet dreamed of. The radical press was mostly closed against short articles asking any such justice to Mrs. Woodhull as all admit should be granted to the murderer. Did or did not the so-called liberal public—Free Religionists and Spiritualists—require this? I fear too many of them did.

Mr. Abbot, I am an old man. I shall not long trouble even the radicals. I wrote—"Who killed Horace Greeley?" I could find no editor who dare and was disposed to print it. I beg you print this short protest. There is one man—I am sure many thousands—who will never bow, while living, to despotism.

Fraternally,
AUSTIN KENT.

EAST STOCKHOLM, N. Y.

[The prosecution of Mrs. Woodhull for obscenity instead of libel was indefensible, being as cowardly and mean as it was illegal. We do not know who was at the bottom of it; but it is frivolous to attribute the act of a few individuals to the "Christian Church." If it were clear that the "freedom of the press" had been assailed, the "radical press" (what is it?) might be justly blamed by Mr. Kent. But the "free press" which can find no better occupation than making indiscriminate personal assaults of the most cruel kind is simply an intolerable nuisance. It remains to be shown that Mrs. Woodhull was right in her attack on Mr. Beecher and others.

If, as we strongly suspect, she was the dupe of her own imagination and the cunning instigation of Mr. Beecher's private enemies, we should scout the plea of "freedom of the press" as a justification of her course. A free press is just as much bound to respect the rights of private citizens as a slave press. Unless the charges brought by Mrs. Woodhull are true, she is entitled to no sympathy from decent people, except so far as her victims were stung to illegality by the venom of her pen. We go upon the principle that every man should be presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty; and, for one, we wait this proof before expressing or feeling sympathy with any personal assaults. It has been claimed that Mr. Beecher's own letters would convict him. He has given public permission to print them. Where are they? We have learned that innocence is no protection against vilification; and it makes little difference whether the vilifier is a liar or a dupe. Let the conclusive proof be forthcoming, or let this clamorous demand for sympathy with the assailants be stopped.—[Ed.]

USURY.

IN THE INDEX of January 4, Mr. Abbot stated that the common sense of mankind rejects the notion that taking interest on money loaned is a crime.

Now I wish to take issue with him upon that opinion, and will endeavor to show that the apathy and apparent acquiescence in interest-taking is not caused by the assent of common sense, but by a false idea of business morality. The moral principle on which interest-taking is justified may be proved to be false by the following analysis of its practical results: A, being in want, craves the favor of a loan of B's surplus money, which would be of no pecuniary profit to him to keep, and which B grants on condition that it shall be paid back with as much more as the pecuniary advantage is expected to be to A, even if it takes an amount equal to that loaned. A accepts the condition. Then the transaction is claimed to be all right, and no violation of any moral principle, the civilized world assenting to the claim.

Now, to those who have unenslaved, keen moral perceptions, this principle is seen to be terribly false, and as cruel as death; for it enables the rich to take advantage of the necessities of his brother, and reduce him to poverty and pecuniary slavery. In fact, it is this false moral principle that has enabled the capitalists of Europe, by applying it to rents and profits, to reduce nine-tenths of the inhabitants to abject poverty. The taking of twenty per cent. interest, thirty per cent. rents and a hundred per cent. profits in trade, finds its justification in this same wicked principle which in the practical business life of the whole civilized world, is in direct and complete antagonism with all the principles of natural justice and equity. As is evident, these sentiments in all unsophisticated souls stand foremost in defence of equal rights and are imperative in their demands, never yielding to any other claim, but demanding first justice, then pity and mercy. This universal refusal to confer benefits that add to the wealth of the receiver, but which cost nothing to bestow, shows the moral blindness of the people, and is an outrage upon the highest and most beautiful sentiments of all noble souls. There is no pleasure so great, no happiness so serene, as the consciousness of conferring great happiness upon humanity. There is no other action which common men look upon with so much admiration, as is attested by the universal homage paid to those who have devoted themselves to the good of mankind. They not only admire this self-devotedness, but feel it to be the highest duty to alleviate distress and confer happiness whenever possible; and it is also felt to be unmanly and even criminal in any one to neglect to do it.

As I have stigmatized taking interest as being a great crime, I will make a further analysis of interest itself. It is the hard-earned results of labor surrendered for favors that cost nothing peculiarly to bestow, creating at once a pecuniary distinction between the borrower and lender, and a miniature aristocracy which, when carried to its logical results, reduces the borrower to poverty, while the lender rolls in luxury without labor.

EUGENE HUTCHINSON.

REED'S FERRY, N. H.

[To exact excessive interest from the borrower is certainly cruel and harsh in the lender. But is it wrong to charge a fair rate for the use of money lent? If so, why is it not iniquitous in livery stable keepers to charge for the use of their horses and vehicles? We are so hard-hearted as to see no crime in a transaction which benefits both parties, and to see no reason why the bor-

rower should monopolize the benefits. It is a great mistake to think it costs the lender nothing. He foregoes the use of the money lent, and runs the risk of never being repaid. If the use of the money is worth so much to the borrower that he must have it even at high interest, it is plain that the use of money has a real, direct value, for which he ought in common justice to pay. Men charge for their merchandise, their services, their time; why not for their money?—[Ed.]

CRITICAL NOTICE.

CHRISTIANITY THE SCIENCE OF MANHOOD. A Book for Questioners. By Minot Judson Savage. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. 1873. pp. 187.

This book, considered as the production of an Orthodox Congregational minister, and written, as he tells us, with the cooperation and approval of his brother, another minister in the same denomination, is not a little peculiar and remarkable.

To be sure, any Orthodox minister might call the doctrine he preaches "the science of manhood"; but the characters produced by that doctrine, even the specimens pointed to as most successful, are usually so narrow and one-sided that you and I, Mr. Editor, would hardly consider them good illustrations of manhood. Our author's premises, however, differ materially from those of his denominational brethren, and thus his conclusions also differ. I will try briefly to give you an idea of both.

Mr. Savage's definition of religion, and also of Christianity, agree in the main with that given by Theodore Parker. That is to say, he regards religion to be voluntary obedience, by each person, to what he understands to be the will of God, and Christianity to be the love of God and man as announced and explained by Jesus, called Christ. (Let me say here that these definitions seem to me also more correct than any different ones that have fallen under my notice.)

Mr. Savage, taking for granted the wisdom and goodness of God, and finding that he has made man to consist of body, mind, affections, and a spiritual nature, all capable of and fitted for progressive development, concludes that they all ought to be so developed, and that thus only can full "manhood" be attained. He thinks that, while such development, attempted by each individual in his own person, and cultivated to the extent of his power among the people around him, is certainly a carrying out of God's idea, it is also a dictate of that doctrine of love to God as a father and to men as brothers, in which Jesus summed up his religious system. If the Church accepts this central idea of Jesus, its one sole business, Mr. Savage thinks, is to apply itself to the "building of men." The true manhood being inclusive of all things that are true and right, all these things should be forwarded by the church, and none of them should be hindered by it.

This includes a good deal, does it not? But, to make his meaning quite plain, Mr. Savage goes into further specification. The creeds, he says, and methods of church government, and ordinances, and forms of service, and sacred days, and orders of the ministry, churches, and sacraments, are all subordinate things, to be used, varied or disused according as they promote or hinder the proper development of manhood.

Still further: to the question—What is heresy, then? Mr. Savage replies: "Any teaching that hinders the making of manhood." And he specifies as dangerous heresies, exclusiveness, uncharitableness, bigotry, and partisanship, and whatever doctrine misrepresents God and gives men wrong conceptions of his character and relation to them.

In the course of the book Mr. Savage mentions "the Christ," but by this expression he seems to mean the man Jesus as a power of personal love, an ideal of moral beauty, a model by which to measure our endeavor. He never speaks of him either as atoning sacrifice or mediator. He makes no depreciatory mention of human nature, or of the world in which God has placed human nature for its development. He does not allude to Satan, or original sin, or total depravity, or eternal punishment; and as to the *saving* of men, the proper meaning of it, he says, is the building up of true manhood in them; neither does he assume or imply that in the future state any human being will be debarred from making such progress, and reaping due benefit from it.

He cautions his readers against supposing that belief in prophecy, or in miracle, or the theory of infallible inspiration in Scripture, or membership in a church organization, or any conversion except from a bad life to a good one, is an essential to Christianity. Your belief will of necessity follow the evidence which comes to you. Do right, and you will be right.

Mr. Savage has no fear of science, or of inquiry, or thorough investigation in any department. Let Genesis and Geology fight it out. Let Colenso investigate and publish as much as

he pleases. Truth is always to be welcomed, never to be feared. "He is a poor friend to Christianity who sanctimoniously offers its sacredness as a reason why it should not be looked at. . . . If it is true, it will bear scrutiny. . . . It must prove its right by its ability to adapt itself to the world's highest needs."

In regard to the theories of the Orthodox church respecting Biblical inspiration, prophecy and miracle, Mr. Savage frankly says: "In no ministerial association with which I have ever been acquainted, would it be possible to conduct a calm and judicial discussion of questions like these. He who should plead for such a discussion would be laying himself liable to suspicion of heresy." Our author's boldness in setting forth his own ideas, liberalized to the extent above described, is a cheering and hopeful omen for the future. C. K. W.

RADICAL "INTOLERANCE."

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

I am sorry that any of your readers should feel called upon to accuse THE INDEX of even a slight degree of intolerance or uncharitableness. It is a serious charge to make against a paper devoted to the radical cause; for radicalism itself is as far from intolerance as light is from darkness. I suspect, however, that in this case the criticism is unjust,—that it is the critics themselves who are so befogged by the atmosphere of superstition, that surrounds us all, that they cannot distinguish between a manly zeal for "liberty and light" and a spirit of uncharitableness. I have read THE INDEX with considerable attention for more than a year, and the only evidence of illiberality I remember to have seen in its columns comes (singularly enough) from a gentleman who himself complains of radical aggressiveness. This writer says: "The great body of the Christian sects, who honestly believe Sunday to be a divinely appointed holy day, show a tolerance and charity toward the few who do not believe which radicals would do well to emulate. I like the rest and quiet of Sunday, and bless the superstition that makes it quiet."

It seems odd to have to remind one who is not himself a slave to superstition that Christians have no more right to dictate to others in a matter of religious observance than others have to dictate to them; and that the mere assumption on their part of such a right marks a depth of intolerance which it is impossible for radicalism ever to reach. As for the other statement, that he "likes the quiet of Sunday and blesses the superstition that makes it quiet," I cannot believe that the writer really means what his words imply. The Christian has, for his interference with the rights of others, at least the poor excuse of religious zeal; but the man who would force a particular line of conduct on his neighbors for no better reason than because he "likes" it, must be a despot indeed. As a matter of fact, the stillness of Sunday, broken as it is by the mournful call of church bells, has no such pleasant effect on me as it has on this gentleman. To me it is oppressive and irksome in the extreme. And yet, though a radical of the "intolerant" sort,—intolerant in the sense to be immediately explained—I should hardly think of asking, much less of compelling, my neighbors to bestir themselves and make a noise on my account.

Hereafter, if any one has any charge of intolerance to bring against radicals, let him by all means make it distinct and explicit, so that it can be fairly met. First, however, let him be reasonably sure his accusation is just. And above all, let him remember that there is one thing of which radicalism is in its very nature intensely intolerant, and that is *intolerance*.

C. E. M.

ETHANASIA.

Quite a discussion has sprung up in the English papers on the double question of suicide and of putting out of the way those who wish to die but cannot without assistance. A Mr. Lionel Tollemache had a paper in the *Fortnightly Review* for February, advocating the right of the hopelessly suffering to die, whether by their own hands or with the aid of a doctor and parson. The idea is that dying in this way, like getting married, might be under the supervision of the law, to be carried out only with the double aid of a physician and a clergyman, as witnesses to the propriety of it; that is the cutting short by it of great hopeless suffering. The *Saturday Review* says that there is an undoubted basis of fact for the case set up to justify the proposal; that in many cases cruel suffering is endured without the smallest prospect of ultimate relief; and that the absolute prohibition of suicide sometimes causes great and unnecessary misery. But the *Review* is of opinion, nevertheless, that permission to take life thus at the call of humanity would lead to taking it on the sly at the bidding of inhumanity; that no practice could be more directly destructive of the sanctity of life; and that it would make average men greater brutes than they are, when in fact they are quite brutal enough already. The *Spectator* similarly argues that the practice would change the care of the sick from a discipline of patient tenderness into a school of harsh impatience

with helpless suffering. In reply to this view Prof. F. W. Newman writes in the *Spectator* that many years ago he had reason to believe that a friend withdrew himself from life somewhat prematurely to escape a hopeless lingering between life and death; that this led him to ask various persons now and then what they thought of doing such a thing; that his inquiries satisfied him that the thing is secretly done to no slight extent, and would be justified if people dared to speak out; that many do hold the opinion that a painful, useless, and hopeless life ought to be ended; and that if discussion of the subject should lead to freer avowals of opinion, without fear or odium, it would be valuable. Prof. Newman further says that facts have led him to the conviction that we overstrain our reluctance to shorten life, and that he cannot see why, under suitable legal precautions, a hopeless sufferer, whose desire to die is well attested, should not be permitted aid to that effect, especially when the desire of every merciful looker-on is that death may come.

It may be mentioned in this connection that a young physician of New Haven, a man of very fine mind and very high character, but afflicted with a disease for which no cure is known, and which destroys the mind's action before it finally kills the body, took his life with the utmost deliberation and firmness, on the fifth of this month, in order to secure his friends against the burden and perhaps the danger of his sinking into an insane condition. He had meditated the deed for a year; he waited evidently as long as he dared; he made all his preparations with the utmost consideration; his last letters and interviews were unusually cheerful and tender and pleasant; and when all was ready he arranged his person on a bed in a room at a hotel, fired one shot through his heart, and, laying his hand back on the pillow, fired another through his head. A full analysis of the whole case proves beyond a doubt that, whatever may have been his mistake in thinking that he ought to do this, he did think so, and acted accordingly with more than Roman firmness. Nor is there the slightest room to say that he was not in full possession of his mind. He had suffered fearfully in mind, and was in peril of breaking down at any time, but as yet he was himself entirely, both in mind and in character, and showed this in all the details of the last days of his life, and especially in the letters written during his last hours, at night and alone. E. C. T.

BLOOD ATONEMENT AGAIN.

The world loses a man, and the church gains a member. One Mr. Nicholson, of the Monumental City, for the sake of a little money, plunges a family into grief, fills up columns in the newspapers and consequently becomes notorious, and creates another sensation for the church, whereby they have an opportunity to show to the world the unaccountable virtue of a sacrifice made eighteen hundred and fifty years ago.

Under the most revolting circumstances, this cool-blooded sinner, acting on the total depravity principle, butchered a weak, inoffensive old woman a few weeks since, and last Friday was sent to Paradise direct, franked through by the Reverends Messrs. Dale and Wilson.

His conversion was complete, they tell us, and there can be no doubt about his eternal safety.

They fall to inform us or give us the least idea regarding the meeting between this villain and his victim, "over the river." But there is not the slightest doubt about his soul being at rest in the New Jerusalem, and henceforward engaged in singing psalms and hallelujahs.

The Young Men's Christian Association were in his cell, and the conferences were long and enthusiastic, no doubt; which finally worked this fiend up to such an enthusiasm that he uttered the following prayer:—

NICHOLSON'S PRAYER.

"Oh, merciful Father, increase my strength. Let me bear it to-day with resignation. I feel that, Father, I shall see the beautiful faces on high. I feel that thy precious blood has washed me free from all guilt, and I can go safely to the realm of light. I commit myself to thy hand. I know I have done wrong, but the atoning blood is sufficient. I am thy child, Father, while I have been in firm, thou hast been with me. I commit my poor wife and children to thee. May they be led to salvation. Strengthen me with the Holy Spirit. It is hard to bear, but we are going to a better place to-day. I shall see my mother, sister and brother. I shall see you again. Strengthen my beloved brother in the fearful trial he is now enduring. Give me the strength of thy blessing, so that on the scaffold, I can die with a smile upon my face, whispering the name of sweet Jesus. Father, I commit myself wholly to thy hand."

The hymn "Rock of Ages" was then sung, after which Nicholson took a farewell of his brother Thomas; the brothers cordially embracing each other. Thomas, weeping, said: "I did all I could for you, Josh."

"Yes," was the reply, "and more that I could do for you, God bless you."

PRIVATE DEVOTIONS.

The ceremonies were then concluded at the cell, and the prisoner, accompanied by the clergymen, at 8:35 A. M., moved through the main hall and entered the directors' room, where an hour was passed in private devotional exercises. Nicholson was dressed in a black suit, and Holchman in gray. As they they passed through the main hall, both prisoners were smiling and cheerful, and nodded pleasantly to such acquaintances as they met. The exercises in the directors' room con-

sisted of singing, prayer, and short religious addresses by both prisoners, who were quite calm and composed, and who expressed their confidence in Christ. The sacrament was then administered by the Rev. Pennell Dale, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Wilson. The reporters and the public were excluded from the directors' room, it being intended that the sacramental service should be as private as possible.

Thus we see that one more sinner is saved from a never-ending hell and the church is glorified.

Remember all this is done against the positive statements of the Bible that no murderer can enter into the kingdom of God.

J. E. H.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE LONDON 'GRAPHIC.'

An Italian curate has been sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment and three hundred francs fine, for preaching an inflammatory sermon against the Government of the country, damning them to all eternity as unshriven, excommunicated devils, for interfering with the property of the Church.

The *School Board Chronicle* says that the "ticket of admission to heaven," as sold by a Papal missionary, is an elegant little card on which is printed—"Admit to heaven: obtained through the divine school of patience." Round a cross one reads: "None shall be crowned but he who has fought the good fight. Here I am! O Mary, help us! Price 50 cents."

A disgraceful scene took place at a Liberation meeting at Exeter last week. As soon as the chairman appeared, some of the friends of the Church let off detonating balls, and cast loose a number of sparrows and blackbirds. This was succeeded by singing, hooting, yelling, and some fighting. No speaker could obtain a hearing, and the disorder was only stopped at last by the gas being put out. We can hardly believe the statement that some of the disturbers were "young lawyers, doctors, bankers' clerks, and others moving in respectable society." People of education and culture cannot surely believe that such conduct will be of any service to the Establishment.

Dean Goulburn preached a remarkable sermon last Sunday at St. Paul's Cathedral. The subject was—"The Personality of the Devil," and the dean argued that our Savior was a personal champion sent to destroy a personal tyrant. He did not deny that it was possible to accommodate, or rather strain, certain Scripture texts to the view that the devil meant the system of evil; but what were we to say to the many instances where the devil's personal agency is distinctly declared? By the denial of the personal existence of the Evil One, the entire scheme of redemption was robbed of its significance, its most fundamental proportions were destroyed, and a long stride was made towards moral scepticism and soul-destroying infidelity. The most pestilent German rationalist maintains that Jesus Christ is a myth, the representative of all that is good. The miserable so-called philosophy of the day would cheat us of our faith in persons, and give us cold, passionless ideas. He admitted that there were difficulties in the account of the temptation in the first lesson for the day; but could the philosophers invent a theory which could better explain the riddle of our nature?

STATE OF EDUCATION IN PERSIA.—The upper classes in Persia can generally read and write and cipher a little. Their learning seldom goes beyond that; and there is a pious reason for their ignorance. The Caliph Omar sagaciously observed that "there was no need of any book but the Koran; because whatever could by any possibility be good in literature was to be found in it." Thus, although many of the Persian Khans are almost as good scholars as American village children in the first year of their studies, yet writing is not an art in Persia, but is a distinct profession practised by Meerzas, who go about with an inkhorn and a reed, and are much esteemed. There can hardly be said to exist a Persian literature in modern times. There is a newspaper (a sort of court journal) printed at Teheran, and now and then a rambling tale, attributing marvellous deeds and gifts to kings, and chiefly occupied with "Napoleon" (Napoleon), finds its way into print and a limited circulation. There is no such person as a Persian book-publisher, and no such thing as a Persian bookseller's shop. Such ancient books as are read by the learned are still mostly in manuscript, and bear a very high price.—*Grenville Murray, in N. Y. Herald.*

The Brooklyn Union states that, previous to leaving for Europe, Mr. Stewart made a will. It was thought advisable to prepare a schedule of his real and personal estate. Upon the completion of the schedule, much to the surprise of Mr. Stewart, and to the great surprise of his friends, it was found that he was worth one hundred millions of dollars. The truth of the foregoing statement is well authenticated.

Advertisements.

GENERAL NOTICE.

On Aug. 8, 1872, I contracted for the two best advertising pages of *THE INDEX* for the current year. No advertisements objectionable to the editor to be taken." For terms apply to
A. K. BUTTS, 36 Dey St., New York.

No improper advertisements, no advertisements of patent medicines, and no advertisements known to be fraudulent or unjust to any one, will be hereafter admitted into *THE INDEX*. All advertisements accepted before this date will be allowed to run their time.

THE INDEX must not be held responsible for any statement made by advertisers.
FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.
TOLLEDO, O., June 21, 1873.

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VOLUME 4.

BOSTON, MASS., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1873.

WHOLE No. 193.

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THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the several States, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

A FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

- ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF ———.
- ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in ———. Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.
- ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, discourses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.
- ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.
- ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.
- ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be as commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.
- ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

As far as I am concerned, the above is the platform of the INDEX. I believe in it without reserve; I believe that it will yet be accepted universally by the American people, the only platform consistent with religious liberty. A Liberal League ought to be formed to carry out its principles wherever half a dozen earnest and resolute Liberals are got together. Being convinced that the movement secure compliance with these just "Demands" must ely, even if slowly, spread, I hope to make THE INDEX means of furthering it; and I ask the assistance and co-operation of every man and every woman who believes in it. Multiply Liberal Leagues everywhere, and re-promptly the names of their Presidents and Secretaries. Intolerance and bigotry will tremble in proportion that it grows. If freedom, justice, and reason are let, let their organized voice be heard like the sound of many waters.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor,

October, Sept. 1, 1873.

GLIMPSES.

BY F. E. A.

THAT was a good toast by Mr. Hatch at San José last winter: "The Two Great T. P.'s—Thomas Paine and Theodore Parker, *par nobile fratrum*: both 'Thoroughly Practical' and 'Terribly Persistent.'"

BISHOP LOUGHLIN has been confirming one hundred and sixty children. What is the difference between a confirmed Catholic and a confirmed infidel? Is not one kind of confirmation as good as another?

THE Methodist papers do not like reporters to be present at their "preachers' meetings." No wonder. It must make some of the ministers feel as foolish as geese to see their speeches in cold print. Or do they only feel foolish for each other? Human nature works in that way sometimes.

It is curious to watch the attempt at "religious watering places" to serve God and please the flesh at the same time. But Martha's Vineyard, Ocean Grove, and Sea Cliff, as it seems, are watering their religion so profusely as to drown it out. Query—is it any worse to water stock than to water religion?

It is funny to see the religious papers wrangling over "Mr. Beecher's Theology." Why, the good man hasn't any! How some people worry themselves to take the parallax of a shooting star, or determine the focus of a lively grasshopper! Mr. Beecher, the star, and the grasshopper all come under one rule—"now you see him, and now you don't."

THERE is confusion among the doxologies at Rev. Mr. MacFadyen's church in Brooklyn. Some of the congregation sing one stanza, while some sing another; whereupon a discontented "stranger" complains to the *Eagle*. What an unreasonable stranger! Does he not perceive that the theologies are as badly mixed as the doxologies, and that the discord after all is a new proof of the "eternal fitness of things"?

"We must agree upon a clean-cut statement of doctrinal truth which shall preserve our congregations from the intrusion of Romish and infidel teachers." So says an Orthodox journal, in behalf of "Church Union." Aye, but who is to frame it? Evidently a man with rooted antipathies against meat and conscientious scruples against potatoes, whose arduous mission shall be to convince the world of the superlative beauties of boarding-house hash.

MANY kind-hearted radicals find pleasing auguries of the future of Christianity in the manifest motion of the sects towards each other, as if that meant the overthrow of all barriers on account of belief. Such misreaders of the times should note the following strong statement by a paper devoted exclusively to the union of the sects: "The division lines between the Church United and the world are to be just as high, and strong, and well guarded, as they are between the Church Divided and the world."

WHAT an annihilating blow was dealt to Professor Tyndall, when a pert little Evangelical paper [since deceased—did it die like a bee in consequence of using its own sting?] pronounced him a "charlatan," and crushingly added—"We shall not go near him"! Such abstention must embitter Tyndall's subsequent existence. But this calling science charlatany as the best way to escape its influence raises in our irreverent mind visions of an ostrich with its beak stuck deep in the desert, while its tail-feathers wave magnificently in the breeze.

A POOR fellow who "had been connected with the New York press fifteen years," and [as a natural consequence?] "was going to ruin," hid himself out of sight in one of the galleries at the Fulton Street Prayer Meetings, until he was fairly prayed out of his hiding-place by a blind Kansas minister who had discovered him. Then he was converted, of course.

Well, "coming to Jesus" is better than "going to ruin"; but is not "coming to oneself" better still? If we remember rightly, that is what the Prodigal Son did. With some personal solicitude, however, we inquire whether the fate of this New York Bohemian awaits those who are "connected" with the Boston press. Perhaps it was rash to quit Toledo. But we shall insist on those "fifteen years" first.

THE *Church Journal* very sensibly reproves the sensational press reports and "interviews," got up to gratify a morbid curiosity about eminent criminals. It points out that such sudden and pernicious prominence given to them feeds the insane hunger of notoriety in multitudes of callow robbers and murderers, practically stimulating them to outdo each other in atrocity. But the *Journal* forgets that the same result is reached in a different way by the great ado made over the conversion of these very criminals, as in Nicholson's case, commented on by a correspondent in the last INDEX. The ministers are every whit as much to blame as the reporters for making heroes of cut-throats and assassins.

MR. A. T. STEWART went to Europe lately. Many other persons do the same thing, but not many leave \$100,000,000 of their own behind them. The *Christian Union* talks sour grapes in the most approved style of Evangelical solemnity, and exultingly remarks that "his shroud will not have a pocket in it." But perhaps Mr. Stewart does not want a pocket in his shroud. If he takes the *Union's* advice, however, and puts on the "robe of Christ's righteousness," will he find a pocket in that? We do not see much difference between a pocketless shroud and a pocketless robe of Christ's righteousness—so far as pockets are concerned. In all other respects the honest shroud has the advantage over the dishonest robe, which is stolen finery at the best, and turns a genuine jackdaw into a bogus peacock.

DR. DURYEA, of New York, declares that "Christ was the highest style of a gentleman; and that which is the distinctive element of gentlemanliness in man is the infinite in God." The idea is not wholly new; but it is comforting, in this plebeian age of shoddy and petroleum gentility, to be assured that we shall owe our salvation to no *parvenu* Redeemer. Nowadays true Christians require an opera-troupe for a choir, a Beau Brummel for a minister, and a select circle of fashionables for fellow-sinners in the most gorgeously decorated pews. How soothing to remember that Jesus was a gentleman,—none of your dirty, vulgar, ragged vagabonds in whom the odor of onions quite overpowers the odor of sanctity, but a genuine gentleman, whose polite mission is to get us into the very best society in Heaven, and introduce us to his own gentlemanly Father! With the best of kids and a japonica in his button-hole, he will blandly greet the *élite* of New York, and do the honors of the "house of many mansions" in the most approved style of celestial etiquette. Undoubtedly the New Jerusalem is to be patterned after the excellent hints furnished to the Divine Architect by New York City, and the crowning sensation of the resurrection will be the discovery that Fifth Avenue and Central Park have been resurrected too. Dr. Duryea is a benefactor of the age, and mankind are really under the greatest obligation to him for his annunciation that the gospel is no affair of vulgar honesty and morals, but rather of good manners, and good society, and all the delightful *etceteras*. It was a mistake about the manger, and the carpenter's bench, and the houselessness, and the devoted life passed among outcasts, publicans, sinners, and other low-lived people; the Savior had an unexceptionable pedigree, and modern converts from upper-tendom need fear from him no shock to the most delicate sensibilities, or the most fastidious tastes. All this is charming; our only perplexity arises from our unregenerate incapacity of distinguishing between Heaven and Vanity Fair.

(FOR THE INDEX.)

The Dream of Unity.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

There is no sweeter word in our language than the word **UNITY**; it is pleasant to the lips and dear to the heart. We love to think of the unity of brethren, the unity of states, the unity of races, of languages, interests, purposes. Especially delightful is the word to religious men. The unity of the faith has always been a delicious dream. The Roman Church boasts of its unity, feeling that there is a spell in the idea potent over the imagination above all others. The Protestant Churches grieve over their variations, apologize for them, reduce them as far as possible in number and importance, and make the most of such fraternity as they have. How comforting to the soul are the words of the Christ, praying "that they all may be one; as their Father in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." We forget, as we repeat them, that they have reference only to the true believers, and contemplate the unity of the elect alone; forget that the Christ prays "not for the world" but "for them that were given him out of the world,"—or, if he has a thought for others, it is only for as many as shall believe "through the disciples' word." The bare use of the phrase, "all one," so fascinates the imagination that the most generous interpretation is given to it at once. Can "all" mean less than all? Can oneness imply exclusion? We repeat with unctious the passages in the Epistle to the Ephesians: "There is one body and one spirit; one calling and one hope; one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." As it the fine language expressed an existing fact, and that fact a union of the spirit in bonds of peace among all spiritually faithful men; and there is a habit of looking back on that early time as an epoch of sweet communion, too soon broken and never afterward recovered. But the Epistle to the Ephesians and the Gospel called of John did but anticipate a unity that they believed was possible and hoped was near. The time for such hopeful anticipation had come, but not the conditions of its fulfilment.

When the scriptures I have quoted were written, there was room for thinking that these conditions were soon to be met. The great schism which had divided the Church and caused bitter feelings was healing. The city of Jerusalem, the head-quarters of the narrowest party and the stronghold of conservatism, was destroyed; and the believers, scattered abroad in Greek and Roman cities were learning the lessons of mutual understanding, forbearance, and charity. The radical party did more justice to the conservatives, the conservatives conceded something to the radicals; the old hatreds were mitigated, the old jealousies subsided, the old bitterness ceased; the original leaders were dead, and compromise under the name of reconciliation became possible. The advocates of centralization felt the need of universality; the champions of universality accepted the policy of centralization. The churches of St. Peter, and the churches of St. Paul were making overtures towards each other which were later to result in a great church dedicated to both St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome. The memory of Jesus, too, came up, and the feelings of a common discipleship warmed alienated hearts towards each other. Thus a partial unity among believers was slowly effected.

Necessity hastened its formation. Heresies were rising and spreading, threatening the church with fatal divisions. Those knowing people, the Gnostics, were disseminating their enticing speculations, to the confusion of the simple and the dismay of the learned. There was danger that, instead of two great parties, there would be a dozen small ones, biting and tearing each other and reducing the body of Christ to a mangled mass. Under these circumstances, the hitherto contending sects laid by their differences, and joined forces in order the better to resist the common foe. The unity of the church must at all hazards be preserved; and, as the surest way of preserving it, a policy of centralization was adopted which resulted in a system of episcopacy. In order to counteract the destructive tendencies of an excessive intellectual freedom, stress was laid on the idea of unity; the monarchical element prevailed over the democratic, and the church, as a visible institution, grew up. Ecclesiastical institutions involve ecclesiastical tradition; and it was not long before these crept along to the support of the defences against the aggressions of heresy. Soon, sooner than one would think possible, forms of doctrine raised themselves in line, and added to the forces already arrayed for the defence of the body of the Christ; while under the same impulse, and at about the same time, the effort was made to collect a few writings that might serve as a rule of faith. The New Testament canon, far from being the artless compilation it is commonly assumed to be,—very far from being a collection of writings prized for their genuineness of their authorship and the authenticity of their contents,—was formed on the principle of reconciliation. The books chosen were not taken on the ground of their historical value, but on the ground of their elaborate diversity and the faithfulness with which they presented and blended all views. They were documents of peace. They represented precisely the kind of unity that the church had effected, a unity that was a *league for defence*; unity suggested by prudence, confirmed by danger, and cemented by authority; unity in the bond of peace, but not in the spirit of love. Of course it was made to look as holy and beautiful as possible. The Christians gave their walled town the loveliest names. It was the bride of Christ, holy and beloved, the habitation of God; its foundation stones were apostles and prophets, its corner stone Jesus Christ himself. They called its inhabitants fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God, a mysterious fellowship,

a heavenly family. The church was "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

To this strongly marked, sharply outlined unity, the Roman church laid claim. This unity she represented, maintained, defended. The means by which she did it were the councils, general and local, the whole number of which is estimated to have been something over sixteen hundred. The object of these councils was to mend breaches in the walls and heal dissensions in the camp; to guard, in a word, the compactness of the organization. Gibbon says: "The representatives of the Christian republic were regularly assembled in the spring and autumn of each year; and these synods diffused the spirit of ecclesiastical discipline and legislation through the hundred and twenty provinces of the Roman world." Writers in better repute speak more severely of them than Gibbon. Bishop Gregory Nazianzen said: "I am so constituted that, to speak the truth, I dread every assembly of bishops; for I have never yet seen a good result from any one of them,—never have been at a synod which did more for the suppression than it did for the increase of evils. An insatiable thirst for contention and for rule prevails in them." Neander, speaking of the great council of Nice, says: "Although these councils were to serve as organs to express the decision of the Divine Spirit, yet the Byzantine court had already prejudged the question as to which party ought to be considered pious, and which impious; and however emphatically the emperors might declare that the bishops alone were entitled to decide in matters of doctrine, still human passions proved mightier than theoretical forms." And Milman adds his testimony to the same effect: "Nowhere is Christianity less attractive than in the councils of the church. It is in general a fierce collision of two rival factions, neither of which will yield,—each of which is solemnly pledged against conviction. Intrigue, injustice, violence, decisions on authority alone and that the authority of a turbulent majority, decisions by wild acclamation rather than after sober inquiry, detract from the reverence and impugn the judgments, at least of the later councils. The close is almost invariably a terrible anathema in which it is impossible not to discern the tones of human hatred, of arrogant triumph, of rejoicing at the damnation imprecated against the humiliated adversary." "A General Council is a field of battle, in which a long train of animosities and hostilities is to come to an issue. The dominant party, when it could obtain the support of the civil power for the execution of its intolerant edicts, was blind to the dangerous and unchristian principle which it tended to establish." Strong language that for a churchman! It is a singular illustration of this boasted unity of the spirit in the bond of peace that in the council of Ephesus called the "Robber Council," one bishop was so kicked and beaten by the followers of another, and in that other's presence, that in a few days he died of his wounds. In the contested election of a pope of Rome, the voting was so fierce that one hundred and thirty-seven corpses were found in one of the churches. This was establishing unity with a vengeance.

Allow that these were wild times, and that party feeling ran high; that is only admitting that the unity involved no fellowship, was merely the compact organization of the strongest, a league for defence against the unbelieving enemy, a rally for the expulsion of wolves from the fold. The range of sympathy was strictly limited by the creed. St. Augustine reckoned eighty-eight sects as existing in his time, the last half of the sixth century; and each of these sects was an armed camp on the watch for an opportunity to surprise and overwhelm its enemies. Each claimed to be the body of Christ; the unity was the unity of each with itself. If the unity was extended, it was done after the imperial fashion by subjugation and annexation. The church might have adopted the motto: "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*,"—She seeks tranquil peace under liberty, by the sword." Only she did not seek it under liberty, but with liberty under her.

The famous council of Nice, in the fourth century, was called by the Emperor Constantine to extinguish once and for all the disputes that had broken out on the subject of the Trinity,—disputes, be it understood, among the Christians themselves and to establish the one Lord and one Faith on permanent foundations. The Nicene Creed, one of the most, perhaps the very most binding formula in Christendom, the one faith of the Roman, Anglican and Lutheran churches, was roughly outlined here. It was the hour of (Orthodoxy's) supreme triumph over heresy. Three hundred and eighteen bishops obeyed the imperial summons, and of ecclesiastics it is computed that there were present two thousand and forty-eight. The session lasted two months. The emperor, when present, as he often was, sat on a low stool in the middle of the hall. His guards were at the doors. The scene has been described by brilliant pens, from Gibbon to Dean Stanley, the last of whom gives the most powerful description of the fury that ruled the conferences, the uproar amid which the votes were taken, the savage glee with which the believers in the essential identity of the Father and the Son greeted the discomfiture of their enemies, and the cruelty with which the judgments were executed on the brethren who refused to enter into the new bond of peace. The doctrine of the Trinity being favored by the majority, the Catholic world had nothing to do but submit; and they who refused to submit were forthwith excluded from the Catholic world by main force, persecuted, hunted, outraged, killed. Their property was confiscated, their houses burned. But for the emperor, the recusants might have been extirpated. The ecclesiastical members of the Christian Family were quite ready to make a desolation and to call it peace. No matter which party triumphed in the efforts to recover the holy citadel of Faith. If the heretics got the upper hand and constituted themselves the Body of Christ, the Orthodox were drowned and massacred in cold

blood; widows were scourged, and virgins stripped naked were whipped with thorns, or roasted over fires. If the Catholics triumphed, plunder, outrage, murder, poison, sacrifice were the means employed for cementing the unity of the church. Charles Kingsley's brilliant romance *Hyppatia* tells how that noble, gifted, pure and beautiful woman was dragged from her chariot, murdered, mangled, stripped naked, and the shreds of her body flung into the flames. Even bishops great in influence and high in dignity, men like Athanasius, men like Augustine, meant by unity nothing more than a league, offensive and defensive, against what they deemed error. Of any other unity they dared not dream.

The story of one council is the story of all, and there is no more discouraging story in history. Whether told of Egypt, Asia, Northern or Southern Europe,—of Constantinople, Ephesus, or Rome,—it is a story of dissension and anarchy, of peace only so long as one form of dissent prevailed for a time over the rest, of order only when anarchy for a time got organized, and secured a temporary sway. It is fearful to think of the "persuasions" by which the famed unity of the church of Rome was maintained. The mention of the Holy Inquisition and its gentle solicitations suggests well enough, the kind of unity that was desired. "May they who divide Christ be divided!" was the prayer of those whose "Christian love" was of the warmest. In the fourteenth century, when the question under discussion was the nature of the light that shone at the Transfiguration, they who would not admit that the light was uncreated were refused the honors of Christian burial. So imperious was the spirit of unity, that so small a question as that must not be allowed to disturb it; so jealous was the soul of harmony that a single discordant note, though of pipe or whistle, was punished by exclusion.

We must not forget that these were wild times and wild men, that passion was hot and reason feeble, that faith meant fanaticism, and that the extremes of love and hate met, the same fire serving for both. It is not strange that savage men were not restrained from tearing each other in pieces by the circumstance that they were all labelled Christians. Labels are not guarantees of genuineness, when the question is of pepper and vinegar, of molasses and sugar; much less are they so when the question is of justice, truth, and charity. But why, then, pretend that they are? Why call lust of dominion love of souls, when it is not? Why talk of brotherly love, when we know that the receptacle so stamped contains bitterness and blood? The cross on a banner does not change a legion of mail-clad warriors into a legion of angels. Praise, if you will, the strength of the castle walls, the vigilance of the guards, the discipline of the garrison, the completeness of the arsenal, the view from the summit of the towers;—but why call it an asylum, a sheep-fold, a home of peace and plenty?

Christian unity has never from the beginning been anything but a league for defence. It signified power, not love, even to those within the enclosure. They were one for safety, not one for joy; one for policy, not for peace; one for compactness, not for communion. The most majestic and perhaps the most earnest attempt at unity was made by the Council of Trent in 1545. Its objects were two fold: first, to strengthen the Church by new definitions and more stringent laws against the encroachments of Protestantism, which in spite of menace, maledictions, excommunication, and the dire penalties of the block and stake, was making rapid inroads; and next, to induce, if possible, the Protestants to return to the old faith. The first object was pretty well secured; so well, indeed, that the second could not be thought of. The Nicene creed was read and adopted as the basis of all proceedings, thus flouting all but strict believers in the deity of Christ. Tradition was declared equally with the Bible a rule of faith, an article not of conciliation, but of defiance; for Protestantism set up the Bible against tradition. The church was pronounced to be the only authorized interpreter of the Bible, and the Vulgate Translation the only legitimate version,—another gauntlet flung down in the face of the young enemy the hope was of propitiating. On the great doctrinal points at issue, original sin, justification, the sacraments, the Catholic dogma was reaffirmed, and solemn anathemas uttered on all who rejected it. This was not promising. The olive branch was not conspicuous; no doves went in search of it. Even the sainted Borromeo thought that twigs of another sort would be more to the purpose. At a late day, after many interruptions, representatives of Protestant princes appeared in the Council, and at least one celebrated Protestant theologian was summoned to attend. But to what end? The case had already been prejudged. They were not prepared to submit; and they were not invited to share. They retired, and the Council adjourned, after flinging one more heavy stone at their neighbors by reiterating solemnly the Catholic doctrine in regard to the Eucharist, confession, and extreme unction, all of which implied the extreme anti-Protestant opinions. On reassembling, further fortifications were thrown up. The whole papal system was declared obligatory, the priesthood, the mass, celibacy of clergy, monastic vows, penances, absolution. The worship of saints, images, relics was sanctioned. The practice of selling indulgences for sin, the very scandal that roused the soul of Luther, and brought the thunderbolt of the Reformation down, was authorized; and, as if to add the last insult to the last injury, a list of books was prepared which no good Christian must read on pain of everlasting fire. In 1563, seventeen years after its opening, this great effort at saving the body of God from dismemberment was brought to a close. The decrees were signed by legates, cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, abbots, generals of religious orders, and delegates, the number in all of 255. Secular governments signed them through their ambassadors. The pope, with the unanimous consent of the College of Cardinals, confirmed them. "The Council of Trent," says Guizot,

"secured the definitive triumph of the Court of Rome in the ecclesiastical order." That was the result then, the definitive triumph of the Court of Rome! The church had saved itself from sinking by throwing into the sea the most precious part of its cargo. The schism was declared fatal, and unity was restored. It was not unity in diversity, but unity with the diversity lopped away. The nation consisted of what was left, when secession had been ratified and accomplished.

Was there no better way? Suppose that what could not have happened had happened, and that unity not of an army but of a family had been sought; suppose that the spirit of fellowship had been the controlling spirit, that the prayer that all might be one had been as fervent as when first uttered by the master's lips,—how different would have been the results both for church and world! The church of Rome had the elements in it of an all but universal religion. It had the prestige of universality and antiquity. Its vast communion embraced worshippers of all tribes and tongues. Its ministers discharged every conceivable office for the soul, meeting the needs of the most superstitious and the most cultivated with equal skill. They reached the most abject, they were on a level with the most aspiring; they knew how to touch every string of that wonderful instrument, the human heart, and could at will draw from it strains of penitence and songs of praise. Its cultus was perfect; its apparatus of rites and ceremonies, borrowed from all faiths and tested in every part by the experience of men in all conditions of life, for hundreds of years, was as complete as time and practice could make it. It furnished all that imagination required, all that fancy coveted. It came down even to the demands of the eyes and ears, the fingers and the tongue, so that they who could apprehend spiritual things no otherwise might taste them. It had mysteries for faith, problems for reason, rules for conscience, holy forms of angel, madonna, and saint, for the affections, images for the sight. Architecture devoted to it its loftiest genius; art glorified it with its most transcendent creations; music built for it great organs, composed strains for every mood of feeling; trained bands of singers developed for its worship the wonderful capacities of the human voice, and compelled wood and even the baser metals to its beautiful mission of lifting souls to heaven. It had pomp and splendors; it had simplicities and austerities; silent cloisters and marble courts, gorgeous dresses and serge coats, religious houses for the men and women who were weary of the world, splendid enterprises for the men and women who, by effort and sacrifice would serve the world. It had authority for such as needed shelter, and liberty for such as needed range. Its doctrines, when it was not put on the defensive to preserve their unity, were large, indefinite, many-sided, very far from being oppressive to the mind, often stimulating, ennobling, emancipating. The brightest intellects of the modern world had room enough to spread themselves there and soar. For what could not be translated into every-day speech could be rendered in the language of symbol—the chambers of intellectual imagery opening indefinitely behind them. They were all most impressive to the spiritual mind, and science might have its way with them and yet leave them as good as ever for the uses of the higher reason. Genius, culture, philosophy, science dwelt peacefully in her mystic communion, kept there by the fascinating attractions of her opulent nature. Heroism, philanthropies, reforms, humanities, were fed at her full breasts.

Previous to the Reformation of Luther, the religion of Rome was the religion of Europe. There was no other. There need have been no other. Savonarola formed a home in it for his soul and refused to be separated from the church triumphant; Huss and Jerome asked no better. Luther could pray heartily to its communion, and broke with it reluctantly. Could the church have remembered this world of facts and been satisfied with it; could it have remembered that, having the souls of men in its communion, it could afford to let their minds go where knowledge bade; could it have remembered that the days of suspicion, jealousy, antagonism were over, and that the days had come when the kingdom, having given way to a republic, it could throw down its walls and be an open city instead of a fortified town; could it have loved unity for the sake of unity and not for the sake of power; could it have interpreted unity as meaning fellowship, and not as meaning exclusion; could it have seen the wisdom, the safety, of sacrificing everything for the sake of Brotherhood, which then was no fond dream as it has become since, but a solid organized and organizing fact; could it have remembered that peace and purity were inseparable, and in the interest of her own peace have reformed the vast abuses that had crept into her communion and were eating out her heart; could she, in a word, have done what she could not have done possibly,—the religion of Rome might have been the religion of Christendom at this day, a kingdom not of this world, and for that reason sweetening and sanctifying this world, leaving this world to go on its way by the help of science, invention, literature, commerce, education, and yet keeping it always in mind of the divine realities of the world above. The story of the last three hundred years would have run much more smoothly. Germany would not have revolted; England would not have thrown off her allegiance. No thirty years' war would have devastated Europe. No duke of Alva would have made the Netherlands a shambles. The sun of St. Bartholomew's day would have set serenely in the west. History would not have had to record the frightful reign of Philip II, or the wretched enterprise of the Armada; neither bloody Mary nor bluff King Harry would have lighted Smithfield with piles of faggots, consuming the noblest men and women in the realm; the miserable tale of modern Ireland would never have been penned, and the fructifying germs that struck root in New England, instead of being blown across the Atlantic by the blasts of

hatred, would have been wafted over the on wings of heaven.

But thus it was not, and thus, of course it could not have been. Instead of unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace, there was unity of the flesh in the array of battle. Such unity created an opposing unity to meet it. As Romanism was one, in like manner Protestantism made itself one. Its safety lay in the solidity of its mass. Luther constituted himself unwittingly an anti-pope. The task of organizing the Reformation cost him a world of pain. He wished at times that he had the power to excommunicate. A burgess of Wittenberg, who had bought a house for thirty florins repaired it and offered it for sale at four hundred florins. Said Luther: "If he persists, I excommunicate him. We must revive excommunication." The divisions among the reformers vexed him past endurance. "Pray for me," he cries out at another time, "and help me to trample under foot this Satan that has arisen at Wittenberg against the Gospel in the name of the Gospel. It will be difficult to persuade Carlstadt to give way; but Christ will constrain him, if he does not yield of himself. For we are masters of life and death, we who believe in the Master of life and death." "I reject," he says, "and condemn as mere error all doctrine which assumes the will to be free." "If I live, I will with God's aid purge the church of this ordure." 'Tis Erasmus who has given birth to these visionaries and Epicureans. Be it thoroughly understood, I will no more recognize him as a member of the church." The reading of its the Protestant Confession of Faith at Augsburg, and signature by five electors, thirty ecclesiastical princes, twenty-eight secular princes, twenty-two abbots, thirty-two counts and barons, and thirty-nine free and imperial cities, filled his soul with joy. "They would have us neglect to prepare for the war with which they have been so long threatening us, so that we may be slaughtered unresistingly like sheep by the butcher. Your servant, my good friends, I a preacher of the word, ought to endure all this, and all to whom this grace is given ought equally to endure it. But were I publicly to recommend our party so to do, the tyrants would take advantage of this and I will not spare them the fear they entertain of our resistance." Such was the inevitable spirit of Protestant unity. It was not allowed to be different. Luther loved peace, labored for it, prayed for it. But peace was not granted, and he prepared, as all good soldiers prepare for war, by drumming the malcontents out of the army.

Calvin saw no Christian unity possible with men like Servetus busy breaking it up. This system had been accused of laxity; it had no cohesion, his enemies said; there was neither order nor discipline. To refute the charge, Servetus was arrested. The brotherhood was a very close one indeed. That the edges of it might not be frayed away, it was bound with iron. That none might go out of it, it was fringed with flame.

The idea that the church must be guarded like an entrenched camp, hooped round by moat and wall, has become so inveterate that the falsity of it is not suspected yet. Not only is the absurdity of it unnoticed, but the incongruity of it with the first principles of religion passes unobserved. These mailed corporations are still called the Body of Christ, and their efforts to subdue their Christian enemies are spoken of as endeavors to enlarge the Christian communion, and simply as in the earlier days when this kind of conspiracy was indeed necessary to existence. Every Missionary Society is an invading army sent forth in the service of this imperial kingdom to conquer foreign religions. The Bible Societies and Tract Societies are instruments of subjugation. The Sunday Schools are police organizations. Heterodoxy is the other man's doxy, and must be either cast out or whipped in. Every other faith is a foe.

The last great Council at Rome was less conciliatory than that of Trent, which at least avowed a purpose of healing the dissensions of Christendom and restoring unity to the divided church. Pius IX and his counsellors professed no such design. The purpose of the Council was to consolidate Romanism for more deadly resistance to the encroachments of the Protestant spirit. It was preceded by the famous *Syllabus*, which flung out a haughty defiance and challenge to the whole anti-catholic and uncatholic world; none but devoted adherents of the papal See sat in its deliberations, and the decree by which the work of the Council was consummated and its meetings crowned, the proclamation of papal infallibility, was a mortal affront to the rest of Christendom, a plain declaration that Catholic unity meant Roman unity, and that Roman unity meant concentration for defence against a mortal foe. The last demonstration in favor of Catholic unity was the most absolute declaration that unity was impossible.

Protestantism in similar strain retorts. The Evangelical Alliance announces a grand Council, its sixth general Conference to be held next autumn in the city of New York. Previous Conferences have met in London, Paris, Geneva, Berlin, and Amsterdam. Dr. Philip Schaff, in explaining the principle of the alliance, said that it was designed to promote Christian liberty and union among Protestant denominations throughout the world. It was not, he said, a sectarian body, that is, a body identified with any particular sect or group of sects, but "might rather be compared to a *militia force*"—mark the war-like character of the phrase! a *militia force*! to what end? For the promotion of liberty—how far? For the promotion of unity—of what kind and to what end? A *militia force* is for defence—against whom? *The Romanists on the one side, the Rationalists on the other.* The "Evangelical Alliance" is an organization for battle. The many sects constituting the mass of Evangelical Protestants, agree to lay aside the points whereon they differ, to forget in a special emergency that they are Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Congregationalists, Episcopallians, and to remember those only whereon they agree,

namely, the divine nature and redemptive mission of the Christ. They bury their private feuds as neighboring States do when menaced by a common enemy. The proposition has a generous aspect, as if proceeding from hearts touched by the gracious charity of the Gospel, and bleeding at the sad spectacle of a mangled Lord. In fact, the movement is caused by the long roll of the drums calling the scattered regiments to arms. The abandonment of sectarian peculiarities for essential doctrine is simply retiring from the outworks into the citadel, a precaution against surprise and assault. The sects do not, by this manoeuvre, show their love for one another, but their fear of the foe. The results of the measure appeared at once in a more rigorous policy toward Unitarians and other unorthodox sects. They were excluded from fellowship; they were dropped from committees; they were omitted in the making up of lecture courses; their writings were prohibited in Sunday Schools; their presence was not invited at conventions; they were gently or rudely pushed outside.

That this old parody of religious union should be kept up in America is strong enough, and only proves once more the inveteracy of habit. It is as if we were to wall in our towns, after the old European fashion. The modern city is distinguished from the ancient by the absence of wall and moat. Religion in America has no enemies that are not also the enemies of society. The Christian Church has no enemies that are not equally the enemies of the State. Protestantism has no enemies that are not public enemies as well. In Europe Romanism is a power in temporal affairs; here it is not. There the State protects it; here it has no position in the State. Dogmatism has enemies; Sectarianism has enemies; Ecclesiasticism has enemies; but these are not the Church. *They are the ramparts that were erected to defend the Church in stormy times, useless and even worse than useless in times of peace.* Who wage war against the substance of religion, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness, gentleness, faith, meekness, temperance? All right-minded people, whatever their religious connections, honor the same law, respect the same goodness, venerate the same holiness, uphold the same standard of justice and purity, cherish the same good-will; all seek brotherhood and cultivate charity. Christianity has no foes but those she declares to be such, and pushes to the defensive. Even Mr. Abbot would raise the siege and retire, if the "Evangelical" citadel he is encamped before would surrender, and the power it stands for would enter into a league of amity with other spiritual powers, as China and Japan are doing. He levels no weapon at the heart of Jesus. Nobody does. The aggressive attitude of the Church provokes aggression. But for that there would be none. Science is reverential. Philosophy is large, comprehensive, wise. Literature is generous. Ethical systems are broad and wholesome. Even "Infidelity," so called, has outgrown the coarseness of Paine and the bitterness of Voltaire. Nay, Atheism itself, the days of d'Alembert and d'Holbach being passed, has become ideal and poetic. The Church is poorer, lacking the sympathy of men like George Holyoake in England, and Ludwig Feuerbach in Germany. If the soul of religion be *humanity*, the soul of the so-called irreligion is humanity too. Indeed there would be no such thing as irreligion, if religion were kind. Let the Church be truly a house of the Lord, and all the tribes of Christendom, with many more, will be found sitting in peace beneath its roof. But the world cannot live in a fort, and they who live outside, deafened by the noise and suffocated by the smoke of its guns, will complain.

The sum of my argument is that no such thing as unity in the sweet, paternal sense of the word has been known in Christendom. I might even venture to say, it has never been sought for. At the beginning, it was forced on the Church as a necessity, not adopted as a principle. Through the successive periods of history, it has been maintained from motives, sometimes of real, but sometimes of fancied, necessity; and now it is kept up, when no grounds of necessity can be longer urged, through the force of prejudice and habit alone.

Unity in religion is a dream; not a state once actual, afterwards fallen away from, now lost, but a vision the fulfillment whereof is to be sought in the future. A vision, fair, but so distant! Who shall venture even to paint it? A unity of *Faith* it cannot be, unless Faith be taken to be that spiritual apprehension which gives substance to things hoped for and evidence to things not seen. If by "faith" be meant dogmas, doctrines, opinions, however large, however general, on any speculative point whatever, the character of Jesus, the reality of Providence, the existence of God, unity there is impossible. Knowledge has gone too far. Intellectual culture forbids it. Philosophy has made it impracticable. Neither inside of Christendom nor outside of it can a common ground of definition be obtained. Subsoil as deeply as we will, surrender as many non-essentials as we may, dig lower and lower for foundations till every ecclesiastical structure is undermined, the "Rock of Ages" will not be reached. The prospect of obtaining one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, even one God and Father of all, in a doctrinal sense, has become so dim as to be hopeless of attainment. Even if all were willing to attempt its realization, it could not be realized.

A unity of *Work* it cannot be, for views of work differ almost as widely as views of Truth. The workers form nearly as many groups as the believers. Some advocate doing every thing, some doing a little, some doing nothing. Equally good men contend that helping saves and that helping ruins. Questions of what shall be done, and how shall it be done, are as fiercely disputed as ever were questions touching the persons in the Trinity or the rank of the Christ. The champions of *Future* and of *Present*, of *alms-giving* and refusal of alms-giving, the missionaries and the anti-missionaries, the socialists and the anti-socialists, the internationalists and working men's parties

of all degrees, the woman suffragists and the anti-woman suffragists, the temperance men of all shades, the friends of paternal, or in other words, repressive government, and the equally earnest, sincere, and high-minded disapprovers of all government whatsoever, stand by their respective theories as stoutly as the theological sectarians stand by theirs, and exhibit no better disposition to combine in a common cause. The army of reform is as much disorganized as the army of speculation.

Unity in the *Spirit of Truth* it will not be for a long time, for the spirit of Truth is still identified with dogmas. Few have any distinct conception of what the love of truth may be. The love of Truth is the love of that which each regards as Truth, namely, his opinion; and the intensity of his love for this appears in his zeal to bring his neighbors round to it. And as for Lessing's fine saying: "Give me the search for truth; pure truth is for Thee alone,"—not many, even of those who admirably quote it, appreciate its force. It is more comfortable to have the truth than to search for it, more exciting to defend it than to hunt for it. Reason has a long journey to make before it reaches the point at which even cultivated and enlightened minds can meet as lovers of truth. Our Free Religious Association aims to create "fellowship in the spirit" as opposed to fellowship in organization, or discipleship in a creed. But it cannot claim to have extended that fellowship widely, or to have illustrated it on any large scale. It is a sentiment and a hope; a sentiment pure, perhaps, because it is so far removed from practical experiment,—a hope, bright in proportion to its distance above the murky atmosphere of the planet.

The work in hand is preliminary. It is the removal of partition walls, the destruction of towers and ramparts, the dismantling of casemates, the filling up of moats, opening avenues of intercourse, establishing outward conditions of sympathy in order that those who ought to be one may have opportunity of becoming one. Before the water will run, the channels must be cleared. Vast heaps of ecclesiastical rubbish must be removed, sectarian barricades and dams must be broken down. These obstructions taken away, the water may be trusted to obey its own laws. It is not for us to establish unity,—unity establishes itself. Spiritual things gravitate to unity. The spiritual laws conspire to produce unity. Knowledge is a network of sympathies. Faith, hope, and charity imply unity. It is a necessity of Reason. Without it, Love cannot so much as be thought of. Religion by its definition is unity; for it binds all things in heaven and earth together. We can trust the great powers to vindicate their own supremacy. They need not that we should help, only that we should not hinder. The objection to the establishment of spiritual unity is that in it all separate creeds, sects, and churches, yes, all separate faiths, will disappear; the dividing lines between the great religions being obliterated, the religions themselves will vanish from the earth, and nothing will remain. If we speak of religions, the objection is fatal. They cease to exist with their limitations. But to say that nothing remains is to misapprehend the situation. That remains which includes the religions as the ocean includes its waves, and is most beautiful when they are still. RELIGION remains. The HUMAN MIND remains. Give it free play, and joyously it will adjust itself to the spiritual laws as to all others. The Creator is more than his work.

"THERE was sufficient occasion, in writing of Rousseau and his times, to celebrate mortality and the worm at the expense of those fond hopes of eternal life which most of us cherish; but Mr. Morley largely spares our weakness. Only once, we believe, does he elaborately bring forward his dismal convictions; and that is when he speaks of Rousseau's inexpensive trust that Madame de Warens would be compensated in another world for her sufferings in this; then Mr. Morley asks whether we should not really be tenderer and careful in our earthly relations if we once frankly accepted the fact that death absolutely separated and ended us all—a question which the champions of a future life will have no difficulty in answering. But there is another feature of the book which constantly occurs, and which is really an offence, and, we fear, a folly. Science having exploded the Supreme Being, Mr. Morley will not print the name of the late imposture with a capital letter; throughout he prints God, 'god'; even when he quotes from another writer, he will not allow us poor believers the meagre satisfaction of seeing our God shown the typographical respect which Mr. Morley would not deny to Jove, or Thor, or Vishnu, or even Jones or Smith. Mr. Morley must admit, on reflection, that this is at least a trifle intolerant, for a philosopher; especially, as at other points he is really very considerate and gentle with us. In fact, he is at some pains, we have fancied, to exhibit the Christian virtues in the mind of an atheist; he is even a little goody in his patronage of purity of life and the decencies; and he has the air—though perhaps we have unwarrantably imagined this—of desiring us to behold a man who can dismiss God (or god, as he prefers to call him) without going to the devil."

A story is told of a French gentleman, who, having lost the bulk of his property through the rascalities of friends in whom he trusted, crowned it all by the loss of his mental balance, and for the remainder of his days found his only delight in riding in omnibuses and passing fares from the passengers to the driver, taking care when change was returned to add to it a sou or two from his own pocket, and watch the effect on the receiver. In nine cases out of ten, as the story goes, the passenger, counting over his change, and finding, as he supposed, that the driver had cheated himself, would look bewildered for a moment, and then pocket the change with a quiet chuckle. The special delight of the lunatic was in satisfying himself in this way that nine-tenths of his fellow men were dishonest if they only had the opportunity.

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PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY.

—OF—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MORE NEW FACES.

When the party at Crook and Duff's broke up, Mr. O'Byrne was complaisant enough to accompany Paul and Dick across the Park and for some distance up Broadway, in the rear of Dr. Gower and Mr. Wheeler; an act of condescension which, at least in the opinion of the young Irishman—he could not have been over thirty—certainly laid them under considerable obligations. Why he did so I shall not pretend to decide; perhaps he was idle and disposed for conversation, perhaps influenced by the circumstance that Paul's father had been introduced to him as "from the South," words which then sounded auspiciously in Northern ears; and of all things Mr. O'Byrne admired social position. He was something of a character and, as such, worthy of a more extended description than has been accorded him.

He had come to the United States in 1852, a year identified with one of those spasmodic developments of periodical literature to which our great Republic is chronically liable; and also remarkable for an unusual influx of English and Irish adventurers, whose pretensions were commonly in inverse proportions to their merits. Then he gave himself out to be the cousin of a political celebrity in his native country, whose rash attempt at revolution, in 1848, commanded a good deal of American sympathy, and terminated in his transportation. Mr. Fitzgerald De Courcy O'Byrne (he had since dropped the De Courcy) was accustomed to lament that his own opinions had conflicted with those of his unfortunate relative and withheld him from taking that prominent part in the movement which his friends naturally expected. "I knew it was hopeless," he said, "and told him so; they could do nothing against the British Government." On the credit of this consanguinity he had obtained some sort of entrance into New York fashionable society, where his claims to personal and literary distinction were considerable. It was said that he had been an officer in the Guards, the editor of a London magazine, "on" the *Times*, a contributor to various leading periodicals—a superlative in general. Unluckily, however, when another distinguished Irish exile broke his parole in Australia and turned up in the United States, he didn't recognize Mr. O'Byrne, and even denied his relationship to their illustrious compatriot; after which nothing further was heard of it. Then certain stories which he had claimed to have written, on their appearance in English serials, were reprinted with the name of a popular author on the title-page; and Bottom, the manager of the Reade Street Theatre, insisted that he remembered "Fitz" as a penny-a-liner in Dublin, where he was known simply as Garry Byrne; also that instead of being, as he boasted, the descendant of ancient Milesian kings and closely allied to a distinguished historical family, he was merely the son of a petty attorney in a small country-town on the borders of Cork and Kerry. And though this might be exaggeration—for Bottom notoriously detested him, inasmuch as O'Byrne had severely criticised him, both as manager and actor, in the *Times*, during an attempt to reform the American stage by means of a series of slashing articles (which resulted likewise in the writer's getting thrashed by a captain of police, who was interested in one of the actresses ridiculed in O'Byrne's strictures, and his premature retirement from the post of theatrical critic)—the imputation did him considerable damage, especially among his fashionable acquaintances. He had, therefore, rather sunk out of their society, except in the shape of a few fast young men, who liked to know "literary fellows" and were willing to pay for it, in drinks, suppers, and loans. Sometimes, however, they pigeoned him, through the medium of his extraordinary vanity. In the meantime he had attained a recognized though indefinite position on the New York press, which might have enabled him to defy past scandals, if his behavior had not given constant occasion for fresh ones, to which his conceit and assurance afforded additional notoriety.

He was really a clever man of comparatively good education and brilliant, if superficial, talent. He had read very little, but his acquaintance with surface literature and knowledge of the world, combined with a positively marvellous faculty of assumption, deceived most people into accrediting at least some portion of his enormous pretensions. He wrote both prose and poetry; tales, sketches, criticism, editorials—anything for which he found a ready market—with that fatal Irish facility of composition which trusts entirely to the imagination for success and recognizes no higher standard; least of all that of exact truth and adherence to Nature. It may be questioned whether he did not think the latter a mistake altogether; any way it was not to his taste; he believed only in effect and called it art. Thus his style was redundant, his plots theatrical, his characters only bent on cutting a figure, his aim to excite mere astonishment and admiration. As a critic he wrote flashily, chiefly to show his wit and information, but without intentional injustice—unless he had a spite against the author or actor whom he was reviewing. In his graver efforts he took his tone from the pages descanted upon, imitating their drift and manner; which he explained by saying that he had unconsciously become absorbed by the subject in hand: originality, properly so called,

he had none whatever. But his productions were generally clever, always readable and invariably characterized by extreme audacity and self-complacency. Essentially temporary, though amusing, they lacked depth, thoroughness, and honesty of purpose, and gave no promise of higher attainment. Secretly he believed that those who had earned the first honors in his craft were only luckier than he. In short he was a remarkably clever, self-conscious quack and literary adventurer, with a passion for notoriety and social distinction.

Bent on pleasing, he rendered himself as agreeable as possible to the young Englishmen, and would have been entirely successful but for what Sabin subsequently termed "the infernal consequential airs he couldn't help giving himself," which, however, Dick's nonchalance considerably abated. He talked sonorously of America and Americans, and very much as Columbus might have done of amiable savages, to whom he felt it his duty to be exceedingly kind and tolerant, as long as they preserved a proper respect and deference towards himself. They must, he said, for some time, largely depend upon Europe for their writers and artists, though they had some of both of more than average merit; for instance his friend Darling, who had promised, at his solicitation, to draw the cover of the new comic paper—he was unparalleled. The publisher might produce a good paper, if he got the right set of fellows and made it worth their while. Brough was a first-rate fellow, but not the man for editor—manager of a theatre that was going to the dogs. Then he nodded familiarity to a passing celebrity, stared at a pretty, over-dressed woman and entertained his companions with a satirical account of both, highly-spiced with scandal. He seemed to know everybody—that is to say everybody who was anybody in New York City; and boasted that it contained few phases which he had not explored, speaking of them like a man of the world and a professed *viveur*. He told two or three gross stories. He criticised Broadway and talked of the *Boulevard Italien* and *Unter der Linden* as cleverly as if he had seen them. He inquired in an intimate, off-hand manner, after English celebrities and did not betray much surprise when it appeared that Sabin was acquainted with some of them. Ultimately he parted from the young men at Wackall's Theatre, where he said he had a piece in rehearsal, evidently thinking he had created an extremely favorable impression, and after asking them to visit him at an up-town boarding-house.

"Rather a clever fellow," said Dick, adding the qualifying remark previously reported. "I wish he wasn't an Irishman. I don't like Paddies, they're so confoundingly impulsive. An impulsive man always goes off at half-cock, and it's a toss-up whether he doesn't do more mischief to his friends than his enemies. Morally he is a mad bull in a china-shop. But to do this one justice he seems free enough from that sort of nonsense."

"He was too civil by half and is too conceited," answered Paul, who was disposed to take a much less tolerant view of Mr. O'Byrne than his friend, and indeed felt a dislike to him rather disproportionate to his behavior and conversation—perhaps their natures were instinctively antagonistic. "I think the man's a self-satisfied humbug."

"Oh, well, you know, you mustn't expect too much from people," was Richard's answer. And then a firemen's procession, or a military company, or some other Broadway spectacle, came by and changed the conversation.

The walk included sundry business-calls on the part of Mr. Wheeler and Paul's father, in the course of which the young men could not but observe the sharp, incisive tact of the former, and that the latter seemed involuntarily to defer to him, with the sort of respect commonly accorded by unsuccessful to shrewder or luckier persons. It terminated in the return of all but the American by omnibus to the Astor House, where they presently dined and then ascended to their own rooms. As the two Gowers had agreed to rejoin Mr. Wheeler that night at his lodgings (he invited Sabin, who declined, on the plea that he was engaged to go to the theatre, in company with a Cuban, whose acquaintance he had made in the hotel bar-room), as soon as the evening shades prevailed and the newly-lighted gas was doing its best to enlighten them, father and son walked up West Broadway (a very different locality from that without the prefix, though nothing like so shabby and squalid as at present) to a street diverging off towards the North River, and soon arrived at a plain old-fashioned house, not far from a small, triangular inclosure and an immense liberty-pole (now removed). After a second application at the bell—no single ring ever produced an answer at a boarding-house—the inevitable Irish servant-girl showed them into an adjacent parlor, where they found Mr. Wheeler, with two ladies. As he immediately introduced them and, after a little general conversation, proposed that the Doctor should accompany him up-stairs to his room, to look over some papers—saying, with a smile, that young man Paul would prefer remaining below, that young man was, nothing loth, left to the society of Mrs. and Miss Livingston, for by such names had they been made known to him. They were the first American ladies whom Paul had had an opportunity of speaking to; he was fresh from a five weeks' sea-voyage, and in high good humor with everything; so the reader may imagine his satisfaction.

In the elder of the two—they were mother and daughter—he saw only an under-sized woman of spare figure, with a small head, rather cunning eyes and keen, self-complacent countenance, which was almost weakened with lines, though she was not more than five-and-thirty. She sat in a rocking-chair, with her feet in a basket before her, and had the air of a person on exceedingly good terms with herself, and willing to be propitiated. Her daughter lay on a sofa—I had almost written was reclining on it, so fitfully-rivacious were her movements—at a little dis-

tance. Paul had never seen anything like this girl: her appearance irresistibly attracted him.

She resembled her mother in shortness of stature, but in nothing else. Her figure was plump and rounded, perhaps suggestive of stockiness in after life, but at present too youthful to be otherwise than symmetrical, for she could not be more than eighteen. She had big, brown eyes, looking wonderfully alert and animated, and fringed with black curled eyelashes, as fine as if drawn by a pencil; they were also rendered additionally brilliant by the dark shade surrounding them; a peculiarity not uncommon to her sex and complexion, especially in America. The latter was rather sallow and further disfigured—if the word be not too harsh—with freckles. Her eyebrows were dark and thick, the space between them being wider and more distinctly defined than is common with brunettes. Her nose exhibited the upward curve forbidden by the stricter canons of beauty, and was rather fleshy at the nostrils, but extraordinarily characteristic. Her mouth—the most peculiar feature of her countenance—was at once arch, shrewish, voluptuous, wilful, and girlish, and all this without erring on the side of too full or too thin lips, or being otherwise than singularly fascinating. She had just the least suggestion of a mustache, in perfect harmony with her face, which, rather square at the forehead, became a charming oval below and terminated in an absolutely faultless chin. Her cheeks were soft and rounded, most deliciously so when she smiled or laughed; and her countenance was framed by such a rich, copious, tangled fall of curls, of the very deepest shade of brown—the color ordinarily mistaken for black—that you might easily have perpetrated the worst of American insults by involuntarily suspecting her of having a tinge of negro-blood in her veins. Indeed she looked not at all unlike a very pretty, intelligent quadroon or "yellow-girl," a comparison which will not be thought uncomplimentary by those acquainted with the beauty derived from such a mixture of races. Collectively and seen from a not too near point of view, she appeared positively bewitching; though perhaps the admiration she ordinarily excited in the other sex—which her own seldom shared—was not of a very pure, or gentle, or refined nature. Dressed in a plaid silk of rich, rather than showy colors, with a little lace collar and cuffs, she lay, as aforesaid, tossing about on the sofa; and, if the truth must be told, displaying glimpses of more than a neat white satin boot; apparently indifferent to, or disdainful of, or contemptuous towards everything.

For some time this young lady allowed the responsibility of entertaining the stranger to devolve entirely upon her mother, who proved fully equal to it, at least in the article of conversation. She talked very fluently, in a loquacious, elaborate manner, uttering an infinity of commonplace sentiments on a great variety of topics, evidently to her own perfect satisfaction, and under the impression that she was vastly intellectual and amusing; an amiable delusion which Paul's behavior as a good listener only tended to confirm; as also to recommend him to Mrs. Livingston's favor—though he couldn't help, now and then, glancing towards the sofa. Perceiving this, and perhaps willing to reward him for his attention, the mother made several indirect appeals to "Lizzie," to induce her to speak, as asking her opinion, referring to her recollection, inquiring whether she had heard so and so, to all of which hints the girl returned brief, indifferent, or snappish answers. At length Paul became piqued at her silence, and, seizing the opportunity presented by Mrs. Livingston's asking about his recent voyage, gave a sprightly and humorous account of it (in which he drew, perhaps, on the letter he had written to Kate Sabin), being desperately satirical at the expense of his late fellow-passengers; whereupon Miss Lizzie looked up, laughed three or four times, showing a row of very pearly teeth, and seemed to think that the young Englishman might be worth notice. Following up this success with a lively narration of a "chicken-fight" between little Mr. Bowers and a great, hulking Dutch sailor, who, when overthrown on the deck, could only express his wrath in his native language, Paul attained such victorious recognition that Miss Livingston presently sat up and laughed and chatted in such an animated manner as to excite surprise in her mother, who gave utterance to it, saying:

"Why, Lizzie, I thought you were out of sorts for the night, because Charley Fox disappointed you about the opera?"

"I wouldn't talk nonsense, mother, if I was you!" was the tart reply. "And as to Charley Fox, when I consent to go to the opera with him again he'll know it, that's all!"

Perceiving from the expression of the elder lady's countenance the imminent danger of an acrimonious retort and probable quarrel, Paul made haste to avert it by remarking on the open piano and asking Miss Livingston to oblige them with some music. To which responding, "I'll sing for you, Mr. Gower!" with an accent on the personal pronoun which rendered it rather more of a rudeness towards her mother than a compliment to the visitor, she complied by going at once to the instrument, drawing the music-stool under her by putting her foot out behind, and beginning immediately.

She both sang and played with almost professional brilliancy and effectiveness, her voice being singularly sweet and rich in the lower notes, though ill-regulated in the upper. But he must have been either a churl or a musician who would have criticised the singer; whose evident enjoyment of the performance caused her to be ten times more fascinating than before. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks mantled and glowed, and her red, smiling mouth looked so delicious, that Paul, as he turned over the music (doing it very clumsily) could not help falling a little in love with her. You see he was only twenty-one, naturally sentimental, and three thousand miles away from Kate Sabin; besides he had not been on speaking terms with a petticoat for six weeks. If these considera-

tions be not enough to secure his excuse, I know of no other, and must abandon him to the ladies' indignation.

Miss Lizzie sang to him again and again, for a good hour, always with immense willingness and satisfaction; and thus the time passed away most delightfully. It was with some self-reproach for his want of politeness that Paul presently discovered that Mrs. Livingston had quitted the room, leaving the young people to their unmistakable enjoyment of each other's company. But her daughter took it very coolly, saying that no doubt mother had some orders to give to the servants relative to to-morrow's breakfast. This observation brought up the subject of boarding-houses, when Paul very naturally wished himself a denizen of that establishment.

"I guess you can come if you like," retorted the girl, brusquely. "There'll be a room when Mr. Wheeler goes. I wish you would."

"Do you?" cried Paul, transported in spite of himself; "then—" And here, very opportunely, Dr. Gower and Mr. Wheeler returned.

There was some rallying of the young man, on the part of the elders, which Miss Lizzie did not condescend to notice. After a little more music from her at the request of the doctor, the father and son took their departure and, walking home to the Astor, Paul began to think he was in a fair way towards seeing a good deal of various kinds of New York society.

HEATHEN POETHY.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

Recent regrets as to the temptations of heathenism seem to have been anticipated in India itself; for we find in the *Friend of India* half a dozen verses from translations of Tamil poetry which are confessed to be beautiful, the quaint comment being added: "The above, we regret to say, are all heathen." The extracts thus referred to were taken from two papers on Tamil popular poetry, contributed to two recent numbers of the *Indian Antiquary* (Bombay) by Mr. Cardwell, of Madras, wherein the writer undertakes to discuss the characteristics of Tamil poetry, and to prove by ample illustration that Tamil popular poetry contains gems of art of which any European language might be proud. Here is a specimen of a popular Tamil poet. The original text is given in *The Antiquary*, and these translations, though rhymed, are asserted by one of the most eminent Tamil scholars to be almost absolutely accurate:—

THE SHEPHERD OF THE WORLDS.

(A detached piece from the poems of Sivavakkiyar.)

How many various flowers
Did I, in by-gone hours,
Call for the god, and in his honor strow;
In vain, how many a prayer
I breathed into the air,
And made, with many forms, obeisance due!
Beating my breast, aloud
How oft I called the car! How oft I strayed
To drag the village car! Row oft I strayed
In manhood's prime, to lave
Sunwards the flowing wave:
And, circling Siva's fane, my homage paid!
But they—the truly wise—
Who know and realize
Where dwells the SHEPHERD OF THE WORLDS, will ne'er
To any visible shrine,
As if it were divine,
Deign to raise hands of worship or of prayer.

Such is the tone of the most popular of Tamil poets against what is called gross idolatry, not dissimilar to some phases of devotion nearer home. Such is a philosophy popular among the peasantry of India, and altogether undervalued from what is called Western civilization. From about thirty stanzas by the same poet, given in Tamil and English by Mr. Cardwell, we select the following three having a like theme with the preceding:—

Fools! with continual searching,
The gods, the gods! ye cry.
Even the way ye know not
To seek for them whereby.
Tell me, is it religion
To say, The gods are three?
To attain to God, within you
Your search for Him must be.

The tethered ass, become it
A swan, if God's adored!
Ye sinful fools, can Siva
Become the one true Lord?
A wholly spiritual object
In the Benares he stands,
The Original, the Endless,
Whom no mind understands.

Not Vishnu, Brahma, Siva,
In the Beyond is He;
Nor black nor white nor ruddy,
This Source of things that be.
Not great is He, nor little,
Not Female, and not male;
But stands far, far and far beyond
All being's utmost pale.

And also the two following, on religious symbolism—a subject the solution of which seems to be quite as earnestly and intelligently aimed at, and as hopelessly missed, by the Indian as by the European intellect. To devotees thus:—

How many your devotees!
Although ye mortify
Your bodies, go through mantras,
To temple-chourinsies,
Ye will not know the Splendor
Who hath in space His seat.
They with minds cleared can only
Reach the true Siva's feet.

My thoughts are flowers and ashes
In my breast's fane enshrined;
My breath, too, is therein it
A *linga* unconfined.
My senses, too, like incense
Rise, and like bright lamps shine;
There, too, my soul leaps over
A dancing-god divine!

Mr. Cardwell says the drift of this last stanza, which, in his opinion, is one of the finest ever written by Sivavakkiyar, is as follows: "You popular Hindus have your temples; you have your flowers and sacred ashes; you have your phallus, or emblem of divine creative power; you have your incense and lamps; and you have your divine dancer, Siva. I, too, have

my flowers and ashes, but they are of the mind. I, too, have my *linga*, but it is my breath or spirit. I, too, have my incense and lamps, but they are my five senses. And I, too, have my deity leaping in divine sport within me, but that is my soul. In a word, mine is the true spiritual worship." From the lamentations of the same poet we select the English version of the second half:—

When, ah! when
Will the best time of bliss attained arrive,
When I annihilate these senses five,
Suppress my pride, and my fire being steep
In that existence which is sleepless sleep?

When, ah! when
Cleaving through all this birth's illusions vain,
Shall I to my last spiritual state attain?

When, ah! when
Burning the Shastras, deeming the Vedas four
Mine lies, shall I the Mystery explore,
And perfect bliss attain for evermore?

When, ah! when
Laying aside, bound fast, the Shastras' lore,
Wholly distrusting, too, the Vedas four,
Shall I the Mystery know, and grieve no more?

When, ah! when
Though I the Vedas four may hoarsely shout,
The secret of the heavens shall I find out?

When, ah! when
Shall this poor soul within this body set,
Disquieted like fish within a net,
Find the True Priest, and offer, as is meet,
Perpetual homage to His sacred feet?

When, ah! when
Will all my carnal lusts have utter end?
And I, with eyelids dropt, to heaven ascend,
And with God's being my own being blend?

From the various writings of Pattanattu Pillai, "characterized more by melodious verbiage than by striking thought," Mr. Cardwell gives a dozen stanzas, of which the following is the English version of the first couple. The first is a meditation on death, and runs thus:—

When dead, my mother scorns me, saying, But a corpse is he;
My gold-bought wife, with weeping, cries out, Depart from me!
My sons, my pyre construing, their wonted pots let fall,
There is no love but Thy love, O Thou that ownest all!

Another stanza, by the same writer, contrasts the vulgar idolatry with the omnipresence of Siva:—

In speech and its conclusion, and in the Vedas too,
In darkness, and in heaven's stainless expanse of blue;
In hearts of true ascetics, and in each loving mind,
The Lord's unbounded presence ye certainly may find:
But how, in stone and copper, can ye the god deary
Who in his forehead beareth the terrible one eye?

For seven centuries the Ramayanam of Kamban has been the folk-song of Southern India, alike popular in the bazar, among the peasantry of the villages, and at the social gatherings of the great. It was in elaborately-studied imitation of this national heathen epic (which he wished to supplant among native Christians) that Beschi produced his *Tembavan*, relating in his fashion the Gospel narrative. To illustrate the general character of these translations, we add one stanza from this poem. "It is," says Mr. Cardwell, "impossible in any translation to reproduce the spirit and melody of the original stanza. Even those who have studied Tamil deeply must be struck with the remarkable verbal structure of these eight lines." The measure in which they are written is common in Tamil popular verse. In the original, as given in Romanized form, the first words of the first, third, fifth, and seventh lines are perfect rhymes to the Tamilian ear; the second and last words in all these lines are identical; the first words of the first two lines form a perfect rhyme. The verse has other peculiar harmonies, and is, says Mr. Cardwell, the most famous verse in a famous poem:—

Oil nakkodu van andar pugala,
Oil nakkodu pan andar pugala,
Kail nakkodu par pul pugala,
Kamal nakkodu ka malai pugala,
Toli nakkodu niruppal pugala—
Finnam pugala paduvoy ni!
Al nakkoru nan unci pugala,
Ariya mugai unartayo?

Whilst Thee, with tongues of splendor, the orbs of heaven praise;
Whilst gems of Thee their voices, with tongues of brilliance,
raise;
Whilst unto Thee wood-warblers, with tongues of joyance, sing;
Whilst wood-flowers Thy sweet praises, from tongues of fragrance, bring;
Whilst Thee, with tongues of clearness, the water-floods applaud;
Thus, day by day, from all things dost Thou receive not land;
Wilt Thou not deign to suffer the tongue Thou gavest me—
Though I be dumb and thoughtless—to offer praise to Thee?

We close these extracts from Mr. Cardwell's interesting papers with this interesting *Te Deum*. They may serve to remind us that neither faith, virtue, nor truth is the exclusive property of either Christian or heathen. We hope Mr. Cardwell will be encouraged to republish and extend his researches in Tamil folklore and poetry, the rich inheritance of ten millions of our fellow-subjects in Southern India.

"I VERY largely attribute the decline of religious interest in some directions to the interest which has been taken in the questions which naturally arise out of the adulterous connection at present existing between religion and the state in this land. We should never be satisfied until we stand upon an equal footing, all of us in matters of religion. An Established Church is an established tyranny. We wear upon our wrists each one of us, as dissenters, fetters that call us worse than if they were made of steel. We have to support a church whose business it is to oppose the truth we try to preach; we have to maintain an institution which tries to pull down that which we would be willing to die to maintain. Popery is this day paid for in this land; that which our fathers died and rotted in prison to put down, we have to contribute to support, and we cannot help feeling indignant—we should be less than men, certainly less than the sons of the Puritans who made the Cavaliers feel the strength of their right arms, if we do not feel in our souls that we cannot long submit to the tyranny which galls us every day. Down with it! Down with it! We will be free as God lives. This question must be answered and settled once for all, and the sooner it is done with, the better; and we mean that it shall be done with, by God's help, ere long."—*Mr. Spurgeon on the Disestablishment of the English Church.*

The Index.

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N. B.—No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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NOTICE

On and after September 1, the publication office of THE INDEX will be at No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston. All letters, papers, and other communications should be henceforth addressed to "THE INDEX, 1 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass."

Correspondents and Exchanges will please take notice.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Report, in pamphlet form, of the Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association for 1873 will be published Sept. 1st.

It contains full proceedings of the meeting, including Essays by Samuel Johnson on "FREEDOM IN RELIGION" and by John Weiss on "RELIGION IN FREEDOM," Speeches by O. B. Frothingham, W. C. Gannett, Robert Dale Owen, T. W. Higginson, S. Longfellow, J. S. Thomson, F. E. Abbot, Lucretia Mott, and the annual Report of the Executive Committee.

Price, 35 cts. a copy; in packages of four, or more, 25 cts. each. It can be obtained by addressing the undersigned at New Bedford, Mass., or, in Boston, of A. Williams & Co., and at Loring's.

WM. J. POTTER, Sec'y F. R. A.

MR. W. P. WILSON, so well known to many of our subscribers as an active, efficient, and trustworthy agent for the Index Association, will devote the month of September to canvassing for subscriptions to the Association's capital stock. It is extremely desirable that the losses entailed by the troubles of last spring should be fully made good, and we hope that he will be kindly received by all who are friendly to the aims of THE INDEX. Owing to past abuses of the commission system, it is necessary to state that Mr. Wilson will receive no commission at all, but will be remunerated for his time and labor at what we consider a fair rate of compensation. This we state at his own request; and we cordially commend him to the confidence of our friends.

In the confusion and turmoil of removing our publication office eight hundred miles from Toledo to Boston, it is quite likely that mistakes will be made in the ordinary office business. Indulgence is asked for all such mistakes. The utmost pains have been taken to avoid them, and as little derangement as is perhaps possible will be experienced by our subscribers; but they will readily forgive the few slips that are inevitable.

WHAT a miserable performance is the tuning of a piano-forte! Nothing but a harsh pounding of the wires, a wearisome torture of that which was made for music! Yet without it the poor instrument would be worse than dumb, neglected by the master of harmonious sounds. What is Life but a piano-tuner? And what art thou, O victim of circumstances, but a piano tuning for Nature's touch?

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT.

THE INDEX greets its readers this week in an entirely new typographical dress, and signalizes its first appearance in Boston by being enlarged to twelve pages. We hope that it will be kindly welcomed by all who take any interest in its welfare, and by all who have it at heart to sustain a worthy organ of the freest, finest and most practical religious thought of the age. Whatever can be done to improve THE INDEX will be done as fast and as far as circumstances permit; and we would thank most sincerely the generous friends whose liberality now starts it on a new and promising career. Much yet remains to accomplish before the paper will be in a condition to do all the work we have planned for it; but steady industry and indomitable energy, seconded by hearty co-operation, will yet, we are confident, triumph over all the obstacles and difficulties of the undertaking. Now that THE INDEX is fairly established in Boston, with the prospect of permanence, increased interest, and wider usefulness before it, we trust that its readers and friends will vigorously push its circulation, sending in the names of new subscribers till our mail-list groans under its load, and sending us also long lists of possible subscribers to whom sample copies may be sent. Now is the season when a little active exertion will be plentifully rewarded. The summer fugitives are flocking home from their vacations by sea-side and mountain-side; business will soon be brisk again; and now is the time for the good word fitly spoken that shall secure the addition of many a new name to the list of INDEX readers. It will be our most earnest endeavor to make every number of the paper an improvement on its predecessor; and we rely on all who are willing to help to give at least one day's solid work to the swelling of our subscription list. "A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together!"

AGITATION.

THE INDEX is an agitator. Its work is agitation,—the strenuous endeavor to apply the highest religious ideas of the times to a state of society not yet brought up to their level. Its aim is therefore intensely practical, and can only be attained by the securing of such changes in the political and social condition of the nation as shall bring the national life into entire harmony with the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution. The freest and highest possible development of humanity which shall at the same time be universal,—this is the object of all true radicalism; and the practical realization of this object will be impossible until the political and social changes which are its necessary conditions shall have been accomplished. THE INDEX works for practical reform; and all practical reform begins with agitation.

Instead, therefore, of devoting itself exclusively to the task of promoting reform in speculative thinking on religious subjects, although this also is a vital part of its work, THE INDEX has never forgotten this thoroughly practical part of it, but has always advocated the most direct application of ideas to facts. Its speculative thought has always had an immediate practical bearing. It has always urged such improvements in legislation, for instance, as tend to enlarge and strengthen liberty, especially in its highest aspects; it has always argued for a more complete separation of Church and State; it has always pointed out that the Christian Church still exercises usurped power in many ways over the community, and demanded that all such usurpations shall cease. Although many radicals are for various reasons indisposed to carry out radical principles to their full logical extent, THE INDEX has in substance always unflinchingly insisted on the "Demands of Liberalism"; and all these things it hopes to do with increased power and influence in the future. In fine, it is not only in favor of thought, but also of action; and it will fail of its true mission if it forbears to add to speculation agitation.

With this conception of the work to be done, the proposal to organize Liberal Leagues was made at the beginning of the present year. Only a moderate response has been hitherto made to the proposal, yet enough to convince us that the times are rapidly ripening for an energetic and vigorous prosecution of the movement. Be this as it may, we do not intend to be in the least discouraged. We believe in the movement more than ever, and should still believe in it though every Liberal in the land voted it indiscreet, untimely, and dangerous. The "Demands of Liberalism" are intrinsically just. They cannot be denied to be just except on Christian grounds. They are right, and therefore wise. Consequences are none of our business: we take our stand on justice, and mean to demand it until the people hear. While we have

strength enough to hold a pen, and ink enough to fill it, and an INDEX in which to print the words, we mean to protest against the tyranny by which the Christian Church puts a yoke on the neck of mankind, and harnesses freemen to her car. If we drop by the way-side before that yoke is broken, a thousand better men shall press forward to transmit the protest to their children and their children's children, till its work be done. Let the Church take warning; a cry has gone forth that shall never again be silent till her sceptre is broken, her head uncrowned, and her slaves set free.

WHAT TO AGITATE.

The Radical Club and the Liberal League have widely different objects. The one aims at thought and its expression; the other aims at thought and its application. The one thrives by conversation, discussion, essay-writing; the other must thrive by concerted action for definite practical objects. Both live by thought; but the one is the head and directs, while the other is the hand and executes. Of course, the Liberal League should be also a Radical Club, so far as the discussion of ways and means is concerned; but while the Radical Club, as hitherto organized, seldom if ever takes up the task of practical agitation, the Liberal League is designed for nothing else, and will be of little use if it does not carry out its original purpose.

The Radical Club, consequently, is a union for the maturing of convictions on speculative and practical questions of religious reform; but the Liberal League assumes that convictions have already been sufficiently matured to warrant combined action in carrying them into effect, and organizes itself to take any steps, political or otherwise, which may be necessary to carry them into effect. In short, the League contemplates direct practical agitation for the purpose of securing the general adoption of special measures; and its existence will be as fruitless as short-lived if it forgets that deeds, not words, are its reason of being.

"But what shall be agitated?"

All such plans as are suggested in the "Demands of Liberalism." Plans for securing the equitable taxation of all church property; for securing the abolition of the chaplaincy system; for securing constitutional guarantees against sectarian appropriations of public money; for securing the direct prohibition by statute of Bible-reading as a religious exercise in the public schools; and so on. For instance, six or eight courageous Liberals, not afraid of the clamor and opposition that are sure to be raised by the church party, associate themselves in a small town as a League, proceed to circulate petitions for signature favoring the exclusion of the Bible from the schools, hold public meetings to discuss the subject, and persistently agitate it till it is impossible to ignore it any longer; and, if possible, they oblige the School Committee or Board to act on it in some way, either adopting or rejecting the measure proposed. Consider what an amount of invigorating thought will be awakened in the community by bold and temperate agitation of such a question as that,—what an amount of new information will be imparted, what a stimulus will be given in many ways to the progress of liberal ideas. All the preaching and lecturing of a year would accomplish less towards the enlightenment of the public mind than would be accomplished by a few weeks of effective agitation of this sort.

"But all this requires bravery, devotion, willingness to incur unpopularity and to make self-sacrifices. People even of radical convictions do not care enough for them to be at so much trouble and expense in their behalf,—still less to rouse the certain ill-will of their Orthodox neighbors for the redress of such shadowy grievances."

Possibly. But we disbelieve it. We believe that there are many people, men and women too, who inherit the spirit of the anti-slavery movement, and are as willing to be mobbed or rotten-egged for an idea as ever they were. The grievances are not shadowy. The present partial union of Church and State is no shadow, but a substantial reality, costing the community millions of dollars every year. It is fraught with most grave dangers to the continued existence of our republican institutions. Every reflective mind will see ample cause why bravery and devotion and self-sacrifice should be exhibited in the new movement as luminously as in the old. Nor is the heart of America so dead as to be incapable of enthusiasm at the present day. Are there not young men and young women everywhere who will respond more quickly to a summons to dangerous service than to an invitation to inglorious ease? Not yet shall we despair of the republic. It is precisely such a warfare of ideas as this that is required to brace the public

conscience, quicken the public intelligence, and train the rising generation in the high heroism of battling for the truth. The dry rot of business corruption and political demoralization can be cured in no way so sure as by stirring up the sluggish public to a deeper and broader appreciation of the great principles on which rests the whole fabric of American liberties, and to greater fidelity in making them the law of all political administration. It is "Christian statesmanship" which defends *Crédit Mobilier* and salary-grab legislation; let in a little wholesome secularism into Congress and State Legislatures,—aye, a little wholesome heathenism, if you please,—and mark what beneficent results will follow. The rights of Christianity as a private form of faith are to be most scrupulously respected; but when it arrogates general authority, battens on the public treasury, and steals the prestige of State and National government, it is time to learn that America is not built on Jesus Christ as its cornerstone, but on the Rights of Man.

Agitate, then, agitate! And form Liberal Leagues everywhere to the end that you may agitate with effectiveness and power!

THE ONENESS OF TRUTH AND THE FELLOWSHIP OF THINKERS.

One of the finest results of true education or culture is the perception of that relationship which exists between every part of truth, or between one truth and all other truths. The universe is one. Beneath all variety there is a deep and central unity, and the most joyful discovery of every thinker is to penetrate to this. This is what the old Greek philosophers so strove after, from Thales down through the whole long glorious line of them. Their outward vision beheld variety; their thought grasped the idea of unity. Only the latter they felt could explain the former.

All truth is one, and all truth-seekers should be one in the high fellowship of a common spirit. It is impossible for the real truth-seeker to be narrow. He is like the thirsty traveller in a desert, who seeks amidst the sandy waste for the green oasis and the deep fountain full of cool waters. He is glad that others are out on the same quest; and though they are scattered far and wide on either side of him, and before and behind, and are pursuing different trails, his keen interest and warm sympathy reach to and include them all, and he rejoices when any one of them makes the least discovery that argues an approach to the common goal of the whole company. Though no one truth-seeker can himself enter into every path of special investigation, he yet has a brotherly feeling for every special inquirer; for he knows that all real results produced in any department of the wide field of human inquiry are so much contribution to his enlightenment and to the true knowledge of mankind. It is the height of absurdity and folly that there should be jealousy between the various thinkers and investigators of the day, or indifference on the part of one to the success of all the others. Neither can dispense with the other; each complements the other. Let trophies be brought from every field, and let the conqueror of any and every realm of knowledge be crowned with the green bay of honor. Let Müller, and Darwin, and Tyndall, and Spencer, and Dale Owen, and Josiah Warren, and Livingstone, and Martineau, and Emerson hall each other as brothers. Let the poets and artists—nay, let the mechanics, and engineers, and surveyors, and miners all come in and join the high brotherhood. Who shall say which is the more important? Who shall say which brings the most valuable contribution to the combined wisdom of the whole? Every fact hints its relation to every other fact. It is impossible to get hold of one thread of truth without coming to perceive that it is woven in with countless other threads, and that altogether they make up the bright fabric of that truth which is infinite and one.

True culture produces breadth and catholicity of mind. Thought makes a man a cosmopolitan. The thinker discovers that he is an inhabitant of the whole world; he reads and speaks all languages as it were, and finds himself sitting in his own home circle whenever he is invited to the contemplation and discussion of high themes. One may have vigorous opinions and positive convictions of one's own without being narrow or partisan in the holding of them. We may be quite sure that in a given case we are right and our opponent wrong, and still be neither arrogant nor exclusive. Indeed, the very highest assurance we can have that our position is truer than that of another is that we can understand and do justice to the opposite position, can draw a circle around it, and see how it is related to ours and to all that comes after and goes before. There is a germ of truth in every honest opinion, for the sincere truth-seeker cannot go

forth in search of truth without being more or less successful. The great triumph is to find the key to related truths, and to hold fast to one truth in utter candor and hospitality towards every other. Special investigators and special reformers are liable to become narrow and superficial, to lay so heavy an emphasis on their speciality as to distort it out of all proportion to everything else. Safer and better far it is to be the champion of principles rather than of causes, for principles underlie all causes and show the relation between all. The devotees of measures and men harden into bigotry and grow smaller in partisanship year by year, while those who are faithful to great principles increase in intellectual and spiritual stature as the suns wax and wane. Those who belong to no sect or party seem to those who do to have no ruling principle and no guiding idea; but how is it possible for the mole who burrows in the ground, and only emerges into the light of day with the dirt of his subterranean home clinging to his head, ever to get an adequate idea of the real breadth of the earth or the sweep of the heavens? The sectarian cannot do justice to the unsectarian; the narrow man never can comprehend the broad one. The truth-seeker has no party except the party of the whole; he has no sympathies narrower than those that embrace all candid and earnest inquirers. Intellectual honesty, fidelity to personal conviction, and contemporary justice, these he deems of chief importance. And as for ideas, he has all that are going; for his hospitality to them makes them flock to his door. A. W. S.

ALLEGED MURDER OF URIAH: DID DAVID, SON OF JESSE, MURDER URIAH THE HITTITE?

BY PROF. F. W. NEWMAN.

According to the summary improperly called the Second book of Samuel (ch. xi), David, when in the height of his greatness, conceived a guilty passion for Bathsheba, wife of Uriah, which he forthwith proceeded to gratify; and next, in hope of concealing his baseness, murdered the husband. As far as I am aware, no one has hitherto doubted the facts. Opponents of Christianity have in general been even glad to believe the worst of David, and Christians have felt bound to abide by the letter of a narrative which they esteem sacred. Three editions of my *Hebrew Monarchy* have come out, without a suspicion crossing my mind. To doubt of the adultery, or of the death of Uriah in battle, would seem to me a very needless and causeless incredulity; but having accidentally been led to fix my thoughts on the alleged murder, I find it very difficult to believe.

To obviate misunderstanding, a few preliminary words may be in place. A religious man who commits one grave sin or crime is more apt to be carried into another by the hope of hiding the first than is a notorious profligate; just as a seduced girl is driven by the agony of shame and despair to kill her newborn infant, precisely because she is not hardened and impudent. If a prince or other conspicuous man has been forward in religious profession, yet, when pampered in prosperity, falls into some shameful act, no one can measure the possible atrocity of the second crime into which he may rush in the hope of concealing the first. Hence it is not upon any general ground of improbability that I call the narrative into question. The improbabilities involved are here *special*.

David is represented as sending a letter by the hand of Uriah to Joab, chief captain of the Hebrew army, with the following orders: "Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die." David knew something of real battles, and must have been well aware how clumsy and uncertain was such a mode of murder; which had tenfold the infamy of direct assassination, as exposing so many others to slaughter and endangering general defeat. And if David, blinded by passion, did not see this, Joab must have seen it. Since David had publicly uttered a solemn curse on Joab for his assassination of Abner (2 Sam. iii, 29, 30), Joab would now have had power to retaliate on him by revealing to Uriah and others the contents of the dispatch, and it is hard to believe that David did not foresee this danger. But if again we suppose him blind, and Joab to have been preternaturally obedient, though ordinarily a very wilful man, yet at least the latter would try to provide for his own safety by doing everything in perfect secrecy. He must have foreseen that it was a moral impossibility to command the obedience of soldiers in future, if this dastardly crime became public; and that he would instantly lose the prize for which he had assassinated Abner,—namely the chief-captaincy,—if once the army learned that he had thus sacrificed a brave soldier's life. Nay, to throw away one particular life is not so easy. Had he pur-

posely put ten in jeopardy, the one man whom he wished to slay might have escaped, and nine have perished whom he desired to save. To suppose the comrades of Uriah accomplices in the plot, is of course absurd. If Joab obeyed, he must have obeyed quite secretly: how then did it become known, if the two persons who alone were in the plot, revealed nothing? Will it be said, The army perceived how unwise was the exposure of Uriah, and inferred that there was treachery? To say so, is nearly to confess that there was no crime on Joab's part, but only error of strategy, and that the imputation of crime was credulous invention. But since Joab remained chief-captain until the insurrection of Adonijah, we must infer that the army knew nothing of his guilt during the whole interval: hence it must have been hushed up by Nathan the seer; and we are required to believe that he knew it by a special divine revelation only, and that it remained a secret between him and Joab and David, until after David's death. The narrator does not say that any fourth person knew it during David's life. What Joab says to the king (2 Sam. xix, 7) after the death of Absalom, he might well have said with slight change on the earlier occasion: "If this deed be noised abroad, I swear by the Lord there will not tarry one of thy servants with thee; and that will be worse unto thee than all the evil that befell thee from thy youth until now." And this leads us to discern what almost inevitably would have been Joab's conduct, if he had received such a letter from David. He would have represented the deed as impossible to be done without wilfully sacrificing many lives, and concealment also to be impossible; hence, that it would alienate the whole army and endanger David's throne. By such a reply he would have got all the advantage for himself over David's conscience which obedience could give him, and none of the guilt and danger. But now the narrative represents David as conscious of Joab's crimes, but unconscious of his own, making him say privately to Solomon words which on other grounds I have impugned as impossible: "Thou knowest what Joab did to the two captains of the host of Israel whom he slew, and shed the blood of war in peace,"—as if David himself had not done worse still.

It may further be inquired, whether it is not anachronistic to represent David as sending a *secret letter* to Joab. Did not kings and generals at that era, and long after, communicate by the living voice of messengers only? Thucydides tells us that the first military dispatch ever sent home by an Athenian general was one sent by Nicias from Syracuse, after the death of Pericles, some 600 years later than these Hebrew events. However, I lay no particular stress on this point.

Nevertheless on the whole it seems to be by far the most probable, that the death of Uriah by the Ammonites in battle was a military accident in which Joab had no complicity and no blame; but that, because it happened opportunely, and conveniently enabled David to add Bathsheba to his harem, the whisper of his enemies attributed Uriah's death to his machination; and after Joab was sacrificed to the policy of Solomon, the whisper was converted into a certainty. Public credulity generally imputes worse guilt to great criminals and to fallen tyrants, than truth will justify.

WE are indebted to Dr. Mergler, of Wheeling, Illinois, for the following interesting information:—

FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATIONS IN GERMANY.—According to the reports of the *Free Religious Almanac* for the year 1873, edited by Dr. A. Specht and published by Hollberg in Gotha, there are now existing in Germany one hundred and fifty-two free congregations, belonging to the "Union of Free Religious Societies of Germany." The number of speakers or preachers actively at work in behalf of these congregations is not more than thirty-one. Three preachers, amongst them the indefatigable Leberecht Uhlich, one of the best men that ever lived, died during the last year; two others left Germany for America in consequence of invitations. Two Free Religious periodicals are now published in Germany. Amongst the above-mentioned societies are not comprehended the Free Religious Associations in the kingdom of Saxony (of which there are about seventeen). For twenty years these have been, by way of governmental brutality, prevented from joining the German Union of Free Religious Associations. The whole Free Religious movement was put into organizations about 1844 or 1845, and, although constantly persecuted by the clergy and government officials, could never be extinguished entirely. It has been ten years on the increase again. Free thinkers and liberals are abundant in Germany, and, if their doings were consistent with their convictions, the churches would come to mourning pretty soon.

"MAN is the measure of the universe," said the old Greek sage with complacency. Man is at least the measure of it for himself. We comprehend no more than we are.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.
N. B.—Articles for this department should be *SHORT*, and written only on one side of the sheet.
N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.
N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

"REVEREND."

EDITOR OF THE INDEX: Dear Sir,—It seems to me that we who claim to be "radical" should see to it that we present to our opponents as few points of attack as possible, and it occurs to me that every number of your paper is liable to severe animadversion.

I refer to the list of Editorial Contributors as given on the 4th page, in which Mr. Voysey and Mr. Conway are styled "Reverend." The use of this word is to my mind objectionable.

I "revere" Frothingham, Higginson, Abbot, Mrs. Howe, Voysey, Conway and others, in the sense that I have learned much from their teachings, just as also do I "revere" Longfellow, Emerson, Froude, Darwin, Beecher, Tyndall and others—each for the good I have derived from his writings on the subject of which he has made a specialty.

But I protest against the assumption of a title by any one which distinguishes her or him from the great body of teachers in the way that this one of "Reverend" does.

Let Mr. Voysey and Mr. Conway rely upon the reverence which their life and teachings inspire, and not depend on an empty time-worn usage which, but for their well-known characters, would savor of arrogance.

Yours,

SAM'L R. HONEY.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 24, 1873.

[The title "Reverend" is distasteful to us now, and we have not "assumed" it for years. But it simply indicates a particular profession, and has lost the fullness of meaning our correspondent ascribes to it. So long as one is willing to remain a clergyman, we see no more objection to "Rev." than to "Dr." or even "Mr." These titles are mere formalities, against which there is little occasion to prosecute a crusade; and we make it a practice to use them or disuse them in THE INDEX according to what we suppose to be the preference of the persons named. In England there may be more reasons than here for retaining them; but in this country radicals will undoubtedly come to prefer the simplest modes of address, without cleaving to titles the real significance of which has passed away.—ED.]

"RELIGION: THE NAME AND THE THING."

The point in this Lecture which chiefly interests me is the author's definition of his own conception of religion.

It is, of course, very difficult to give a satisfactory definition of religion. As we use the term, it is obvious that it is made to serve for two distinct things. There is religion a *principle*, and there is the concrete, particular thing, a *religion*.

Now the thing sought to be arrived at is a definition of that principle which has expressed itself in the different religions of the world.

Religion, says the writer, is *The Influence of Nature upon the Individual*, presenting him with an idea of perfection, and impelling him towards it. The idea of God, he says, has not necessarily anything to do with religion. Make up your minds that there is such a thing as religion first, and then consult science as to whether there is a God.

Now, when the writer spells Nature with a capital N, is he not virtually introducing the idea of God into his definition? Would it not be more true to fact, if we were to say that *some* idea of God is necessarily contained in every form which the religious principle has assumed? It seems to me that, immediately we talk of the "Power of Nature," of "Natural Law," and so on, we use expressions which really involve Theism, though we may be unconscious that they involve it. If, however, we have confronted the great problem of life, and can find no solution for it but Theism, then for us our definition of religion will always be a Theistic one.

I suppose the intention of the writer is to make his definition acceptable to Non-Theists; and so he uses words which he thinks capable of reflecting each man's particular faith, or indecision. Now a Theist would have no difficulty in conceiving that a Non-Theist might be religious—i. e., might have the disposition, sentiment, faculty, or principle from which all religions spring. The religious principle might not have so much power with him as it would have, if it were recognized as such; but it might be more plainly evidenced than it is with some persons who profess belief in a God.

In the sentiments of the Lecture there is much with which I entirely sympathize. It always gives me pleasure to feel that there is a common ground on which I can meet any thoughtful and sincere man, even one whose philosophy has not expressed itself in Theism. In love of truth and right, and in a perception of the beauty, grandeur, and mystery of the world around us, we can at least be agreed; and perhaps in this we are both nearer to the "Kingdom of Heaven" than those who claim it as their own in virtue of their alleged orthodoxy, or by special favor of God.

ALEXANDER MACDOUGALL.

HIGH GARRETT, Essex, [England], July 3, 1873.

P.S.—Mr. Abbot in his Lecture gives Buddhism as an example of a religion without a God.

Now *Budha*, the Buddhist name for the supreme

object of worship, means Wisdom. *Buddha* (with double d) means an Emanation from *Budha*. Another Buddhist name for the Divine is *Adi-Budha*, which means first, original, or primeval Wisdom. *Adi* also means Grandfather, so *Adi-Budha* might be translated Grandfather-Wisdom. The first messenger of God is sometimes called *Adi-Buddha* (with double d). *Buddha* seems thus equivalent to the logos of the Platonists and Neo-Platonists. If these meanings are correct, they seem to show that Buddhism, whatever it may have become in the hands of priests, was originally Theistic. A. M. D.

[The above criticism of our last Horticultural Hall lecture (which will be found in the Index Tract No. 14) was kindly forwarded by the Rev. Charles Voysey, and is very willingly published here.

1. The spelling of "Nature" with a capital N is only intended to be practised when the universe as a whole is spoken of, in order to indicate that unity of the cosmos which is so frequently forgotten—to the great detriment of exact thinking. In speaking of "human nature," of the "nature of the case," and so forth, the capital would be out of place. But the use of it by no means surreptitiously assumes the "idea of God," which to the general conception of a unitary force adds that of intelligence, at least in the common acceptance of the word God. The philosophical atheist, who would colligate all phenomena by some inner, though unintelligent, principle of necessity, would easily comprehend the advantage of not losing sight of so grand a thought as that of the oneness of "Nature." Hence it is not true that we "virtually introduced the idea of God" by capitalizing the initial letter referred to. We wished simply to suggest the unity which must on any hypothesis underlie the vast variety of comical phenomena.

2. We do not, after much reflection, think it is true that "some idea of God is necessarily contained in every form which the religious principle has assumed." We have instanced Buddhism as a case to the contrary. But we cannot here justify the illustration, though the considerations urged against it by Mr. MacDougall do not seem conclusive.

3. It was not so much our wish to "make our definition acceptable to non-theists," as to point out the profound and inspiring principle which animates all earnest religion, even in its atheistic forms. The truth-seeker cannot afford to think overmuch of pleasing others: he is too closely absorbed in his quest.

4. Mr. MacDougall seems to concede the justice of our main thought in saying that "a theist would have no difficulty in conceiving that a non-theist might be religious." If this is true, the religious principle must lie deeper than any mental opinion or belief, and in fact be independent of the belief in God. We do not perceive how to reconcile Mr. MacDougall's two positions, 1st, that the religious principle necessarily contains "some idea of God," and 2d, that a "non-theist may be religious." We are obliged to dissent from the first because we assent to the second.

5. For the sympathy expressed with part of our lecture we would return very sincere thanks, as also for the very courteous and kindly tone of the criticism in general. The closing sentences of it must strike a responsive chord in every earnest and liberal soul. They utter the heart of that "fellowship of the spirit" which Free Religion aims above all to cultivate.—ED.]

IS IT JESUITRY?

DEAR INDEX:—More than once Dr. Bartol,—honored by all who know him for his rigid sincerity,—has thought it necessary to arraign Mr. Beecher for insincerity of one kind or another. Some time ago, he called him to account for keeping back truths that he (Mr. Beecher) considered it were premature to utter to his congregation at that time. In this instance most radicals agreed with Dr. Bartol in judging Mr. Beecher. But a statement by Mr. Beecher which the editor of THE INDEX presented to his readers made his position appear quite otherwise than that he was called upon to defend. He had *thoughts*, not *truths*, which he deemed it best to withhold for further maturing.

What wise man in Mr. Beecher's place would not have the same? Dr. Bartol, indeed, with his poetic and independent mind, addressing, as he does for the most part, kindred minds, may give free play and expression to thought and fancy, and always delight his audience, although they are incapable of following him, as he would have them, to the mount of vision where only he can really partake of that ecstasy which in him it is so charming to behold, even from great depths below.

But Plymouth Pulpit! Of what use to present a moral phantasmagoria there? Or where were the eyes in the vast auditorium to delight in a literary sunset, however ravishing to some souls? Dr. Bartol himself lately said: "We see three ways—with our eyes, through our eyes, and without our eyes." The latter is the only mode of vision by which one can behold the splendors of Dr. Bartol's own imagination. But we may suppose Mr. Beecher's auditors to be limited rather to the other two, and we may easily forgive

him for not addressing an undeveloped faculty; while may we not also credit him with sincerity and effectiveness in speaking to the understanding, perception, and inquiry which sit at his feet? There are higher schools for those who are graduated at Plymouth church.

But the matter to which my caption refers is the condemnation of Mr. Beecher in the discourse by Dr. Bartol printed in No. 180 of THE INDEX. Dr. Bartol says: "A famous clergyman, in a lecture to young men, candidates for the ministry, in Yale College, tells them: 'When it comes to preaching, if you have not the feeling, you must act as if you had, that you may carry your congregation with you.' Is not that Jesuitical teaching, likely to make a Jesuit's College, even in Connecticut? Is not that to turn the church into a theatre, the preacher into an actor, the pulpit into a stage?" "Does the minister, then, whom orthodox and radical and Unitarian liberal critics in our newspapers pronounce the greatest preacher in the land, himself pretend to be when he is not touched by the emotion appropriate to the passage in his discourse?" "Does he, the captivating lecturer, assume the sighs, gestures, facial expressions, tender or piercing looks of love, lowliness, justice, frankness, when the qualities are far from him? And in prayer take on the posture, air, and manner of gratitude, penitence, pleading entreaty, ardent devotion, when, so far as the inward experience is concerned, it is all a masque and a farce?"

To ask these questions is the same as to infer that the "famous clergyman" must plead guilty to their accusation, at least if his own practice is in keeping with his advice to the young men.

Now I have but one purpose in mentioning (with profound deference to Mr. Beecher's venerable accuser) that such an inference cannot be just; and that is, to vindicate my own self-respect as a very young, and, I trust, very docile minister, of about Dr. Bartol's own faith; because, I feel that Mr. Beecher's advice has an applicability to every preacher so complete as to leave it without the slightest vulnerability to the charge of hypocrisy.

In *The Country Parson* (1832), George Herbert wrote: "The Country Parson, when he is to read divine services, composes himself to all possible reverence; lifting up his heart, and hands, and eyes, and using all other gestures which may express a hearty and unfeigned devotion. This he doth—First, as being truly touched and amazed with the majesty of God, before whom he then presents himself; yet not as himself alone, but as presenting with himself, the whole congregation." "Secondly, as this is the true reason of his inward fear, so he is content to express this outwardly to the utmost of his power; that, being first affected himself, he may affect also his people; knowing that no sermon moves them so much to reverence (which they forget again when they come to pray) as a devout behavior in the very act of praying. Accordingly his voice is humble, his words treatable, and slow; yet not so slow neither as to let the fervency of the suppliant hang and die between speaking; but, with a grave liveliness, between fear and zeal, pausing yet pressing, he performs his duty." Again he says: "When he preacheth, he procures attention by all possible arts, both by earnestness of speech (it being natural to men to think, that where is much earnestness, there is somewhat worth hearing), and by a diligent and busy cast of his eye on his auditors, with letting them know that he marks who observes and who not."

Here, of course, Herbert insists that the preacher should have the emotion he is to express; he is to be filled with "a hearty and unfeigned devotion." But what appears to me in the above passages relevant to the present case is Herbert's unqualified recognition of the legitimacy of the elocutionary art in assisting to express the deepest emotion. In his view, the adjustment of the art to the feeling is, to be sure, somewhat mechanical and clumsy; but it is nevertheless only what to-day is taught, with greater refinement, in every school of oratory.

I have cited this from Herbert because I think that really Mr. Beecher's advice is intended to encourage nothing less "unfeigned" than Herbert himself contemplated. Beecher must have spoken then as *elocutionist*, not as *moralist*; and, so speaking, his advice would have been as welcome at Cambridge as at New Haven. Why the chapel rehearsals at Cambridge? And why does the student in training for the pulpit find something to accept in the criticism that his delivery "wants feeling," when he is fully conscious of emotion corresponding to the sentences of his discourse? Does not art reinforce emotion? And is not the "feeling" that is wanting something that belongs to *delivery* and not to mind or heart? Herbert commended art to heighten the effect of feeling; and Beecher, going further, commends it, I think, as a partial substitute for feeling, when feeling is to a certain extent, and for the moment, absent; perhaps as the recoverer of absent, or the awakener of dormant feeling. Few men can profess a constancy of feeling that needs neither arousing nor supplementing by action whenever they are called upon to make public address. Feeling in most men is subject to tidal influences. When it is ebb-tide, and the audience before him, what can the preacher do but sit down, unless he may draw upon artificial reservoirs? His standing in the pulpit presupposes his constitutional emotional fitness, as it does the circulation of his blood. But if his emotions are tardy of expression, as his pulse is sometimes slow, may he not try to quicken them by the best means at his command, or even to put in their place, for the time being, the best substitute within his reach?

If Mr. Beecher did not speak in this spirit, then I deplore his speech; but I think he did. I do not believe that he intended to make way for a deliberate hypocrite to stand in the pulpit and go through a mockery of service; nor can I see, if the man of sincere mind but of fluctuating powers may not seem to be in full possession of the deserting feelings, how

every preacher—except some be blessed with exemption from occasional depression—must not be compelled very often to dismiss the expectant congregation, or to forfeit his sincerity in what seems to be a conscientious attempt to perform his duty under great disadvantage. Does he not owe his hearers something which, if he fail to render, should prick a sensitive conscience as sorely as the consciousness of feebleness that leans upon outward support when the inward fails it? J. H. C.

"TALK KINDLY, BUT AVOID ARGUMENT."

This decision of a grand Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, in reply to the question "Should we argue with infidels?" contains elements which need, it seems to me, to be better understood, and which may appropriately receive further notice in THE INDEX.

Any intelligent and rational person, not holding the Orthodox faith, who attends a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, will hear there, taken for granted, assumed as unquestionably true, in prayer, hymn, or exhortation, various things which ought not to be so assumed; some being unproved and unprovable, some having been disproved, some being absurd, and some shown to be untrue by facts obvious to all. Knowing that the whole public are invited to attend this meeting, hearing from the leader that it is a free meeting, and finding all present earnestly requested to take part in it, the visitor perhaps rises, when a proper opportunity occurs, to ask for information. Having heard Sunday there assumed to be God's holy day, designated for observance as a Sabbath in the Bible, he ventures to inquire where in the Bible such a statement is made. Being referred, in answer, to the fourth commandment of the decalogue, he respectfully asks whether the seventh day of the week, Saturday, was not there designated as the day of Sabbath observance. Receiving for an answer that a "change of the day" came in with the Christian dispensation, he further asks whether there is Scriptural authority for this change, since he has heard the Bible there spoken of as the supreme and infallible rule in all points of doctrine, and since Paul, the great apostle, argued strongly against Jewish ordinances in general, and against special observances of days in particular.

The leader of the meeting here informs the inquirer that their rule is to avoid "controverted points," and that this strain of remark cannot be allowed. If the reproved person ventures to ask whether quotation from the infallible rule to settle a controverted point is out of order, he is peremptorily directed to sit down.

If, after the close of the meeting, this silenced person ventures to ask of any of the individual Young Christians prominent in conducting it, whether his citation of Scripture was not correct, and whether any New Testament authority can be shown on the other side—then begins the policy recommended by the Convention, the refusal to enter upon argument or evidence, and the substitution for these of "kind talk." Let us see of what this kind talk consists.

Beginning with a smile and grasp of the hand designed to express sanctified affection, the Young Christian sets forth that—it has been found prudent not only to exclude controverted points from the meetings, but to avoid entering on them with sceptics even in private conference. The fact is that spiritual discernment is needed for spiritual things, and our position, plain as it is, could not be made clear to the carnal mind, whatever time should be spent in discussing it. What we advise in such cases is a giving up of the will; a turning away from carnal reason; and faithful study of the Bible, with prayer for illumination by the Holy Spirit. The Young Christian closes the interview by volunteering to pray with and for the person he has been lecturing, assuring him that he feels the deepest interest in his spiritual welfare, and that he hopes yet to see him renewed and sanctified.

The above accurately represents the substance and spirit of the interviews in which "kind language" is systematically substituted for argument, however the form of expression may vary. Let us now look into the meaning of the "kind language."

The sort of "kind talk" used by the Young Christians on these occasions, whatever its semblance of humility and affectionateness, assumes respecting the speaker that he is "one of God's people," converted, renewed, and sanctified, gifted with spiritual discernment, able to speak confidently of God's doings and purposes, enjoying the special presence and favor of the Holy Spirit, and having such "interest at the throne of Grace" that his prayers for the person to whom he is speaking would "avail much" for that person's spiritual welfare.

Of that person it is assumed, in a conversation of this sort, that he is at enmity with God, in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, an unbeliever, a lost sinner, a person carnally minded, and thus so incompetent to judge of spiritual things that, unless he swallows without question the doctrine presented, it is of no use for the spiritual man to talk to him.

Now, if one considers the amount of meaning inherent in the classification here assumed—the self-glorification by one man, and the deliberate and vast depreciation, by him, of the other human being to whom he is speaking—this would seem to come under the head of enormous arrogance rather than of kindness. But the whole case has not yet been presented. A special aggravation of this arrogance is still to be mentioned.

The counsel to "talk kindly, but avoid argument," was decided upon by the Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations in reply to the question "Should we argue with infidels?" By "infidel" is meant, in the phraseology of those people, any one who requires reason or evidence before accepting their doctrine.

How came such a question to be asked of the Convention? Clearly it was because sundry of its mem-

bers had found themselves at disadvantage, unable to maintain their own ground by argument, and unable to answer counter allegations, in debate with those of a different persuasion.

How came the Convention to recommend "kind talk," in such a case, in place of argument? Clearly, because they knew the poverty of their own side in this particular. They knew very well that much can justly be said against their doctrine, to which there is no reply. They wished to help their partisans to seem victorious, by this assumption of spirituality on their side and carnality on the other, when in fact they are defeated.

To be clearly understood, I will here give two specimens of the sort of cases in which the Convention recommends to its members to decline argument and try "kind talk" instead.

These people talk about "God's holy Sabbath," meaning Sunday, and accuse some of their fellow citizens of "Sabbath breaking," and violation of the fourth commandment. If the person thus accused is acquainted with the Bible, and quotes against them successfully, as he can, both the Old Testament and the New, proving that they are the Sabbath-breakers, since, holding the fourth commandment to be binding on them, they neither rest on the seventh day, Saturday, as it enjoins, nor work on the first day, Sunday, which it also enjoins—just there the Convention comes to the relief of its defeated members, saying, "Avoid argument; talk kindly instead." Of course, in such a case, they are very glad to avoid argument.

Again, these people talk about the Bible as "the word of God," declaring it so infallibly inspired by him that all its statements are to be received as true, all its precepts and injunctions accepted as binding. Suppose the outsider to whom this assumption is made turns to the General Epistle of the Apostle James, and reads this command, enforced by a most encouraging promise:—

"Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; AND THE PRAYER OF FAITH SHALL SAVE THE SICK, AND THE LORD SHALL RAISE HIM UP."

The outsider asks the Young Christian if he receives that as God's command to him, in case of sickness in his family; and if the other members of the Association, and the members of the churches with which they are connected, so receive it and act upon it.

What could the poor Young Christian say, if he trusted to argument, or to frank confession of the facts? But here the counsel of the Convention comes in as a blessed relief. "Avoid argument; talk kindly!"

Now think of the two persons here supposed, utterly defeated and silenced by citations from that very Bible which they call infallibly inspired, falling back, as the Convention advises, upon "kind talk" instead of argument. Fancy them saying kindly—"We are spiritual, you are carnal; until you are enlightened from above, it is useless for us to talk with you; but we are truly interested for your souls, and we will pray that you may see these things aright."

Such are the cases in which, and such the purpose for which, "kind talk" is recommended instead of argument. It is simply a strategical movement to conceal defeat, in the very case where honesty requires acknowledgment of defeat. It is a cowardly retreat from superior force concealed under the false and impudent pretence of a victory. Open contempt is the proper treatment for those who assume a sanctimonious aspect to escape from exposure of their false pretences. C. K. W.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

An article in a late INDEX calls attention to a very important subject, in asking the question—"Will Free Religion have Sunday Schools?"

We know that the religions that are not free are doing in that way. Their sagacious leaders see that it is only by impressions made on the minds of children that they can keep their hold on the world. The doctrines which they preach to their orthodox congregations are so irreconcilable with reason,—the views they present of the benevolent Author of our being are so repugnant to the best feelings which he has implanted in our hearts,—that it is simply impossible they could be received in the present enlightened age by the adult mind. But it is different with children: for them, the more marvellous the story, the deeper the impression. Or rather, what we call a miracle is no more strange to them than the commonest event in the order of Nature. That Joshua should stop the sun (for a worthy cause) is not more wonderful to their inexperience than its rising and setting every day. Whether the whale swallowed Jonah, or Jonah swallowed the whale, is all the same to their unlimited faculty of swallowing marvellous tales.

A natural result is that the Sunday School has come to be viewed as the foundation and main support of the old theology.

It is quite a noteworthy circumstance that the Society of Friends has recently been much stirred up, in regard to the establishment of "First Day Schools." At first, the idea met with considerable opposition, chiefly among the older members. It was regarded as an innovation. Indeed the Friends have always shrunk even from the semblance of "teaching religion." The methods pursued in the schools trench somewhat on their cardinal principle, that each individual soul can be taught alone of God. But the younger and more active spirits among them, inspired by the progressive influences of the times, have prevailed: and now the First Day Schools form a growing, interesting and important institution in the Society. The Friends do not seek to make proselytes; but they naturally object to seeing their young people drawn away into other sects. There is no doubt, I think, that the new enterprise is doing good.

The teachings of amiable young women, enthusiastic in the cause, and their sweet personal influence and example, cannot fail in benefiting the little children, who are generally eager to attend the schools. No depressing doctrines of infantile depravity, no horrid pictures of eternal torment are set before them. They escape all such miserable training.

But when the inquiry is made, as to what they positively learn of the knowledge capable of furnishing solid food that the mind can live by, there seems to present a great void. I greatly fear "the high faith" which Mr. Stevens desires to implant cannot find deep root, or substantial sustenance there. The source they draw from is still, mainly, the Bible. Its lessons of doubtful tendency, are of course well sifted: yet the certain, if indirect, influence of the instruction used in those schools is to deepen a faith in the Book; to instil the religion of authority; to preserve a superstitious reverence, which is so hard to shake off, and which now serves only to shackle free thought, and to perpetuate gross errors.

We are thus brought back to Mr. Stevens' question—what can be done to secure a solid foundation for liberal Sunday Schools? Where find the material to furnish the substantial food required to nourish the young mind and heart? We may rest assured the man and woman will be made out of the food thus furnished. Reforms that are to move the world must begin there. A wide field is there opened to true reformers: "a field, whose harvest is plenteous, but the efficient laborers are few."

Thus far my remarks may hope to meet with sympathy from the Editors and Editorial Contributors of THE INDEX, from Mr. Abbot to Mr. M. D. Conway: but the important part of the communication which yet remains, I fear, will fall upon cold and unsympathizing ears. The writer of this article firmly believes that a satisfactory answer may be given to the questions just propounded, in regard to a basis for Sunday Schools. There is, in his long and deeply cherished opinion, a solid foundation and support for the high faith we would build up in our children. It is found in the teachings of a Science which goes to the very root of the matter; that lays bare to the intelligence alike of the man and the child the primal springs of all thought, feeling and action; that necessarily imparts the full knowledge what to teach, and how to teach it, in disclosing all the simple, primary faculties of our nature, and their evident sphere and use.

For it is painfully clear to those who have received the Science of Human Nature, as revealed by Gall, Spurzheim and Combe, that until it is accepted by the world, no permanently successful methods of instruction for Sunday or other schools, no effective systems of social reform, are possible. It may naturally be deemed surprising that a discovery making such high claims should have been before the world for nearly a century without general acceptance; but there are strong reasons in man's nature for the slow progress of its doctrines. History furnishes other examples of a similar reluctance to adopt important discoveries of new truths. W. H. F.

"BEAR YOUR OWN BURDEN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEX: Sir,—The Rev. Charles Voysey, in a sermon on "True Religion an aid to Virtue" preached at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, July 27, made the following remarks: "The Pantheist may also be a very optimist of content and hope, abiding in the immutability and certainty of Nature's operations; but he can never feel that rest and peace which those souls feel who know what it is 'to cast their burden on the Lord.'" Very pleasant indeed, doubtless, to get some one else to do your work, but to my mind scarcely fair. Is it not playing a more manly part to shoulder your own difficulties? And is it not a fact that we actually have to do it? I have lived long enough to know that every transgression of a moral, intellectual, or physical law is followed by suffering (the burden), and I am the individual who invariably has had to bear it—and let me add that I am a sufficient philosopher to recognize the great service which such experience has been to me. The lesson which I learn is as follows: "Obey the laws of your being. If you disobey, you must bear the burden."

Yours truly, FRIDERIC R. HONEY.
NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 25, 1873.

THE latest strike in Germany is that of the street beggars. It was not against pauper competition, however, but to get up a corner on prayers. From time immemorial, at stated intervals, the mendicants of Treves assemble in the market place, and marching through the principal streets implore the blessing of all the saints upon the city, concluding with a grand benediction in chorus. In return the citizens, from time out of mind, have been accustomed to bestow a kreutzer on each beggar. A few days since they assembled as usual for this ceremonial. But instead of going through with it, the beggars, from the sturdy knave down to the miserable, toddling, deformed child, agreed that a single kreutzer was not enough, and that not a prayer would they say for less than two kreutzers. The good townsfolk fearing that the blessings of Heaven might be withheld, yielded to the strikers, paid the amount, and the ceremony proceeded as of old.—Chicago Post.

A LONDON correspondent is accountable for the following:—The story goes that one night lately Mr. Knatchbull Huggessen and another honorable member, were in conversation in the lobby of the house, when young Mr. Levy, the managing proprietor of the Daily Telegraph, entered and nodded familiarly to the Parliamentary dignitaries. "An extraordinary man that," remarked the Colonial Secretary to his honorable friend, "have you heard that he has bought the Times?" "You do not tell me so?" was the reply, "he must have paid an enormous sum for it." "Oh, no," said the secretary, "only threepence."

THE Jewish Times gives an account of a boy ten years of age, the son of Jewish parents, in Albany, who five years ago was enticed by a Roman Catholic servant-girl to visit a priest, without the knowledge of his father and mother. The boy was baptized by the priest, and was so completely ensnared in the wiles of this crafty cleric that he came to regard his parents as damned to everlasting perdition, and, therefore, to keep his relation to the Catholic Church completely hidden from them. To do this, it was necessary for him, of course, to resort to an elaborate system of lying, which was not only excused, but encouraged by his confessor. At home he was a Jew and went with his parents to the synagogue. On Sundays he clandestinely went to the cathedral and performed all the Catholic rites. Not long ago his parents desired to have him confirmed in the Jewish Church, and the rest of the story is well told by the Times:—

"Since he had become a Catholic he had practiced dissimulation so much that he was a perfect master of hypocrisy. He feigned to be sick and not able to stand on his feet. The doctor was called, and, though he could not see any symptoms of sickness, he coincided with the family to leave him in bed. Nevertheless it appeared suspicious. From other sides the rumor had spread that the boy had been lured into the arms of the Catholic Church, and so he was closely watched by his parents. They resolved to have him confirmed on the next Sabbath, and he was apparently glad to have this solemn rite performed on him. As a convalescent, he had to stay at home; but toward evening he stole away and hastened to the said Bridget to ask her advice. There he was found out, and, when pressed hard, he confessed all. The following conversation of the writer with the boy will give an idea of the child's mind: 'Do you mean to be religious?' 'Yes.' 'Is it religious to lie?' 'No.' 'Is it religious to deceive?' 'No.' 'Is it religious to dissimulate?' 'No.' 'Did you lie to your parents?' 'Sometimes.' 'Did you deceive your parents?' 'Sometimes.' 'Did you dissimulate?' 'Sometimes.' 'And you mean to be religious?' 'I want to confession, told all to the priest, and was absolved and forgiven.' 'Did you tell the priest that your parents knew nothing about your conversion, that you had to deceive them?' 'Yes.'"

The boy is now removed by his parents from the reach of those propagandists; but the indignant outcry of the Times against acts like these will find a response in many quarters.—*New York Independent*.

DIRECT EVIDENCE.—A revivalist in Athol is reported to have told this story, a few Sundays ago, to illustrate coming straight to the point. When a boy, he was summoned to testify in a case of assault, in which one man had hit another with a hoe. A host of witnesses had been called, who "beat about the bush" in a most tedious and provoking manner, without giving one iota of incriminating proof. This exasperated the lawyer for the prosecution, who broke out as follows: "Here, boy, we've been going around and around this case all day, and yet have no evidence to convict the prisoner. Now, sir," he savagely continued, "do you hear me? I want you to come to the direct point. Did you see the blow struck?" "Yes, sir!" "Ah, ah!" chuckled the lawyer, rubbing his palms together, and grinning immoderately; "Now, we shall have something to work upon. Here, my good lad, take this cane (handing him his walking stick). If you saw the blow struck, you must know just how it was given." "Yes, sir, I—"

"Now, then, no words about it, I tell you!" thundered the interrogator. "I am the defendant and you are the prisoner. Now just raise the stick and show the court." The bewildered lad did raise the stick, and the next minute it came crashing down upon the head of the astonished lawyer, echoing from his bald pate to the end of the room, and sent him staggering to his seat. "That's the way it was done, sir," said the boy, amid the shrieks of laughter of the whole court-room. The discomfited counsel, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, said that he had done with the witness—the evidence was direct.

It has been discovered in the management of the Holly Tree Coffee Houses, that it is not possible to banish pie from any popular bill of fare in this country. The promoters of some of these useful establishments attempted, in the interest of health, to withhold this seductive compound from their customers, but it would not do, and they are now supplying it. The fact is that even a "movement"

against pie would not succeed. If an anti-pie convention were held, it would be "captured" by the bitters and quack-medicine men. The Committee on Resolutions would be composed of Schenck, Drake, Radway, Hostetter, and Ayer. The resolutions would contain no mention of pie whatever, but would in bitter terms denounce dyspepsia and "general debility," and call for "the purification of the blood" and the supply of "tone" to "the system," and the punctual payment of the pensions of the soldiers and sailors. A picture of the goddess Hygeia would adorn the platform, and a nomination to some high office would probably be offered to some noted pie-baker, and the original anti-pie men would then be informed that they were a narrow but honest set of fellows, rather wanting in practicalness, but who had nevertheless "built better than they knew."—*N. Y. Nation*.

THE most accommodating man we ever saw was he who was captain of a steamship which plied between New York and Port Royal during the war. One day a soldier lost his cap overboard, and went to the captain about it. The old gentleman said it was impossible to stop the vessel to recover it, but he kindly offered to make a mark on the rail where it went overboard, and get it when he came back.

A LITTLE thoughtfulness saves a deal of trouble. A young man on Nelson Street will not step into the grass when it is wet and his boots are blacked. He says he doesn't mind the blacking, but his mother is getting old and lame, and can't work a brush as she used to.—*Danbury News*.

Advertisements.

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FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.
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The Index.

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VOLUME 4.

BOSTON, MASS., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 184.

ORGANIZE!

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

A FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperiled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF

ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in

Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.

ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.

ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.

ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.

ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

So far as I am concerned, the above is the platform of THE INDEX. I believe in it without reserve; I believe that it will yet be accepted universally by the American people, as the only platform consistent with religious liberty. A Liberal League ought to be formed to carry out its principles wherever half a dozen earnest and resolute Liberals can be got together. Being convinced that the movement to secure compliance with these just "Demands" must surely, even if slowly, spread, I hope to make THE INDEX a means of furthering it; and I ask the assistance and active co-operation of every man and every woman who believes in it. Multiply Liberal Leagues everywhere, and report promptly the names of their Presidents and Secretaries. Intolerance and bigotry will tremble in proportion as that list grows. If freedom, justice, and reason are right, let their organized voice be heard like the sound of many waters.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor,

Boston, Sept. 1, 1873.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

St. Louis, Mo.—M. A. McCord, President; P. A. Lofgreen, L. La Grille, Secretaries.
BOSTON, MASS.—J. S. Rogers, President; J. P. Titcomb, G. A. Bacon, Secretaries.
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BREEDSVILLE, MICH.—A. G. Eastman, President; F. R. Knowles, Secretary.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY A. W. S.

THE Spiritualists of Boston are to resume their free meetings in Music Hall the first Sunday in October.

AN INDEX subscriber, recently writing to this office, says: "You publish one of the best papers in the world." One of our early admonitions was that we should never contradict. In this case we meekly obey that injunction.

THE *Golden Age* says that "ideas receive their best setting when incorporated in works of art." Would it not be better to say that ideas receive their best setting when incorporated in that highest work of Nature,—a noble life?

WE are very sorry to learn that Rev. W. H. Spencer is suffering under prostrating and prolonged illness which disables him temporarily in his ministry. He is an efficient evangelist of the radical gospel, and we trust he may speedily resume his labors therefor.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has been summering at the White Mountains. A daily newspaper reports him to have "preached on Sundays, and on week-days to have played with the chickens, the bear, and the donkey,"—all which appear to have constituted a sort of local menagerie at the place where he was staying.

MR. B. F. UNDERWOOD, the able apostle of Materialism, is making an extended tour through the West, lecturing on his chosen themes. His letters to the *Investigator* are quite interesting. We do not accept Mr. Underwood's materialistic doctrines, but aside from these he is doing good service in the cause of true liberalism, and we give him our right hand of cordial fellowship.

THE Boston *Advertiser* says: "There is wide-spread demoralization in party sentiment." We rejoice to hear it. Partisanship in politics is fatal to patriotism, as in religion to the simple love of truth. When a party in the State comes to prize spoils more than political purity and honesty, then every true patriot will desire the speedy opportunity to chant its death-song, and to follow its dead body to burial.

WHAT is Christianity? The answer to this question seems to us to be sufficiently simple. Historically and logically, Christianity is loyalty to Christ. All Christendom, with the exception of an insignificant minority, agree in this definition,—even the more logical and consistent of "Liberal Christians." The peculiarity of Christianity is—JESUS, THE CHRIST. Whatever universal elements it contains belong not to it but to Natural Religion.

REV. DR. OSGOOD has been writing vacation letters to the *Christian Register*, some of which for gentle egotism and sweet self-complacency are admirably unparalleled. Sometime ago the doctor left Unitarianism and proceeded to be an Episcopalian; but whatever changes occur in his theology, he never loses his elegant and dignified self-consciousness. However, he seems to be having quite a mild run of Episcopalianism, and is evidently disposed to be as broad a churchman as he can be.

THE New York *Freeman's Journal* says that the Jesuits whom Bismarck exiled from Germany are arriving by thousands in this country. At the request of the Bishop of Cleveland, some twenty German Jesuit Fathers have established themselves at Toledo, Ohio. Well, the Jesu-

ists must live somewhere—why not here? We do not believe they can be put down by banishment or persecution of any kind; they must be argued down. Let everybody have a fair field, and we have faith that the truth will win.

WE were at Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting this year, and the religious fervor in the tents appeared to us to be at low tide. The efficiency of Camp-meetings in the *modus operandi* of the Methodists would seem to be waning. What is the matter? Are sinners fewer than formerly, or is that devout denomination itself growing indifferent and worldly? We like to see every one earnest in his own faith, and we hope the Methodists will not part with their characteristic zeal until they make up their minds that their characteristic theology is false.

WE cannot see that "Liberal Christianity" has anything left to it to accomplish except its own demise, since liberal Orthodoxy has advanced entirely abroad of it, and is carrying a banner whose inscriptions are every whit as free and rational. Mr. Beecher and Mr. Murray not infrequently preach sermons as liberal as any that can be heard in strictly Unitarian churches, while there are some Unitarian divines who are even more conservative than these Orthodox gentlemen. And as for Universalists, they in general lag on the way to a true liberalism in a most hopelessly tardy manner.

THE *Jewish Times*, of August 29, in an interesting article on "Modern Secpticism," says that, "in Germany, to be a sceptic is a title of honor, a card of admission into the circle of men of thought, of the fashionable and ruling classes;" but that, in England, on the contrary, "society is opposed to bold thinkers, reformers, and educators; it is fashionable to be a zealous member of the Church, and the philosopher, engaged in explaining and popularizing a new law of Nature, has an onerous task before him to obtain a hearing, if that law happens to come in conflict with some accepted dogma of the Church."

THE New York *Herald* reporter encountered in Mr. Beecher's church, a few Sundays ago, a "corn-plaster man," who it would seem went there, not himself to be converted, but to convert others to his way of thinking as to the efficiency of his cure for pedal plagues. He watched his opportunity, the reporter informs us, to fill the hats of the congregation with his hand-bills. Did he offer one as his contribution to the hat that was passed round? The reporter does not say. He heads his account of that service thus: "A quack doctor profiting by his ploy in Plymouth Church!" "Corn-plasters in the light of Christianity!" We are afraid that reporter's bump of reverence is small.

REV. C. C. BURLING, pastor of the Free Congregational Society, of Bloomington, Ill., lately took his whole society to a picnic; and did it, too, on a Sunday. It is not specifically one of the "Demands of Liberalism" that religious societies shall have picnics on Sunday, but we cannot imagine any sensible liberal as objecting to it. We believe we have somewhere read of a great religious teacher who, one Sunday, had a sort of picnic with a few of his friends in a cornfield. Some of his contemporaries were rather scandalized by such a proceeding, and we think it barely possible that there may be a few of the same kind to-day, who will regard Mr. Burleigh and his Free Society as certainly no better than this famous innovator of old.

THE *Golden Age* severely condemns Mr. Gladstone for refusing to serve on a memorial committee to take a proper and permanent notice of John Stuart Mill's death. But Mr. Gladstone is a member of the Church of England, and, so long as he is that, he is bound to stand by her doctrines. No man in England has done more than Mr. Mill to undermine and destroy those doctrines. Therefore Mr. Gladstone could not join a committee to take "proper notice" of Mr. Mill's death, and of his "great services to his country and to civilization," without appearing at least to sanction Mr. Mill's religious philosophy. It may have been bigotry that led him to decline, as the *Golden Age* says; but it is only another case of the inevitable Christian narrowness. Let us be sorry that Mr. Gladstone occupies a position which compels him to be bigoted; not that, occupying such a position, he is consistent with it.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

"Evidences of Christianity:"

SUBSTANCE OF A LETTER WRITTEN TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

Read before the New Haven Radical Club, Jan. 23, 1873.

BY ROGER M. SHERMAN.

It is sometime since I received a book on the *Evidences of Christianity* which I understood you desired me to read. I was pleased that you should manifest an interest in my opinions, and grateful, as I always am, for an opportunity to inform myself upon a subject we all feel so deep an interest in; and though you will not expect me to vex you with such a letter as I am about to write, yet I feel that I cannot in justice to myself return the work without giving you some idea of the effect it has had upon me, and the reasons why I cannot fairly accept Mr. McElvaine's *Evidences* as conclusive.

It is a book calculated to inspire assurance in believers rather than to convince a sincere unbeliever. The author seems to ignore utterly all virtue that does not result from the teachings of the Church, and regards sincerity as a virtue that an unbeliever never possessed. I presume that his arguments would have had equal force, had he been a little more charitable towards his opponents. I will briefly notice some of his "evidences."

He takes some pains to show that the Gospels were written by the persons whose names they bear, and that they were trustworthy eye-witnesses to the events related. Now is it not much more probable that mistakes should occur (by design or otherwise) at a time of the grossest ignorance among the masses,—especially in the absence of that most essential prerequisite to correct information, the art of printing? The New Testament is placed beside Milton's *Paradise Lost*, as a work of equal historical authenticity, which is unfair for the obvious reason that the latter is a work of genius, while the former is for the most part historical. The author of *Paradise Lost* could have no object in giving the credit of such a work to another; and, if he did, he could not unless the other possessed the necessary genius for such a composition. With history, however, it is different; any person with ordinary intelligence and a fair command of language could write an account of events he had seen or heard about; and there might be an object in writing under the name of an Apostle, which would give to a spurious history of Jesus an importance which it could not otherwise obtain. Besides, we have the direct testimony of Faustus, a Christian Bishop of the sect of Manichæans, who in his controversy with St. Augustine in the fourth century said: "For many things have been inserted in the speeches of our Lord which, though put forth under his name, agree not with his faith; especially since, as already has been proved by us, these things were not written by Christ or his Apostles, but a long time after them, having been manufactured by I know not what half-Jews, not even agreeing with themselves, who made up their tale out of reports and opinions merely and yet fathered the whole upon the Apostles of the Lord, or on those who were supposed to have followed the Apostles, mendaciously pretending they had written their lies and conceals according to them."

The eminent ecclesiastical historian Mosheim says: "Not long after Christ's ascension into heaven, several histories of his life and doctrines, full of pious frauds and fabulous wonders, were composed by persons whose intentions, perhaps, were not bad, but whose writings discover the grossest superstition and ignorance." It is difficult to conceive anything more "wonderful" and apparently "fabulous" than the Gospel histories of Jesus. I might quote many other passages of equal respectability to show the uncertain condition of these books so early as the fourth century. There seems to be abundant evidence even in the Gospels themselves that the writers were not eye-witnesses to the scenes there recorded, and it has taken a great deal of theological learning and ingenuity to account for the contradictions which exist in the Gospels, and the strange neglect of one to mention what another mentions, in narrating the same event. For instance, no two of the writers agree as to the inscription over the cross. Mark says the crucifixion was at the third hour, while John says the sixth. The wonderful phenomena attending the crucifixion,—darkness over the land, rending of the rocks and the veil of the Temple, the opening graves and rising of the dead,—are mentioned only by Matthew. He also says there was "a great earthquake," in which he is not supported by the other Gospels. Matthew and John say nothing of the ascension of Jesus into Heaven, while the others do. Numerous other instances of the same character are found in the Gospels, which leave ample justification for the remark of Faustus that "they made up their tale out of reports and opinions merely,"—not even agreeing with themselves." But as our author regards the authenticity of the New Testament of no importance in deciding its credibility, I will say no more on this point, merely wishing you to remember what Dr. Lardner says: "The history of the New Testament is attended with many difficulties,"—which Mr. McElvaine will not admit.

The next essential point in the Doctor's argument is the credibility of the Gospel narrative. In this position I think we shall find he has utterly failed to sustain himself. He first proposes to proceed with the New Testament just as he would with any other history, forgetting as he does that it is an absolute rule in historical criticism to reject all that pretends to be supernatural, and this for the very good reason that all supernatural events (so called) that have been thoroughly investigated have been attributable to natural causes, and very much has no foundation in fact.

The Doctor's argument is that, as the writers were honest and well-informed on the subject, we are under direct obligation to believe what they state. But this will lead us into a most absurd position. For instance, I have a history of some cases of Salem Witchcraft "detailed at the time of their occurrence by Rev. Cotton Mather and other clergymen and learned men of that day, many of which cases they pledge their reputation occurred within their own view and are accurately and truly represented." After a judicial investigation there was found sufficient evidence to convict and hang those through whose influence these strange things were supposed to occur. Thus many a poor woman lost her life for having (as was supposed) done that which not a sane man of the present day believes she ever did do. It is difficult to conceive a case better authenticated than the above. The New Testament has not half the claim on our credibility that this has; yet you do not believe it, and Mr. McElvaine does not. But the other is accepted, peering up through a thousand dark unlettered years of superstition. Why? Because you were thus educated.

One other thought. The New Testament contains a record of events which are not only natural impossibilities, but physical impossibilities. I know it is common to assert that—"All things are possible with God;" but it is self-evident that both parts of a contradiction cannot be true. A triangle and a square can never be of the same shape so long as words retain their meaning; nor can Omnipotence make them so. I will mention one instance of this character in the New Testament—the miracle of feeding the multitude, Matthew, chapter fourteen. It is represented that Jesus fed five thousand men, besides women and children, on five loaves and two fishes, and "they were filled." Now let us suppose it would naturally require five hundred loaves and two hundred fishes to fill such a multitude. If five loaves and two fishes are made to answer the same purpose, it is to suppose that the nutriment of five loaves was made equal to the nutriment of five hundred loaves, which is a contradiction and as such cannot be true. Who will seriously maintain that God can so act on the nature of things that the contents of a square inch will be equal to what is one hundred and forty-four times as much; namely, a square foot? I say there can be no evidence which will fairly command the mind's assent to such things, because they contain within themselves the demonstration of their falsity; and this is but a small part of what may be said against the credibility of the Gospels.

But our author, thinking his position thus far well established, makes another move. He says that "miracles perfectly proved are perfect evidence of divine attestation." I have no objection to offer to this statement except to show that it is out of all consistency with the Bible itself. In the seventh and two or three following chapters of Exodus, we find an account of the miracles performed before Pharaoh by Moses, and by the Sorcerers. The latter, like Moses, were able to turn their rods into serpents, the water into blood, and plague the land with frogs; and these are feats quite as miraculous as anything the doctor can produce. But if these miracles are perfectly proved, as they must be if asserted by the word of God, then they are "perfect evidence of divine attestation," according to the author's logic; and as these wicked (I know not that I should say wicked) Sorcerers were acting in direct opposition to the other emissaries of God, Moses and Aaron, it puzzles me not a little to understand what particular object the Almighty could have in those "divine attestations." However, I will humbly suggest that they attest the ignorance of a very superstitious people.

The doctor has not shown us miracles the evidence of which is not open to grave objections; and he must know that strange and unnatural events require much more perfect evidence than ordinary occurrences. Ancient History is nearly all a mixture of truth and fable or miracle; yet we only accept the probable part and reject the rest. So let us be equally cautious with the Bible, and not be confounded by high sounding pretensions; for there are other scriptures pretending to be the word of God.

And now we come to the "Evidence of Prophecy," and here encounter the strongest argument of the work, though I think we shall find it unable to bear criticism. First let us consider that other nations have had their oracles, soothsayers, magicians, and astrologers, as well as the Jews their prophets; and all have been believed to foretell the future. I have no faith in fortune-telling, but have known instances which I could no more satisfactorily account for than I can the prophecies of the Bible.

The particular object of prophecy, we will suppose, is to furnish credentials of a divine mission, a witness to some one's infallibility as a messenger from God. For this reason we are to believe all he says, however unreasonable. Now if it can be shown that these persons have erred in their predictions, it will destroy their authority by making it uncertain what part of their teachings is not error. Surely the word of God could never make mistakes. Let us notice one or two errors of this kind.

The twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew represents the disciples asking Jesus when and what should be the sign of his second coming and the end of the world. He tells them very explicitly in his prophecy concerning Jerusalem, which Mr. McElvaine tells us all about in his eighth lecture, and shows how wonderfully everything was fulfilled. I would here remark that this prophecy was not written thirty years before the destruction of Jerusalem, but only six according to Dr. Lardner (whose authority no Christian should gainsay); and later critics have shown that it was not written nearly so soon as that. In reading the author's comments on this prophecy, it is observable that he makes no excuses for the stars not falling, the non-appearance of Jesus in the clouds, and the

end of the world, which Jesus said would happen at that time. I beg that you will turn to the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew and see that I do not misrepresent it. After speaking of the calamities that should befall the people, he says in verse twenty-nine: "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken. And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven, and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory," &c. Then, after speaking a parable of the fig-tree, he says in verse thirty-four: "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled." Generation after generation has passed, and these things have not been seen; and the conclusion is inevitable that Jesus erred in the prophecy.

Another instance in the seventeenth chapter of Matthew where Jesus tells his disciples the signs that shall follow believers: they shall drink poisons, and handle deadly serpents without injury. Either this is a false prophecy, or there are no true believers at the present day. I am aware that it is supposed by some to refer to the times of the Apostles only; but there is nothing in the passage to warrant such a conclusion. In the fourteenth chapter of Ezekiel we find the passage: "If a prophet be deceived when he has spoken a thing, I the Lord have deceived that prophet, and will stretch out my hand and destroy him." Without dwelling upon the otherwise distressing features of the passage, it is obviously to be inferred that a prophet may be deceived; but to illustrate the point fully, let us turn to the remarkable prophecy of Micaiah, second Chronicles, eighteenth chapter. God is here represented as desiring to entice Ahab to his destruction. To do this, he accepts the proposition of a lying spirit to get into the mouths of all his prophets, and, by inspiring them to lie to King Ahab, the latter is induced to go to battle and is there killed. Thus poor Ahab's faith in the supposed word of God is made the means of his destruction! Without stopping to consider the reckless impiety of this passage (which is no worse than a hundred others) or those who will defend it, I trust you will see the weakness of the doctor's argument. According to Micaiah there must have been four hundred prophets lying by inspiration from God. I cannot see how men will, after candid consideration, accept as truth such absurd and wicked stuff.

"But Faith, Fanatic Faith, once wedded fast To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

The other evidences of the divinity of Christianity which our author considers important are its "maraculous propagation" and its "fruits." These are small points.

In regard to its remarkable progress, I would simply mention that the Mormons use the same argument to show that God is with them, pointing in triumph to the trials and persecution they have encountered undismayed. The argument is of no value for either; vice often makes rapid progress as well as virtue, and falsehood as well as truth.

The argument from its fruits is equally poor. The art of printing has done more, perhaps, to elevate the position of mankind than all the others put together. Yet we do not suppose the inventor was inspired in any special, divine sense, though he must have been if the fruits of his invention be the test. This argument, poor as it is, comes with especial bad grace from Christianity; the heart faints as one reviews its blood-stained records, and recounts its dreadful and inhuman massacres, and calls to mind the sickening details of its inquisitions. These cruelties were not practised merely against the heathen but in deadly strife among themselves. "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit," says Jesus; and I would suggest that "Neither can a good tree bring forth corrupt fruit." Will Christianity abide the test? How does every virtuous sensibility smart under the necessity of using such an argument!

The author tries to make one other point from death-bed scenes of unbelievers; as though it were legitimate to try men's opinions; by the way they regard them after the ravages of disease, and perchance old age, have enfeebled a once vigorous and conscientious mind. The extreme childishness of this argument must appear to any one; yet in support of it he has not found it beneath him to give credit to the most absurd and oft refuted calumnies which Christian piety has seen fit to heap on those whose nobleness of soul would not submit to mental degradation. The mind revolts at the humiliation and conscious cowardice of supporting any cause by means so false and slanderous.

Thus much for McElvaine's *Evidences of Christianity*. I have endeavored to touch all the important arguments of the book, and have given a few reasons why I cannot accept them as conclusive.

And now, a word for the other side. It may be a matter of surprise to you that a person should deny the divine authority of the Bible out of respect for the Creator of the Universe; but there are many such, and I am one. I will try to give you some reasons why. My conception of God is infinite wisdom, goodness, and power; if these are the divine attributes, you will see that it is absolutely impossible for God to perform an unjust or imperfect action, and if all acts were perfect there could be nothing to repent of. Yet the Bible says: "And it repenteth the Lord of." Yet he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." Again: "Thou hast forsaken me, saith the Lord; thou hast gone backward; therefore will I stretch out my hand against thee and destroy thee. I am weary with repenting." Genesis, chapter fifteen, verse six. In the eleventh chapter of Genesis we find the Lord represented as confounding the language of men lest they should build a tower that should reach heaven; and in numberless instances is

God represented as being extremely "foolish," "wrathful," and "furious." The bloodthirsty and cruel commands such as—"Now go and smite Amalek and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not, but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass,"—show how utterly unworthy of any just conception of God that book is.

The New Testament, though an improvement on the Old, is far from free of the same difficulty. Paul says, of those who "believe not the truth, and have pleasure in unrighteousness, God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned." Second Thessalonians, second chapter. It is hard to think God would impose on the credulity of his creatures; one might hope that great enlightenment would be sent instead of "delusion," that they all might believe the truth and be saved. Such ranting shows the vulgar weakness of a fanatic, and not the real intent of our heavenly Father.

Passing this, let us glance at the foundation of this religion. It is represented that God created man, who, having transgressed a law through the influence of another creature of God (Satan), the race of man for all future generations is cursed. To avoid the natural consequences of the curse, the Son of God, a being without sin and one with God, is sacrificed at the hands of his infuriated creatures. Through the efficacy of this horrible deed, man is redeemed from the curse, *providing he believes the story*. This is a fair statement of the case without the usual gloss of sophistry. It seems utterly indefensible. If man deserved the curse, why should he not endure it? And if he did not, why was it hurled upon him? If man is at present under the just curse of God, brought upon himself by guilt, how is it possible for the suffering of an innocent Jesus to remove that guilt? Are personal merit and demerit transferable like goods and chattels? I rest with entire confidence my eternal salvation on the probability of such notions not being true, and am only amazed and shocked to see men in the nineteenth century defending such absurd dogmas. I have no doubt but that thoughts like these have often crossed your own mind, and been shunned as the promptings of an evil spirit. It is often said that these things are *mysteries* that we cannot understand, which is perhaps the easiest way of getting over the difficulty. It is like telling a person that three added to four make five, and, because it is not understood to be true, saying it is a *mystery*. I confess I cannot understand how the suffering innocent can make the guilty guiltless; but I can easily see that it will do *nothing of the kind*,—that it saps the very foundations of justice and only adds sin to sin.

Every proposition which is neither reasonable nor demonstrable should be disbelieved; therefore I disbelieve that God could intend as a special revelation to man any truth which an earnest and candid investigator would find to be out of all consistency with the divine attributes and with truth itself. The many and cumbrous volumes of commentaries and explanations of Scripture speak the lack of revelation; for how idle for man to attempt an explanation of what God has set himself to reveal, and made so plain that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein"?

These thoughts I might enlarge upon, but I have already written more than you will thank me for. I cannot expect you will think of these things as I do, and perhaps I would not if I could; for if your life is made happier by the consolations of your faith, and your thoughts and deeds mellowed by the golden example of Jesus, it is well. But I would press upon you the fact that unbelievers are not necessarily so from a love of lust, or always actuated by a hatred of God and his laws, as Mr. McElvaine would represent. I hope the day is not far distant when "justification by faith" will be a *thing of the past*, and man will regard man as I feel God does, giving all just credit for the love of humanity and kind efforts in its behalf. May the clouds of "faith" break, letting in the glorious sunshine of noble deeds; for with it comes the glory of our race!

[FOR THE INDEX.]

THE NECESSITY OF A PRIESTHOOD.

The feeling of hostility excited among liberal thinkers generally by the proceedings and the aspirations of the Ritualists is due, perhaps, less to any dislike of ceremonialism for its own sake than to an abhorrence for what we may call Ecclesiasticism in general. It is especially the power and influence of an organized priesthood that are so much dreaded and detested. It is our habit in fact, at this day, to assume that a priesthood can be nothing less than the deadly foe of popular enlightenment and human progress. The word "priestcraft" has become thus one of the reddest of our red rags, needing only to be shaken in the face of a "progressive" to drive him wild.

It needs, perhaps, some temerity, even before an audience so exceptionally intelligent as that of the readers of THE INDEX, to undertake to question the soundness of this so nearly universal assumption. No doubt the assumption would be far less universal than it is, if it had not quite a broad substratum of fact to rest upon. The writer of this paper, nevertheless, ventures to assert that it is not upon the totality of the facts that it rests; that it is indeed only a partial and one-sided view; and that, upon a fair consideration of human nature itself and of its cosmic environment, it becomes plain that an organized priesthood is really necessary at once to a highly developed popular intelligence, and to a large and noble human progress.

It would be very interesting, if space permitted, to follow up systematically the historical side of the ar-

gument. But this can hardly be accomplished here. It is very certain, however, that the priesthoods of our race have not been all mere obscurantists. Laying aside the theological theory of the origin and progress (or other career) of mankind, and recognizing only a spontaneous and natural development, it becomes manifestly an absurdity to regard the Thinker-Class as the authors of human ignorance. The ignorance was spontaneous. And how immense an achievement it was to take the first steps towards breaking in upon that ignorance, we can rightly appreciate only by considering the social conditions that must needs have prevailed before the first dawn of our civilization. For human society existed before civilization; and a glimpse of that infant stage of man's career we can still catch in observing the Indians in our Western wilds, or the tribes of Central Africa.

It was the exigencies of monotheistic dogma that necessitated the fable of deliberate deception and imposture on the part of all the priesthoods save the one true priesthood of the one true God. A mind really emancipated from theological superstition will easily recognize the necessary good faith of all the priesthoods alive at their outset. The fundamental idea of a sound historic Philosophy is the spontaneity of theological conception, at the dawn of civilization. Positivists, indeed, claim this idea as a veritable scientific discovery, combined, at all events, with the correlative fact of the subsequent transformation of those ideas, by means of a metaphysical transition, into their definitive or scientific state, that transformation, moreover, having been accomplished in the order of their progressively increasing complication. Priesthoods and people were alike incapable at the outset of any conception that was not theological. And so far from the early priesthoods having imposed upon the people fraudulent inventions and gross superstitions, they did but refine and idealize, as far as was then possible, the superstitions spontaneously prevalent, and turn them as far as they could into instruments of moral and social improvement.

That they also used the superstitions of the people as a means of gaining influence over them is very true. And if they had not done so, whence could they have obtained the power to do anything towards social improvement? Government in every form is, we know, often assumed to be a necessary evil. But even if that were so now, is it really true that it was so then? Do the Digger Indians manifest any spontaneous disposition towards their own elevation and civilization? But with all the faults and vices of our actual society, our Tammany rings and our Custom House rings, are we not really better, on the whole, than Digger Indians?

The slurs cast upon the priesthoods of the past come with a peculiarly bad grace from men who make a boast of spreading civilization at the sword's edge and the cannon's mouth. If government be an evil at all, certainly government by brute force and military murder is the very worst form of it. The peaceful government of men through their ideas, if by government is meant simply influencing them for their own good and the general good of all, is surely a noble art, not a base one. Liable to abuse, as is every good thing; but in itself assuredly admirable. Yet the same men who denounce the tyranny and oppression of "priestcraft," and deplore the degradation of the peoples that submit to it, will gloat over the dissemination of our glorious civilization (to say nothing of "the Gospel") by British buccaneering in the interest of opium-smuggling!

The cradle of our civilization was assuredly needed by the theocracies of Egypt and Western Asia. And what is theocracy irrespectively of theological fable, and regarded simply as a phenomenon of human history and development? It is in one word government by the Thinker-Class, aided by the social institution of *caste*. Caste ultimately becomes oppressive, no doubt. But, to appreciate it fairly as a phenomenon of human development, we must consider it in relation to the social environment amidst which it arose. Caste consists essentially in the direct inheritability of all social functions. And when the conditions of human co-operation had as yet all to be instituted,—when the industrial arts had as yet all to be learned,—when habits of steady toil had as yet all to be formed,—when there were no books, not even manuscripts,—when there was no written language,—when all instruction had perforce to be purely traditional and pass from generation to generation by word of mouth only,—when, moreover, the means of locomotion were, as compared with our modern situation in this regard, almost non-existent, could a more admirable method of inaugurating at once Industry and Instruction have well been hit upon than just this of passing on both the one and the other from father to son, generation after generation?

The efficacy of this system, moreover, as to the general progress of the race can only be fairly appreciated by a comparison of the attainments actually made under it with those really due to our subsequent more progressive and free civilization. This comparison, fairly made, would be very apt to lead the truly intelligent among us accidentally to a less blustering and bullying style of thought and of speech than commonly prevails towards the Asiatics, who are after all our fellow-men. The manufacturers of Manchester are obliged to admit that with all the wonderful perfection of our machinery they cannot compete with the hand-looms of Hindustan. With all our chemistry we cannot, even in France, rival the porcelains of Japan. Nowhere, even in Holland, can we sustain a population as numerous in proportion to area as exists in China. It is true that China is essentially fetichistic, not strictly, therefore, an example of a theocracy. Fetichism is prior even to theologism proper. But the condition now especially under consideration, government by the Thinker-Class, is common to the astrology of China and the genuine theocracies. We shall never rightly comprehend our own civilization,

especially our own past, and certainly never appreciate the real future of humanity, till we learn to form a more just, sympathetic, and respectful appreciation than commonly prevails of those most interesting civilizations which, founded at a period since which our own ancestors were for ages savages roaming the forests, still subsist on the eastern shores of the Asiatic continent.

That it has been a real benefit to outgrow the too great immobility of this earliest form of civilization may be very true. But then our forefathers derived the very ability to outgrow that earliest form from the culture received under it. It was very necessary that the system of caste should be broken in upon, even at the cost of substituting an essentially military society for the orderly, peaceful, steady industry instituted by the pristine theocracies. Yet nevertheless the orderly, peaceful, steady industry is really the normal life of man; and the military civilization, however indispensable, is but a transition.

That which had to be accomplished, and still has to be, for we have certainly not yet attained such a state, is the radical conciliation of this orderly, peaceful, steady industry with a profound freedom and personal independence. But the difficulty we have even now in instituting such a condition throws into strong light the total impossibility of its being even conceived of at the outset. Coöperation on a scale at all large necessarily means subordination for the mass of the coöperators, albeit ever so voluntary a subordination ultimately. Voluntary it certainly could not be at the outset. If man then had to be flogged into subordination, it is plainly, at least, as certain that the priesthoods were not the authors of that necessity. This is what we liberals so constantly overlook: that the early slaveries were imposed upon man by the very conditions of his environment in combination with the characteristics of his own organization. In other words the several conditions of the social state are a spontaneous growth; not foreordained by legislative authority. All that legislative authority does is to temper the harshness of the spontaneous development; or to modify the secondary features; only occasionally, by very natural mistakes, increasing instead of diminishing inevitable miseries. The Priesthoods no more created the pristine slaveries than the gardener creates the tree that he plants and cultivates. And if the systems of thought which the priesthoods instituted rendered the victims of those slaveries the more contented and resigned under them, ought they to be reproached with that as with some wrong and injury inflicted upon man? First let it be shown that man is worse off resigned than he is discontented, and that the freedom to which we are gradually growing could ever have been instituted without some sort of transition between the social state which is to exist in our own future and the social state, say, for example, of our American aborigines.

Our false judgment of the priesthoods of the past springs from our constantly charging upon them the responsibility for social conditions which existed so spontaneously that neither they nor any of their contemporaries could even conceive of their non-existence. Plato, the prince of freethinkers, even in Greece, the land of freethinking, could not conceive of a body of free working men. Industry had to be imposed, in his Utopia itself, upon a slave class. In fact, what the Priesthoods really did was to modify the hardships of the spontaneous institutions, and found a culture out of which gradually grew the capacity for better institutions and a higher social state.

It is natural enough that any body of men actually existing should strive to prolong its own existence. And the fact that human opinion has repeatedly shifted its ground, naturally opened the way to great abuse in this regard. The change from polytheism to monotheism could not take place from within the priestly class. It resulted, in fact, from the free speculations of Greek philosophers and savans, especially from the first dawning of positive science, on the one side, and from a socio-moral source on the other side. An urgent need for social re-organization was combined with the merely intellectual need, which would not alone have sufficed to displace the ancient opinion. For indeed the force of the purely intellectual movement had much abated before the social advent of Christianity.

There was necessarily involved in this change a break in the line of spiritual authority. Religious authority had to pass from the polytheistic priest-hoods to the Christian priesthood. The requisite social regeneration could not possibly be effected without this transference of authority. It is a mere self-contradiction to imagine men the organs of a transformation of which they could not even conceive. The very existence of the older priesthoods was therefore threatened. And if, finding themselves thus attacked, they made some struggles for dear life, it is not to be wondered at. Nor can the fact be set down as evidence of any inherent pre-disposition on the part of an organized priesthood to shut out the light of truth. It is simply one of the immense difficulties in the path of the progress of humanity that the human mind is spontaneously led into a method of speculating on the phenomena around it, which subsequent experience forces it to abandon. Had it been possible for the human mind to have adopted from the outset the scientific method of explanation in regard to all phenomena, there would have been no such fatal break in the line of intellectual development. And if the line of development had been continuous, and the priesthood would have been continuous, and would have remained throughout, what it certainly was at the outset, the organ of the elaboration of human intelligence, and the most efficient organ of its popular dissemination.

The same remark holds true in a still more striking manner, perhaps, in regard to the final transformation of opinion from theologico-metaphysical to positive.

The Christian priesthood, that is to say, is in no wise responsible for the necessity by which it has finally to give way to the priesthood of the Universal Church and Religion of Humanity. Nor for the so pregnant fact that the transition in this case has inevitably to be very much more prolonged than in any previous transformation. A whole body of scientific doctrine has to be elaborated, and that, moreover, upon an utterly dispersive method, giving no hint whatever, save to a chosen few of the rarest intellects, and to them only the most vague, of the ultimate synthesis to be evolved out of the seemingly heterogeneous mass. Meantime each new scientific discovery deals a tremendous blow upon the theological structure reared with infinite toil and skill; and it is most unjust to regard the defenders of the ancient faith as actuated by merely personal and unworthy motives in seeking to ward off from that faith attacks which could not possibly have been then supposed destined to lead ultimately only to a deeper and a stronger faith, and one with moral reactions and tendencies yet nobler and diviner. We should remember that the persecutors of Galileo could not have the slightest conception of the degree of certitude which it has needed a long experience to make us recognize as naturally inherent in the positive demonstrations of science. And some of us even do not yet recognize it. Common-sense was directly against the conclusions they were asked to accept. The social and moral dangers involved in the profound disruption of the ancient faith while as yet no new faith had arisen, or given the slightest sign of being about to arise to take its place, they instinctively felt and foresaw; and our experience of to-day justifies their deep presentiment. Their anxieties are justified preëminently, moreover, by a class of thinkers who, claiming to be *par excellence* defenders of free thought, still continue to insist that science furnishes religion with no new doctrine, nor even with any new logical foundation, but that religion must make shift the best way it can for ever henceforth, with the unknowable for its sole domain!

No doubt the necessity imposed upon mankind of completely displacing more than once its basis of certitude does expose our race to immense dangers and sufferings. It makes progress apparently consist for a long time in mere destruction. It makes the instinct of conservation seem to be directly hostile to that development which is its very end, but which without the conservation is self-evidently impossible. But it is singularly illogical to imagine that because a priesthood is naturally the organ of conservation, it is therefore also naturally hostile to progress. If mere destruction be ever real progress, it can assuredly be so only very temporarily, and during a period of transition.

Any human institution during the period of its decay naturally presents many abuses, and even brings its abusive side into unsightly prominence. But is there one single abuse of our organized priesthoods of to-day that does not derive directly from the theologism of their doctrine? Suppose the Roman Catholic Church, with all its wonderful organization, were at this moment employing in the popular dissemination of positive science the same energies that it actually devotes to the dissemination of demoralizing theological fables, would our modern society be any the worse off for its existence? Could it then be imagined, even by our most intense liberals, the foe either of enlightenment or of freedom? Its priests would in that case, of course, be a totally different class from what they are to-day. The principles of its policy would be radically changed, necessarily. But, as a priestly organization, will any rational mind pretend that it would have in it one faintest shadow of danger either to popular liberties, to popular enlightenment, or to the most radical free thought?

One condition being of course assumed, one unquestionably indispensable; namely, the entire separation between Church and State. Let the Church have a doctrine claiming to be ever so entirely scientific, ever so profoundly purged of all supernaturalism, and of the kind of ghostly authority inextricably inherent in supernaturalism, ever so much attenuated, she must still possess no vestige of coercive power to sustain her teachings, not even in the shape of wealth. She must possess no weapon whatever but those of reason and persuasion: reason to convince men of truth, persuasion to lead men to the right. And she must be sustained solely by love and conscience; by the gratitude of those who recognize the benefit of her instructions and the sense of the duty of disseminating those same instructions freely among all men. It is an eternally sound principle that the "word of life"—the real knowledge of human nature and of the means available for its improvement—ought to be given to all "without money and without price." But not by "State aid," by taxes wrung from men by force; solely by the reaction of that very sentiment of duty and devotedness, to the development and stimulation of which all the efforts of a true Church are directed.

But this condition once solidly assured, there is surely nothing whatever in the past experience of mankind to justify the feeling which so universally obtains among us, intensely hostile to all ecclesiastical organization. Not that the indictment of history against the priesthoods of the past, or rather of recent centuries, is not truly tremendous, with whole mountains of fact to sustain it. But that the whole of those abuses and cruelties and crimes sprung, not from any tendencies inseparable from a priesthood as such, but solely from these two conditions: 1st, the theologism of the doctrines of the Church; and 2nd, the confusion between spiritual and temporal authority.

BRENTWOOD, L. I.

HENRY EDGER.

[The above vindication of the motives of ancient and modern priesthoods is just. That the need of a

priesthood still exists is not made so clear. It would be a dreary destiny, if mankind were to be permanently ruled, however indirectly, even by a "Thinker-Class." The problem of the future is, how to convert all mankind into a "Thinker-Class," and thus teach them to govern themselves by purely republican methods. The answer to this problem is strictly universal education. The great and incurable defect of "Positivism," so-called, is that it despairs of the common people, and would entrust the shaping of the common destiny to a portion only of those whose supreme interests are involved. Comte, to the day of his death, never got rid of this European distrust of the multitude; and his disciples are striving to re-plant it here on American soil. But the American idea, which is the great central idea of Free Religion, is *Faith in Man*; and to it the future belongs.—ED.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by F. E. ANNOT, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IS CONVERSATIONAL AND VALEDICTORY.

"Paul," said his father, next morning, as together they walked Broadway, their faces being turned southwards, with the intention of securing a passage to Liverpool for the speaker and Mr. Wheeler, in one of Mr. Cunard's steamers. "I don't believe much in giving advice to young men, knowing that it's about as profitable as teaching a nigger to read—but I hope you won't get married for a year or two, at least to a Yankee."

Paul, blushing conscious of his last night's amusement, disclaimed such an intention. "You don't think very highly of the American ladies, then, sir?" he added.

"Well, it's not that. I think as well of them, perhaps, as of Englishwomen, or any others. But, so far as I've been able to observe, they don't suit Britishers. They're too independent—have too much self-assertion for us; you see the habit of life is altogether different. The American girl is the frankest in the world, rather wilful, jealous of check or control, and immensely self-possessed: she calculates to hold her own with anybody, and is mighty apt to rile up at the idea of being lord-and-mastered even by a husband. She'll go for him to the hilt against all creation, if she loves him, but 'obey' is a word you can't coax out of her mouth nohow you can fix it. She hasn't been used to it, and never intends to learn: it's contrary to all her notions. She has been a walking American Constitution and Declaration of Independence on her own account ever since she could toddle. Now we Englishmen are brought up to expect deference from our wives, if not obedience—which doesn't prevent the women making a fight for it, and often getting the upper hand afterwards. Most brains, or obstinacy, settles that matter, all the world over. But selfishness pays in this life, and I think there are more hen-pecked husbands here than at home. And when an Englishman marries an American, unless he's quite morally acclimatized, the match generally turns out badly. There are a thousand little, inevitable things in which they are sure to differ; and, I tell you, it needs a deal of affection, and—what's even rarer, both in men and women—common-sense—to tide them over."

"You have known such cases?" Paul asked, seeing that his father paused to emit two spiral wreaths of tobacco-smoke from his nostrils, à la Spanish-American.

"Yes, and none of 'em were happy. On the other hand, where Americans had married English-women they generally got along first-rate. Whether that involves a compliment to our country-women or their husbands I don't pretend to determine: but you'll soon discover that the sex here enjoys a greater amount of consideration—and not unfrequently abuses it—than anywhere else in the world."

"Is it any better down South, sir?"

"Well, no," returned the doctor, rather reluctantly: "in fact it's worse. A Northern woman looks you out of your seat in the cars or theatre and takes it as a matter of course, without thanking you; but in the South you have to clear out for her companion, a man like yourself, or risk a fight. Indeed, everywhere the ladies carry matters with such an uncommonly high hand that they'd not be unlikely to provoke a reaction by overdoing their pretensions. If it weren't for the incurable sensitiveness of the men to female opinion. And then it must be admitted that they're very pretty and can be uncommonly agreeable—when they please."

Paul was too new to the United States to discover whatsoever of good or evil lay beneath these truths; so he walked beside his father in silence until the Americanized Englishman resumed:

"That's not what I was going to say, however. I wanted to caution you against the awful facility with which you'll find you can get married in this country. In England it is, or used to be, a serious business; not to be undertaken without the approval of papa and mamma, and something like the prospect of a decent living for both. Here the girls take that for granted—it's a poor sort of man, they think, who can't get along somehow. You may spark one of 'em without

with your leave or by your leave from her parents—without knowing she has any—and get married as soon as you can raise five dollars to pay the clergyman. And as there's plenty of young ladies quite willing to take husbands on rather less consideration than they bestow on the choice of a new bonnet, the natural result is an inordinate crop of early marriages—and divorces."

He pulled at his grizzled beard after his habit, puffing at his cigar and continued:

"There are very few young men who, when they fall in love, think of anything but the girl's face and the manifold perfections with which their imagination endows her. Temper, taste, compatibility of disposition and all the rest, are taken for granted. They don't know how severely matrimony and the inevitable ups and downs of even the most fortunate existence will test all these, and that hardly any couple are good enough to live together on their merits, without sterling affection, forbearance, and real honesty of character. That's the cause of so much disappointment afterwards—the reason why so many love-matches turn out so indifferently. Dr. Johnson said there would be as much happiness as there is if the Lord Chancellor had the arranging of marriages, after scrutinizing the relative circumstances of the parties. If anybody doubts it, let him live a year in the United States—where, if anywhere, people consult their own inclinations—and then reckon up the number of divorced folks he has been acquainted with. And the chances are that he won't know half of them, either, for naturally the men are shy of talking about it, while a vast proportion of the women sink antecedents and start afresh as *Misses*. What I want to caution you against, then, is one of those early, impulsive matches which kill a young fellow's prospects for life, and wed him to even worse than poverty—though that's bad enough, God knows."

"I don't think I shall be likely to fall into danger," said Paul, rather fancying his father loved talking for its own sake, or attached superfluous importance to Miss Livingston; whom he was not much disposed to sentimentalize about, next morning.

"Well, Miss Lizzie, there, up to Beach Street, is a pretty girl in her way and a tremendous flirt, as I understand from Wheeler. And, though she's engaged, you might easily get entangled with her—especially if you go to board there, as I hear you were talking of."

Paul colored again at the implication, and was stammering out an expression of his readiness to seek lodgings elsewhere, when Dr. Gower interrupted him, laughing and saying good-naturedly:

"Oh! go by all means, if you think you can keep out of mischief—you'll want a boarding-house, and Wheeler gives a pretty fair account of the people. Only 'ware petticoats. And, after all, I reckon living in the same house with Miss Lizzie would rather than confirm anybody of a liking for her. It might prove a pretty severe test in most cases."

A silence ensued of some minutes, which was broken by Paul's inquiring what his father knew of the Livingston family.

"Well, very little. The mother is one of those divorced wives we were talking of: got married at fifteen to a man who, of course, behaved badly to her—turned out a bad egg generally. He had some money, I believe, which she helped to knock down, and then quit and got her living by millinery and keeping a boarding-house. The daughter went to school, lived some time with an uncle, and then came back to her mother, with whom she appears to exist in a state of chronic shindy. Mrs. L. says she has been set against her by her father's relatives—that she wants more money and dresses than she can afford to give her—is, in her mamma's phrase, 'ambitious.' The girl talks about going on the stage; and has, in the meantime, engaged herself to a clerk in a downtown store—rather a gentlemanly young fellow, Wheeler says—and will probably jilt him, as she has others. That's all I know about either mother or daughter. And here we are at the Bowling Green—there was a fountain here, once, I believe, though I never saw it—will you stroll on to the Battery till I join you, or come in?"

Paul preferred strolling on the Battery and amusing himself with the prospect, until his father had "got through," as he termed it; when they crossed the river to Jersey City, to look at the steamer in which he had engaged passage. And as nothing of interest to this narrative transpired during the remainder of the conversation, we will pursue it no further.

As the day of departure drew near—there were only four between it and the date of securing passage—Paul felt an increasing liking and regard for the father whom he was so soon to lose, after such a brief acquaintance. His shrewdness and knowledge of the world, his good-nature and general free-handedness, and his perfect abstinence from all pretence of authority, even when most interested in his son, could not but charm a young fellow quite unaccustomed to being treated with much consideration, and generously responsive to all forms of kindness. His parent's misfortunes, too; the persistent ill-luck which really seemed to have followed him through life, claimed sympathy. They had not harmed him socially, rendering him splenetic, or miserable, or ill-conditioned, or it would certainly have appeared; but their influence upon his character was none the less distinct, and is worthy of special explanation.

The latent bitterness with which he always spoke of riches or poverty, and assumed those to be the sole tests of merit acknowledged by mankind, at once betrayed his dissatisfaction with, but recognition of, that standard. He thought himself hardly-used and under-estimated, from his want of success in life, and secretly attached a fictitious value to it, proportionate to his many disappointments. He desired to be wealthy, and in a hurry—to obtain not merely a moderate but a great fortune. Like most Americans, to whom he had become morally assimilated, he believed

in short cuts to riches—in making money by enterprise, by speculation, chance, or luck—by any means, in short, rather than hard work or economy; and to such a man the opportunity of sharing his friend's prospects in Russia offered an irresistible temptation. As for the sum bequeathed him by his father, being prospective, it seemed hardly real to him; accustomed to vicissitudes, he scarcely recognized to-morrow, except as influenced by his own immediate actions: after his first temporary disappointment he would probably have mortgaged his inheritance, but for the sake of his children and regard to his mother's feelings. For John Gower loved both, and perhaps cheated himself with the belief that his son and daughter were the principal incentives to his lust for riches.

It need scarcely be remarked that in spite of his talk of chronic mischance, he was very sanguine about his new venture, as an unlucky gambler is always confident that the next throw of the dice, or turn of the cards, will make amends for past disasters and send him away triumphant. Why, then, it may be asked, should he have advised Paul to remain in America and urged good reasons in support of that opinion? He has himself involuntarily admitted the cause in his Æsopian apologue, recommending his son to avoid the cardinal error on which his own fortunes had been so often wrecked. It was this feeling, and possibly an instinctive, latent distrust of another miscarriage on his own account, that dictated the apparent inconsistency. He is not the first person in the world who has been capable of giving excellent advice, but not of acting upon it.

His cautioning Paul against an early marriage was suggested by similar considerations: returning to the United States a rich man, he would have been very sorry to find his son's future compromised by a misalliance, which his evident irresponsibility rendered not unlikely. Besides, Mr. Wheeler had not only told his friend what he knew of the Livingston family, but also what he had observed of the Sabins in England, involving a shrewd guess at the nature of Paul's connection with them, of which, as far as he could judge, the doctor disapproved. This, too, may have occurred to him as a minor reason for keeping the young fellow in America; and even for recommending him—with a proviso—to take up his residence in the Beach Street boarding-house. Miss Livingston, he perhaps thought, might serve as a counter-attraction to Kate Sabin, without herself becoming very dangerous, in consequence of her defects of disposition. Distrust of himself and others had taught Paul's father a spice of cunning—the reader may remember Mr. Wheeler's attempt to see the young man, and the money transmitted to him, independent of his grandparents, in London. Finally John Gower's own experience spoke through his counsel; though his affection for his dead wife and her goodness forbade the personal illustration. His admonitions were Janus-faced, looking backwards and forwards.

But if he thought much of money in one sense, he made light enough of it in another; he was generous and even prodigal and careless; always reckoning on the great, lucky bit of the future, which rendered present economy contemptible. Paul was astonished at the lavish way in which he scattered his dollars in New York: besides his natural tendency in this direction, it seemed as if he supposed free-handedness essential to his recent antecedents. He was, indeed, thoroughly Southernized, especially as concerned the "peculiar institution," seldom missing an opportunity of championing it and denouncing abolitionism. Paul heard him with regret but not much surprise: it was clear that he had lived long enough in the Slave States to have adopted their current ethics. These, by the way, were also shared by Mr. Wheeler, a New Yorker, whose business avocations had often lain in the same region. Of him John Gower evidently stood in great respect, regarding him as a shrewd, sharp, energetic man, who possessed the very qualities in which he felt himself to be deficient. Paul and Dick sometimes wondered how two such very different persons should be friends; but the acquisitive faculty is a common bond of union between the most unlike characters.

Some advice given to the young man by his father about getting on in the world was quite in keeping with the traits already imparted to the reader. "As to your general conduct," he said, "I don't think I can do better than refer you to Shakespeare—Polonius' counsel to Laertes is just as good as it was three hundred years ago. I would like, however, to expand his first precept into an especial caution against disparaging anybody—I mean among your personal acquaintances—as nearly everything of the kind is pretty sure to be repeated, and there's nobody so insignificant that he mayn't have an opportunity of doing you an injury. Many a man has knocked himself over with his own tongue, and been marred irretrievably by some chance grudge incurred in a quarrel he never suspected. Again, never let on, if you can help it, that you are hard up, or in want of assistance. It's a trite but true saying that there's nothing so successful as success; and the world involuntarily confounds poverty with want of ability. It doesn't care or hasn't time to discriminate. Pity may be akin to love, but it is, I think, more nearly related to contempt—at all events I know which is most liberally bestowed on failure in life. Even with friends, after the first spirit of sympathy (which doesn't cost much, you know), you'll find out you have lost ground—the confession of your necessity has put you in a false position. They instinctively begin to regard you as a poor devil who may want something of them when it may be inconvenient to grant it: whereas they'll never be so alive to your merits, so eager to help you, as when they suppose you can do without 'em. It's human nature, sir, all the world over. I don't mean to say that Americans are peculiarly liable to this reproach (I have found them, individually, kinder than Englishmen); but

they believe in success above all things, think that every tub ought to stand on its own bottom, and despise a man who can't keep a stiff upper lip in the face of fortune. Very likely they're right, too. So whatever happens to you, grin and bear it. Live it down! To bear is to conquer our fate!"

He inquired minutely about Ruth, and evidently looked forward to seeing her—I might say making her acquaintance—in passing through England, with equal interest and curiosity, and also an odd apprehension that she might be a little ashamed of him. Of Mr. Blencowe he did not speak very respectfully, notwithstanding his epistolary courtesy: that ancient grievance, the alienation of the fortune of his dead-and-gone wife's mother, could not fail to have biased a needy man against the old vicar. Nor was he pleased when Paul told him of Mr. George Bligh, and the circumstances which seemed to have conspired to render it more than probable that the young clergyman would, in course of time, become his son-in-law. Besides his deductions as to his conduct and character, it appeared that John Gower entertained some prejudices against the cloth, which were peculiar enough to deserve insertion.

"I don't like parsons," he said, "or, at least, such as I have met with in America; for I knew very little of them in England, excepting the irregulars—fellows of the Huntingdon stripe, who had taken up the business with as few qualifications as quacks in other trades, and more self-seeking and impudence. That ruffian had overmuch to do with our family; which, perhaps, might have developed a little more natural affection and common-sense, if he had never quit the congenial employment of coal-heaving for piling up heavier and more inflammable matter on the heads of those who had the presumption to differ from him in opinion. But, so far as I see, that's a reproach to which all persons are liable—they don't understand that anybody has a right to go beyond their tether. They can't sink their confounded pretensions. Having committed themselves to a profession which involves the modest assumption that they are cock-sure about everything—or at least matters of the very highest importance—and, so to speak, pledged themselves to search no further—dumped their souls in absolute finality—they are the natural enemies of all progress, and inevitably operate as a drag-chain or wet blanket on all live people. Every man Jack of 'em is a little pope, sitting in judgment on his fellow-creatures and taking it for granted that he is qualified to do so—a Gesler who hoists his white choker or some other spiritual insignia and expects you to bow to it. Now, that I don't see, and object either to be constrained into the tacit hypocrisy of acquiescence or the ill-manners of dispute. And this feeling is, I believe, so general, that whenever a clergyman enters a room all sincerity goes out of it, and real conversation becomes impossible. You know you can't expect either fair play or fair construction from them, unless you are on the same theological platform; and that the big world men live in ignores half their teaching and has a far larger and more liberal way of thinking. We take off our hats to them but button up our coats—talk about the weather and the president. They get on better with the women, of course; who identify them with religion and evidently regard them as a kind of third sex, between themselves and men. By and by they'll find 'em out, too, when they'll occupy a very different position—if they're extant at all, which I sometimes doubt. I suppose it's unavoidable, but I wish Ruth wasn't going to marry a parson."

From the above remarks, and others of a similar tendency, Paul discovered that his father had by no means relinquished his early heterodox opinions, a circumstance which commanded the young man's eager sympathy. It will, then, be seen that there was much to promote the growth of a real affection between them, in the short interval allowed by the exigencies of the Russian enterprise. They were almost exclusively together during those four days, Dick Sabin and Mr. Wheeler judiciously leaving them to each other's company. Hundreds of times afterwards Paul delighted to recall the particulars of that too-brief intimacy—the talks they had, the places they visited, his father's tall figure, worn face, and quick, familiar speech—so like, yet so different, to that of his late grandfather. The day came, indeed, when it was more than sadness to do so; and to look at the photograph which he obtained in exchange for his own. It was surprising how soon John Gower seemed to take his natural place in his son's regards; how his peculiarities vanished, or appeared to assume a merely superficial character. After two days' acquaintance, Paul felt as if he had known him all his life.

Richard Sabin, too, (whom the doctor pronounced a fine fellow) formed an equally favorable opinion of his friend's father. "Seems a model buffer," said he, which was his disrespectful term for fathers in general. "He can smoke, laugh, crack a joke, tell a story, take a drink, and behave as naturally and rationally in the society of his own son as if the relationship involved no sort of discomfort or absurdity on either side. And I find it's not uncommon here. I begin to believe in America."

When the appointed Saturday arrived, quite a group of friends assembled to witness the departure of the steamer, comprising two or three former New York acquaintances of the doctor, who had turned up during his brief sojourn, thrice as many of Mr. Wheeler's, and of course Paul Gower and Dick Sabin, all of whom went on board the vessel, inspected the cabin which was to be the home of the two passengers for the next nine or ten days, smoked cigars, chatted, and took a parting glass at the bar of the Atlantic Hotel, Jersey City. There were the usual jokes and laughter, the predictions of a fine voyage, the desire to be very hearty and cordial and to pretend that the occasion was one of every-day occurrence, involving no

deeper feeling than the expression of general good wishes. There was the inevitable stir and bustle on the crowded wharf and deck, the throng of people at the near side of the ship gazing at the throng below, the shouting of officers and tramp of men, the puffing and panting of the apparently impatient engine, the measured chant and chorus of the sailors tugging at the capstan, the ringing of bells, and, over all the animated scene, the bright sunshine and blue sky, looking as glad as if they had never witnessed separation or sorrow. A final summons of "All ashore!" a hurried hand-shaking and brief words of farewell, a hasty scramble down the bridge of communication between the wharf and steamer, almost at the moment of removal, and punctual to the stroke of noon, the great wheels revolve and the vessel plashes out into the broad, bright river, moving majestically towards the Narrows.

A sudden explosion—the firing of a cannon from the wharf, in honor of the occasion—aroused Paul from his natural emotion. "I wonder when I shall see him again!" he said. And another cannon echoing from down the bay returned ominous and prophetic answer—or at least Paul thought so, long afterwards.

"THE great division among Christians is about opinions. Every sect has its set of them, and that is called Orthodoxy; and he that professes his assent to them, though with an implicit faith, is Orthodox and in the way to salvation. But if he examines, and thereupon questions any one of them, he is presently suspected of heresy; and if he oppose them or hold the contrary, he is presently condemned as in damnable error, and in the sure way to perdition. Of this one may say, there is nor can be nothing more wrong. For he that examines, and upon fair examination embraces an error for a truth, has done his duty more than he who embraces the profession of the truth without having examined whether it is truth or not. And he that has done his duty according to the best of his ability, is certainly more in the way to heaven than he who has done nothing of it. For if it be our duty to search after truth, he certainly that has searched for it, though he has not found it, in some points has paid a more acceptable obedience to the will of his Maker than he that has not searched at all, but professes to have found truth when he has neither searched for it nor found it. For he that takes up the opinions of any church in lump without examining them, has truly neither searched after nor found truth, but has only found those that he thinks have found truth, and so receives what they say with an implicit faith, and so pays them the homage which is due only to God, who can not be deceived nor deceive. In this way the several Churches (in which, as one may observe, opinions are preferred to life, and Orthodoxy is that which they are concerned for and not morals) put the terms of salvation on that which the author of our salvation does not put them on. The believing of a collection of certain propositions which are called and esteemed fundamental articles, because it has pleased the compilers to put them in their confession of faith, is made the condition of salvation."—John Locke.

THE Erie Observer is responsible for this:—
In the early days of Pithole, the pious oil men thought it necessary to have a Sabbath School. One of the leading young men was chosen for Superintendent. The position was new to him, but he determined not to shrink from the responsibility. Thinking that it would be proper for him to make a little opening speech, he cleared his throat and started in as follows:—

"Children, you are very fortunate in being born in a Christian land. There are thousands in the world not so fortunate. It is peculiarly gratifying to know that you live in that portion of the earth where the rock pours forth rivers of oil. Now, my dear children, there's the Morinons, they worship old Morn; there's the Mahomedans, they worship Mahom; the Heaths, they worship old Heath; there's the Hindoos, they worship old Hind; and there's the Pagans, they worship old Pag; while here we are worshipping whom we please. Teachers will now hear their classes recite."

Two Sophs on Sunday evening, at Centre Church, heard a young light of the Divinity School in the space of seven minutes, as a means of practical illustration, allude to the bee, the beaver, the cat from the garret, the oriole, the mechanic, the doctor, the seaman, the wounded stag, and the sewing machine. Such a practical sermon had a practical effect. They left.—Yale Record.

CASH RECEIPTS.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 6.

George Rumsden, \$2; A. H. Jewett, \$1; Mrs. John H. Sweet, 50 cts.; Mrs. Mary Fenner, \$2; L. C. Jarvis, 40 cts.; George Lewis, 20 cts.; Harriet A. Richardson, 25 cts.; Scott Silvers, \$1; Anna Forster, \$2; James Mason, \$1.50; J. M. Hall, \$5; O. H. Roberts, 75 cts.; Fanny Brewer, \$5; Sara L. Dorry, 50 cts.; E. P. Brainard, \$2.50; C. Powers, 50 cts.; George Thorn, \$0; R. Wilkin, \$3; George Waldo, \$1; Larkin Taft, \$2; William Shank, \$1; H. O. Bigelow, \$2; D. W. Bliven, \$3; T. H. Callahan, \$2; F. J. Constantine, \$1; S. K. Hazeltine, \$1.50; William H. Allen, \$3; Samuel H. Wisner, \$1; George Knox, \$2.25; P. Brandewide, \$1; H. E. Green, 25 cts.; B. C. Dennis, 25 cts.; S. L. Holly, 50 cts.; Thomas Green, 25 cts.; D. H. Critchfield, \$10; C. Folsom, \$10; Mavor & Bissell, \$27; F. Sullivan, \$5.50; O. L. Roberts, \$1.25; A. W. Leggett, \$20; John Pennington, \$1; Dr. D. Wilson, \$1; William Dudgeon, \$3.50; Gerrit Smith, \$50; W. Hooper, \$50; Benj. Rollman, \$100; Morris Einslein, \$5; M. Krauskopf, \$5; Cash, \$100; N. P. Hollowell, \$100; Chas. Richardson, \$25.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

The Index.

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THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B.—No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 11, 1873.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

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NOTICE.

On and after September 1, the publication office of THE INDEX will be at No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston. All letters, papers, and other communications should be henceforth addressed to "THE INDEX, 1 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass."

Correspondents and Exchanges will please take notice.

F. R. A. CONVENTION.

The Free Religious Association is making arrangements to hold a convention in New York city during a portion of the time that the Evangelical Alliance is to be in session there. There is promise of an interesting gathering with vital topics for discussion and a great variety of speaking talent. The convention will probably be held on the 8th, 9th and 10th of October. Fuller particulars will be published hereafter, but this preliminary notice is given in order that distant friends may be able to make their plans to be present.

W. J. POTTER, Sec'y F. R. A.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Report, in pamphlet form, of the Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association for 1873 will be published Sept. 1st.

It contains full proceedings of the meeting, including *Essays* by Samuel Johnson on "FREEDOM IN RELIGION" and by John Weiss on "RELIGION IN FREEDOM," Speeches by O. B. Frothingham, W. C. Gannett, Robert Dale Owen, T. W. Higginson, S. Longfellow, J. S. Thomson, F. E. ABBOT, Lucretia Mott, and the annual Report of the Executive Committee.

Price, 35 cts. a copy; in packages of four, or more, 25 cts. each. It can be obtained by addressing the undersigned at New Bedford, Mass., or, in Boston, of A. Williams & Co., and at Loring's.

WM. J. POTTER, Sec'y F. R. A.

PERSONS SENDING orders for tracts, back numbers, &c., will please excuse delays for the present in filling them. As soon as the new INDEX rooms are fully in order and the freight is received from Toledo, their requests shall be attended to. A careful record of all orders will be kept meanwhile.

GLIMPSES.

THERE IS NO public evil at present more threatening than the interference of United States officials in State politics. It is time to teach a lesson on this point that shall be long remembered.

THE MANNER in which prophets are esteemed in their own country is ludicrously illustrated by the reply which the Orthodox cockney (according to a pri-

vate informant) gave to an American gentleman who inquired his opinion of Professor Huxley. "Huxley?" echoed the great-souled Briton, "Huxley! 'e's 'orrid!"

NOTHING IS MORE important to national welfare than the selection of both upright and able men to represent upright measures. The gubernatorial contest in Massachusetts presents an unfortunate alternative; one candidate is eminently unfit, while the other is only excellent by comparison. Why cannot nominating conventions put up men for whom it is not an absurdity to be enthusiastic?

ONE OF THE MOST brilliant political articles we ever read is "Cheap-Jack Methods in Politics," contained in the Boston *Advertiser* of Sept. 6. The "Claimant," as Gen. Butler was so felicitously nicknamed by Judge Hoar in allusion to the notorious Tichborne pretender, would feel like a man vigorously rubbed with nettles from head to foot, if Nature had not kindly made him a pachyderm. It is seldom that satire so cutting is put to uses so legitimate.

LORD DENBIGH declared that he was "a Catholic first and an Englishman afterwards." Archbishop Manning defended this declaration by urging that "all good Protestants would say that they were Christians first and Englishmen afterwards." How is it here? Do American Protestants put their Christianity or their Americanism first? If obliged to choose between them, which would they abandon? Put the question to your Orthodox neighbors, and from their answers calculate the chances of a religious war when the choice is forced upon the nation by the logic of events.

EARL RUSSELL has just published *Essays on the History of the Christian Religion*, in which he thus sums up the essentials of Christianity: "The religion of Christ has three main foundations. 1. God is a spirit, the maker of heaven and earth. 2. Christ was sent from God, and revealed to men the message from God. 3. Christ died for mankind. The miracles of Christ were performed by him and ended with his life. The gift of miracles was continued to his apostles, as we are informed in the Acts of the Apostles." The noble Earl shows his penetration in discerning that, for every single doctrine about God, Christianity has two doctrines about Jesus.

PROFESSOR L. J. HALSEY wrote as follows not long since in the Chicago *Interior*, after uttering a dismal jeremiad over the threatening spread of the "heathenism" taught by such men as "Huxley, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Mill, Renan, Strauss, Comte": "When we thus, as ministers of God, point out the danger and try to save men from ruin, let not the public press seek to break down our influence by reading us beautiful homilies on toleration. Why should truth be tolerant of error, when error is so intolerant of truth?" The press is frightfully unreasonable, if not positively wicked, in discouraging the Reverend Professor from burning up the rascals who are poisoning the world with their unbelief. By all means make a bonfire of Huxley, grill Darwin, and roast Spencer. What matters the brief shrieking of Renan and Strauss in the midst of green fagots, compared with the eternal howls of their victims in the fire that is not quenched? As for Mill and Comte, it is a pity they are out of the Professor's reach; but he can scorch their memories, if he cannot singe their souls. Stand aside, ye unregenerate editors, and let the Professor play awhile with lucifer matches.

MR. BYRD, OF ALABAMA, at the May session of the United States Centennial Commission, offered a resolution for the opening of an "International Congress" on the first Monday in June, 1876, in the city of Philadelphia, in connection with the International Exhibition then to be held. It is to be composed of two members of each nation represented at the time, previously appointed by the respective governments; it is to be organized by itself, under rules adopted by itself; and it is to have authority to consider all questions of international and maritime law, and to award all premiums for treatises on such subjects. The resolution was referred to a special committee of the Commission. This is the first definite movement that has come under our notice, looking to the realization of the great idea of a world-republic. Whether anything will come of it remains to be seen. But who can help rejoicing over every straw which seems to indicate a current setting in that direction? We of this generation may never see the consummation of so vast and glorious a hope as that of the political unity of all mankind; yet of nothing may it be more surely said that the future has it in store. The law of evolution is guarantee for that prediction.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF FAITH.

Some articles which will be found this week in the department of "communications" have suggested thoughts on the subject of "faith" which we wish to submit to our readers.

What is "faith"? Perhaps no word has been more used and abused than this. It may not be time wasted to analyze the conception for which it stands.

In its essence, faith is a certain state of the feelings and the will; it is neither feeling alone nor will alone, but a mixture of the two in varying proportions. In all its uses, the word seems to involve both these elements; and it would be perhaps impossible to separate them very clearly even in thought. But thought itself is distinct from faith, preceding it and directing it. All ideas (generalizations) have their origin in the perceptive and reflective faculties, that is, in the intellect; and it is sheer mental confusion that traces any distinct idea to mere faith as its origin. Feeling and will do not spring out of the intellect as such, but they invariably adapt themselves to it and take direction from it. The intellect may be feeble or strong in any given individual; but in every case it is certain that intellect governs faith, and not faith intellect. This relation between them it is very important not to lose sight of in this discussion; and the occurrence of an exception to it would simply be a case of idiocy.

Now there are two kinds of faith, the one secular, the other ecclesiastical or theological. Faith, being a particular state of the feelings and the will which is variously described as confidence, reliance, trust, and so forth, there is a natural and also a purely technical use of the word. In its natural or secular sense, faith is one of the commonest facts of life. We could not get along without it for a day. We have faith in ourselves, in each other, in the continuance of the general laws of Nature under which we live. A man, for instance, satisfies his own mind that by buying certain merchandise he can sell at a profit, and he accordingly invests his money in it; that is faith, or, in other words, he *feels willing* to take the risk and *acts* accordingly. He trusts his own calculations, the laws of trade, the general stability of things; and without this faith or trust he would forbear to purchase. Another man has satisfied his own intellect that Goldsmith Maid is the best horse at a certain race; he shows his faith (we admit he is in this case a great fool) by betting his money on her success. Still another man has convinced his own mind that a certain village is destined to grow into a large city, and perhaps the whole community believe it too; the result is that real estate rises, people buy and hold for a further rise, the village grows, and the prosperity of the place rests wholly on the general faith in its manifest destiny. Shake that faith, and the town is deserted. In a thousand other ways faith in the natural sense is so common and indispensable, that society would go all to pieces if there were not plenty of it. This is secular faith, and no man ever lived or could live without it. Thought precedes, and faith follows.

But theological or ecclesiastical faith is a very different sort of thing. The word no longer means confidence, reliance, or trust in general, but confidence, reliance, trust, in a particular object called the Church, the Bible, Christ, or God. The people are told to believe in these without evidence, without the exercise of thought, without the least rational or intellectual basis of their belief; they are told that to believe simply for the sake of believing is Christian faith, and that to disbelieve is sin. To the Catholic, the Church is the Church of God, whose authority is not questioned except by the wicked alone. To the Protestant Evangelical, the Bible is the Word of God, not doubted by any except those who have "an evil heart of unbelief." Even to the average Protestant of the so-called "Liberal" school, the Christ is the authoritative messenger from God, not to be subjected to the tests of scepticism but rather to be accepted as the Savior without suspicion or interrogation by the pure in heart. In all these cases, faith is a state of the feelings and the will, as before; but it is directed to particular objects which are *assumed* to be worthy of it without any prior satisfaction of the intellect. Faith in these is a virtue *per se*; it is to be its own sufficient reason; it is to burst forth from the soul as the water is fabled to have bubbled out of the rock when smitten by Moses' rod; it is to shape, mould, direct, govern all the thoughts of the intellect, instead of adapting itself to the latter; it is, in short, the very reversal and contradiction of faith in the natural or secular sense of the word. Secular faith proportions itself to the strength of the evidence addressed to the intellect; ecclesiastical faith counts the demand for evidence as a proof of the most deadly unfaith, a mortal sin. The

one bids feeling and will in all cases follow the guidance of reason; the other banishes reason as a traitor, unless it submits to follow the blind guidance of its own servants.

Such, at least, is the attempt made by Christianity (in all but its sporadic and bizarre forms) to make faith itself "the evidence of things not seen," as Paul very aptly defines it. Ecclesiastical faith is its own evidence, in all its various phases; and it invariably resents the demand for other evidence with more or less of asperity. Yet it stultifies itself in every instance. Take, for example, the "faith in Christ" which is the believer's only ground of hope for salvation. No man can cherish this faith without first believing that "Jesus is the Christ, the Savior, the Redeemer of souls." Now this is a definite proposition, with subject and predicate; it is therefore an affirmation by the thinking faculty, as distinguished from feeling or will. If the believer really thinks he shows ecclesiastical faith, he must disclaim all reason for believing this proposition to be true except the bare—"I believe it because I believe it." But this is no reason at all; it is the evasion of all reason; it is an utterly impossible reason, the veriest self-delusion. Who cannot see that belief of such an intellectual proposition is traceable directly to education, or tradition, or habit, or impulse; and that these really take the place in the believer's mind of what intellect would require as a sufficient reason for belief? The man of faith ecclesiastical rests really on thought just as much as the man of faith secular; the difference is that the one knows what he is about, while the other does not.

Now the case is not changed substantially when we pass beyond the limits of Christianity, and approach the question of the being of God, in the light of naturalism. Mr. Towne, if we understand him correctly (and experience warns us to be diffident on that point, despite our best endeavors), thinks that belief in God rests on the faith principle in man; that is, that faith in God is its own evidence, and permits no scientific thought to call it into doubt. If by faith he means intuition, in the sense of Theodore Parker, he regards it as a faculty which, as it were, apprises us of God's existence by direct vision or perception of the Infinite Wisdom, Goodness, and Power. We see no evidence of any such faculty. But in any case he seems to rest his acceptance of an intellectual proposition—"God exists"—on mere feeling and will; which is the suicide of rationalism, at least. Faith, belief, assent,—these all depend on thought, and thought demands a reason; to offer no reason, but to put up with a simple sentiment or volition where a reason alone is in order, is certainly what no thinker can possibly do, at least on mature reflection. Therefore we say with all earnestness that faith in God is doomed to extinction, if it cannot find its own ground and support in the intellect, in reason; and that to present to a questioning world no better evidence than the blind faith which the world has already lost, is to ensure a future of the most rigid atheism to the human race.

No, brothers, no! There is nothing but wisdom in meeting modern thought frankly and fully with the concession that "faith" is no longer "the evidence of things not seen." If you yearn to keep men's faith in God fresh and green, feed it with better nutriment than the half-dried sap of a decaying Christianity. Appeal to thought, and then carry your appeal boldly through. Thought has but one law—the law of scientific method; and if by this law we cannot win, depend upon it, we shall lose. Faith will follow thought, and clothe the new assurance with all the strength and beauty of the old, if we are indeed on the right side in this great debate; but the faith that insists on going before thought, and intrudes its cowed visage where the healthy face of reason alone belongs, will be hustled out of doors by the indignant future, and its fate will be just.

THE ENEMY AGAIN.

The Prospectus is out for a new Review—the *International*. It is ambitious. It means "to secure the very best writers in the world," who shall "treat of all the great questions of our age and country, literary, scientific, social, and religious;" but who shall "never assail the divine authority of the Scriptures, or the supremacy of our Constitution over a united Republic." The clause italicized contains the animus of the project. No writer can be permitted to deal with religion according to the scientific method. Of course, none will be asked to contribute who would wish to deal with religion in that spirit. None but "Orthodox" men will be asked to write. No scientific man, in the comprehensive sense, will be asked

to write; only quasi-scientific men, who start with a belief in the divine authority of the Scriptures. The publisher is therefore, as we should expect, an "Evangelical" man, head of an "Evangelical" house. The names that recommend the project, or did at its first proposal, are "Orthodox." The late Chief-Justice Chase, an ardent Episcopalian, the late Bishop McIlvaine, Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, Dr. Tyng, Dr. E. Irenæus Prime, Dr. Phillip Schaff, Dr. Ray Palmer, and others,—the names becoming more and more closely associated with belief in the divine authority of the Scriptures, as the list extends. Not a liberal, or half liberal, among them!

Now look at the list of contributors. President Woolsey, McCosh, Dr. Bushnell, T. W. Dwight, President Porter, Dr. Peabody (Andrew P., probably, who under the Unitarian designation outdoes moderate and most immoderate Orthodox men in his faith in the divine authority of the Scriptures), Gen: O. O. Howard (!), Professor Edwards, A. Park, of Andover, Mark Hopkins, Dr. Howard Crosby (the man who wrote the superlatively ignorant and foolish preface to Lefschild's *Higher Ministry of Nature*). Mr. C. F. Adams' name is in the list, the only name of an eminent civilian, a Unitarian, engaged to write articles, of course, on secular subjects alone, and so wholly unassociated with Theology that his name could not awaken alarm, while his sectarian connection will give an air of liberality to the project.

The list of foreign writers is no less suggestive. Père Hyacinthe, Pressensé, Laboulaye, preach liberalism, but all strictly within "Evangelical lines." Froude is reputed a Calvinist because he delivered a lecture vindicating Calvinism as he understood it, and because he detests the Roman Church very much as Calvinists do. Tom Hughes is a Broad Churchman; so is Stanley: Broad Churchmen, but churchmen still, who have a way peculiar to themselves of vindicating the divine authority of the Scriptures. Spencer's name we do not find, nor Huxley's, nor Darwin's, nor Tyndall's, nor a single disciple of the school of Mill. This list contains more laymen than the home list, which is composed almost wholly of ministers, and old ones at that; but the laymen have not distinguished themselves beyond many others, either as men of science or men of letters; and some of them, at least, have a reputation that is considerably less than *international*. Clearly the projectors of the new Review mean to keep the direction of it in clerical hands. The science, literature, sociology of the *Quarterly* are, equally with the religion, to be under the supervision and revision of clerical men.

On the whole it is as narrow and partisan a scheme as was ever presented to the public. It is another indication of the aggressiveness of Protestantism, of which so many signs appear. It is to be a *Catholic World* with Protestant ideas; and the Protestant ideas will be presented with even less guardedness than the Catholic ideas are by its unscrupulous contemporary.

What are the Radicals doing to meet such assaults as these? They, at all events, are not committing themselves to a great literary enterprise that will cost a hundred thousand dollars, and fall through lack of popular support. The day of heavy "Quarterlies" is gone by. The *North American*, which comes and always came nearer to the *professed* ideal of the new Journal than it will ever come, barely receives a support, and that it owes quite as much to its ancient reputation as to its actual merits, great as they are. Monthlies that are devoted to serious discussion of great questions do not succeed. *Old and New*, with the Unitarian denomination to back it, throws overboard such grave discussion as it had, in order to float to fortune. The *Christian Examiner*, an admirable Review, all things considered, could not live because it could not be fresh enough for the people, and because the articles were cast in too massive a mould. The new *International* will live, if it live at all, by denominational patronage, as the *Catholic World* does. It will do little execution among the people at large, who read as they run, and need short, swift, pithy papers. The Radicals will do more damage on the enemy with a sharp weekly than they will suffer from a cumbriad however superbly mounted. What we want is the lecture, the tract, the snapping fusillade of active, loose-footed thought. A *propaganda* for the distribution of radical essays, sermons, &c., would be of immense service now. There are numbers of Parker's unpublished sermons that would have great effect in the West and South. No better use could be made of many things that he left, and that will never perhaps see the light except in some such way, as the one here suggested. Such a plan was

once proposed to Mr. Parker by our friend Mr. Higginson, and welcomed heartily.

Can the Radicals do a better thing now, in addition to giving a stronger support to THE INDEX, than form a Publication Society for the rapid discharge of small arms?

O. B. F.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Flegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

FAITH THE GROUND OF THEISM.

DEAR MR. ABBOT:—I have been deeply interested in the discussion between yourself and Mr. Towne relative to faith and ideas. The question mooted is the most important and profound of all. Is faith fundamentally wrong?

I confess that, so far, I sympathize with Mr. Towne's position. I am not ready to give up faith,—to hedge in human thought and destiny by science. Much as I like Spencer, Mill, Huxley, and Tyndall, they do not feed my whole nature. I must have the Shakespeares and Dantes, the Luthers and Channings, whose thoughts go beyond the "flaming bounds of space and time."

I do not think you make a right statement of these different mental attitudes. The opposition is not between faith and ideas, for faith is as much concerned with ideas as science. The opposition is between ideas capable of proof and ideas incapable of proof. Science confines itself to the thinkable, the finite; faith involves the unthinkable, the infinite. Hamilton's logic, to my mind, is unanswerable; to human thought the infinite is a negation. Only to faith is it a positive existence. I read most carefully your philosophical essays, and it does strike me that you were compelled to resort to faith in order to leap from the finite to the infinite. By no other means could you clear the awful chasm. If, then, our belief in the mere existence of God results from faith, much more does our belief in his character. In the eye of science his fatherhood is merely a possibility; only in the eye of faith is it a certainty.

Human life and destiny would seem very narrow, cribbed, confined, if I could not go beyond the dictates of the pure intellect,—if I could not feel after the truth as well as think after it,—if I could not go beyond all phenomena, both material and spiritual,

"The sweet, strange mystery
Of what behind these things might lie,
And yet remain unseen."

But let us seek to understand fully one another's mental positions, and fairly interpret them. This, I take it, is the aim of THE INDEX,—to bring all human thought and endeavor into harmony, that we may compare and contrast different views of the universe in the light of profoundest sympathy.

Truly yours, S. P. PUTNAM.

[Such communications as the above are peculiarly welcome to these pages, and we most cordially appreciate the transparently truth-loving spirit in which Mr. Putnam writes. Nothing but good can result from discussion so conducted.

We do not in the least desire to defend what we wrote a dozen years ago about Hamilton's philosophy, or even to look up what it was. Likely enough Mr. Putnam's criticism is correct. But we would gladly see a keen and critical, yet just and appreciative, canvassing of the grounds on which we rest our present belief in God, as set forth (inadequately, we confess) in the Index Tract entitled *The God of Science*. The line of thought there indicated has not yet had justice done it; and we hope it is not immodest to refer Mr. Putnam to that lecture, which, even if unsuccessful, was a very earnest attempt to show the influence of modern science on the idea of God, in a manner that should justify the attention of close and exact thinkers. There are two classes of minds that do not easily sympathize with the position of "scientific theism"—those who believe that science is atheistic because atheism is true, and those who believe science is non-theistic because faith alone can show theism to be true. To us it seems daily more and more clear that theism must henceforth vindicate itself on the most rigorously scientific grounds, if at all; and for this reason we have for several years sought to apply the method of science to this supreme question. If Mr. Putnam's and Mr. Towne's "faith" is based on essential truth, must not all truth be one, and must not science (which is simply discovered truth) crown its own work by tracing out this unity? Thought has to-day no task so momentous and profound as to convince theologians and scientific men that they are defrauding both science and religion by keeping up a false antithesis between the two. All knowledge of truth must come through the knowing faculties. What is

any kind of dogma. It is a very grave charge to say of any man at all scholarly and thoughtful that he is going back into common Orthodoxy, a form of faith which nearly all the people that know anything are rapidly and thoroughly getting out of. I have heard doctrine, in some one point exactly identical with mine, from the pulpit of the old Centre Church in New Haven (it was atonement by self-sacrifice), and from the pulpit once occupied in this town by Jonathan Edwards (it was that the great work or mission of Jesus was to teach God's fatherhood and we all brothers under it); and the next step will be to let me preach such things in such pulpits myself. It is in that way, and in no other, that I purpose to have Orthodox fellowship.

Your remarks on faith and ideas I must leave to another letter. Let me heartily congratulate you on getting to Boston, and wish you all success in your new departure. I am cordially yours,

EDWARD C. TOWNE.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., Sept. 1, 1873.

WHICH SHALL WE BELIEVE?

All men are children of God; but Jesus of Nazareth is claimed to be his only "begotten" son. This claim is confidently and constantly made by the clergy, who cite, in maintenance of it, well-known statements of the evangelists Matthew and Luke, whose testimony they represent to be decisive of the point in question. Since, however, both these authors make other statements bearing strongly in the opposite direction, it seems worth while to take a connected view of these, especially as our clerical teachers have for some reason let them pass without comment.

There seems to be no doubt that Joseph, the husband of Mary, was descended from the Hebrew King David. Luke expressly says (ii. 4.) that "he was of the house and lineage of David;" and both Matthew and Luke give genealogical tables showing Joseph to have been a lineal descendant of David.

The pedigree given by Matthew begins with Abraham, proceeds to David and his son Solomon, and ends with Joseph, adding a statement that the wife of Joseph was the mother of Jesus. Singularly, however, this same document is entitled by the author "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David." Now, since the genealogical table closes with Joseph, it shows no descent of Jesus from David unless Joseph was the father of Jesus. If Jesus was begotten by the Holy Ghost and not by Joseph, as Matthew's next paragraph declares, the genealogy shows nothing about a descent of Jesus from David; and on this last supposition, the title of the genealogical table is erroneous. It is really the book of the generation of Joseph, the son of David, but it shows no descent of Jesus from David.

The pedigree given by Luke proceeds in the opposite direction, beginning with Joseph instead of ending with him, and mentioning a popular supposition that Jesus was his son. Joseph is traced to David (through Nathan instead of Solomon) and thus Joseph's Davidic origin is again established, and his children may properly claim such high descent. But if Jesus was not the son of Joseph, this pedigree has nothing to do with him, and gives no support to the claim that he was a son of David. On the contrary, the very paragraph preceding Luke's genealogical table declares that the Holy Ghost visibly descended upon Jesus from heaven, with the audible testimony—"Thou art my beloved son." Unless, then, the Holy Ghost was a son of David, this account gives no evidence of a descent of Jesus from David.

Passing now from the Davidic theory, let us see if Luke's narrative throughout is in accordance with the idea of a supernatural conception of Jesus. Does Luke himself never represent him as the son of Joseph?

Luke, describing the interview of Joseph and Mary with Simeon in the Temple, says (ii. 27, 28.) that it took place "when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law."

Again, Luke, describing the famous interview of the child Jesus with the doctors in the Temple, tells us (ii. 41.) that "his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover."

Whom does the evangelist mean, what two persons, when he thus twice speaks of the "parents" of Jesus?

But we have yet stronger testimony. Mary, the mother of Jesus, was the one person in the world best qualified to know who his father was; and she has told us that it was Joseph, if the testimony of Luke is to be relied on.

Joseph and Mary missed their son after one of their visits to Jerusalem, and returning to that city found him, after a three days' search, talking with the doctors in the Temple. Mary then said to him (ii. 48.) "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

According to Luke, Mary, speaking to Jesus in the presence of Joseph, calls the latter the father of the former. Could she possibly have done so if "the angel Gabriel" had really announced to her a supernatural conception presently to take place, which she soon found verified by the fact;—and if "the angel of the Lord" had really announced the same fact to Joseph, when he was about to repudiate Mary on account of her ante-nuptial pregnancy? It is simply impossible that such things could be forgotten or ignored. If Mary, speaking to Jesus in the presence of Joseph, called the latter his father, of course he was his father.

Moreover, no supposition but this can reasonably explain some other statements made in the same chapter by Luke. He tells us (v. 33.) that Joseph and Mary "marvelled" when Simeon spoke of the child Jesus as the long expected consolation of Israel. Why did Mary marvel, if such a supernatural message, followed by such a supernatural fact, had really come to her? If she had really found herself with child in advance

of any natural possibility of such event, and after the assurance, by an angel, that it was supernatural, could she have been surprised at finding that child acknowledged as the Messiah? And Joseph, if he had relinquished his suspicion of his wife not long before only on angelic assurance that her child was divinely begotten, would he have marvelled when a venerable prophet welcomed that child as the salvation of Israel, thus vindicating both the mother and the angelic messengers?

Again: when, twelve years later, the child Jesus was found with the doctors in the Temple, and, being asked by his parents why he had caused them so much sorrow and solicitude, replied, "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?"—Luke tells us, "They understood not the saying which he spake unto them." Amazing! If Joseph had known himself not to be the father of his wife's child, and had been angelically assured that this child was of peculiar and unprecedented origin, having been begotten by God himself, he would have understood this mention, by the child, of a different father. Still more emphatically would Mary have understood it. No wonder would be incredible to them in the case of a child so announced and so born.

The statements of Luke then, with regard to Jesus, are incompatible with each other, and some of them are incompatible with the narrative of Matthew. Which of the opposing theories are we to believe?

It seems to me that Mary's direct testimony that Joseph was the father, combined with the strong collateral evidence of her surprise, and Joseph's surprise, at facts and allusions which would have been perfectly intelligible on the supernatural theory, must settle the question. Moreover, if this view be accepted, Jesus was really born "in the line of David," a matter which his biographers seem to have thought very important, but which finds no evidence on the supernatural theory.

C. K. W.

THE INNER LIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—A constant reader of your valuable little paper, subscribing through one of our local news-dealers, I have been greatly edified in reading the many learned and ably-written communications; and have admired the absolute freedom with which Jew and Gentile, bond and free, have mingled in the search after Truth. Circumscribed in thought and action by circumstances greatly beyond my control, Nicodemus-like I have stood afar off and watched with breathless interest your little vessel as it sailed out upon the stormy, dangerous sea of public opinion, and, running up the flag of Liberty, engaged the well-equipped Orthodox men-of-war as they cruised around endeavoring to sink every craft not flying the flag of their idol. Allow me to express my extreme admiration at the skill and success with which you have met the enemy, and compelled respect where they confidently expected to crush and annihilate.

I have been surprised, pained, and pleased, in turn, at the wide and wonderful range of thought, the diverse and directly opposite views, yet all seeking, striving, aiming, to reach the one final end, Heaven or Nirvana, and solve the problem of life and our relation to the Universe. What individual, endowed with reason and thoughts beyond this grovelling world,—

"But must inquire—What hand behind the scene,
What arm almighty, put these wheeling globes
In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
Who bow'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,
Num'rous as glittering gems of morning dew,
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
And set the bosom of old night on fire?
Who marshals this bright host? enroll their names?
Appoints their post, their marches, and returns,
Punctual at stated periods?"

What soul, thus viewing, but must be bowed down in mute adoration in the presence of the Infinite One, and longingly exclaim, "Teach me my days to number, and apply my trembling heart to wisdom." Oft have I felt the impulse to join the increasing throng of your communicants; but a sense of my unfitness to appear among such able writers has restrained me, until "R. P. H." touched the chord responsive in his truthful, able article on the "Quakers and Inner Light."

The Quakers, or, more properly, the "Society of Friends," have fairly earned the admiration and gratitude of the whole world for their noble protest against ecclesiastical intolerance and bigotry, and their meekly, heroically borne sufferings in the cause of religious liberty. In fact, we owe almost solely to Fox, Penn, and their compatriots, the enforced acknowledgment of "Liberty of Conscience,"—enforced, not by the sword or at the cannon's mouth, but through shame at the sufferings of these peaceful, holy people,—martyrs for righteousness' sake,—reaching its glorious logical conclusion in our country, of the "equal rights of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Yet Fox, while proclaiming his famous "Mind the Light," and subordinating all authority to the "voice of God" in his own soul, gradually, like all preceding Reformers, began to abridge the very liberty he proclaimed, and framed a "Discipline" which, while far in advance of his age, and exacting a far higher practical life than any laws or exhortations since the days of Jesus of Nazareth, still practically denied the freedom affirmed, and demanded submission and obedience to the Society and this Discipline.

This anomalous position, as time rolled on, brought about many conflicts of opinion. The breach gradually but constantly widened until in the year 1828 a final separation took place with much bitterness of feeling; the society dividing into two sects or parties, the "Orthodox" and "Hicksite." The Orthodox, rigid disciplinarians, acknowledged the supreme authority of the Bible, accepted Jesus as their Lord and Savior through the vicarious atonement, and disowned the

followers of Elias Hicks, who, like Fox, again proclaimed the supreme authority of the "Inner Light," that is, strict obedience to the voice of Truth in their own soul. Of course, this leaves a wide margin for diversity of opinion, reaching from mild evangelicalism to ultra-radical. The Orthodox, with the old heaven working in them, have divided and subdivided, and are about at one with the Methodists. The "Hicksites" have retained their unity and organization intact; yet, as a member, I have been made to mourn over their degeneracy, and gradual descent into a formalism and sectarianism almost as rigid as that they so much abhor in other societies.

The time has arrived which, as friend Hallowell truly says, must decide whether they will advance with the world's advance, accept the logic of events, and go on in their glorious and divine mission—or dig their own grave. But Truth never dies; and profiting by the experience of the past, the Society has awakened to the perils of its present position, and is busily engaged, through its ardent workers, in removing the encrustations of time and tradition; and will ere long rise purified and regenerated, and shine as a sun in the increasing darkness now enshrouding the world. While the Free Religious Society acknowledge and endeavor to develop the nobility of all mankind,—the Society of Friends, as I conceive, rise higher, and proclaim the Divinity in all mankind. As Weiss says: "There is the God within us, and the God without; they twain must become one flesh. Father and Mother of the old life must be continually deserted for the marriages of the soul." Your society still clings to one of the most objectionable and dangerous elements of sectarianism, sooner or later producing spiritual death,—a paid ministry. With us, every individual, man or woman, is prophet, priest, and layman, as they may feel called to the various duties. You seem to be searching only in the works of creation to find and know God. We believe that, while we should know the laws of Nature and of creation, yet it is alone in the individual soul that we can find and know truly the Infinite One. You still have titles, leading, generally, to class distinctions, complimentary to wealth, intellect, or position in society, such as Reverend, Esq., &c. We abjure all titles, and hold that all men are equal, to be recognized only by their intrinsic merits, and not by titles merely complimentary. You seem to cultivate almost exclusively the intellectual to the entire exclusion of the emotional. We believe that God is love, the emotional preceding the intellectual, the twain love and wisdom, becoming one flesh that the human may become divine. Finally, we believe God to be that Omnipresent Spirit, in all, through all, above all; whose attributes are expressed in love, wisdom, purity, perfection; and that man in his spiritual nature should faithfully reflect the image of his creator,—this image, the fruit of the Indwelling Spirit, being expressed in practical life by "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, charity." The sun is obscured by the clouds in the sky while the storm rages, the thunder rolls and the lightning spreads terror, destruction and death in its path, until the equilibrium of Nature is restored, when it again shines forth with renewed brilliancy; so the pride and vanity and lusts and passions of our lower nature have been and are the clouds which obscure the sun of righteousness.

I have not made these distinctions in a carping or unfriendly spirit, but to give you a reason for the hope that is in us,—that animates our Society generally. I fully recognize the grandeur of your aim and the sincerity of your purpose; and humbly hope that each and all may be faithful to the "Inner Light" and live nobly, grandly, the life that God has given them.

In the love of Truth, your sincere friend,
BENJ. E. HOPKINS.

CINCINNATI.

PROF. BLANCHARD has a rabid article in a late number of the *Cynosure* on the heresy of Deism, that is only too visible to his eyes among the great lights of Congregationalism, the Church at large, and the religious weeklies. The Masonic lodges, he considers, are mostly responsible for this terrible state of affairs. Basing the Masonic organization on the religion held by all men in common, and branding as bigots all who adhere to "one Mediator between God and man," and who reject all others as spurious, diffused as they are through every community, they are slowly making the theology of the lodge the doctrine of the Church. And this is his indictment of some of the most prominent of the religious press: The *Advance* rejects the Bible from schools; assents to the omission of God's name from the constitution. It insists on the same amusement for worshipping and Christian. It sneers at the Puritans as "Jewish." It denies the law of the Sabbath. It advocates priest-days from the popish calendar,—which our father's abhorred. And, though its editor (Dr. Patton) complains in private that he is misunderstood and misstated in his notorious article concerning licensing common brothels and their whoredoms in St. Louis, he has not explained wherein he was misstated or misunderstood! And this, be it remembered, is the paper which was to give us relief from the looseness of the *Independent*! The *Christian Union* has for its managing-editor a man who denies that Christ was conceived by miracle; thus making him the illegitimate son of a seduced peasant-girl, and who rejects, as spurious, all the other miracles of the New Testament. And the Boston *Congregationalist*, besides fraternizing with and fellowshiping the above named papers, condemns, as does the *Independent*, *Christian Union*, and *Interior*, the Aurora Association for refusing to license M. R. Peck, who declared to us in plain, direct terms that he would not quit his Masonic lodge in St. Johnsbury, Vt., even though the refusal compelled him "to change all his plans of life," which, he told us, were the Gospel ministry and foreign missions.

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.—The *Spectator*, in its notice of M. Pouchet's work, *The Universe*, says: "Man generally flatters himself that his anatomy is about the highest effort of Divine skill; yet that of the insect is far more complicated. No portion of our organism can compare with the proboscis of the common fly. Man can boast 370 muscles. Lyonet, who spent his whole life in watching a single species of caterpillar, discovered in it 4,000. The common fly has 8,000 eyes and certain butterflies 22,000. M. Pouchet treats it as an established fact that so fine are the sensory organs of ants, that they converse by means of their antennae. Consequently the strength and activity of insects far surpass ours in proportion. In the whole field of natural science there is nothing more astounding than the number of times a fly can flap his wings in a second. As the fly passes through space at the rate of six feet in a second, it must in that point of time vibrate its wings five or six hundred times. But in rapid flight we are required to believe that 3,600 is a moderate estimate. The mind is stupefied if it attempts to realize these results."

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VOLUME 4.

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1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday or the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

A FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

- ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF —.
- ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in —.
Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.
- ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.
- ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.
- ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.
- ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be ex-officio delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.
- ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

So far as I am concerned, the above is the platform of THE INDEX. I believe in it without reserve; I believe that it will yet be accepted universally by the American people, as the only platform consistent with religious liberty. A Liberal League ought to be formed to carry out its principles wherever half a dozen earnest and resolute Liberals can be got together. Being convinced that the movement to secure compliance with these just "Demands" must surely, even if slowly, spread, I hope to make THE INDEX a means of furthering it; and I ask the assistance and active co-operation of every man and every woman who believes in it. Multiply Liberal Leagues everywhere, and report promptly the names of their Presidents and Secretaries. Intolerance and bigotry will tremble in proportion as that list grows. If freedom, justice, and reason are right, let their organized voice be heard like the sound of many waters.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor,

Boston, Sept. 1, 1873.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY A. W. S.

WE KNOW of no good reason, and as yet have never seen any advanced, why a woman should not vote on an equal suffrage basis with any male elector.

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TO HOLD one's judgment in suspense as to certain great mooted doctrines without losing faith in the truth and becoming indifferent to it, is perhaps what few men are equal to.

IS WOMAN equal to man? In some respects she is his equal, in some she is his superior, and in others she is his inferior. We know of nothing further that can be said on this point.

THE recent great pilgrimages of Catholic Christians, in France and England, to shrines made famous by legends of miracles, show that the growth of superstition is still rank in the Church.

DER PRIONIER, a German paper published in Boston, contains in its issue of September 6, an article entitled "Material for the Platform of a Reform-party," which seems to us highly worthy of attention.

WINWOOD READE, in his *African Sketch-Book*, says that the natives of Africa "often discuss the mystery of evil." "Why," they ask, "does God allow these evils to torment us?" When our colored brethren get this question settled, we wish they would let us know.

THE BROOKLYN *Eagle* says truly that "the man who is always prepared to preach is rarely, if ever, worth hearing." Is there not too much preaching, too much lecturing, too much talking done altogether? Silent prayer is found to be excellent. Suppose we try silent preaching.

"PROF. MAX MUELLER declines the offer of a professorship in the new German University of Strasburg, and will remain in England," says the *Chicago Post*. Such a wise scholar and promoter of rare knowledge as Prof. Müller cannot be monopolized by any one nation. He is a citizen, as he is a benefactor, of the whole world.

THE whole number of poor children who were given free excursions from New York city, during the late season, was nearly twenty-one thousand. A benevolent enterprise is this, most worthy of admiration and approval; and it is noticeable that the idea of it wholly originated with a secular, not a "religious," newspaper.

"IT IS DIFFICULT to think of a universe that has existed from eternity," says B. F. Underwood. It is, indeed. And that reminds us of what John Randolph said, in Congress, to an ex-clerical member who had been talking much about eternity. "The gentleman," says Mr. Randolph, "cannot think about eternity a minute, if he were to be damned."

"THE SCIENTIFIC faith is a faith in law," says the *Christian Union*. Yes; and when that faith adopts the conclusion that law is not only forceful and invariable, but intelligent and benevolent, then it will be a scientific-religious faith. But, in the meantime, let us not make our wish father to that thought, nor affirm anything on insufficient evidence.

"ANOTHER confirmed smoker, who had been such for fifty years, has forever abandoned the habit. It was at Yates county, New York. He knocked the ashes off his pipe into a keg of blasting powder." So says the *Chicago Post*. Such a sudden cessation from an old and confirmed habit we think must have been hurtful to that man's health. We can scarcely advise others to do the same.

THE ISRAELITE, of which Rabbi Isaac M. Wise is editor, is earnestly advocating the "Union of American Hebrew Congregations," and the establishment by this Union of a Hebrew Theological Institute. We heartily wish our Israelite friends success in their undertaking; but we hope they will not forget the broader interests of truth in their aim to establish and advance the welfare of Hebrew congregations.

THE Jews seem very highly delighted when any one of their household of faith is appointed to high office, or secures any distinguished social or political situation,—as has been the case recently, both in this country and in Europe. Their self-congratulation is very natural, since their present somewhat cordial recognition by Christians is strikingly comparable to their former cruel persecution by the same.

AMONG THE HEBREWS in this country there is a flourishing order called "The Free Sons of Israel." Their chief executive officer is entitled the Grand Master, and he has lately made a tour of inspection through the West, being received by the different lodges with great hospitable demonstration. The Order would appear to be right on the woman question, since it admits ladies as well as gentlemen to its privileges and duties.

RUBENSTEIN is said to be cherishing a plan of writing seven great sacred operas: "Eve," "Moses," "Job," "Canticles," "Maccabees," "David," and "Jesus Christ." So, as in the old miracle-plays, we shall see Jesus Christ appear on the stage,—vicariously of course. But where is the "sacred" singer who will be deemed sacred enough to take this part? The religious journals will not dare to be critical, when this opera is put on the boards.

THE Episcopal Church proposes to build a great cathedral in New York, to cost two millions of dollars. It will of course expect to have this magnificent piece of property exempted from taxation. But why should it be, any more than the splendid new edifice which the *Tribune* Association are erecting for their purposes? In its present devotion to independent journalism and the diffusion of scientific information, it can scarcely be doubted by unprejudiced minds that the *Tribune* is more useful to society than this new Episcopal cathedral can possibly be.

IN somewhat closely examining the arguments of some who deny the existence of God, we seem to see an unconscious antagonism principally to the theological idea of God. Their arguments do not appear to us conclusive at all against that idea of God which we think science is slowly but surely advancing. In this matter, as well as in that of immortality, it is well not to be too hasty in denying. Thinkers can afford to wait; and, while we are waiting, we believe that we have good ground for expecting that the best we now conceive of will turn out to be true.

DR. CHEEVER, of the Forty-Second Street Presbyterian Church, New York, preached a sermon on prayer last month, which, within the pale of Christianity, was eminent for good sense and liberality. He says: "If you imagine that you have nothing to do after this prayer, you are greatly mistaken. You must have an incessant watchfulness. When you make this prayer—'Breathe in me a pure heart'—you have entered upon a life-long struggle. It is an unceasing, never-ending fight between the higher and the baser nature, which are both working to obtain the mastery. Therefore your work must last with your life." And much more of the same sort. What "Liberal Christianity" can improve upon this as the philosophy of Christian praying? The true idea seems to us to be that work itself is prayer. Anything over and above this is aspiration, not petition or importunity. We do not need to ask that the divine laws shall be fulfilled. They will be, whether we ask or not. But we may aspire to the best, and we may endeavor to conform to and coöperate with the laws which secure it.

Gerrit Smith on "The Index."

PETERBORO, N. Y., May 1, 1873.

DOCTOR FITZHUGH, Livingston Co., N. Y.:

My Dear Kinsman,—You like THE INDEX of Toledo, Ohio. So do I. Its vigorous reasonings and its beautiful candor and fairness make it a very attractive and useful paper. Its leading position, however,—that Christianity is not the true and ultimate religion, and that our duty is to stand outside of it—I cannot, as yet, fall in with.

Where shall we look to learn what is man's true religion? To man himself. If we could conceive of such an absurdity as a horse-religion, it would be of a religion suited to the horse. So, too, the religion for human nature must clearly be the one which that nature calls for. In other words, to know what moral character and what moral life his nature calls for is to know man's true religion. Hence, he who is the most natural of men is the most religious of men; and it is a mistake to say—

"Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land."

We cannot attain to that land by ignoring or disparaging Nature—but by obeying and honoring her. He, who abides most steadfastly in his nature, and is most careful to meet all her demands upon him, is the best of all men, and therefore the happiest of all men. The unjust man, the merciless man, the proud man, the dissolute man, is, by force of his violated nature, an unhappy man. The debauchee and drunkard have so far perverted and debased their nature, as to be amongst the most miserable of men. And who that sees how unhappy a creature the liar makes of himself can doubt that his nature required him to be truthful in order to be happy? We learn both from experience and observation that men are made to be benevolent and to find their own happiness in studying and promoting the happiness of others. Hence, the deeper they sink themselves in selfishness, the deeper they sink themselves in misery. Our nature, if preserved in its original benevolence, forbids our betaking ourselves to occupations in which we cannot benefit and bless, but in which we rather curse, mankind. He has departed from his true nature who sells tobacco, or who, like the sham Christians of the Connecticut Valley, takes God's good earth to produce the vile weed: and he has very widely departed from it who sells the drunkard's drink, or who grows the materials for it.

As religion is our most important concern, there is, therefore, nothing of which we need to have, and are entitled to have, such certain proof. It cannot be that our Heavenly Father has left us in necessary uncertainty as to what is the true religion. But it is Nature only that supplies us with certain knowledge on any subject. How unreasonable, then, how unphilosophical and absurd, for him who would study to know what is the true religion, to go away from the certainties of Nature to traditions and histories! Even the best of histories are so marked with man's imperfections, that the uncertainty of history has become proverbial. "History is a lie," is a universally accepted saying.

The religion of Nature is the one true religion. If Christianity does not recognize this fact, then THE INDEX is right in repudiating Christianity.

Christianity must not be identified with the superstitions and speculations, legends and myths, connected with it either in or out of the Bible. It must be judged in the light of what its great Teacher taught to be its substance and essence. In this light it is the religion of love to God and love to man: and this is the very religion revealed in Nature. My nature teaches me to regard my fellow-man as I regard myself, for the reason that he ranks in the scale of being with myself; and it also teaches me that we are both to love God supremely, for the reason that he is the Father of us both.

Every man who has not so far dulled and destroyed his nature as to render it unfit to guide him, knows the difference between moral right and moral wrong:—in other words, he is capable of distinguishing the essentially true from the essentially false religion. Christianity affirms this in Jesus' saying to the promiscuous assembly and even to those who had darkened and debased themselves by hypocrisy: "Yes, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" And so deeply engraved upon the heart of human nature is equity, that every man, even though he have but shreds of human nature left in him, knows that he should do as he would be done by. But emphatically is this the teaching of Christianity also. How obvious is the harmony—is the oneness, indeed—between Christianity and Nature in respect to impartial goodness! The former commands to us the latter by the example of the sun's rising upon the evil and the good, and the rain's falling upon the just and the unjust. Then, again, that the sole duty of man is "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God" is a lesson which Christianity got from Judaism, and Judaism got from Nature.

In this age, when science is testing all things, a prominent objection to Christianity is that it enjoins prayer, and that prayer is an unnatural absurdity. I admit that it enjoins prayer: and I hold that nothing is more natural than prayer. Indeed, so entirely natural is it that Christianity, if it forbade or ignored prayer, could not be the religion of Nature; and therefore could not be the true religion. Nothing is more natural than for distressed want to make supplications, and nothing is more natural than for alarmed sin, yes, and for broken-hearted sin also, to pray for forgiveness. I add that nothing is more natural than for conscious weakness to praise and adore power, especially boundless power.

The absurdity of prayer is insisted on in the light of God's unchangeableness. Nevertheless, there is a sense in which it is not unreasonable to suppose that

he does change, and that, in his self-adaptiveness, he is different to different persons—different on different occasions. There is a legend that the famous statue of Memnon in Egypt was so constructed as to break forth in sublime music at every rising of the sun upon it. May we not suppose that there is a fact in the case of the true God which matches this fancy in the case of the false one? May we not reasonably suppose that God has so constructed his temple—his universe—that "prayer ardent opens heaven"?—and that blessings, withheld from the prayerless, do, in some form or other, descend to the prayerful? Methinks that the attitude of this world toward its great and loving Father will not be entirely what it should be until all lips shall break forth in prayer and express the thankfulness, praise, and supplication of all hearts.

I do not need to bolster my argument for prayer by reliance on either supernatural or special answers to prayer. I believe the answer to prayer to be as natural as the prayer, and, moreover, that the answer is as truly ordained from the beginning as is any other of the arrangements of Nature. It is surely not unreasonable to suppose that, from the beginning, prayer has been made "a condition precedent" to the bestowment of many of the blessings which come to the prayerful and, indeed, to the prayerless also. It is said that God knows our wants without our expressing them. He does—but has he not the right to require us to express them? May he not say in the words of Ezekiel (36: 37) "I will yet for this be inquired of—to do it?" God, because he is God, is necessarily different to the pure and merciful from what he is to the froward (18th Psalm)—necessarily different to the proud from what he is to the humble. He would not be God, did he not resist the proud whilst giving his grace to the humble.

We must stand up for the religion of the Bible—not because it is in the Bible, but because it is in Nature. The Bible, though grandest and best of all books, yet, being the work of men, may and does contain errors. But Nature is as free from errors as is he from whom it came. We should not, in our ignorance and superstition, idolize the Bible and claim perfection for it. But we should prize it because it essentially agrees with Nature, explains Nature and enforces it. Christianity, though so much of error is mixed with it, must, in its essentials, be one with Nature. Were it not so, it could not have been so largely influential in holding millions to their uncorrupted nature and in moulding them into that precious character and beautiful life which they and they only can attain to who are kept faithful to the claims of their God-given nature.

As I have already virtually said, their nature shows that men are made to love one another, and thus be happy in one another. But Christianity, so emphatically one with Nature at this point, goes so far as to declare that "love is the fulfilling of the law." Let us then cling to Christianity and seek to purify it of its dross and of whatever that is contrary to nature has crept into it. For none of all these evil and spurious mixtures is Christ's religion responsible. They are to be thrown out because of their violent disagreement with its great principles and precepts.

May this sure and simple religion—this religion of Nature and reason, of justice and goodness—be, my beloved friend, yours and mine and our children's. I trust that it is yours. I would there were more evidence that it is mine also—more evidence in the experiences of my heart and manifestations of my life.

Of all the men who have walked this earth and wet it with their tears and sweat and blood, none have lived so obediently to the laws of their being, in a word so naturally, as Jesus. Why then should we doubt that the religion he taught is the religion of Nature?—in other words, the true religion? It is an entire mistake that the mission of Jesus was to teach a new religion. It was to revive in the minds and hearts of men and call forth in their lives that which, from the beginning of the world, had been the only true religion, and that which, to the end of the world, will be the only true religion—the religion of Nature.

I repeat, why should we doubt that it was the religion of Nature which Jesus taught? He was its supreme expositor. He was himself preëminently the child of Nature. He loved her with his whole heart—even with a woman's love. Her whole wealth of illustration was ever at his service; and she ever stood ready to enliven and adorn his truths and enforce his arguments. When we reflect that Jesus taught and insisted that men can receive his religion only in a child-like spirit—only, indeed, by becoming as little children, dropping their artificial and cunning life, and returning, as if by a new birth, to the naturalness, simplicity, and sincerity of childhood—when I say that all this is before our mind, how can we doubt that it was the religion of Nature which he urged on the acceptance of his hearers? Especially, how can we doubt that he who was so given to deep and fervent prayer taught the naturalness and therefore the need of prayer?

It may be objected to my train of thought that human nature is too diverse in its different races, and, indeed, in the different individuals of the same race, to afford a uniform guide and standard in the matter of religion. But man is essentially the same every where. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." The only danger at this point is the mistaking of the perversions and abuses of Nature for Nature herself. The debauchee and drunkard must not let their evil habits decide for them what is the true religion. No sinner must let his sins do this. Every person is, in spite of the perversions and pollutions of his nature, held responsible to his nature as it was before he had perverted and polluted it. He is to be judged by and bound to conform to his original nature, however many and wide may have been his departures from it. Let him fix his eye on a nature

still as pure as when it came from the hand of its Maker. Let him fix it on Jesus. Say not that Jesus was a Hebrew; had the training, the prejudices, and partialities of a Hebrew; and therefore could not be a universal model. He was far more than a Hebrew. He represented all races. He was a man, and believed, as it lies back of all races, sects, and educations, all literatures and traditions.

Perhaps I have done wrong to THE INDEX. For, perhaps, I have unduly magnified the difference between it and myself. This difference may be wholly in our definitions of Christianity. My definition does not include its unchristian mixtures. But THE INDEX includes them all in its definition, and holds Christ's religion responsible for them all. Were its definition just, there would be no ground to complain of its war upon Christianity. But in my view it is exceedingly, though unintentionally, unjust. Christianity is what its constructive principles are. It is what these always and every where call for—nothing more, nothing less. If they call for any moral wrong, then Christianity is wrong; otherwise not. These principles determine its theoretical scope and practical character: and it is unreasonable to hold it responsible for anything which violates them. It is true that Jesus said somewhat more than sufficed to enunciate these principles—but it was only to illustrate and explain them. It was certainly not to overthrow nor invalidate them. In other words, it is not supposable that Jesus should speak against the tenor of the religion he taught—against the principles of his own religion. Affectionately yours,

GERRIT SMITH.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

RATIONAL RELIGION.

AN ADDRESS READ TO THE LIBERAL SOCIETY OF GLAZIER, KANSAS, MARCH 16, 1873.

BY J. E. SUTTON.

Religion has been defined as "any system of faith or worship;" as the religion of the Christians, the Mohammedans, the Hindus, &c. Sometimes the worship is a spontaneous adoration of a supreme power, not for a purpose, but from an intuitive impulse. Continued worship, after it becomes established as a regular duty, has for its object either temporal blessings or future rewards in a life to come. The worshiper in all religions endeavors to bring himself into conformity with certain so-called divine laws or commands, and he tries to perfect himself and become fit for everlasting life by obedience to them. Believing that there is an unknown power or being who is the cause of the trials and evils of life, he tries to please his offended deity by obeying what is called his revealed will.

In rational religion we have also an abiding faith, built upon the demonstrations of science. But instead of obedience to an ideal God, we have obedience to uniform, unchangeable laws (call them the laws of God if you please); and it is to the value of such a faith in the uniform laws of Nature, or in other words it is to the importance of this rational religion, that I would invite your attention.

I have selected this subject for discussion to-day for the purpose of defining our position, if possible, on religion; for although we have, in common with all liberal thinkers, outgrown the superstitions of Orthodoxy, we are yet in a state of scepticism rather than of positive belief. We can define our objections to the current Christianity, but are still unable to give clear, distinct ideas of what form of religion we do believe in, remaining in a state of sceptical indecision, or denying that there is any truth in religion at all.

In making the opening address on this subject, let me first call your attention to the fact that all religions depend upon the conception of the Divine nature and of human nature, and upon the relation supposed to exist between the two.

According to the current Orthodox conception, man is a being possessing a certain mysterious "free will," capable of thwarting the purposes of Deity—of creating in his own motives to action—of always doing right if he likes.

The Creator is represented as making an experiment with man to find out what he will do, punishing him for disobedience, and then providing an atonement.

In contrast to this, the rationalist believes that mental science has demonstrated that man does not possess a free will, cannot create his own motives, cannot thwart the operations of law, and is not always capable of doing right. In short, he believes that man is progressively developed; first his animal nature, with all its impulses, then the intellect and his higher sentiments. The different unfoldings of his capacities are the result of his surroundings—of his education and social influences. Being only gradually developed, he necessarily "sins," or acts in accordance with the feelings first developed, and he just as necessarily suffers the consequences. But as soon as his higher sentiments and intellect are unfolded, they control his conduct, because they become more active, more powerful, as the lessons of experience convince him that the stern inflexibility of law is followed by a beneficent result; and he sees the necessity of controlling certain impulses, if he would gain greater good. Gradually recognizing the great fact that man is a creature of laws in this world, he directs his attention to discovering such laws and to living in obedience to them.

It is true an individual is limited in this investigation of the laws of his being by his particular sphere in life. He may only have leisure and opportunity to grasp the most general principles of the leading sci-

ences bearing upon his welfare; yet it is all important for him to know what those laws are which he should more especially devote his attention to, no matter what his avocation in life may be. Experience constantly teaches him that no law of Nature can be violated with impunity. He that sins against or breaks any such law has to pay the penalty, no matter how good his intentions may have been. Strychnine will poison the good man just as effectually as the vilest sinner, even though it may have been taken by mistake.

The rationalist feels the necessity of knowing the laws which govern his welfare here, and obedience to them is his religion, giving a harmonious many-sided development that fits him for the active duties of life. One of the laws of his mental nature he finds to be that there is only a limited amount of nervous energy and thought-power possessed by him. If he gives too much of his mental force in one direction, he inevitably becomes deficient in other directions; it is therefore quite important to concentrate his thought on those sciences or laws which are of first importance. Let me name some of those which seem most essential:—

1st. Commercial and industrial laws, or those which govern the acquisition of property,—material prosperity, as a basis, being indispensable to all of us.

2nd. Physiology, or those laws which govern our bodily health. We must have physical health, or mental development cannot be long maintained.

3d. Psychology, or those laws which govern the evolution of thought and feeling. This is more especially necessary to show how easily the senses can be deceived, and how apt we are to mistake subjective conditions for objective realities.

4th. Sociology, or those laws which govern man in his social relations.

5th. Geology and Astronomy, or those general laws which have governed the evolution of the earth and the heavenly bodies. We need this, if for nothing else, to show the absurdity of the prevailing superstition in regard to the Mosaic history of the creation, etc.

Perhaps it will be said that these sciences have nothing to do with religion; but let us bear in mind what this sentiment of religion is. In its last analysis, it is not that sentiment which urges us to do our duty; that is, to act in such way as to accomplish the greatest good to others as well as to ourselves? And how can we gain that greatest good excepting by obeying the laws controlling the general welfare, in which our own is included?

The language of religion has always been and is now, "What shall I do to be saved?" Let me illustrate this a little. "What shall I do to be saved?" is the first feeble cry of religion in her infancy. "Bring me burnt offerings, sin offerings, and peace offerings, and my anger shall be stayed." Again it is asked, "What shall I do to be saved?" "Have faith in my prophets, my beloved sons,—Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Jesus; believe in them; trust not thy own reason, but rely on them and thou shalt be saved." It is the reply. But now comes the demand of rational religion. It is no longer the feeble cry of infancy, nor the self-distrustful supplication of youth, but the earnest inquiry of manhood with conscious self-respect. Religion now "stands on her feet," and with earnest gaze would "eye all Nature through, and learn the ways of God to man." She now sees all creatures here below governed by uniform, unchangeable laws. Her question is answered now, not by the priest, not by any supernatural revelation, but by the voice of science. "Obey the laws governing your welfare; rely no longer on the authority of priests or the Church; prove all things and hold fast that which is good, and thou shalt be saved."

In conclusion, rational religion is based upon the necessity of obedience to established law; while Orthodox or so-called Evangelical religion is based upon the assumed importance of obedience to an ideal, imaginary God, and a self-appointed priesthood.

The one is spiritual freedom, the other spiritual slavery. The one develops the whole man, his moral and intellectual nature, by bringing it in harmony with the laws governing it. The other expresses every upward aspiration by creating self-distrust and abject dependence upon the priesthood and the Church.

The only revelations that the rationalist accepts are the established laws of Nature made known to him by science; and the most acceptable worship he can pay to the Infinite power is to obey such laws.

It may be said that very few have opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the sciences mentioned, or even of a general idea of their leading principles, the masses of the people not having time or inclination to study such subjects.

It is a melancholy fact that the majority are so situated, and a religion of authority, based upon an infallible pope or an infallible book, may be better adapted to them as long as they are in that undeveloped condition. But let us not forget that mental evolution is constantly going on; and when rationalists adopt a religion, an opportunity is afforded to all who are "getting out of the woods"—getting free from superstition—to unite on a higher platform and to bring themselves in harmony with such laws; which is really the only "divinely appointed way of salvation."

But let us not for a moment suppose that the rationalist's religion means only a personal salvation—is concerned only with his own welfare in this world, or the next.

If he has secured bodily health by attention to the laws of physiology; if astronomy and geology have shown him the absurdity of the Mosaic history of creation, and freed him from superstition and spiritual slavery; if psychology has cautioned him not to rely alone upon the evidence of his senses; if moral and social science has taught him to respect the rights of others,—he is in a fair way for further progression.

He has acquired some of the means to a great end,—evolution, or the progressive development of his whole nature and that of his race.

This in short, I believe, is or should be the essence, the object, of rational religion; and it is only to be acquired by a knowledge of the laws governing such development.

Each step gained in such evolution gives us more leverage—more power to make further advancement. The farther we advance, the more we feel in harmony with the forces of Nature (or with the Divine Purpose, if you please), manifested all around us in unfolding the inanimate, as well as the animate. The earth, the solar system, the Universe, so far as our limited vision can penetrate, all proclaim the same grand principle of evolution; and rational religion urges it, as the highest duty, to aim at the development of ourselves and of our race.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by F. E. Asstot, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CHRISTENING OF A COMIC PAPER.

When Paul Gower and Richard Sabin returned to the Astor House, they found a couple of notes from Mr. Cyrus Woodruff, politely reminding them that the proposed supper at Windust's to which they had been invited, would take place that evening, at 11 o'clock precisely, and expressing a hope that nothing would occur to deprive the company of the pleasure of their attendance. Accordingly, a little before that hour, the young men presented themselves at the locality in question. It was, at the date of which I write, one of the older sort of New York restaurants and liquor-saloons, having one entrance in Park Row and another in Ann Street.

Being shown up stairs, into a room commanding a side view of Barnum's Museum, and containing a long table set ready for the festive occasion, they were very cordially received by Mr. Woodruff, and immediately introduced to about half a dozen young men already assembled, who stood conversing in a group near the fireplace, where, the evening being mild and pleasant, very little fire was burning. It appeared that twice that number of guests were expected. Mr. Braugh had not yet arrived, having to play in both the comedy and after-piece at his theatre; Mr. Ritchings was down stairs, issuing orders; and the sonorous voice of Mr. O'Byrne had already duplicated Mr. Woodruff's welcome—breaking off in a boast to his friends of having deserved all their thanks by suggesting the party, to do so.

Almost all present were, or would have called themselves, literary gentlemen; of no special fame or pre-eminence, but cleverish fellows of second or third-rate talent, who lived by their wits, in print. None of them (except, perhaps, Mr. O'Byrne) had much connection with the daily press—which, in the United States, generally absorbs the best marketable ability, by virtue of paying for it—but they wrote for the cheap weeklies, the story papers, some of the magazines, and the low-class comic journals. Among such, the intellectual standard is not likely to be very high; only they have adopted that particular occupation, with more or less fitness for it. There is as much conventionalism in the craft as in other trades, and no more originality or genius in the bulk of its followers: given a commission, serious or comic, to any of the party, he would have produced something smart and readable, and according to the current models, but nothing beyond. They were of the rank and file of literature, or rather its light skirmishers; mostly young men, good humored, self-satisfied, and tolerably honest—unless the wrong side afforded an opportunity for saying smarter things than the right one. As their appearance presented as little individuality as their styles of composition, I pretermitted description.

A superior person, however, intellectually, whatever he might be morally, soon arrived in the shape of a tall, handsome, young fellow, with a bright, intelligent countenance, ornamented by a slight moustache, but destitute of beard and whiskers. He was very stylishly-dressed, though rather in advance of the season—which Mr. O'Byrne immediately accused him of "rushing"—in a light summer suit of English cut (New York then inclined to the Parisian standard of fashion), a gay neckerchief beneath his turned-down shirt-collar, and straw-colored kid gloves; also he carried a little cane. But for his flushed face and the peculiar, unnatural brilliancy of his eyes, denoting a certain stage of intoxication, his appearance would have been extremely prepossessing. He had begun life as an artist, drifted into journalism, and now contributed to much the same class of publications I have already described, stories, editorials, criticism, gossip and nonsense by the yard measure, and sometimes verses of an order sufficiently high to entitle him to the appellation of a poet, and to a better position than he seemed to care for winning; for he was, both in principle and practice, one of the most thorough and reckless of Bohemians, and appeared to delight in wasting his endowments in excess and folly, which conduct he defended by a kind of cynical philosophy, as perverse as it was deplorable. His arrival made something of a sensation in the group by the fireplace.

"How are you, George?" and, "Golding, how goes it?" were the general salutations.

"Fine!" he answered. "Everything is lovely and

the goose hangs particularly high. I've been on the spree for three days—not in bed since Wednesday, by —! Here, boy!"—to a negro, who was busied about the supper-table—"fetch me some brandy. I must keep it up till to-morrow, for I've got to fight a duel in the morning."

"A duel? oh, gas! you don't get us on a string with that!" ejaculated the incredulous and metaphorical audience.

"Fact, gentlemen, however you like to take it," insisted Golding, whose thickened utterance and heightened color, as aforesaid, were the only indications of his condition—there are men whose constitution seems to defy excess for a season and only yield to the most deplorable persistence. "Though I don't mean to say it's serious. There's an awful little fool of an Englishman—the biggest ass for his size I've ever met—at our boarding-house, who has bragged so enormously about a duel on board ship, which he confesses never came to anything, that the fellows determined to take the conceit out of him. So they got up a sell, of which I don't see the fun myself; but as they wanted a principal, of course I was on hand. And it's to come off to-morrow morning at Clifton Park, Staten Island—pistols and coffee for two, at eight precisely. I invite all of you who intend to keep sober to accompany me and witness the catastrophe."

"That sounds like our little bantam about the Cayuga," observed Sabin to Paul, and was about to make inquiry of Golding as to the name of the intended victim, when the arrival of Mr. Braugh and two or three others, and the bustle and change of conversation incidental thereto, obliged him to defer the satisfaction of his curiosity to a more convenient occasion.

"Have up supper immediately, Woodruff," said the genial Irishman. "It's after eleven, and by the powers, I'm hungry. If ye'd ever played O'Callaghan on top of Gerald Pepper, bedad, ye'd be the same; especially if it was to a house as thin as Mulrooney's cat, that could crawl through a keyhole and was invisible sideways. Gentlemen, make room for the waiters!" And the supper being served, the guests took such places round the long table as inclination or accident suggested, with Mr. Braugh at the head as chairman, supported on the right and left, respectively, by Messrs. Woodruff and Ritchings; while Mr. O'Byrne was, of his own option, kind enough to assume the post of vice, at the further end; about whom rallied the youngest young men of the company—thinking him a person of consequence and rather esteeming it an honor to be in his vicinity.

It was an excellent supper, as even Mr. O'Byrne—who plumed himself on his gastronomic knowledge, and talked familiarly about the *Trois Frères* and *Véry's*—admitted. There were so many kinds of oysters, cooked in such a variety of ways, and all so tempting, as to bewilder the appetite with the difficulty of choosing where to begin. There was an immense chowder, or fish-stew, compounded after the true Daniel Webster recipe. There were reed-birds, or American ortolans—plump, dainty little fowl, served, like British woodcock, on toast—and fillets of marrow, streaky beef with mushrooms. Add frogs à la Française—for New York has, long ago, got over its Anglo-American prejudices—and ale, claret, and champagne, and you have the staple of a meal which, as the chairman remarked, "did equal credit to the spirited liberality of their hospitable friend Woodruff and the culinary resources of the establishment." Mr. Braugh also repeated Macbeth's grace, praising it as the best in the world, because one of the shortest.

I cannot honestly report that the conversation which accompanied the supper and set in afterwards was either particularly intellectual or amusing; or, in fact, anything but *cliquish* and professional. The guests talked, as most people do, of their ordinary pursuits and interests; of Jack's play, Tom's book, Ned's poem; of what Bilkins of the *Emerald* had said in that paper about Gutler's latest native-American sequel to the newest of Tom Taylor's dramas, and how Gutler had threatened to lick Bilkins, not alone on account of his malicious criticism, but because he had the impudence to make love to Gretty Gray of the *Sunday Scorpion*, whom Gutler was sweet upon. Or what an artful dodge that was of Bumpus of the *Dredger* advertising a "hundred-dollars-a-column" story, when he had it set up solid in *ayate* secrecy, and remunerated the authoress according to that standard, and then expanded her production into *bourgeois* for the beguilement of an unsuspecting public. These and similar topics, discussed in a chaffy, cynical tone, and largely flavored with puns and personalities—in the former of which the actors, who had come in with Mr. Braugh, greatly excelled—constituted the material of the talk, which presently became so noisy that, on the removal of the cloth, the chairman rapped upon the table with the handle of his knife to command attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, rising—a resonant "Hear! hear!" from O'Byrne seconding him—"let us proceed to business. You are all aware that the present symposium was intended to be not merely festive and bacchanalian, but also sponsorship. We assemble tonight to deliberate on that first of indispensabilities, a title for the Avatar of wit and wisdom which is about to descend upon this great and happy country, consummating its glory and redounding to the benefit of everybody, pecuniary and otherwise—which, bedad, some of us stand in great need of! The immortal Shakespeare has inquired with his usual perspicacity, 'What's in a name?' to which I might reply, 'A mighty dale of botheration intirely!' for so we find it. 'Give a dog a bad name and hang him,' says the proverb, whence I assume that untimely suspension not unfrequently results from an unfortunate choice of nomenclature among the canine creation; which calamity may extend itself to the higher walks of literature. In avoiding such a contingency we are all interested. Me public-spirited friend, Woodruff, has offered a reward of thirty dollars for the desideratum

in question, which I trust will eventually find their way into the editorial eschequer, in equivalent for my, at present, favorite proposition, 'The Lantern of Diogenes.' Let him who can suggest a better name, spake now, or forever after hold his peace."

"Yours is too long, Braugh, and too classic," said Mr. O'Byrne, when the rapping of knuckles and tumbler elicited by this speech—and especially by the latter portion of it—had died away. "What will the newsboys make of it? and how much does the American public know about Diogenes?"

"Sure they've heard of him, and we can sink the cunctious in general and only call it 'The Lantern.' But it'll be mighty handy to have him editorially—think of the personality of 'Punch.'"

"Punch be d—d!" broke in George Golding. "That's always the rock ahead of American comic papers—they all feel bound to imitate him in everything. Why can't we be original?"

"Because, me boy, the public is an ass and wouldn't recognize anything as comic that wasn't after the accustomed models. There'd be a great deal of reason in what ye say if the world was made up of clever fellows like ourselves; but it isn't. Don't shoot over people's heads or ye'll never hit 'em." Which sentiment gave rise to some discussion, the majority of the company, including the publishers, leaning to Mr. Braugh's opinion.

"What do you say to 'The Growler' for a name?" demanded a spectacled, bearded, black-haired man, with prominent cheek-bones and lively eyes, who sat next Paul, and had loquaciously introduced himself to our friends as an Englishman, artist, ex-panoramatist, lecturer, clerk to an insurance office and literary man in general.

"Oh, shut up, Bangs!" politely responded one of the party. "You brought out a paper with that title years ago, and it burst up after two numbers—I remember."

"Well, it wasn't the fault of the name, if it did—or of the contents," answered the other, good humoredly. "I think 'The Growler' or 'Lobscouse' would do first-rate. Do you know what lobscouse is, gentlemen? because—"

"—You haven't heard our new rule up at Pfaff's, have you, Bangs?—that nobody's allowed to make a fool of himself!"

"That's too rigorous altogether—it'll make a howling desert of Pfaff's, if carried out." And Golding refilled his tumbler and lit a cigar.

"What we want," said O'Byrne, sonorously returning to the original subject, "is something at once short, striking, novel, and national, as well as expressive of the character and objects of the paper. It ought to hit the public in the eye, so to speak, and yet button-hole the thinking and educated portion of the community—fellows who are not to be caught with chaff or catchpenny nonsense, but who'll see directly that we intend to give them the right kind of article. It should be unapproachable and irresistible."

"Enough! thou hast persuaded me that no mortal can ever be a poet!" ejaculated Golding, who had read *Rasselas*. "Anything else for thirty dollars?"

"I think it's quite sufficient, gentlemen," said Mr. Woodruff, at which there was a general laugh.

"Wouldn't 'The Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus' fulfill your conditions, O'Byrne?" asked one of the actors.

"What in thunder is that?" was the rejoinder.

"Why, a duck-billed platypus!" And the "sell" taking, nearly all present began shouting out titles, the only recommendation of which was their absurdity. Perceiving that the object of the meeting stood in considerable danger of being smothered beneath multitudinous nonsense, Mr. Braugh rose to remonstrate:—

"Gentlemen," he said, shrewdly and effectively, "I shall demand the premium if ye don't produce something better. To recall ye to business, I'll read the names already sent in, good, bad, and indifferent:—'The Peep-Show,' 'Mrs. Grundy,' 'Yankee Doodle' (there have been two Yankee Doodles started in New York in my recollection, and both failed), 'Judy,' 'Toby,' 'The Bubble' (which would invite invidious allusions), 'Uncle Sam's Looking-Glass,' 'Mephistopheles' (a divil of a name!), 'Jonathan's Joke-Bag,' 'The Rocket' (go up like a rocket and come down like a stick, they'd be sure to say), 'The Tickler,' 'The Doughnut,' 'Popcorn,' 'The Firefly,' 'The Mosquito' (why didn't the gentleman suggest 'The Bedbug,' while he was about it?), 'The Kaleidoscope of Fun,' 'Nobody' (which is putting too modest an estimate upon ourselves intirely), 'Puck,' 'Flibbertigibbet,' 'The Cocktail' (that wouldn't please a horse-dealer, but may be the gentleman who proposed it likes 'em so well himself that he credits the public with the same predilections), 'The Slogdollar' (as if we intended to become the oracle of the prize-ring), 'The Penguin,' 'The Dodo'—and that's all. Now, gentlemen, it has been conceded that none of these appellations, however ingenious, are so suitable as 'The Lantern,' wherefore it still has the preference."

"Would 'The Porcupine' do?" asked Richard Sabin, who had thought over the matter and made a sketch of the title he proposed, which he now produced and handed to the chairman. Mr. Braugh received it courteously, looked at it, at first with curiosity, then with approbation, and then submitted it to Messrs. Woodruff and Ritchings.

"Bedad, sir, I think ye've hit the nail on the head," said the good-natured Irishman, after a brief, animated conference. "The idea's none the worse for its involving a suggestion of old Cobbett—'Peter Porcupine,' ye know—but if we wait for entire originality, we'll never get launched, at all at all. I believe ye, me boy"—as Dick protested, with entire truth, that he had never heard of the writer in question. "And the drawing is first-rate. A quare divil of a human porcupine, in a paletot and trousers,

standing erect centrally, on the hind legs of him, with a pen in one hand and a pencil in the other, emitting quills in every direction, which impale all sorts of public characters, as well as representations of Folly, Humbug, and Hypocrisy: underneath an arch affording a view of New York. Gentlemen, pass it round and let us have your opinions. Here's your health, Mr. Sabin, and ye're an acquisition to us!"

Hereupon ensued considerable discussion, some being for, some against the adoption of Richard's idea. But the publishers liking it, as well as Mr. Braugh, and the sketch displaying it in the most favorable aspect, Sabin was, at length, declared the winner of the thirty dollars. Incontinently he requested permission to invest a portion of the same in a couple of bowls of punch, and, the materials appearing, compounded them in such a skilful manner as to command the admiration of all present. And the evening began to wax more bacchanalian and hilarious than ever.

"What are ye scribbling, George?" asked one of the party of Golding, who was busied with the stump of a pencil on the back of a playbill.

"Hold on a minute and I'll sing it," he answered. And as Golding was known to possess a faculty for rhyming amounting almost to improvisation, they waited until his rapid fingers had completed their task; when he sang as follows:—

"Here's success to the Porcupine!
We'll drink him in punch, in ale and wine;
From the tip of his snout to his nethermost quill
We'll 'go the whole hog' in a bumper—fill!"

"There's an old story—I s'pose it's a flum—
That he shoots off his quills at his foes, ker slam!
But indulging too freely in this little freak,
Gets ragged and poor and deplorably weak."

"We'll blaze away at all who provoke
Us, with satire and sarcasm, fun and joke;
But for every quill we expend in the muse,
Grow sleeker and stronger and more prosperous!"

"The Porcupine's flesh is esteemed good food—
Our Porcupine's substance is bound to be good:
He's a tail that from under his quills depends—
We'll have plenty of tales—and my parallel ends."

"Here's success to the Porcupine!
We'll drink him in punch, in ale and wine;
From the tip of his snout to his nethermost quill
We'll 'go the whole hog' in a bumper—fill!"

The company were sufficiently exhilarated to applaud this production to the echo, and even to insist upon an encore: when, adopting the first (and last) verse as chorus, they sang it enthusiastically, increasing the effect by thumping upon the table and floor with their fists and feet—a performance which must have disturbed the slumber of such animals as Mr. Barnum happened to have, at that time, in his Museum. And forthwith singing and speech-making set in until the breaking up of the party—of which the reader may well dispense with other particulars—at half-past four in the morning.

"And so New York will soon have three comic papers," said Dick Sabin, as he and his friend crossed over to the Astor House, in the solemn, beautiful, reproachful light of the newly-risen sun; "the *Porcupine*, *Pepperpot*, and *Pickaxe*—it sounds like Peter Piper picking his peck of pepper! But it makes good for trade, you know. That's a good thing ol' fella!"

THE LEGEND OF THE FROZEN LAKE.

(Translated from a Collection of Norwegian Folk-Lore and Village Legends, &c., published at Christiania, and re-published in Trübner's "American and Oriental Record.")

Once upon a time, in the early part of the winter, a traveller had to cross over a frozen lake where the ice was of varied and unknown thickness. Before venturing out on the ice he lighted his pipe, and, sitting down on a stone by the side of a road (which ran close to the lake shore, nearly at right angles with his own course), he thus communed with himself:—

"I am bound to cross this lake; but in so doing I run a considerable risk of losing my health, or even life, by falling through the ice. If I can manage to keep on the thick ice, and avoid the thin, of course I shall be all right as far as safety is concerned; but the road over the ice is not staked out yet, and there is not so much as a footprint on it. Perhaps some of these good people passing to and fro on the road may be able to give me some useful directions. At any rate, I will just ask them."

And so he did, there being no lack of people to ask; they all spoke kindly to him at first, and though they did not answer his questions satisfactorily as to the thickness of the ice, they seemed as willing and as anxious to direct his course as if their own safety had depended on it. What surprised the traveller immensely, however, and perplexed him not a little, was that, whereas all advised him earnestly, and some vehemently, no two of them gave him the same counsel, and no one seemed to speak from experience or trustworthy information. In a very few minutes the conversation became somewhat general, the counsellors became more and more excited; some warned him in rather discourteous terms against following the advice of others; and at last they began to quarrel amongst themselves. The poor man returned slightly disgusted to his stone, his pipe, and his meditations.

"Now," thought he, "if I had only met one of these good people, I should as likely as not have followed his advice; but in the multitude of such counsellors there seems to be anything but wisdom."

Just then two persons, evidently of superior rank, appeared upon the scene; and these were a Bishop and an Archbishop. The Bishop, taking on himself the office of chief speaker, did not wait to be asked, but at once thus addressed the traveller:—

"My son, I see thou art about to cross the frozen lake; and I come to tell thee that the ice is such and such a thickness, here and there respectively, and it is thy duty to believe me."

"Well!" said the traveller, "it is scarcely fair or

reasonable to talk about duty in such a matter; but if you really do know more about the ice than those good people yonder, and if you will give me any accurate information about it, I shall be most truly grateful to you."

"My son," said the Bishop, "I perceive thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity. Here is no question of accurate information, but of saving faith. As for knowing more about the ice than those good people, the fact is that I know considerably less. All my knowledge of ice is derived from ancient history. I have not made myself in any way acquainted with this year's ice; nor do I consider that I am at liberty to do so with any view of forming, or helping others to form, an independent opinion. From my early youth I have been trained, and from early manhood hired and pledged, to declare to such as you that the ice is just so thick and just so thin, respectively here and there (no more and no less), as it was voted to me, or as it was supposed to have been voted to me, many hundred years ago by an assembly of good men, not one of whom ever saw ice in his life. The actual thickness or thinness is of no real importance. To adopt what we call the orthodox dimensions, is the one thing needful, and there is a special over-natural efficacy in adopting these, by which you will be enabled to skim over the thinnest ice in perfect safety, while the thickest ice will melt away under the feet of him who doubts, or is so unfortunate as to be influenced by measurement, testimony, calculation, or otherwise to consider it as thicker or thinner than he has been taught to believe it. Of course, when I say you must believe, I mean you must profess to believe, and act as if you did. Go now, my son, and be of good cheer."

The traveller, if the truth must be told, did not think much of the Bishop's reasoning; but he was much taken with the good prelate's reverend appearance, peculiar dress, and phraseology; and still more by his authoritative and yet benign and fatherly manner. So, after remaining a few seconds, "perplexed with doubt and afraid of condemnation," he declared that he believed every word that the good Bishop had said to him, went boldly forth on the ice, was soon out of sight, and has never been heard of since. The Bishop tells every one that the traveller got safely over the lake, and the Archbishop adds that it is "a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort."

AN ARGUMENT FOR FREE EDUCATION.

(From the *Bee-Hive*, Sheffield, Eng.)

Captain Maxse, R.N., in speaking at Sheffield last week, said:—

I feel that in the Education Question we cannot too frequently revert to the simple proposition which lies at the root of the educational controversy. This proposition is, and it is the one we contend for, that the children of the poor are entitled to education, and that the State is bound in the interest of the community to see that such education is provided. Some people I am aware will endeavor to raise a cloud of words over the very term education, and attempt to puzzle us by demanding a definition. I mean by education, instruction in the elements of human knowledge. All education is, of course, comparative, and the very highest education is partial and incomplete; the wisest men know that they are but as children in the presence of the unrevealed and the infinite; but because the appetite for knowledge is insatiable, and because the unknown and untold are limitless, this is no reason for withholding from children a little of what is known. First, we have discovered now for some centuries a method of communicating with each other by means of certain signs.

Supposing that by some natural law children were born dumb and blind, and required an artificial operation to release their faculties of speech and sight, would it not be a disgrace to any community were children to grow up, for want of this operation, without sight and without the power of speech? Yet we have been guilty of an equal disgrace for centuries after centuries; and now there are in England and Wales, speaking roughly, one million children who await their civilizing faculties—of reading and writing. These children implore you, you who elect legislators and who assist to form public opinion, you who have consciences and a sense of responsibility towards helpless fellow-creatures—they implore you to save them from the bondage of ignorance. They ask to be included in your civilization, they pray to be instructed in its common language. It must be remembered that all the disadvantages of civilization fall to the poor, while the profit of civilization goes entirely to the rich. The poor savage who lives in a natural state has at least the advantages of a natural state—he has a free soil and an open hunting-ground. Surely it cannot be intended that the total result of civilization should be unfavorable to the poor laborer as compared with the poor savage! The theory of course is that if the laborer is deprived of the conditions of a wild state he partakes of instead what are called the "blessings" of civilization. These blessings appear to me to be of doubtful value, as far as he is concerned. I only know that if the choice were given me, as to whether I would be a savage belonging to some wild tribe, or an average English agricultural laborer such as he is in the southern counties, I should unhesitatingly declare for the savage. Nay, I would rather be a savage than find myself located as the head of one of the many thousand families, consisting of from three to eight persons, who occupy one small room at the east end of London, or similar accommodation in many of our large towns. While civilization appears to me worthless which, while withdrawing natural conditions, does not fit man for artificial ones. The ignorant, illiterate animal man is in harmony with savage Nature, but he is at flagrant discord with civilized society. And not only this, but

by a beautiful self-adjusting law his presence forbids your progress. My complaint against the Conservatives is, and not only against the Conservatives, but against all those who are so selfishly immersed in their private affairs that they pay no attention to public affairs; my complaint against them is that they keep us in a backward state of civilization. Some people have merely a commercial idea of civilization: they reckon it by exports and imports, and ignore the condition of human beings; and, judging from this low standard, declare that we possess a high state of civilization. I regard this as the grossest delusion: I maintain that civilization is in its infancy. Perhaps some of you read about a month ago of an unfortunate ship that was wrecked on the Dorsetshire coast. Her name was the Royal Adelaide. She was broken up one terribly stormy night upon Chesil beach, under circumstances which should have elicited the noblest emotions of the human heart—generosity, compassion, and a tender desire to help. Now, what was the behavior of the inhabitants of the coast? The *Times* reported that large quantities of spirits were washed on shore, and as the barrels floated in they were broached by the crowds who assembled on the beach. In a short time scores of people were lying about in all directions dead drunk. They drank so much that medical assistance had to be obtained to save them from the consequences of their filthy intemperance. Is this high civilization? Could savages degrade themselves more? The district in which this occurred may be described as a thoroughly "Constitutional" one. There is not a school board in Dorsetshire. I have little doubt but what the people who broke the casks open would have mobbed Sir Charles Dilke if he had attempted to give a lecture in the neighborhood; but such people as these may sing or hiccough "Rule Britannia" as much as they please. I can only regard them as lawless barbarians, and I denounce those who uphold a system under which they are inevitably produced as the authors of anarchy and evil. Do you think that if these people had been steadily at school during childhood, with elevating influences about them, with motives supplied for self-respect, placed within reach of the means to decent livelihood, and with some order of mental life imparted, that they could have behaved like mere swine? How can we be civilized when there are thousands of such creatures in our midst, and in the course of constant manufacture under our shameful system of neglect? Are we not entitled to protect ourselves from such outrages?

First, then, the child has its rights. If it is surrounded, in the interest of society, with the artificial circumstances of civilization, we are bound to counteract those which are oppressive by creating some which are helpful; and thus, it appears to me, that, under a high sense of the duties as well as the rights of civilization, the child becomes entitled to education, that is to say, free education. And, secondly, society claims the right to insist upon this being given in order to protect itself from the disastrous consequences of ignorance.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

The long-deferred meeting of the World's Evangelical Alliance will take place in New York during the first twelve days in October. In spite of repeated disappointments hitherto, there is every prospect that the large plans which have been for a long time in preparation will be fully carried out. The very successful labors of the Rev. Dr. Schaff in Europe, last year, have already drawn to this country many distinguished representatives of foreign religious bodies, who are now the guests of leading members of the Alliance in New York, or are scattered on tours of observation throughout the country. The Franco-German war broke up, for the time, all hopes of an early meeting of the Alliance; but the war was no sooner over than the representative Evangelical bodies of France and Germany cordially and unanimously accepted the invitation of the American branch of the Alliance. Those interested in the movement confidently hope that "the approaching conference will be one of the grandest religious gatherings ever held in the world, and it is fully expected that the mutual discussions upon important topics to be presented will result in breaking down, in a great measure, many of the barriers of prejudice, on religious subjects, which have blocked the way to a proper spread of Evangelical principles throughout the world."

The grand objects of the Alliance are thus given: First—To promote Evangelical union, with a view to greater success in Christian activity. Second—To maintain and exhibit the essential unity of the Church of Christ. Third—To counteract the influence of infidelity and superstition, especially in their organized forms, and to assist the cause of religious freedom everywhere. The conference will convene at Association Hall, on Thursday evening, October 2d, and continue in session ten days, closing with a farewell service at the Academy of Music, on Sunday evening, October 12th. During each day of the session, the conference will be divided into sections according to language. The New York Evening Post, from which these facts are mainly taken, gives the following as the leading topics to be presented for discussion:—

- Oct. 3—The Present State of Christianity.
- Oct. 4—The Christian Union in its Various Phases.
- Oct. 6—Christianity and its Antagonisms—Infidelity, Rationalism, etc.
- Oct. 7—Christian Life—Family Religion, Rewards, etc.
- Oct. 8—Protestantism and Romanism.
- Oct. 9—Christianity and Civil Government.
- Oct. 10—Christian Missions—Foreign and Domestic.
- Oct. 11—Christianity and Social Evils.

The following members of the American branch of the Alliance will take part in the exercises:—

Wm. H. Allen, LL.D., Girard College, Philadelphia; M. B. Anderson, LL.D., President of the University of Rochester; Rev. Rufus Anderson, D.D., LL.D., Boston; Bishop Gregory T. Bedell, D.D., Gambier, Ohio; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn; Nathan Bishop, LL.D., and Cephas Brainerd, New York; Felix R. Brunot, Pittsburgh; Rev. F. W. Conrad, D.D., Philadelphia; Bishop George D. Cummins, D.D., Pewee Valley, Ky.; J. L. M. Curry, LL.D., Richmond, Va.; Professor Theodore Dwight, LL.D., and Rev. Thomas M. Eddy, D.D., New York; Professor George F. Fisher, D.D., Yale College; Rev. Richard Fuller, D.D., Baltimore; Professor D. R. Goodwin, D.D., Philadelphia; Professor A. H. Guyot, D.D., Princeton; Rev. John Hall, D.D., New York; Professor Joseph Henry, LL.D., Washington; Rev. Charles Hodge, D.D., LL.D., Princeton; Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D.D., Richmond; Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., Williamstown; Professor Alvah Hovey, D.D., Newton Centre, Mass.; Professor D. P. Kidder, D.D., Madison, N. J.; Rev. James McCoah, D.D., LL.D., Princeton, N. J.; Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, New York; Rev. Wm. Nast, D.D., Cincinnati; President J. Williamson, D.D., Lancaster, Pa.; Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., Philadelphia; Professor E. A. Park, D.D., LL.D., Andover, Mass.; Peter Parker, LL.D., Washington, D.C.; Rev. W. A. Passavant, D.D., Pittsburgh; Rev. W. S. Plumer, D.D., Columbia, S.C.; President Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., Yale College; President Eliphalet Nott Potter, D.D., Union College; Bishop E. de Schweinitz, S.T.D., Bethlehem, Pa.; Bishop Matthew Simpson, D.D., Philadelphia; Professor Henry B. Smith, D.D., New York; Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., Brooklyn; Mr. George H. Stuart, Philadelphia; Professor W. F. Warren, D.D., Boston; Rev. E. A. Washburn, D.D., Mr. Norman White and Rev. E. C. Wines, D.D., New York; Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey, D.D., LL.D., New Haven.

Mr. William E. Dodge is the president of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, and Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., is honorary recording secretary. Delegates to the conference have been elected from the branches of the Alliance in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Prussia, Sweden, Turkey, Greece, and the New Dominion, who represent nearly every religious denomination outside of the Roman Catholic church. Great Britain sends the greatest number of delegates. The following foreign members of the Evangelical Alliance have announced their intention to speak at the conference:—

British Branch—Rev. William Arnot, D.D., Edinburgh (Presbyterian); Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D., London (Baptist); Rev. Thomas W. Aveling, London (Congregational); Rev. L. E. Berkeley, Lurgan, Ireland (Presbyterian); Rev. James Davis, London (Congregational); Rev. W. H. Freemantle, London (Protestant Episcopal); Rev. J. C. Harrison, D.D., London (Congregational); Rev. Professor J. Harris Jones, Ph. D., Trevecca College, Wales; Rev. Robert Knox, D.D., Belfast, Ireland (Presbyterian); Rev. Professor Stanley Leathes, King's College, London (Protestant Episcopal); Rev. C. Dallas Marston, London (Protestant Episcopal); Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., London (Congregational); Charles Reed, M.P., London (Congregational); Rev. James H. Rigg, D.D., Westminster (Wesleyan); Rev. J. S. Russell, London; Rev. H. Schmetsau, Ph. D., London; Rev. R. Palme Smith, D.D., Dean of Canterbury; Rev. W. F. Stevenson, Dublin (Presbyterian); Rev. John Stoughton, D.D., London (Congregational).

French branch—Rev. G. Fisch, D.D., Paris (Reformed).
Swiss branch—Professor J. P. Astle, Lausanne; Rev. Frank Conlin, D.D., Geneva; Professor C. Prolier, Geneva.

German branch—Count A. Von Bernstorff, Berlin; Professor Theodore Christlieb, D.D., Bonn University; Professor J. Dornier, D.D., Berlin; Professor W. Kraft, D.D., Bonn University; Rev. H. Krummacher, Brandenburg; Rev. Paul Zimmermann, Leipzig.

Swedish branch—Rev. Erik Nyström, Ph. D., Stockholm.

Montreal branch—Rev. Dr. Dawson, Principal McGill College.

DREW'S ORTHOGRAPHY.

A good story is told by a friend of Daniel Drew, which the news of his illness calls up. Remaining one evening late in his office, and having occasion to use the safe, he permitted the cashier to go home, remarking that he would close the safe and fix the combination on the word "door." But when the cashier undertook to open the safe in the morning, he found that the lock refused to yield to the magic "door." He tried, and tried again, but without success. Finally, happening to remember that "Dan's" early education had been neglected, he attributed his ill-luck to poor orthography. He therefore tried the lock upon "dore." Still no success; and then upon "doar," with no better fortune. Finally, becoming disgusted, he proceeded to the St. Nicholas, routed "Dan!" out of his choicest morning nap, and, as he stuck his night-cap out of the door, this colloquy ensued:—

"Mr. Drew, I can't open the safe on 'door.' You must have concluded to change the word."

"Change the word! Nothin' o' the kind. I shut it on 'door.'"

"Are you sure, sir?"

"Sure, sir, you tarnal ape, of course I'm sure! Go back to your work, and don't come foolin' roun' here this time o' the mornin'."

"Well, perhaps, Mr. Drew, I don't spell the word right. How did you spell it?"

"Spell it! Any fool can spell door. D-o-a-r-e,

doare, of coarse. If you can't spell door, sir, you're no cashier for me. Pack up your duds and go out of the 'door.'"

And shutting the "door" in the cashier's face, Daniel returned to his bed in a passion, and the clerk to his safe. Armed with the open sesame of "doare," however, the safe flew open without further trouble, and when Daniel arrived, mollified by a good breakfast and his morning prayer, he advised his cashier that he might keep his place, provided he would improve his time and "go tu spellin'-skool in the evenin'." —*Chicago Post.*

As a specimen of bigotry, commend us to the following, relative to John Stuart Mill, from a paper published professedly in the interests of the Church—the London *Church Herald*: "His philosophy, so called, was thoroughly anti-Christian; his sentiments daringly mischievous and outrageously wild. As a member of Parliament he was a signal failure, and his insolence to and contempt for the great Conservative party was well known. His death is no loss to anybody, for he was a rank but amiable infidel, and a most dangerous person. The sooner those 'lights of thought' who agree with him go to the same place the better will it be for both Church and State. We can well spare the whole crew of them, and shall hear of their departure, whether one by one or in a body, with calm satisfaction." —*Boston Journal.*

THE FIRST PROBLEM:

THE SOLILOQUY OF A RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN.

BY A. J. STONE, M. A.

Most strange!
Most queer,—although most excellent a change!
Shades of the prison-house, ye disappear!
My fettered thoughts have won a wider range,
And, like my legs, are free;
No longer huddled up so pitifully,
Free now to pry and probe, and peep and peer,
And make these mysteries out.
Shall a free-thinking chicken live in doubt?
For now to doubt undoubtedly I am:
This Problem's very heavy on my mind,
And I'm not one to either shrink or shun;
I won't be blundered, and I won't be blind.

Now, let me see:
First, I would know how did I get in there?
Then where was I of yore?
Besides, why didn't I get out before?

Dear me!
Here are three puzzles (out of plenty more)
Enough to give me pips upon the brain!
But let me think again.
How do I know I ever was inside?
Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
Less than my reason, and beneath my pride,
To think that I could dwell
In such a petty miserable cell
As that old shell.
Of course I couldn't! How could I have in, a
Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,
And my deep heart's sublime imaginings,
In there?

I must the notion with profound disdain;
It's quite incredible; since I declare
(And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive)
What I can't understand I won't believe.

Where did I come from, then? Ah, where indeed?
This is a riddle monstrous hard to read.
I have it! Why, of course.
All things are moulded by some plastic force
Out of some atoms somewhere up in space,
Fortuitously concurrent anyhow—
There, now!
That's plain as is the beak upon my face.

What's that I hear?
My mother cackling at me! Just her way,
So prejudiced and ignorant I say,
So far behind the wisdom of the day.

What's old I can't reverse.
Hark at her. "You're a silly chick, my dear,
That's quite as plain, sleek!
As is the piece of shell upon your back!"
How bigoted I upon my back, indeed!
I don't believe it's there,
For I can't see it; and I do declare,
For all her fond deceiving,
What I can't see I never will believe in!

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern,	New York City,	One share, \$100
Richard B. Westbrook,	Somerset, Pa.	" " 100
R. C. Spencer,	Milwaukee, Wis.	Two " 200
R. W. Howes,	Boston, Mass.	One " 100
Chas. W. Story,	Boston, Mass.	" " 100
E. W. Medlaugh,	Detroit, Mich.	Five " 500
Jacob Hoffman,	Cumminsville, O.	One " 100
John Weiss,	Boston, Mass.	" " 100
W. C. Russell,	Ithaca, N. Y.	" " 100
A. W. Leggett,	Detroit, Mich.	" " 100
B. F. Dyer,	Boston, Mass.	" " 100
James Furinton,	Lynn, Mass.	" " 100
F. A. Nichols,	Lowell, Mass.	" " 100

CASH RECEIPTS.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 15.

John Lutz, 50 cents; J. W. Grafan, \$2.00; Merritt Peckham, \$1.00; Julia E. Miller, 75 cents; H. B. Leonard, \$1.00; R. M. Mansur, 25 cents; Gilbert Knapp, \$1.00; Charles Robinson, \$1.00; Jos. Haynes, \$1.00; C. D. Allen, \$1.00; Josiah Town, \$1.00; Warren Harrington, \$1.00; A. W. Thompson, 25 cents; E. Stone, \$1.00; Robt. Parkin, 75 cents; F. E. Perkins, \$1.50; Milan Bentley, 25 cents; Walter Austin, \$2.50; G. F. Clough, \$1.50; J. H. Bufum, \$1.00; J. B. Toney, \$1.50; Jerome Ross, \$2.00; F. Rice, 50 cents; Roger Sherman, 75 cents; Max Lomair, \$1.50; Mrs. George G. Davis, \$1.00; William Ellis, \$1.00; John K. Wilson, \$1.00; A. W. Stevens, \$1.00; Eliza Wright, \$1.00; Charles Storrs, \$1.00; M. J. Knich, \$1.00; Mrs. L. A. Plummer, \$2.00; S. Grimes Morgan, \$2.00; William L. Garrison, Jr., \$12; Benj. Hallows, \$3.00; J. T. Dickins, \$3.00.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

DOLLAR DONATION FUND.

Acknowledged, with thanks, for the week ending Sept. 13:—\$1.00 each—Miss H. P. Robinson, J. Maddock, John E. Clark, J. H. Walters, Joseph Copeland; \$1.00—John Verity, Wm. Jones; \$1.50—Walter F. Austin; \$3.00—Mrs. E. F. Robeson.

The Index.

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THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B.—No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, Editor.
ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENSON, Associate Editor.
OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, WILLIAM J. POTTER, RICHARD P. HALLOWELL, WILLIAM H. SPENCER, MRS. E. D. CHENEY, REV. CHARLES VOSEBY (England), PROF. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England), REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY (England), Editorial Contributors.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 18, 1873.

NOTICE.

On and after September 1, the publication office of THE INDEX will be at No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston. All letters, papers, and other communications should be henceforth addressed to "THE INDEX, 1 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass."

Correspondents and Exchanges will please take notice.

F. R. A. CONVENTION.

The Convention of the Free Religious Association to be held in New York, of which preliminary notice was given last week, will have to be deferred a week from the time then stated,—namely, to the middle of October. Fuller particulars as to the date, hall, and speakers will be published hereafter.

WM. J. POTTER, Sec'y F. R. A.

GLIMPSES.

THE BARKIS, Orthodoxy is "going out with the tide."

PROFESSOR WISE will probably be promoted to President Foolish before he gets to Europe in his big trans-Atlantic balloon.

THE CATHOLICS denounce all secret societies as irreligious. So do the Christian Amendment people. Why do they not join hands?

A MEMBER of King Philip's family, buried only about two hundred years ago, is practising medicine in Michigan. But the medium gets all the fees.

OUT OF THE THOUSANDS of people who visited Martha's Vineyard Camp-Meeting this summer, only about sixty are reported to have been "converted." The watering-place was a success, but the revival was a failure.

COMMENTING ON the recent Lemont disaster, the Chicago Tribune advocates the imposition of a large statutory fine upon railroad companies for every railroad catastrophe. Nothing else will ever make railroad travelling in this country safe.

IT HAS BEEN decided by the Court of Appeals in New York State that to call a homeopathic physician a "quack" is libel, punishable by fine. Dr. Carroll was obliged to pay \$100 damages under this decision for applying the offensive epithet to Dr. White.

THE CATHOLIC PAPERS are sedulously trying to dissuade Catholic parents from sending their children to the public schools, and laboring to build up parochial schools in their stead. All who advocate Bible-reading in the public schools are unwittingly helping them in this ruinous enterprise.

AN ATTEMPT to rob a railway train on the Missouri Pacific railroad, near Holden, was about as successful as General Butler's attempt to rob the State of Massachusetts of its governorship. In point of morality the two attempts were on a par. Bullets did the work of salvation in one case, and ballots in the other. Prospects are improving.

THE HIGHEST PEAKS in the United States are now declared by Professor Hayden, of the Geological Survey, to be in Colorado, and to measure over 18,500 feet above the level of the sea. We are glad at last to know where they are. In Biblical phrase, these

so-called "highest peaks" appear to "skip like rams." Who knows but they may yet turn up on the prairies of Illinois, and furnish a new and triumphant proof of the infallibility of the Holy Scriptures?

THE CITY OF BROOKLYN is about to abolish the distinction between "white" and "colored" schools. There are four "colored" schools at present, with an aggregate average attendance of about four hundred pupils. Practically the distinction has been abolished already, as white children are admitted to the "colored" schools and colored children to the "white" schools. But all such distinctions are out of harmony with the spirit of American institutions, and it is well not to perpetuate them.

"SPIRITUALISM is a sublime mockery," said the Boston Globe. "We appeal to the thousands of Spiritualists of Boston and elsewhere, whose beautiful faith is so ruthlessly assailed, to drop that venal sheet as they would a rattlesnake!" retorts the Banner of Light. Are vituperation and revenge the Banner's best answer to scepticism? If Spiritualism is true, that advice must have been a communication direct from Torquemada. The next will be: "Catch the editor of the Globe, and burn him at the stake!"

THE MEETING of the Evangelical Alliance next October, in New York city, promises to be of no little interest. The topics for discussion indirectly illustrate the truth of Mr. Frothingham's views of Church Union, as set forth in his striking "Dream of Unity," published in a late INDEX. Nothing is plainer than that the Alliance is a simple "league for self-defence." An article copied elsewhere in this issue will give valuable information on the approaching meeting; and the convention of the Free Religious Association, immediately succeeding, ought to be well attended.

THE CORPORATION COUNSEL of Chicago has notified the Department of Education that denominational schools are entitled to no part of the money raised by taxation for school purposes. Does this notice cover the public schools in which Bible-reading is permitted as a religious exercise? If not, it is time to understand that all such schools are "denominational" in the proper sense of the word, since the "reading of the Bible without note or comment" is a distinctive mark of Protestantism, and Protestants are a "denomination," or sect, as compared with Catholics, Jews, and "infidels."

THE LIBERAL ASSOCIATION of Paris, Illinois, have just issued the first number of the Truth Seeker, a neat little sheet of eight pages to be published monthly at fifty cents a year. It contains several well-written articles of a thoroughly liberal and temperate character, and promises to help forward the cause of "independent thought, free inquiry, and free speech," to the best of its ability. It is a task of no small difficulty to establish a new radical paper; but we heartily wish well to every such attempt, knowing that each new voice for freedom of thought will be heard by some who have not heard the earlier voices. Success to the new venture!

THE EXECUTION of the Modoc leaders early next month will be wretched and mournful business. They did but commit treachery on a small scale which had been already committed against themselves on a large scale. The assassination of General Canby was the natural sequence of the Wright massacre. Alas for the gospel of "iron and blood"! What good will it do to make Captain Jack a hero for all time? It was inevitable to fight him while in open war against the nation, bitter as had been his wrongs at its hands; but now to butcher him when he is a defenceless prisoner is part of that barbarism which will cling to us just as long as we retain the death penalty.

DANIEL DREW, it seems, spells *door* thus—"doare." He thinks that "any fool can spell doare," and was for turning off his cashier for doubt on the point. Mr. Drew being a good Methodist, this proves that Orthodoxy and Orthography do not always go together. But then Orthodoxy can go alone. Who cares for spelling, when one is engaged in getting rich and at the same time in saving his own soul from something infinitely worse than being sent to the foot of his class? When Clive Newcome resented Ethel's praise of his jewelry, while he secretly hankered for some expression of affection, she sarcastically exclaimed: "So you have a soul above buttons!" If anybody laughs at Mr. Drew's heterography, it should be remembered that he is innocent of heterodoxy, and has a soul above spelling-books. He would have been just as good a Christian, if he had used up the whole alphabet in spelling *door*. Exemplary and

shrewd D. D., to have "an eye to the main chance" in two worlds at once!

MASSACHUSETTS has just saved her own honor by rebuking the impudent claims of Benjamin F. Butler to be her chief executive officer, and by resenting the outrageous interference of United States officials in his behalf. If the Liberal Republicans avoid hereafter the miserable mistakes of last year, they will find it easy to carry everything before them by the time another Presidential election comes round. Such palpable abuses of Administration influence will not long be endured. But Massachusetts has one act of self-humiliation to perform, and that before long, or it will be impossible even by this means to save herself from indelible disgrace. Let her repeal her idiotic censure of Charles Sumner, and apologize as best she may for the stinging ingratitude with which she thus repaid the best, purest, and bravest of her public servants. If Sumner dies before this act of barest justice is done, the stain upon her fame will grow blacker with every year; and history will record that the Old Bay State let her greatest living son go to his grave, having received from her own hands a blow more foul and wicked than that of the Southerner's bloody bludgeon.

THE NEW YORK NATION, looking at the subject certainly from no fanatical stand-point, says that "at this moment religious differences are convulsing the continent of Europe, and underlie half, at least, of the most important questions which agitate English politics. It would be a less arduous undertaking to change the English monarchy into a republic than seriously to modify the creed of the Church of England. Theological dogmas may be untrue, but no practical politician can treat them as unimportant." In the last analysis, all these "religious differences" turn on the radical conflict between Christianity and freedom; and it is only defect of vision which prevents people from seeing that in this country, as well as in Europe, the same conflict is rapidly coming to a crisis. Twist and squirm as they may, so-called "Liberal Christians" will be caught up by the logic of events like fractious children, and set down plumply, if not gently, before a fact they are trying very hard not to see,—the fact that they cannot fight Romanism and Evangelicalism without fighting Christianity. This truth we specially commend to the *Christian Register*, a late issue of which contained a most admirable editorial on "Our Common School System Threatened" by Catholic machinations. THE INDEX stands on the solid earth, and lays its axe to the root of the tree of Christianity; while the *Register*, perched on one of the branches, is assiduously sawing it off between itself and the trunk. Will no considerate friend put a feather-bed under it?

THE "INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1876," to be held in Philadelphia in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence, promises to be a great affair. Over two and a half millions of dollars were raised for the purpose as early as last May. The *Journal of Proceedings of the United States Centennial Commission* has a little more than a becoming proportion of "spread-eagle oratory," also some obscure intimations leak out that a want of harmony exists in the conduct of affairs. There seems to have been a quite unnecessary shyness, on the part of the Centennial Commission, about recognizing the Women's Centennial Association as a "branch" of itself; and the vague complimentary resolutions passed do not take the place of a frank, generous welcome to the women as equally entitled to the honor of participating in what ought to be a national enterprise. The men are only half the nation. The "Revolutionary Fathers" were no more important than the Revolutionary Mothers; and since the Commission has no female members, the least it can do is to let the women form a distinct "branch." The shilly-shallying over this whole subject is rather disgusting to one who believes less in "man"-ity than in humanity. One other point ought not to be overlooked. Among those who aided powerfully in the establishment of our national independence, the services of Thomas Paine ought to be specially remembered. If there are any free thinkers in the Commission, it is their especial duty to see that, whatever expressions of gratitude may be made to others, Thomas Paine shall neither be forgotten nor ignored. Let his portrait, which so mysteriously disappeared years ago from Independence Hall, be hunted up and restored to its honorable place. It was free thought which laid the foundations of the nation; and the nation will be shamefully ungrateful if it now, in its hour of jubilation, turns the cold shoulder to the great free thinkers without whom it would never have been.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

When the reduction of the size of THE INDEX was made last April, we promised that justice should be done by an extension of the period of subscription to those subscribers who had paid or should pay \$3.00 for a year. The same promise was made in substance by the five Directors of the Index Association who signed the "Card" in THE INDEX of June 21.

The paper having now been re-enlarged to dimensions as great as \$5.00 a year will really pay for at our present circulation, the time has come to redeem the promises made; and this will be done in strict fidelity to their letter and spirit. All who remitted \$3.00 for a year's subscription at any time between September 28, 1872, and April 1, 1873, are in equity entitled to an extension of five months beyond the date now standing on the printed mail-tags affixed to their papers. All who remitted \$3.00 at any time between April 1 and September 1, 1873, are entitled to an extension less in amount, which must be calculated separately in each case. We are now printing as large a paper as we can afford for the price asked; and it is a fair equivalent for the money, \$3.00 for twelve pages being at the same ratio as \$2.00 for eight pages, our first price and size.

This extension of the subscription period as explained is simply a matter of justice to our subscribers, and will be most cheerfully made. But in order to save an immense amount of labor in comparing the mail-list with the subscription books, for which time cannot be taken without seriously interfering with proper attention to current business, it is necessary that all who wish their subscription periods extended should notify us as nearly as possible of the precise date when they paid the \$3.00. For every subscriber entitled to extension who does this, the proper extension will be made at once by changing the date on his printed label. In all other cases we shall be obliged to assume that our subscribers prefer to leave the dates as they are.

And we hope that the majority of our subscribers will be disposed to waive voluntarily their unquestioned right to an extension of time, in order to help the paper and save it from serious, if not dangerous, embarrassment. Should they all insist on it, the protracted postponement of their renewals would involve the paper in unavoidable financial difficulties. THE INDEX, like all other papers, must depend mainly on its subscription list; and if the receipts from this source are cut off several months, the result cannot but be disastrous. Hence we trust that our subscribers will generously contribute the surplus amount already paid in, and renew promptly on the expiration of their present terms. It will be very gratifying to us, and to all who wish well to the paper, if we are early assured of this kind willingness to divide the burden of still recent misfortunes, and to second our own efforts to place THE INDEX at last beyond all need of extraneous aid.

THE "RELIGION OF NATURE."

The leading paper of THE INDEX this week is a letter by Hon. Gerrit Smith, first published by himself in the form of a circular for free distribution. It is a criticism upon THE INDEX, marked by the peculiar geniality and spirit of benevolence which characterize all his writings. Had it not been for various reasons unnecessary to explain, we should have given it an earlier insertion in our columns. The opinion of such a man as Mr. Smith, whose name has been identified for many decades with every movement that promised to elevate and benefit mankind, is entitled to the greatest respect; and we think the best way to show it is to lay his letter before our readers, in order that they may freely judge how far his criticisms are applicable. Possessed of a large measure of wealth, it has been his life-long habit to "place it where it will do the most good," in a sense widely unlike that in which Oakes Ames has immortalized the phrase; and if he intellectually differed from THE INDEX ten times as much as he does, we should still have to look far and long before finding a nobler illustration of the life which THE INDEX would fain see lived by all.

While even a casual reader will perceive at once many points of difference between Mr. Smith's views and those usually advocated by us, we nevertheless venture to think that on the main question we are not very far apart. The following sentence in his letter seems to contain the essence of his, as well as our own, position:—

"The religion of Nature is the one true religion. If Christianity does not recognize this fact, then THE INDEX is right in repudiating Christianity."

To the religion of Nature we certainly would be

loyal, and on this fundamental point there is no difference at all. Mr. Smith himself says, towards the close of his letter:—

"Perhaps I have unduly magnified the difference between it [THE INDEX] and myself. This difference may be wholly in our definitions of Christianity."

All thinkers who clearly and explicitly recognize the adequacy of natural religion, and are consciously willing to abide by it, even if it can be shown that natural religion and Christianity are at variance, are really on the same side in the great issue between naturalism and supernaturalism. They all plant themselves on the same essential truths of the adequacy of Nature as the source of all knowledge and the adequacy of Reason as the interpreter of Nature. However widely they may diverge in the views they hold of Christianity and its relation to natural religion, they all agree in adhering to the latter under all circumstances, teach what it may. Without at all underestimating the importance of sound historical and philosophical views of Christianity, we would emphatically affirm the far superior importance of a genuine reliance upon Nature and Reason; and those critics do great injustice to our thought who conclude, as Mrs. Julia Ward Howe once wittily expressed it, that our sole watchword is—"Delenda est Christianitas." Our whole object is affirmative, not negative; and the negative work of THE INDEX, its strenuous opposition to the ancient theology and ecclesiasticism and cultus of Christianity, results wholly from our conviction that Christianity is in fact irreconcilable with natural religion.

In planting himself, therefore, first of all upon Nature as his foundation, confessedly whether Christianity is or is not upon the same foundation, Mr. Smith shows that his sympathies and convictions are radically in the same direction with our own; and this vital agreement is of more consequence than any minor disagreements. Of course we cannot help believing that we are correct in supposing Christianity to rest on a foundation of supernaturalism; its supernaturalistic basis does not by any means appear to us an "unchristian mixture," but rather as the very cornerstone of all really Christian faith. The manner, however, in which Mr. Smith defends Christianity will give but cold comfort to those Christians who are penetrating enough to perceive that he defends it purely on naturalistic premises. He expressly disowns the "superstitions and speculations, legends and myths," upon which all Christians are bound to rest the whole structure of their faith; and it is only on the assumption that all these are corruptions and "unchristian mixtures" that he dissents from our own view of Christianity. This being the state of the case, we are entirely willing to waive discussion for the present as to the doctrine of prayer, the superiority of the Bible over all other books, the influence of Christianity in "holding millions to their uncorrupted nature," the superiority of Jesus to all other men, and other points on which we respectfully dissent from our honored critic; and we are quite content simply to call attention to the fact that he expresses a far profounder agreement than disagreement with the general aim and purpose of THE INDEX.

ONLY ONE MEETING-HOUSE.

The town of Gouldsboro, Me., is a rare instance of a New England village which, until within a year or two, had no "meeting-house." The community, although perhaps mainly Evangelical in its religious faith, has also a large sprinkling of Universalists and other liberal thinkers; and yet so little jealous controversy has been excited that even now the new building is called a "Union Church," in which all the Evangelical sects are welcomed, and from which even Unitarians are not wholly excluded. The services are not held regularly, nor is there any settled minister; and the expression of one of the citizens was that "they built the meeting-house more to look at than for anything else."

In the West part of the town, a few years ago, an energetic woman of liberal views persuaded the people to form a joint-stock company and put up a building, of which the lower part is a good school-room and the upper part a small hall with an ante-room, capable of seating about a hundred and fifty people. This hall is let for such travelling entertainments as come to the town, and also for meetings of the citizens, and for services on Sunday when they have any one to address them. For several summers a young clergyman, sometimes an undergraduate of the Divinity School, has preached for his board, being boarded round among different families in the old fashion of "the country schoolmaster." The services during the summer were simple and pleasant, and in the af-

ternoon a Sunday-school was held for the children. Except during this brief period there are no regular religious services in this part of the town.

I was interested, of course, in the inquiry whether any marked differences in morals or character could be seen between this and other New England towns of similar size, where three or four spires indicate as many different sects diligently pursuing their work, and where Sunday is kept only as a day of church-going. I must confess that I could not see any very strong contrast, and certainly not any unfavorable one. The village is very neat, orderly, and quiet. All the people seem thrifty and comfortable. I did not see a sign of intemperance during my two months' stay there. The people seemed quite up to the average of our country people in intelligence and manners, and the general good feeling prevalent among them was more than once observed.

Yet it was plain to see that much more might be done for intellectual improvement, and especially for æsthetic culture. The school-house was bare and unattractive, and a good committee might make great improvements in the course of instruction given. There is a town library, but it is not as useful as it ought to be, and the Sunday-school does not attract half the children to whom it might be made a benefit. It seemed evident that a liberal free organization for moral and religious improvement, with an intelligent leader at its head, either man or woman, might do a great good here, finding no hindrances of old prejudice or sectarian feeling in the way. Now is not this a picture of the condition of many of our country towns, and do we not see that the way is opening for new and freer institutions of social worship which are to give us the benefits of religious instruction and communion without the narrowness and bigotry of the old method? E. D. C.

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE AND FOOLISH WISDOM.

It is not an uncommon remark with some, when witnessing the calm or enthusiastic happiness (as the case may be) of Evangelical Christians, in the possession and manifestation of their peculiar views of religion: "Why, when these people appear to be so contented and satisfied with their intellectual and religious state, and even joyful in it, why try to convert them to more rational views? Why not let them alone, and keep your larger and truer thoughts to yourself? The chances are that you will only disturb and unsettle them altogether, without making them really any better or wiser. They are happy as they are, and, on the whole, are doing very well. Better pass them by entirely with your thought; or, at any rate, leave them to learn slowly by their own observation and unaided thinking."

Such reasoning has a very plausible sound, and, at particular times, one is rather impressed by it; especially if one has not overmuch of the aggressive and proselytizing spirit. But is this reasoning sound? Is this advice, which is almost always given rather interrogatively than emphatically, good and safe?

It seems to me that all which is suggested here is the old saying that, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." But, in the first place, we cannot be perfectly sure that, in any given case, we have found just exactly where ignorance is bliss. The old views may appear to afford happiness when really they do not. Evangelical people are by no means always made happy by the religious opinions they entertain. This is especially the case with Calvinists. There is something intrinsically gloomy and depressing in Calvinism, and Calvinists feel it, and in privacy and silence shudder under its cold shadow. It is only when they can forget hell and its horrors, and their dread and fear of it, and are able to fix their minds on heaven and its imagined glories, and surrender themselves to warm-blooded hope, that they experience any real happiness in the possession of their narrow views. The Methodists are better off in this respect, but only just in so far as the views they entertain are themselves less austere. Yet even they are not so blissful as they seem. It has been my fortune to be well acquainted with many Methodists, both clerical and lay members. I have lived in their very midst, and associated with them familiarly for weeks, months, and years. I have been behind the scenes of their denominational manifestations, and observed them when they were not under the excitement and frenzy of their prayer and revival meetings, but were living their common, daily lives; and I am not prepared to acknowledge that Methodists even are, on the whole, made especially happy by the views they hold. Their feelings effervesce a great deal; they frequently go off into ecstasies and raptures. But this is

a denominational and traditional peculiarity, and evidences a superficial and transient rather than a deep and permanent state of feeling. The Methodist religion is highly dramatic; it is full of scenic and startling effects; and many of those who, in meeting, seem to be so happy, are, when off the stage and not wound up to revival pitch, not to be distinguished from unevangelical people on account of their measure of happiness. Indeed, they are often quite unhappy, and suffer from a reaction which their former unnatural and unwholesome ecstasy induces. I am not, therefore, at all inclined to allow that, on the score of bliss, ignorance has any advantage over wisdom. In most cases which come under observation appearances prove deceitful. The blissful ignorance is a cheat, and therefore the foolishness of wisdom is not demonstrated.

But even granting that ignorance and superstition are consistent with happiness, nevertheless it will be hard to find the man who will not claim that knowledge is more to be desired than ignorance, and that a state in which reason is fairly and freely exercised is better than a state of superstition. Not to claim this would be virtually to deny that mankind are at all benefited by being civilized, or that childhood gains anything by advancing to maturity. If the new views are truer than the old, then unquestionably the old ought to be superseded by the new. If Free Religion is any more enlightened, any more rational, any more scientific than Evangelicalism, then the principles of Free Religion ought to be as widely taught as possible. The pivot on which this whole matter turns is really the question of the *degree of truth* involved in the old and the new ideas. That which is truer is better, no matter whether it produces the most happiness or not. If the radical's thought is larger and truer than the conservative's, then the question of the happiness of either must not be primarily considered; whoever or whatever is disturbed and unsettled, the greater truth should be proclaimed. Nobody who has any real *faith in the truth* can doubt or hesitate a moment as to the expediency of presenting it to all,—always of course observing proper methods, times, and places. The only foolishness of wisdom which I can conceive of is the foolishness of not being faithful to the truth, of not believing in the virtue of rational ideas, the safety as well as beauty of free and fearless thought. The risks of knowledge are small in comparison with those of ignorance. It is better even to know that you do not know, than ignorantly to suppose that you do. A large part of wisdom, indeed, consists in being conscious of our own ignorance; the rest in getting the right attitude and method of inquiry, and in holding a great expectancy of the future. In becoming intelligent and free our happiness will take care of itself. I would rather risk mine with this simple sum of knowledge—that natural laws are universal and invariable—than with all the best popular beliefs about God, a Savior, and a heaven.

A. W. S.

THE sextonship of a New York church pays three thousand dollars per year, and perquisites make it two thousand dollars more. Then the sexton hires a man to do all the work for one thousand dollars.

At an elegant dinner party given in Washington the *enfant terrible* of the family was permitted to occupy a seat near one of the most distinguished guests. Moreover the young man has a sister who is a shining belle in society. Eliza is the name of the young lady, but the scapegrace will call her Lize. The company were startled by the youngster asking, "Why is father like the devil?" An awkward pause ensued. Then he shouted out, "Because he is the father of Lize." That boy did not get his deserts, for he was sent to bed.

A MINISTER had a negro in his family. One Sunday, when he was preaching, he happened to look in the pew where the negro was, and could hardly contain himself as he saw the negro, who could not read or write a word, scribbling away most industriously. After meeting, he said to the negro: "Tom, what were you doing in the church?" "Taking notes, massa; all le gemmen takes notes." "Bring your notes here and let me see them." Tom brought his notes, which looked more like Chinese than English. "Why, Tom, this is all nonsense." "I thought so, massa, all the time you was preaching it."—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

THE *Christian Register* (Boston) it seems to us, in its frequent allusions to Free Religion, insinuates rather than attacks, strikes in the rear rather than assails from the front. In a recent issue it seems to speak spitefully of Free Religion, but never for a moment grapples it in a brave and manly wrestle. It reminds us of a boy who shoots out his lip at a passer-by from his father's yard-gate. Why does not the *Register* step out into the "big road" and invite encounter? That would look better and be better. That, or else it should be still. We wonder if it has ever occurred to the *Register* that Free Religion is largely the logic of its own ism.—*Living Christian*.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.
N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.
N. B.—(Slightly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.
N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

DEFENCE OF ORTHODOXY.

QUINCY, MASS., Sept. 1, 1873.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE INDEX":

Dear Sir,—I do not know as it will be of any use for me to pen a few thoughts for your paper, in relation to Christ and his work; but feeling desirous that the truth should prevail, I am induced to make the attempt to reach your readers.

In a late number of THE INDEX, I noticed the following charges made against Christians: "A good life is not so important to the Christian as faith in Christ." "To walk in the way of daily righteousness is a smaller matter to the Christian than to stand up for Jesus." "With all Christians loyalty to Christ is before all things else."

Now I do not suppose that Mr. Stevens intended to misrepresent those whom he terms Christians; but still it is evident that he does not fully comprehend the mysteries of our glorious system of religion. "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness" to the believer, for the simple reason that he helps us to become righteous.

Imagine a wanderer on the great Saharan desert, with clouds of sand impeding his progress,—when will he reach his desired haven? His wish is simply to cross the desert; but he cannot do this on account of an obstacle; namely, the flying sand obscuring his vision and thwarting all his well-meant efforts. Supposing an apparatus should be contrived, by using which daily he could brush from him the flying sand, and thus pursue his journey unmolested. On meeting this man, you perceive him beating the air, and you say to him: "Sir, why do you waste your strength on that piece of machinery instead of marching boldly on, across this arid desert?" But he replies: "I cannot stir, sir, with this sand before me."

I can no more cross the waste places of sin with which I come in contact, without help, than could this traveller the desert before him. It is a good thing to be determined to do right; but it is a better thing to be able always to do right. I cannot do right at all times without Christ, and that is the reason I use him so much. He is a piece of spiritual mechanism, with which I can brush away the clouds of sin from my path, and without which I cannot "view the Canaan we love with unobscured eyes." It is grand to be able to overcome sin of ourselves; but if we find we cannot do this, is it not glorious to find some one who can help us?

Now the grand and almost exclusive work of Christ in coming to this earth was to help those who "have no might." A few may not need his assistance; but the many do, most emphatically. We believe in Jesus, not as an end, but simply as a means to an end; as we would grasp a rope extended to us when in danger of drowning. Christ is nothing except as he enables us to "walk in the way of daily righteousness." To "stand up for Jesus" is simply to show his power to aid us in leading a good life. The historical Christ is not of so much value to us as the ever-present one of to-day. Hovering over us are his angels, led by him to the aid of every needy sinner. The air is full of these soldiers of our "great Captain," seeking to lift us from degradation and arm us with power to resist evil. Breathe ever so faintly your wishes to this Savior, and he despatches an angel to your aid, and you are delivered from the impending danger.

Now these are my views of Christ, and I would rejoice to see our "free religious" friends embracing them. I am not a sectarian. I belong to no sect, but I rely on the Christ-spirit to enable me to do what my conscience directs. It seems to me that those who reject the proffered aid of Jesus are like a mariner who essays to find his path across the ocean in the midst of fogs without taking soundings, or making observations; and that the same fate may clutch him in its terrible destiny which awaited the noble steamers that have lately experienced the melancholy consequences of disregarding nautical laws.

Yours for Jesus as a helper,

C. STEARNS.

[It would be hard to find a more truly "liberal" Christian than the writer of the above sweet-tempered vindication of faith in Christ, which we are very glad to print. But we say frankly that the aid got from the "piece of spiritual mechanism" described is, in our opinion, the aid of our own muscles after all. If Mr. Stearns finds help towards righteousness in the fancy that he is lifted into it by a Divine system of pulleys and ropes, we certainly rejoice, as a good neighbor should; but we cannot forbear to inquire whether, after all, it is he or the pulley that is righteous? If it is we who are to be righteous, it is we who have got to think, say, and do the righteous things; whereas, if Christ and his angels put us through the mere motion of righteousness, while we are still unrighteous at heart, what is the genuine moral worth of the operation at last? The fact is, all

the righteousness we ever acquire we must earn, like our bread, by the sweat of our brows; we must stop cheating, lying, injuring each other and ruining ourselves, and practise the virtues we covet by honest exertions of our own in the face of all temptations. Depend upon it, it is all a delusion to imagine that somebody else is going to make us good. If you don't make yourself good, bad you will remain to the end of your days.—Ed.]

ARE ALL CHRISTIANS BIGOTS?

MR. EDITOR:—After reading THE INDEX for nearly four years, it may seem strange that I should still question your fundamental proposition that Christians are necessarily illiberal. That they have no sympathy with mere doubters, and manifest little tolerance for sceptics, I freely admit; but these feelings are shared by many who make no claim to Christian fellowship. While heartily agreeing with you that Ideas, not Persons, claim our undivided reverence, and that, consequently, the name Christ is an obstacle rather than a means to religious culture, I have but little sympathy with the doubter, and regard the state of scepticism as the most miserable condition in which the mind of man can be placed.

In estimating Christian liberality, must we not take the matured convictions of the thoughtful and cultured believer for our starting point? You certainly would not look for Christian thought in the notions held by the unthinking believers, however great may be their numerical majority. The Christian and the Liberal alike agree in recognizing Ideas as essential to spiritual growth; both cherish bright visions of high Ideals yet to be worked out in humanity. One relies more upon the operation of the Universal Spirit (Holy Ghost) upon man's spiritual nature, the communion of spirit with the spiritual; the other, apparently, upon what Mr. Towne somewhat contemptuously termed "mere ideas of the understanding."

Thoughtful Christians, even earnest Calvinists of the most rigid Evangelical school, recognize such men as you and your co-laborers to be in spirit their brothers, in so far as you seek after truth, or "godliness" as they term it. Their very Christ is an Idea—an Ideal Man; and when they see a fellow-man obey the Ideal of "godliness," though he rejects the name, or symbol by which it is known to them in speech, they believe he is Christian; that is, striving to realize this Ideal, or be "Christ-like."

We believe that this Ideal has never yet been clothed in mortal flesh. The Christian identifies the name Christ with his ideal, and believes in consequence that where this Ideal is sought, Christ is, whether recognized or not. The main thing is the attainment of the "Spirit of Christ," and faith in its possibility. This they assert to be the "faith" essential to "salvation."

Can we not discriminate between Christian thought and the unthinking credence of noisy Evangelicalism? David Hume commences an essay, entitled "Of Some Verbal Disputes" [App. IV., *Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals*] with these words: "Nothing is more usual than for philosophers to encroach upon the province of grammarians, and to engage in disputes of words, while they imagine that they are handling controversies of the deepest importance and concern." In our efforts to be true, confessed by Christian and Liberal alike to be the highest effort, let us not forget to be just, nor imitate in argument the example of the sects.

D. D. L.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

[We cannot repress our astonishment that a reader of THE INDEX "for nearly four years" should imagine it to be our "fundamental proposition that Christians are necessarily illiberal." Surely, that is a very different proposition from the statement that *Christianity and liberty are irreconcilable*. Believing the latter, it is still possible to believe also that Christians are inconsistent,—especially Protestant Christians. Our correspondent discriminates above very beautifully and justly; but he must have read THE INDEX very hastily. If our friends so fundamentally mistake our meaning, what can be expected of our opponents? Many Christians, and very many Protestant Christians, are exceedingly liberal; but they are so in contradiction of the whole logic and drift of the religious system they imagine they accept. Their growing liberality is the self-evident decay of their Christianity,—that is all. Whoever inquires into the temper of Christians when Christianity was supreme, and studies history rather than milk-and-water discourses of mislabelled rationalism, will see at once what we mean.—Ed.]

"THERE'S NO SUCH PERSON!"

Is it not strange, MR. INDEX, that no question is made of the actual existence of Jesus, even by those who deny his miraculous birth, his miracles, and the morality of many of his parables?

I may say that I have never met man or woman who did not incline to believe that Jesus had some sort of peripatetic existence on the earth. Even in your advanced journal, I doubt if I have ever seen a single distinct statement that the story of Jesus is a monkish legend, having no substance in fact; and that Christianity is one of the phases of religious evolution, a natural outgrowth of cultured paganism, suited to the intelligence of eighteen hundred years ago by reason of lack of development, and seemingly

sulted still to the average intelligence of our own day for the same reason.

Why should liberal men waste any more time over the details of Christ's possible existence, when they have only to take a stand on the absolute non-existence of any such person to be able to fight their battle wisely? The denial of Jesus' existence at any time, in any manner, withdraws the case from court.

Discussion, historic or theological, is and will soon be found to be pure inanity, unworthy of men. But the time is coming when there will be only two camps,—one of superstition or of intentional deception, the other of science, of knowledge, of conviction.

All the intermediate skirmishing helps the cause of error. All the importance attached to Jesus as a person, and to Christianity as anything more than a phase of mental religious evolution, has no special value, and is fatal to the liberal cause.

Choose, if you please, one of your good writers, and ask him if he believes in the miraculous conception? No. In the miracles? No. In any of the circumstances as detailed in the so-called Gospels? No. And thus denying absolutely all that goes to make up the story of Jesus, he will probably still cling to the belief that there must have been some such person.

It may be a trifling matter whether there was a person called Jesus or not; but the admission of it in argument is unnecessary, weak, illogical, impolitic, and fatal to your cause. J. A.

[If the admission of such a confessedly "trifling matter" as the historic existence of Jesus is nevertheless "fatal to our cause," what sort of a cause is it? Frankly, we should be ashamed of any cause which could be so easily demolished. The cause we believe in would be just as true and strong if there had been fifty Christs, as it is now with the probability that there has been one, so-called. The principles and ideas of religious radicalism do not depend on any man's existence; and the possible existence of Jesus no more affects them than it affects the truths of geometry.]

But if it were otherwise,—if the admission that Jesus once lived on this earth were indeed "fatal" to the liberal cause,—we should be thoroughly ashamed to make or refuse to make that admission merely with a view to hold the vantage-ground in argument. The question to be answered is simply—did Jesus really live or not? It should be answered honestly, no matter what becomes of the "liberal cause." Our correspondent seems quite unaware what degrading advice he gives to the liberals, when he urges them to deny the existence of Jesus solely as a stroke of polemical policy. His existence is a purely historical question, to be determined by purely historical evidence; and whoever undertakes to answer such questions from any bias of prejudice or any purpose of policy sets the worst possible example to mankind,—the very example, in fact, which has been too long set by theologians. There have been many liberals who have absolutely denied that any such person as Jesus ever lived, some by the honest study of the historical evidences, others from the motives illustrated by our correspondent; but our own ground is different. Without caring particularly whether Jesus ever lived or not, we incline to the opinion that he is an historical character, whose career has been largely embellished by credulity and the myth-making tendency of human nature. But the liberal cause is safe so long as liberty is better than servitude, truth than falsehood, virtue than vice; and it is puerile to fear that any harm can come to it by admitting that Jesus once lived an actual life among men. The Christian cause indeed demands faith in his existence and divine mission; the liberal cause leaves history to solve all its own problems without any apprehension of its results.—Ed.]

A TRUE-BLUE SERMON.

TRENTON, N. J., July 8, 1873.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE INDEX":

Dear Sir,—Last Sunday night I heard a sermon by Rev. Mr. Hanly, a noted preacher in the Methodist Church. It struck me as being a sermon in which Orthodoxy was wrapped up entire. It had two salient points. 1st. "The whole aim of life should be to live so as to be accepted of God."

This point was illustrated by the case of a student, just graduated, who was thinking of his future life, and what his aim therein should be. He thought how, when he was a school-boy, his aim had been to go to college; when a freshman, to be a sophomore; when a sophomore, to be a junior; when a junior, to be a senior; but what now should he work for? It crossed his mind that success was the goal of the future; but what beyond success? Then comes the Judgment: and now it flashed across his mind that the Judgment might not wait till he had achieved success. He might be called before a day was out, and he saw in that moment that to prepare for the Judgment should be the aim of the entire life of every one, for no one can tell at what moment death may come and find him unprepared. Wealth is worth nothing, for it can avail nothing hereafter; learning wisdom amounts to nothing, for it is a thing of this earth.

The grand point was that "every earthly pursuit

should be given up for the one great object of life, to live so as to please God, and by this means save our own souls from hell fire."

Now is not this the same spirit that during the Middle Ages drew all the best minds from useful labor, and shut them up in a hell on earth in order that they might gain heaven in the life to come?

This selfish precept is the necessary outcome of a belief in heaven and hell; and could anything be more contrary to modern progress? As I thought of this while hearing the sermon, I thought I never had realized more forcibly that Orthodoxy is doomed. That any great number of persons should live a life such as is indicated by this rule, a life devoted entirely to self-purification, or rather to self-annihilation, apart entirely from all the interests of earthly life, is, in the intensely industrial civilization of the present day, an impossibility. Consequently the Church, which by the nature of its dogmas is compelled to inculcate a life so utterly in opposition to the existing state of things, is surely doomed to die.

The myth of future rewards and punishments has always been and always will be the most formidable weapon of the theologian. If this loses its power, his genius will soon become extinct, and natural selection will have worked its greatest miracle. Truly, then, is industrial civilization a great enemy of dogmas, not only directly destroying them by conflict and comparison, but also destroying some beliefs by opposing or preventing the action which they necessarily tend to produce, thus undermining them, and leaving them to fall away and decay.

The second point of this really logical sermon, logical because it set forth so forcibly, though unintentionally, the tendencies of Orthodoxy, and showed so clearly the key-stones of the structure, may be best expressed in the words of the speaker:—

"I believe that the source of infidelity in every case is in the heart, not in the intellect."

Now this somewhat astonished me at first, for I thought I knew both Christians and infidels with noble hearts, and besides I had believed that infidelity usually resulted from the possession of more brains than the average in the age in which the infidel lived or lives. But as I sat there listening to that sermon, and thinking of the fearful doctrines he taught of hell and the cruelty of God,—thinking of the intense religious selfishness that made the one aim of this human life the saving of self from fire,—it stole across my mind that perhaps he was right. Perhaps it is so; perhaps deficiency of sympathy, distrust of humanity, selfishness, in short a defective heart, does have a great deal to do with the wide-spread belief in Christian dogmas: perhaps one great "source of infidelity in every case" is a nobler, more sympathetic, more human heart than it is the lot of common humanity to possess.

FRANK PARSON.

ATONEMENT BY INJUSTICE.

REV. I. R. GATES, Philadelphia:

Dear Sir,—This communication is a reply to a discourse delivered by yourself at the Presbyterian Church in New Milford on the "Atonement of Christ." Discussion on religion ought to be free; and, leaving prejudice out of the question, I wish to examine a few of the remarks you then made. I had no means there at hand to report your discourse verbatim, and now criticize the substance of your remarks from memory only.

In your discourse you stated that "God was perfect in all his attributes—perfect in his attribute of love, perfect in his attribute of mercy, perfect in his attribute of justice;" all this I have long since been a firm believer in.

But as you advanced with your discourse, it appeared to me that you destroyed his attribute of justice by substituting his attribute of mercy; and the conclusion that I drew from your illustrations was that the whole theory or doctrine of redemption has for its basis an idea of pecuniary justice, and not that of moral justice.

If I remember correctly, the first illustration was that of a drafted man who was under an obligation to the Government. During our late war he was called upon to discharge it, and did discharge it by engaging a substitute, who lost his life by taking this man's place. The drafted man had committed no crime against the laws of his country, but simply discharged an obligation which was satisfied by his sending a substitute. It was not necessary that the substitute should lose his life to discharge that obligation to the Government. His losing his life was purely accidental, and would have been as fully satisfied had the substitute lived.

The next illustration was that of a man owing another person money. When the debt became due, the creditor came for his money; but the debtor acknowledged his inability to pay it. Then a friend steps up and pays the debt. Here again no crime had been committed; and in both instances justice was satisfied.

The next illustration was of a certain school-boy who had repeatedly broken the rules of the school, and received punishment by having the lash applied to his person. One day, when brought forward to receive punishment for a violation of the rules of the school (which dollars and cents would not satisfy), a small school-boy, a cripple, and highly esteemed and loved by all the school, arose and said, "Master, let me take this whipping for him." The teacher assented, and punished the substitute; but, doubting in his own mind whether justice was satisfied, he called for the real offender to come forward and receive the same punishment that the substitute had received. But "no!" cries the whole school; "this little innocent boy has paid the debt for him." The teacher admitted the fact, and discharged the offender. This appears to me to have been very unjust, and contrary to the very idea of justice.

Now allow me to give an example that bears on the same point as the last illustration quoted. Suppose that I murder a man; I have committed the greatest crime against man upon our statute books. I am taken into court, tried, and convicted of murder in the first degree, and justly sentenced to be hung. Then a friend of mine appears and says to the court that has passed sentence against me, "Let me take this man's place, and pay the debt for him." The court complies, and, substituting the innocent for the guilty, shows me mercy. This you call justice. To me it has the appearance of satisfying a morbid desire for indiscriminate revenge. A little reflection will show that the doctrine of redemption is founded on a mere idea corresponding to that of a debt which another person might pay; that in truth there is no such thing as redemption; that it is fabulous, and that man holds the same relation towards his Maker that he always held, and that it is the greatest consolation to think so.

Education takes the lead in the onward march of progress, sweeping away ignorance and popular prejudice, and laying the foundation for a more liberal, and less expensive system of religion. Notwithstanding the vagaries of fanaticism, still popular with many, we see nothing in the works of the Almighty to justify religious excitement. On the other hand, his changes are gradual and progressive, all tending, by successive steps, to one great end—humanitarian religion. Union and harmony we behold in all his works, and mankind will best promote their own true interest when, in humble imitation of these divine principles, they apply them to the whole of the inhabited world. Repulsion, discord, antagonism, separation of men and nations, mark the past history of the races, and constitute a record of wars and crimes and misery. A religion homogeneous in character, having the belief of one God and the practice of moral virtues, will eventually tranquilize the whole race. This alone is in harmony with the laws that govern the universe.

To make the "Atonement" valid, it is necessary to couple with it the great doctrine of "Human Depravity," which is a blank denial of the very possibility of personal virtue. It teaches that the natural penalties of wrong-doing can be escaped by faith in Christ; that the laws of cause and effect do not hold in the moral world; that the consequences of moral evil are neither necessary nor universal. Such theology enjoins self-aborrence as the first condition of the salvation it offers, and places man at a great distance from his Creator—casts him into the lowest conceivable pit of degradation, and prevents him from approaching his Maker except through mediators.

Respectfully yours, O. W. TENNANT.
NEW MILFORD, Pa.

A DISTINGUISHED clergyman being invited in one of our churches, a few weeks since, to open the services by prayer, but not being invited to preach, declined, saying that "if his friend was going to do the mowing he might whet his own scythe."—*Philadelphia Sunday Republican*.

ENGLAND has a good Mr. Bergh, and his name is James Odams. Mr. Odams shows that loads of Irish cattle from Ballinasloe and other fairs for eastern counties' markets, are exposed to great severities and much cruelty and neglect. Mr. Odams proposes legal measures for protecting dumb animals.

A YOUNG poet once asked Douglas Jerrold to pass a candid criticism on two of his productions. Jerrold waited rather impatiently until his tormentor had concluded reading the first poem, and then quickly exclaimed: "I like your other poem the best." "But you have not heard it read." "That is why I prefer it."

A UNIVERSALIST of this city was lately asked by an Orthodox if he really believed that all the members of the late Congress would be saved? "Certainly they will," replied the Universalist, "for does not the Apostle expressly say, that this corruption shall put on incorruption at the last day?"—*Bloomington, (Ill.) Republican*.

BARNUM has several Feejee cannibals in his show. One of them has quit and gone to carrying a hod. His remark when he threw off his fish-bone necklace, was: "Be jabbers, I'd rather carry my native hod than be a haythen at \$20 a month." But the number of Feejees remain the same. An ambitious teamster was immediately promoted to the vacant position.

AN Irishman had a dream which taught him the danger of delay. "I dreamed," said he, "I was wid the Pope, who was as great a jintleman as any one in the district, an' he axed me wad I drink. Thinks I, wad a duck swim; and seein' the Innishowen and lemon and sugar on the sideboard, I told him I didn't care if I tuk a wee dhrap of punch. 'Cowid or hot?' axed the Pope. 'Hot, your Holiness,' I replied; and be that he stepped down to the kitchen for the blinn' water, but before he got back I woke straight up. And now it's distressing me I didn't take it cowid."

At last there has been a revival of edifying hanging, wherein the chief actor assures the delighted spectators that he is going direct to Paradise, where he will be happy to receive them. It occurred at Springfield, Mass., recently, Albert H. Smith being executed for the murder of his rival in the affections of a girl he (Smith) had seduced. His last words were: "Now these are the words written at my request to be placed over my head in my dying hour: 'May I meet you all in heaven. Albert H. Smith.' Farewell to you all. I trust you will all meet me in heaven, where I am prepared to go."

THE NEW YORK *Daily Graphic*, in commenting upon the recent resignation of Rev. J. D. Fulton, as pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, says: "He resigned in disgust, and accepted a call to a church in Brooklyn, the city of ecclesiastical shows and clerical sensations. He is evidently going to his own place. But whether his new congregation will succeed in getting his sermons printed in the secular papers, and, failing in this, will publish a paper for him to conduct, remains to be seen. It is not every man who can ride two such horses as the pulpit and the press at the same time; but Mr. Fulton is evidently an exceptional man, and we shall not be surprised at the announcement of the *Clerical Scapling-Knife* or the *Believer's Bushwhacker* any day. It will be worth more than 'Four York Shillings' to see Parson Fulton in print."

A YANKEE GROCER, being solicited to contribute to the building of a new church, promptly subscribed his name to a paper in the following manner: "John Jones (the only place in town where you can get eleven pounds of good sugar for a dollar), twenty-five cents."

THAT was a happy thought of the Department which guards against improper uses of the postal cards. The carriers are not to read what is written on the cards, unless it is *scurrilous*! It will be seen that this is a perfect security against the abuse of the new system. It was invented in Ireland.

Advertisements.

GENERAL NOTICE.

On August 8, 1872, I contracted for the two best advertising pages of THE INDEX for the current year. "No advertisements objectionable to the editor to be taken." For terms apply to

ASA K. BUTTS, 36 Dey St., New York.

No improper advertisements, no advertisements of patent medicines, and no advertisements known to be fraudulent or unjust to any one, will be hereafter admitted into THE INDEX. All advertisements accepted before this date will be allowed to run their time. No cuts admitted.

THE INDEX must not be held responsible for any statement made by advertisers.
FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.
Toledo O., June 21, 1873.

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VOLUME 4.

BOSTON, MASS., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1873.

WHOLE No. 196.

ORGANIZE!

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

A FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

- ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF ———.
- ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in ———. Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.
- ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.
- ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.
- ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.
- ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be ex-officio delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.
- ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

So far as I am concerned, the above is the platform of THE INDEX. I believe in it without reserve; I believe that it will yet be accepted universally by the American people, as the only platform consistent with religious liberty. A Liberal League ought to be formed to carry out its principles wherever half a dozen earnest and resolute Liberals can be got together. Being convinced that the movement to secure compliance with these just "Demands" must surely, even if slowly, spread, I hope to make THE INDEX a means of furthering it; and I ask the assistance and active co-operation of every man and every woman who believes in it. Multiply Liberal Leagues everywhere, and report promptly the names of their Presidents and Secretaries. Intolerance and bigotry will tremble in proportion as that list grows. If freedom, justice, and reason are right, let their organized voice be heard like the sound of many waters.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor,

Boston, Sept. 1, 1873.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY A. W. S.

"THE MOST trivial reasons will keep Protestants away from the sanctuary," says the *Christian Union*. Sometimes very weighty reasons will produce the same result.

HOW TO BE HAPPY without being frivolous, how to be good without being stupid, how to be wise without being conceited, is something that every man and woman ought to learn.

IF ANY ONE desires to become quite convinced whether the proverb be true or not, that "corporations have no souls," let him have dealings with a railroad company, and observe how shamelessly they arrogate to themselves every possible advantage.

"CHRIST IS THE great central luminary of history," says Dr. Edward Beecher. None but Christians think so, or say so. All Buddhists think Buddha "the great central luminary of history,"—and they outnumber the Christians by considerable.

THE CATHOLICS regard the recent removal of Mr. Monsell (a Romanist) from the office of Postmaster General, in England, as an open declaration of war, on the part of the Gladstone government, against the Catholic party. Mr. Bonverie, a Protestant, was appointed to succeed Mr. Monsell.

THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN, of September 18, contains an excellent and admirable article on "Massachusetts Politics." One of its sentences is the following: "Here, as in so many other instances during the past year, the attitude of the Liberal Republicans in the presidential campaign stands fully vindicated."

THE *Christian Statesman*, published in Philadelphia, is the organ of the Constitutional Christian Amendment party. It is a very able and candid paper, and has just entered upon its seventh volume. We cannot wish for it success, but we respect it for its fearless and sincere advocacy of the views it holds to be true.

AT THE REVERENT request of Bishop Hendricken, of Providence, who has just arrived home from a visit to Rome, the Pope formally "blessed the people of the diocese of Providence." We sincerely trust that the bishop's people are happy, and we do not really suppose that the papal blessing will do them any harm.

ONE OF THE resolutions of the late Massachusetts Democratic State Convention says: "The fall of the great [American] republic is looked for throughout the civilized world." Indeed, that is news to most people we imagine! We wish the Convention had gone a little farther, and told us exactly when this fall is expected. We should like to get ready for it.

EDWARD BEECHER says that "the Pharisees, as is proved by the testimony of Josephus, held to the doctrine of the eternal punishment of the wicked." Just as good testimony abounds in the New Testament to prove that Jesus held to the same cruel doctrine; and we are puzzled to see how our Liberal Christian friends can interpret that book in any other way.

THE *Christian Union*, in an article on the "Needs of Protestantism," which exhibits some striking defects and failures of the Church, says: "The Bible is the Chris-

tian's chief weapon in his warfare against sin and error." Perhaps that is the reason why he has not succeeded any better. Let him try common-sense, or natural religion, for a time, and see how he comes on.

A JEWISH rabbi, called as a witness in a case in Brooklyn, N. Y., the other day, was offered the Christian Bible on which to take his oath. He indignantly refused it, and produced from his pocket a Hebrew Bible, upon which he was sworn. Why is one Bible better than another for this purpose? Our Jewish friend is bigoted. The only true basis of veracious testimony is a veracious man.

A WRITER in the New York *Observer* says that "the religious aim of the public schools is in favor of complete indifference," and that "every scholar, so trained, becomes in some measure a missionary of indifference." Indifference to what? If to the growth and prosperity of religious sects, then we rejoice. And that is what this writer probably fears, and what every liberal heartily desires.

"BY REFUSING the Bible a place in her schools, the State authoritatively disparages religious knowledge," says an advocate of the Constitutional Christian Amendment. By no means. By refusing the Bible a place in her schools, the State only disparages religious sectarianism and religious superstition. Real religious knowledge will be promoted by this exclusion, not hindered or disparaged.

THE "DECLINE OF PROTESTANTISM" is a subject which some of the secular as well as religious papers have been a good deal discussing of late. Alarming signs of this decline seem to be discerned both in this country and in Europe. The German Universities, it is said, generally show a great falling off in their number of theological students. At all this apparent decay the Protestant papers, of course, grieve; but the Roman Catholic organs illy conceal their exultation.

THE NEW YORK *Journal of Commerce*, in describing the monster "Graphic" balloon, as it lay in the Capitoline Base Ball Grounds, in Brooklyn, N. Y., said: "It lay on its side, with the head close to the ground, pointing westward, with the tail extending to the eastward." We are very glad that the *Journal of Commerce*, after telling us which way the head pointed, was careful not to leave us in any doubt as to the direction of the tail. Such accuracy in reporting will do much to maintain the proverbial truthfulness of newspapers.

NEBRASKA has lately adopted a criminal code. It went into effect Sept. 1. One of its provisions is against "profane swearing," as follows: "If any person of the age of fourteen years and upward shall profanely curse or damn, or profanely swear by the name of God, Jesus Christ, or the Holy Ghost, every such person shall, for each offence, be fined not less than 25 cents, nor more than \$1." This we suppose is a Christian ordinance; but, if so, why was it not made to include "judicial" as well as "profane" swearing: for Christ said, "Swear not at all."

MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH, the distinguished English Republican, has arrived in this country. Mr. Bradlaugh is said to be an atheist, and, as a writer in the *Catholic Review* puts it, "a man whose mind is unhappily closed to the reception of divine truth." The same writer admits, however, that Mr. Bradlaugh "is a gentleman," and "a man to be esteemed and admired." One might think that, if an atheist can be an estimable and admirable gentleman, his atheism, however intellectually wrong, cannot be morally reprehensible.

A SUBSCRIBER to the Boston *Investigator* accuses its mainly editor of being "clogged with the impediments of conservatism!" Friend Seaver must be rather astonished to find himself, after forty years' battling for utter intellectual freedom, set down at last as an old fogy. The terms *radical* and *conservative*, as they are popularly used, are only relative; but in their strict and true sense they mark two widely different classes of thinkers, who employ two widely different methods of arriving at conclusions. We do not hesitate to vote that, in the true sense of the word, the editor of the *Investigator* is a radical.

The Victory of Thought.

AN ADDRESS

AT THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION,
BOSTON, MAY 30, 1873.

BY FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

Modern thought seems to be unsettling everything. The very foundations, not only of systems of thought, theologies, and philosophies, but also of institutions, of government, even of marriage, seem to be profoundly shaken. All sorts of institutions, political, social, religious, seem to be weakened to-day, and the active, prying, investigating mind of man insists on finding out the real roots of all these things, insists upon discovering upon what they are based, what is their reason of being, how they shall justify themselves to the enlightened intelligence of man. A universal unrest, a mental, moral, and spiritual unrest, makes itself felt in everything that we read, or hear, or see. The very newspapers are full of it; books are full of it; conversations are full of it; and men and women, whom you and I meet day after day, are full of it. And this spirit of unrest, this thoughtful prying into the causes and explanations of things, seems to admit no exception; nothing whatever is sacred from its deep, curious, penetrating activity.

Well, how is this new activity of the century met? How is it confronted by the old order of things, and those who represent it? It is met now, as ever, by dogma,—dogma substantially unchanged. The same affirmation of things of which men really know nothing; the proclamation of an old revelation, finished and complete, never to be enlarged, never to be let go. That is the answer of dogma to this modern thought, as to all thought. It is the same unvarying monotone of "Revelation!"—"Revelation!" The will of God, explaining and answering all these questions suggested by human thought, that is the one answer; is there any other? I believe there is another answer beginning to make itself heard by every listening ear, beginning to make itself respected by every intelligent being; and that is the voice of science. Science is coming forward with her solutions of all these questions. She has long been busied with merely physical inquiries, the relations among the atoms and forces of nature; but she is now beginning to apply her thoughtful method to the higher problems of existence, sociology and morals and religion,—the very highest questions that can suggest themselves to the mind of man. Science comes forward, not with any claim to revelation; she brings forward no finished and rounded system, all mapped out, sharply defined, fully completed. No: science has discovered that the education of the world is not yet finished; that the education of no man is finished, but that all men, and the world itself, are to-day merely educating. Science is simply proposing to carry on this education; to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, expand the limits of freedom, and finally to make man the master of all that he can possibly know, and as free as in the nature of things he can be. That is the object of science. She sets before us, not this finished system of revelation, but the grand totality of truth. "Search for that!" she cries. "Educate yourselves to that! Make it the law of your life, the law of your thought, the law of your feeling, the law of your heart, the light and truth of things! To that consecrate all your being!" This is the mandate of science, and she bids us apply these searching methods and principles to all things without exception. She will not allow, in any nook or corner of the human mind, any refuge for superstition, any refuge for assumption, or any refuge of any sort. No, the whole soul must be thrown open, all its windows thrown up, and all its doors thrown back, that heaven's light may search into the innermost recesses of mind and heart, and down to the depths where lurk the profound sentiments which make our purest and deepest nature. Science insists on probing all these things; she will let nothing lie concealed from investigation by her universal method,—the method of proceeding carefully and cautiously from the known to the unknown, from the beginning to the conclusion. By this sole method is she going to present to the human mind every answer to every question.

The scientific attitude, then, is that of the truth-lover; and every truth-lover must perforce be a truth-seeker,—one who loves the truth first and foremost, and searches for it at all costs of comfort, of position, of ease, and social prestige,—at any and all costs. Science bids us seek truth for its own sake: to search for it diligently, to climb up its mountains faithfully, though it be on our hands and knees, and bleeding all the way. The truth-lover, I say, is always the truth-seeker, and because he is the truth-seeker he is also the truth-finder. You cannot enter upon the search for truth until you have become in love with truth, and are convinced that the object you love is really not a phantom. You must have become assured that there is truth to be found, or you cannot go in search of it with any earnestness. There is, then, something upon which the truth-seeker proceeds,—the reality of truth, the possibility of its being found by search. And this is a great thing to find. Those who say that the radicals have found nothing forget this; this deep, strong, inward, overmastering conviction that there is truth to be found, truth to be gained, and truth which, when found and gained, shall be a blessing to all human life. There is something we have found even before we start out upon the search.

Nor is that all. You cannot set yourself to search for truth with earnestness unless you carry in your soul a contempt and hatred of all barriers to your search. You must refuse to respect the limits which the theologian respects. You cannot be stopped in

your course by a "Thus saith the Lord," or a "Thus saith the Bible." No: you will go wherever the voice of truth seems to lead, whithersoever her finger seems to point; and every barrier or limit that can be set by human ignorance or human despotism you will trample under your feet. You have found, then, at least, two things; you have found that there is truth to be discovered, and you have found that there are no barriers to be respected.

And that is not all. You would not start out upon this search for truth were it not for some deep, inward, impelling motive. You would not search, and spend your life in searching, were it not that you heard some inward call, and felt some inward stimulus, to urge you on in the face of institutions, in the face of family affections, in the face of temptations to indolence, and luxury, and ease. There is, in the heart of every man who comes to think for himself, a sense of duty, a sense that he owes it to himself to think and discover the truth. The sentiment that we can have no grander object in life than to find out the truth and give ourselves to it without reserve,—that deep, ethical sentiment, that consciousness of a divine duty to search for the truth,—is something that we must have found before we can take the first step in the search for it.

That is a third thing. I affirm that the truth-seeker assumes to have found not only the reality of truth, and the demand of freedom to seek for it without limit, but also this deep instinct that he must seek for it,—the consciousness of a divine duty urging him on to seek it, as the grandest law of his life.

And, lastly, there is one thing more that every truth-seeker has found, even before he begins to seek. He has felt the deep need of human sympathy. He has found himself alone in the universe, studying his destiny with the best light he can get; and he feels a sense of isolation and loneliness which he would soothe, if he could, by the voice of sympathy. He has a craving for human fellowship, a craving to discover a similar feeling in the hearts of others, a yearning to approach his fellow-men, drawn by the deep attraction of his own heart, which impels him to seek for truth, and makes him believe that others are equally eager in that search. So he proceeds upon the assumption that other men are craving what he craves, and looks into their eyes and takes their hands with a consciousness that, after all, not he alone is a seeker, but all mankind are seeking together, and that, if they would be true to the highest law of the search, they must join hands, join hearts, and be fellow-seekers.

Here, then, are four results which have been gained by the truth-seeker before he can devote himself even to the search for it. He has found that there is truth to be discovered, he has found that there must be freedom in the search for it, he has found that there is a deep sense of duty impelling him to search for it, and he has felt this deep need of human sympathy, which will cheer, solace, and comfort him in the weary march he has undertaken. Do you tell me that the truth-seeker has not found anything? Why, friends, he has found the IDEAL,—he has found the ideal of manhood already, and his search for truth is nothing but an earnest, eager pursuit of his ideal. What more can any man have at the end of life, nay, at the end of time,—if there be an end of time,—what more can any man master in his search than he carries with him into it? He may discover this or that fact, this or that law, this or that relation of things; but what greater can he discover than these four fundamental things that I have been describing; faith in truth, the demand for freedom, the sense of duty, the craving for love? Is there anything to be mastered at the end of our career which shall surpass in grandeur or sublimity these simple, elementary possessions with which we start? No, friends, this is enough. Give us these, and the cause of humanity is assured. It will be growth, enlargement, development: it cannot be other than that, if you plant these seeds at the beginning.

If, then, I find that religion reduced to its lowest terms, to its simplest expression, is simply the effort of man to perfect himself, does that seem to you to be an inadequate, poor, and empty conception? Does it seem, as was said this morning, to exclude the Infinite? No, far from that. You cannot travel the road towards perfection without very soon discovering that you cannot attain it step by step. The path to infinity is not a ladder. You cannot complete your search, and gain its object. You feel that you have entered upon a quest which is infinite, endless,—not possible to be ended, even in an eternity of time. The very thought of progress presupposes a goal: the very thought of progress, again, implies the impossibility of a goal. You go from less to more and from more to more, but you still have an infinite stretch of space beyond; and the very fact that you are thus travelling onward into space gives you an idea of the infinite space in which you live, and move, and have your being. Many a man starts out on this road towards perfection, fired by a deep hunger and thirst for the ideal, but not knowing whither it shall lead him, or what thoughts it shall give birth to in his own soul. But I believe that, if he travel that road persistently, he will find himself accompanied by a growing consciousness of the infinity of the universe in which he dwells, the infinity of the Power which has made him and makes all the infinity of this Nature which he inhabits. Nature herself is the effort of the Infinite to express its own perfection. The very thought of infinite perfection is implied in the effort to perfect one's self. The thought of our own perfection implies the thought of that infinite perfection of which ours is but the feeblest imitation and copy. So, although I admit that many a man may be a religious man in having this deep thirst for the ideal, and in putting forth the effort to create and perfect it in his own life, and yet be technically and in his own thought an atheist, I do believe that this

effort to reproduce voluntarily within himself the unity of the universe and to help carry forward its laws and powers to their highest evolution in his own soul, has a direct tendency towards what I should name Theism, were I called upon to describe it by the fittest term. The Atheism which starts out with devotion to any idea must logically end, I think, in the simplest, the fairest, the noblest, the highest form of Theism. That is the reason why I feel so much sympathy for men like George Jacob Holyoake, of London, a man who is conscientiously atheistic, who has written the most touching, tender, and heart-probing book, perhaps, that was ever penned, "The Trial of Theism." I never in my life felt a more earnest religious spirit in any book than in that. And yet he denies a personal God, denies God in every sense in which he can be defined in words, and declares himself to be a simple atheist,—a "Secularist." There is nothing in all literature more deep, tender, and earnest, than the spirit that pervades that book. I feel myself infinitely more in sympathy with that atheist than I do with thousands and thousands of men who call themselves religious, and lift their hands in horror up to God, as if I turned my back upon Him.

This is the religion that I believe in,—a religion which is consistent with perfect freedom, and presupposes it; nay, a religion that aims directly at freedom as part of the ideal itself. This religion, once planted in the human heart, must grow. It is a vital seed, which cannot be suppressed or killed out. No drought will kill it; no flood will kill it. Nothing will kill it but the extinction of the soul itself. So long as that hunger after the ideal survives, you have the very spirit, the very essence and epitome, of all religions. That is enough. Leave it to grow as Nature wills; leave it to develop as human nature shall direct; and when it comes to its natural growth, depend upon it, it will be something most fair, beautiful, and lovely to behold. We need not fear that any monster or any baneful Upanis tree will come from it. No, it is the divine seed; the seed of truth, the seed of beauty, the seed of happiness, the seed of love, the seed of everything that can sweeten, and enlarge, and beautify life.

But all this, you will tell me, is very vague. I have nothing to answer to the questions, "What are you coming to?" "What do you propose?" except a few vague words,— "Truth," "Freedom," "Duty," "Love." You say, "We had all these before. Is that all the new contribution you bring to religion? Is that all this platform brings,—nothing but these elementary ideas of truth, of freedom, of duty, of love?" Friends, we have had too much religion in this world. It is a great gain to cast away the rubbish that has hidden this seed and kept it from developing. This seed of religion has been left, like the seed-corn in an Egyptian mummy-case,—left three thousand years inactive, undeveloped, and at last coming to its growth only when taken out from the old mummy-case and planted in the fertile soil. That is what I would do with this seed of religion. I would take it out of the mummy-cases of superstition, of theologies, of Bibles, of churches, of priesthoods, and plant it in the sunlight of heaven, in the grand old earth that we tread so lightly and so unreverently. I know, friends, that when so planted, it must come up the fruit-giving and life-giving wheat.

I am not bound to tell you what you shall discover in the search for truth. I am not one of those who pretend to forecast the future, and find out by anticipation all that science is yet to learn. I simply say that you must let science be your guide. You must take what Nature has to give. When you enter upon the search after truth, without limitation by any church or sect, and in the spirit of duty and of human love, I say you must be content to take then what Nature has to give. The truth that exists—that is the truth to be discovered. Whatever is true will come to be discovered at last, if the human mind continues to expand as it has done heretofore. Truth is for us if we have the faculty to discover it, and there is no occasion for worrying ourselves now about what is to be found. Enough that there is TRUTH to be found; that it must be found by cultivated, educated, enlightened, disciplined thought, by scientific methods. That is enough. Apply simply the methods of Nature as she teaches them. I shall not, then, claim here less freedom, but all the more freedom, to go as far as human capacity shall permit. All that I insist upon now is, that the dogma of Revelation, of which I have spoken, is just like the cloud of smoke that hangs over Cincinnati and Pittsburgh. It is a dense cloud, keeping out the sunlight. Do you ask me what good will come from driving away the cloud? I simply answer, "Let in the sunlight! Let it show what it has to show! Let it speak for itself! Let it warn and cheer! Let it do the duty of sunlight! Let it fulfil its function as you fulfil yours; and instead of fearing what shall happen when the cloud is driven away, do but cherish this anticipation,—that shadow will be unknown, the sun is in the heavens, and the moon and stars, with all the light they give! There is Nature ready to shed her radiance on the pathway we are to tread, and to give us all the illumination that we need, whether here or hereafter."

But you say, "All this is beautiful, but it is perilous,—this calling in question the deep beliefs of mankind. Your religion is very cold; it is very inintelligent; it has nothing to give us; it cannot feed us in our hunger; we cannot live upon these vague abstractions you talk about. Why throw any doubt upon the old, dear beliefs that have sustained our fathers and mothers, and would be enough to sustain us too?" Well, friends, it is not my fault if those old beliefs are called in question. I was not the first doubter. I was not the first one to suggest that there are errors and mistakes in those old beliefs. You cannot keep back this flood of doubt. It is born of thought, and you must kill thought before you can keep back the doubt. It is this eager thought

of the modern world, this restless intellectual life of the nineteenth century, which is responsible for your unrest. It is not the little band of free-thinkers on this platform, or any other platform, that must bear the responsibility of all this unsettling. It is the increase of human knowledge. That must go on; and all this unsettling of your dear delights and convictions was fated,—fated the moment that man began to be an intellectual being and to have the capability of intellectual development. You must, then, make the most of it. In place of trying to keep back these doubts, and crowd them out of sight, and shut yourself up in some little haven of refuge, I say, adopt a bolder course; welcome the doubts, face the doubts, meet them like men and women. Be sure that that is the only way in which you can gain anything that is intrinsically precious.

I remember in my boyhood being very much charmed by the story of James, the Black Douglas, told by Sir Walter Scott in his "History of Scotland." James, the Black Douglas, you know, was the very right hand of Robert Bruce in his struggle for Scottish independence. I used to pore over his exploits with great delight. There was something inexpressibly touching in the story of the manner in which James Douglas, after his master was dead, took out his heart, put it in a silver case, hung it around his neck, took his sword and his helmet, and went down with a broken spirit to battle in Spain against the Moors. When his master died, life had lost all that was precious to him, and his life was henceforth given to the sacred warfare of the cross. In one of the battles on the Peninsula, when the Saracens seemed to be gaining the victory, and the Christians were hard pressed, and it seemed as if defeat and total rout were to be the result, James, the Black Douglas, took the Bruce's heart from around his neck, and with a brave inspiration hurled it into the midst of the Paynim host. Then, turning to his followers, he shouted, "Rescue it, or die!" They plunged again into the battle, and, fired by the example of their leader, they did win the day: they rescued the Bruce's heart, and victory perched upon the Christian's banner. So it is to-day, friends, when we are called upon to meet the hosts of doubt. We must pluck out of our own hearts our dearest faith, hurl it into the ranks of the enemy, and then, without fear, without hesitation, without a thought of our own safety, plunge into their midst, and bring it back by the sword of thought. There is no possibility of our saving the sacred thing but by winning the victory of thought over all these doubts. What thought cannot win is lost forever. It is time for us now to become knights in the new chivalry, and to search for truth with the same deep devotion which fired the heart of James, the Black Douglas.

THE FOUNDATION OF CIVIL GOVERNMENTS.

The following from the pen of Horace Greeley is not new, but it is such a terse and full reply to the questions asked, that we reprint it for the benefit of those who have not read it, or who having read it have forgotten it. It covers the whole ground in the fewest words possible.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Sir,—In your last issue of the *Weekly Tribune* you take decided ground in opposition to the proposed religious amendment to the United States Constitution. Would you please answer the following question? Is Civil Government an ordinance of God, originating in, and upheld by, his Providence, or is it merely a social compact, entered into by individuals for their mutual benefit, over which, and in the origin of which, God takes no control? By answering this question, however briefly, though it should be but yes or no, you will clear away a good deal of the fog that hangs round your position, and gratify a subscriber of twenty years' standing.

ROBERT MCISAAC.

MARSHALL P. O., Indiana Co., Pa., Feb. 6, 1871.

[Civil Government is an ordinance of God only in the sense that He has so made men that they require and naturally establish it for themselves. A Government established by men, in the exercise of their best judgment, has no organic relations with God, any more than a banking or mercantile copartnership. God has made men so that they naturally provide themselves with clothes and food: but it does not follow that every butcher's and tailor's shop may, on that account, set up a claim of Divine authority as an ordinance of God. In other words, neither the American nor any other existing Government is a Theocracy, wielding power conferred by Divine decree. The Declaration of Independence states the truth when it declares that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and no religious party or sect can rightfully demand of the Government of the United States an indorsement of its peculiar dogmas or speculations.—ED. TRIBUNE.]

"In Pesh, the other day, a youthful prodigy repeated the Lord's Prayer in twenty-two languages." We know a newspaper man who can "criticise" in fourteen languages, and speak them all at once. But an editor does well who can repeat the Lord's Prayer in one language.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER, explaining the first chapter of Genesis, asked: "Why did God command them to leave the fruit of one tree untouched?" A dead silence. At last a little girl spoke up and said: "Please, marm, I think he wanted them to leave some for manners!"

The selectmen of a New England town have agreed not to make any repairs to the graveyard "unless the occupants complain."

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by F. E. ABBOT, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A NATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXX.

A NEW YORK BOARDING-HOUSE.

I can fancy few pleasanter conditions for a young fellow, just beginning life on his own account, than finding himself in New York City, entirely master of his actions, and of a well-filled purse, also possessing a friend whom he regards with equal liking and admiration; and when the lucky owner of all these advantages enters upon them fresh from a dull home, in which he has been systematically snubbed, hen-pecked, and domineered-over, they are not likely to be less enjoyed and appreciated. Paul's sorrow at parting with his father was neither very poignant nor lasting; indeed, he thought more of him subsequently than at the time—after a day or two. The New World was, as yet, very new to him; he had youth, health, high spirits, and over a thousand dollars in pocket: hence he discovered an infinite fund of entertainment in everything.

As may be guessed, he very soon acted upon his father's advice, if such it might be esteemed, in quitting the Astor Hotel for the boarding-house in Beach Street, feeling little apprehension of his running counter to it in respect to the more important item of Miss Lizzie Livingston; whom, however, he thought—taken in moderation—might prove an agreeable acquaintance. Seriously, his intentions were quite honest; and, apart from his passion for Kate Sabin—which was altogether too sincere to allow him to be guilty of anything more than a mere temporary flirtation—he shared his father's suspicion that a more intimate knowledge of the young lady might lessen rather than increase her attractions; as, in fact, the event proved. Nevertheless he only mentioned her casually to Richard Sabin, when inviting him to take up his quarters in the same establishment. But this Dick demurred to. He objected to boarding-houses on principle.

"My dear fellow," he said, "the system is a mistake altogether. I should as soon think of contracting with a tailor for my clothes and allowing him to dress me as he liked, without reference to my own taste and convenience, as of giving up the right to eat when and where and what I pleased—to say nothing of choosing my own company. I shall take a room in Broadway, sleep in it, and grub wherever I feel inclined—anywhere and everywhere. You'd much better do the same. You can be as expensive or economical as you please."

But, unaccustomed to Bohemian habits, Paul thought the prospect uncomfortable, and endeavored to change his friend's resolution, being, however, not disinclined to abandon his own, when he found himself unsuccessful. He might, indeed, have done so, but for one of those circumstances which often influence greater events than themselves, and like all circumstances, large or small, have incalculable consequences. This was the receipt of a letter, by Sabin, from his actor-brother at Cincinnati, stating that he had occasion to come East on a professional visit, and asking Dick to meet him at the city of Philadelphia, when, if so disposed, he might accompany him on a short Southern tour, and back to Ohio, there to make the acquaintance of his unknown American sister-in-law and nephews and nieces. Towards the latter proposition Richard expressed perfect indifference, but he assented to the former. Philadelphia was only a few dollars' distance, he said, and might be worth seeing. He would fain have persuaded his friend to go; too, but, supposing that Dick would naturally be engrossed by his brother's society and himself in the way, and perhaps remembering his father's counsel about the advisability of losing no time in seeking employment, Paul declined the trip, resolving to devote the week during which they should be separated to an investigation of the prospects for architecture in New York city—not that he felt much inclined to follow it, under any circumstances, only it seemed but right to make the inquiry. So after Dick had drawn the design for the cover of the *Porcupine*, on wood, and half-a-dozen comic sketches in addition, by way of putting himself in funds, the two friends parted temporarily at the railroad depot in Jersey City, within less than a fortnight of Dr. Gower's embarkation, from near the same locality. And very lonely Paul felt, when the train had clattered off with his comrade, and as he strolled down the Cunard Dock and recalled the busy scene incidental to the former departure. Only a few days back, and he had appeared surrounded by friends—now they were all gone or comparative strangers: but a few weeks ago and he had arrived in New York, flushed with expectations of a Louisiana home and a father's affection—now the turbid waves of the Mississippi rolled over the first, and the second was far on his way towards seeking new fortunes among the Muscovites—probably by this time in London, or at Thorpe Parva, Northamptonshire. It was hardly possible for anticipation and reality to afford a stronger contrast. I am not sure that this occasion did not affect Paul more seriously than the other leave-taking, as it left him utterly solitary.

It was doubtless in consequence of this loneliness that he presented himself at Beach Street that same afternoon, and, after a brief interview with Mrs. Livingston, who received him very graciously, effected an arrangement for an immediate change of residence; and, getting his luggage transferred at once, slept in

the room recently occupied by Mr. Wheeler, that very night. If, however, he had secretly hoped that the bright eyes of Miss Lizzie would soothe his melancholy or her voice charm it away, he was properly punished for his unwarranted longing, by the young lady's absence. She was visiting her uncle, who lived up-town, at Forty-Second Street; and was doubtless the relative alluded to by his father, in his brief account of the family. And, a gentleman boarder being joked about it, over the six o'clock dinner-table, Paul soon identified him as her accepted suitor—the "Charley Fox" of his introductory evening, and the "clerk in a down-town store" mentioned by Dr. Gower. He was a tallish young man, with a rather small head, but a very intelligent, vivacious face, indicating a larger than ordinary share of shrewdness, humor, and approbateness, perhaps alloyed with a dash of impudence, but decidedly prepossessing; also mustached and terminating in an imperial or goatee, after the then popular fashion. As he talked cleverly and amusingly, if with too much assurance—always taking the lead in the conversation and addressing Mrs. Livingston as "mother" (which seemed as if he wanted to anticipate matters)—Paul felt inclined to like Mr. Fox; though after his departure—of course for up-town—most of the other boarders disparaged him.

Paul would have been stranded upon Mrs. Livingston for the evening, as that lady, seating herself in her accustomed rocking-chair, had begun to exercise her usual loquacity at his expense, while his attention strayed to a portrait in oil of Miss Lizzie, over the mantel-piece, when the opportune arrival of a visitor rescued him. As this gentleman was bald, elderly, and corpulent, as Mrs. Livingston called him "General" (though he wore no uniform), and received him with remarkable cordiality, and as it speedily appeared that he had just returned from England, Paul was irresistibly reminded, by this conjunction of coincidences, of General Fladdock and the Norris family in *Martin Chuzzlewit*; though no such unpleasant results followed his entrance as the young man's virtual expulsion, except in the milder form of his retirement up stairs. To his room, therefore, he went, unpacked his trunk and boxes, smoked a meditative cigar while looking out of window at the moonlight, the little inclosure and tall liberty-pole, wondered what Richard was doing, thought of Kate in England, and the rest of the Newman Street household, envied Mr. Fox up-town, and, when the clock of the adjacent church of St. John struck eleven, went to bed and dreamed that Mills was conducting the *Porcupine* and would eat sausages during his editorial labors.

Paul soon had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with his fellow-boarders. These were rather less than the average number in such houses; for, as Dr. Gower has already intimated, Mrs. Livingston did not rely exclusively upon the business for her maintenance, but was also a milliner, having a connection with a large dry-goods establishment in Broadway, of which she represented herself as the prop and pillar; though a little, bushy-whiskered Londoner, who occupied the room next to Paul's, said that she was only "a cutter-out of ladies' bodies," and "boss" of a couple of sewing-machines; and he ought to have known, being on terms of confidential and even tender intimacy with a plump, good-natured Irish girl, employed at the store in question, and tending one of the attics. Notwithstanding this assertion, which he sometimes maintained to her face, and an ultra John-Bullism, impelling him upon all occasions to open disparagement of the United States, the Londoner was, with Mrs. Livingston—who yet prided herself on her nationality—something of a favorite. She called him "Dick" and affected to consider him an original. Like most of the male boarders, native and foreign, he had some clerkish occupation down-town.

Of the latter there were but two, besides those already enumerated; namely Mr. Fox—who, it appeared, was also an Englishman, and whom the Londoner detested—and a remarkably fine specimen of the British snob rampant. He was the greatest "swell" Paul had ever encountered. He had his hair curled and scented, sported elaborately-embossed shirt-fronts, frills and ruffles, wore studs, pins, brooches, rings, and knickknacks innumerable, and generally displayed a rivulet of watch-chain gushing from and meandering over an highly horticultural waistcoat. In pronunciation he eschewed the letter r, installing w in its place, which, taken in conjunction with a hoarse voice and a loud, gasping laugh, communicated a singularly pleasing effect to his conversation. He also swore freely; and Mrs. Livingston thought him a perfect gentleman.

The Americans afforded a fair sample of that large class of our countrymen whom necessity or inclination impels into that bad substitute for a home, a boarding-house; and whose characters are so modified by that peculiar mode of existence that you may recognize the same types everywhere in the United States, from Cape Cod to California. There were two married couples; the husbands bearded, business-like, and commonplace; the wives more or less good-looking, dressy, and desyncetic; "ladies" in virtue of their sex, self-assertion and fine clothes, but in nothing besides; for if they did not literally believe that the former placed them above all obligations whatever, they certainly acted as if under that impression—a very frequent one on this side of the Atlantic. They dawdled away the morning in each others' rooms, promenaded Broadway in the afternoon, and flirted with the gentlemen boarders, or resigned themselves to their husbands' company, of evenings. One had a child, a pretty and precocious girl of eight, who was allowed all the privileges of a grown-up person, including incessant prattling at meals, and over-eating herself on such viands as beefsteak, hot buckwheat cakes, molasses, butter, and pickled cucumbers—col-

lectively or all together—at breakfast; also strong coffee and iced water. In conjunction with a boy of twelve, who appeared to be boarding on his own account, and whom the ornamental gentleman had brought to great proficiency in the art of blasphemy, she pervaded the staircase and sitting-room, made forays into the boarders' apartments, and was petted and spoiled by everybody.

The three or four bachelors of the establishment may be dismissed very briefly. They were New Yorkers of cheap intellectual capacity, whose current ethics appeared to centre in dollars, drinks, and the *Emerald*; from which journal they got most of their opinions—always affecting to regard its editor as a great scoundrel. To listen to them was to admit that some people do seem to afford an argument for the agreeable Calvinistic dogma of reprobation, or the inherent depravity of human nature; or for the heterodox conviction of George Eliot, that certain lives "are part of a gross sum of obscure vitality that will be swept into the same oblivion with the generations of ants and beavers."

Of all the persons I have enumerated, Paul, in familiar phrase, only took to Mr. Fox, ordinarily termed Charley, who met his advances more than half-way. He was just the kind of young fellow whom people usually nickname after the first or second interview, being as good-natured as he was egotistic; fond of playing first-fiddle, but doing it so cleverly as almost to justify the conceit which inspires the performance; and which duller folks involuntarily discover and resent with quite superfluous animosity. Intelligent, voluble, capable of saying neat things in such an effective manner that it nearly amounted to wit, and possessing an inexhaustible fund of good spirits, he at first excited liking, if not admiration, and then disappointment. "People generally found him out in a week or two," he candidly admitted:—not but what he was, really, a much better fellow than the average of Mrs. Livingston's lodgers, besides their natural superior; only rather self-engrossed and superficial. Quite content to allow anybody to shine as much as he pleased, too young to be critical or distrustful, and very favorably impressed by his lively countryman, Paul found much pleasure in his society and conversation; while Mr. Fox was attracted by his good sense and sentimentality. Very soon they were friends, and Paul—always an excellent listener—became Charley's confidant. He not only told him the circumstances of his engagement with Miss Livingston, but also of a disappointment in another quarter, which had preceded it, involving many characteristic particulars.

"It's a curious business," he began, one evening, when being, as he said, "off-duty" uptown, they strolled round St. John's Square together—a pleasant locality, now abolished by Mr. Vanderbilt's hideous freight depot—"and was very precipitate. You must know that I had just been jilted by another girl—thrown over, sir, in the most infernal manner, on account of my own honesty—a cursed assinine infatuation which induced me to tell her all about my own follies—peccadilloes, sir, which all young men are guilty of, but haven't the courage and candor to acknowledge. We were to have been married, and every morning, as I was dressing, I used to hit myself on the breast and say 'Charley, you rogue!—one day nearer to happiness!' Well, sir, what do you think she did?—after my wedding-suit had come home, too? Sent back all my letters and presents with a note saying she couldn't, wouldn't, and didn't ought to marry me—that she had thought over it, wept over it, prayed over it, and the Lord knows what besides, and concluded that it 'wasn't right' that she should become my wife. There was a sticker for you! I begged and prayed and humiliated myself, but all in vain; and then, of course, got over it. She never could have loved me, you know. Now a fellow is never so sensitive as after an affair of this kind—he'd propose to sixty-nine on crutches, if she showed sympathy for him. And I happened to drop in at the house, one evening, with my brother Fred, who was courting Mrs. Van Densen, Mrs. Livingston's sister—they're married, now, and living at St. Louis—and saw Lizzie. I thought her the queerest, oddest, ugliest little beauty I'd ever clapped eyes on, and told her so; and she riled up, and we began with a downright row, but afterwards got to liking each other—I believe out of sheer antagonism. And one night when we were almost alone, the gas only lit in the back parlor, Al—my other brother, you know,—could read Tupper to us, and Lizzie looked so bewitching with those big, brown eyes of hers, and that mouth—have you ever noticed her mouth?—that I couldn't help stooping over the sofa and kissing her. And she kissed back again, which quite settled the business. And we're to be married as soon as I can afford to take a big room and pay for her board—unless some infernal slip-up happens to throw me on my beam-ends again, which isn't unlikely."

"You don't seem very confident," said Paul, who was both amused and surprised at his friend's frankness.

"My dear fellow, how can I be? Look at what she is—don't I know, as well as anybody? Then I'm afraid I shall have to leave New York and go South—I've got a chance of a first-rate berth at Baltimore, and, but for her, should have thrown up my present situation at Christmas. I wanted to get hitched right off, and clear out, but she doesn't see it. So you may imagine how I feel at the prospect of leaving her exposed to all sorts of temptations, in my absence. D—n the fellows! devil a one of 'em but makes love to her whenever he gets an opportunity! I wonder you haven't had a shy, too; but I dare say you've got your own little sentimentality somewhere else. You're just the fellow to cherish some tremendously absorbing passion and be preternaturally constant to it."

Paul evaded this subject without much difficulty,

for Mr. Fox loved to talk of himself rather than anybody else. "Miss Livingston's mother hasn't much authority over her, apparently?" he suggested, pretty sure of effecting a diversion.

"My dear Gower, she never had a mother! You don't call that woman one? Shall we go to the Museum Hotel and have a whiskey-skin? The night has turned cold, and they make capital tods at Riley's. Agreed? drinks it is, then! By Jove, I feel like an iceberg!"

A MODERN MIRACLE.

[The following account of a modern miracle, taken from the *St. Louis Dispatch*, is much better authenticated than any in the Bible. Yet no Protestant Christian will believe it. The free thinker believes as much in this modern miracle as in the miracles of the Bible; and that is, not at all.—Ed.]

Our neighbor, the *Western Watchman*, in its issue of this week, contains the annexed communication, the subject matter of which has been a theme of conversation for several days among many Catholic citizens and medical practitioners of this city. The *Watchman* prefaces the communication with the following editorial paragraph:—

"We publish on our fifth page an account of a wonderful occurrence in the infirmary attached to the Mercy Convent in this city. We regard the account given by Father Schieder and Doctors Cooper and Papin, of sufficient weight to claim for what happened the appellation of miraculous. When we remember what wonders have already occurred and are daily occurring all over the world through the devotion of the Sacred Heart, we cannot feel overmuch surprised that at the intercession of Mary, the 'Lady of the Sacred Heart,' and of Blessed Margaret Mary a la Coque, the foundress of the devotion of the Sacred Heart, a new marvel has been vouchsafed in our days. That a real miracle has transpired we don't see a particle of room to doubt, and that its occurrence has been so unmistakably established should go a great way in stimulating the piety and devotion of the faithful to that fountain of life, health, and holiness, the most sacred Heart of our Lord. The faith which made Miss Schafer whole is the same to which the Redeemer gave a power to remove mountains. Oh! that our separated brethren but knew the 'gift of God.'"

(Communicated.)

"BEHOLD, THE HAND OF THE LORD IS NOT SHORTENED."

In the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, corner of Twenty-third and Morgan streets, St. Louis, Mo., a wonderful cure occurred, which has created a great sensation. To obviate the spread of false rumors, which ordinarily arise in such cases, and for the greater glory of God, and to the honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, through whose intercession the cure was effected, as well as for the edification and consolation of the faithful, I have thought it well to state the exact truth, as I have been able to ascertain it.

Theresa Schafer, now twenty-two years old, was reared in the St. Vincent German Orphan Asylum, and, at the age of ten years, was adopted by Mr. Walter B. Schafer and his wife, who were childless. Since then she has lived with them, a quiet, modest, well-behaved girl, though always of delicate health. For the last two years her health has failed more and more, until finally a great tumor appeared on her right side, in the region of the liver, causing her severe pain. Several physicians, among whom was Dr. W. A. Cooper, were called in, with little or no benefit to the patient.

In the meantime the Sisters of Mercy, whose Convent is opposite Mr. Schafer's house, had opened an Infirmary for females, to which out-door patients were also admitted for consultation with the attending physicians. With the approval of Dr. Cooper, Theresa was sent there.

In the beginning of July she had to take to her bed, which was prepared for her in the Infirmary. Finding that human remedies availed her nothing, the sick girl invoked supernatural assistance. Together with the Sisters of Mercy, her nurses, she made a novena in honor of Blessed Margaret Mary a la Coque, hoping to obtain of God the recovery of her health through the intercession of that Saint. Although no answer was vouchsafed to this nine days' prayer, Theresa did not therefore give up her confidence in God. There was at the same time in the Infirmary another sufferer, Magdalen Himstadt, with whom she commenced, without telling any one else, a second novena in honor of the Blessed Virgin, reciting every day the Litanies of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. In the first days of the novena, Theresa seemed to suffer less, but toward the end she became very much worse. For ten days she had eaten scarcely anything, she could not sleep without the help of medicine, she had the greatest difficulty in her natural functions, and was frequently in a state of unconsciousness. Indeed, her condition was such that for her own sake as well as that of the other patients in the room, she had to be removed to a different apartment.

Thursday, August 24th, was the last day of the novena; on Friday it was thought advisable that she should make her confession, as she seemed to be nearing her end. On Saturday she received Holy Communion. Nearly all that morning her eyes were closed, and she appeared to be unconscious. Occasionally, when addressed, she would make some answer, but she did not remember afterwards what she had said during that time. She was evidently sinking, and Doctor Cooper, who visited her some time before dinner, judged her to be dying, saying that she could not live many hours. About eleven o'clock

A. M., the Priest came to administer Extreme Unction. She was then entirely unconscious, but scarcely had the Reverend Father left the room, accompanied by the attendant Sister, than he was recalled. There she sat up in the bed, and said, in a clear natural voice, "I am well; I wish to go home." "Yes," said the Father, "You will go home, up there," pointing with his hand to heaven. They thought she was raving, but as she continued to declare that she was cured, the Sister, leaning over, pressed her hand strongly on the side (which before was so exquisitely painful that she could not endure upon it the weight of a poultice) without eliciting, however, the least evidence of pain.

It was manifest that something extraordinary had happened. The Sister asked her who had cured her? "The Blessed Virgin," was the reply. Theresa then related with great simplicity that before receiving Extreme Unction, she had awakened from her unconsciousness, and, opening her eyes, saw to the right of her, and close to her bed, the Blessed Virgin in the midst of a beautiful light, clothed in white garment, wearing a white veil, and a golden crown on her head, with stars, her right hand being held on her bosom. Theresa at first was afraid, but her fear left her as the Blessed Virgin addressed her, saying: "Do you promise to do what I ask you, if you are cured?" "Yes," was the answer. "Will you take care to have a picture of this apparition placed in this room?" "I will," was the reply. "Will you promise to become a Sister in this Convent, or, if you do not like that, to attend the sick?" "Yes," said Theresa. "On the death of my mother." The Blessed Virgin then said, "On the same day your mother is buried you must enter;" and, with these words, she disappeared, and Theresa became again unconscious, in which state she was anointed.

During the time of the apparition there was no one else in the room except her friend Miss Anna Wentz, who has since entered the Convent of the Good Shepherd. This young lady never saw nor heard the Blessed Virgin, but she noticed in the face of the patient something heavenly and extraordinary, and she heard distinctly some of her answers.

As it was about the hour of dinner, Theresa asked for some food. As the Sister was unwilling to let her leave her bed, dinner, including some meat and potatoes, was brought to her, of which she ate heartily. She then arose, and, having dressed, went to the chapel, where she remained for more than an hour on her knees, engaged in prayer. Afterward, she walked about the Convent, visiting her parents towards evening, with whom she supped, and then returned to the Infirmary. At the usual hour, on Sunday, Doctor Yarnall visiting the Infirmary, was informed of the event, and was not a little astonished to see Theresa coming to meet him, looking well and hearty. On that same day she visited two churches, St. Nicholas and St. Alphonsus, the latter situated on Grand avenue, without experiencing any fatigue.

On Monday, Doctor Yarnall, with three other physicians, came to make a close examination of the case, and recognized that their former patient was in good and perfect health, without the least trace of her sickness. After remaining for a few days with the Sisters, the happy Theresa returned home, where without the least inconvenience, she employs herself in the usual household duties, washing, ironing, and scrubbing.

The reader may judge for himself whether there was not a supernatural power manifested in these events. As to the facts, any one may assure himself of their truth by visiting the parties concerned. We subjoin the statements of the three physicians who were her principal attendants; Doctors Yarnall and Papin are the regular physicians of the establishment, while Doctor Cooper had treated her at her home, and continued to visit her at her entrance into the Infirmary. P. TSCHIEDER, S. J.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 18, 1871.

MEDICAL STATEMENT.

Theresa Schafer was admitted as an out-door patient of the "Female Clinic" of the Sisters of Mercy, in April, 1871, on the recommendation of Doctor W. H. Cooper, who had been her medical adviser for sometime previously. The history of the case as related by the patient and confirmed by Doctor Cooper is briefly as follows: "For two years she had been in bad health, gradually getting worse; though she had employed some six or eight men, she had derived little or no benefit from treatment. At the time of admission she complained of great pain over the region of her liver, general debility, and occasionally severe attacks of intermittent fever. Upon examination, great tenderness was found over the abdomen; and in the region of the liver there was a large and well defined tumor extending low in the abdominal cavity, which was exceedingly painful when manipulated."

Among the physicians who examined her, I may mention Doctors Papin, M. A. Pallen, L. Charles Boissiniere, Y. H. Bond, W. H. Cooper, J. Dulaney, and others. Various methods of treatment were suggested, tried, and were of no avail.

On the morning of Saturday, August 26th, I was consulted by the Sister in charge to know if the last rites of the Church should not be performed, or rather to learn if the patient was not dying, so that the sacraments might be given. I found her in an unconscious, and evidently in a dying, condition. It was my impression that she might survive as much as twenty-four hours, hardly more. On the following day I found the patient entirely well, the tumor was gone, the functions of the body were evidently in a perfectly healthy condition and properly performed.

M. YARNALL, M. D.

N. NUTH ST.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 9, 1871.

So far as the above came under my observation, it is correct.

W. H. COOPER.

I saw Theresa Schafer the day before she recovered.

I am satisfied she was then in a dying condition, and that no human skill could cure her. I saw her again the Monday following, i.e., two days after her cure. I examined her then thoroughly in the presence of Drs. Cooper, Quarles, and Yarnall. She was perfectly well and no traces of her disease left.

DR. TIMOTHY L. PAPIN.

THE OUTLOOK.

If any of our thoughtful readers have omitted the perusal of Mr. Blauvelt's article in the August number of *Scribner's*, on "Modern Scepticism," we beg them to recall the number, and read every word of that paper. They will then obtain a view of the infidelity of the day which will give them food for reflection, and suggestions for action. No paper published during the last five years has presented the extent and nature of modern scepticism with such faithfulness as this. It ought to attract universal attention to the two papers which follow it from the same pen, and summon the whole Christian host to battle under leaders who know something about the basis of Christianity besides the traditional "apologies." It is not a form of Christianity that is now in question. It is not a question between sects. It is a question which involves Christianity itself, and the authority of the Bible. Have we a divine religion at all? Is Christianity anything better than Buddhism, or of any higher authority? If the Christian optimist supposes that these questions are to be met and decided by the "pious-pooh" of sectaries, or the dicta of professional teachers, or the resolutions of conferences and councils, he is very much mistaken. We are inclined to think that the pulpit and the distinctively religious press will have very little to do with the matter, and that the question will at last be settled where it has been unsettled. The pulpit can do very little in any direct struggle with infidelity, because—not to mention other reasons—infidelity does not come within its reach. The religious press can do very little, because infidelity does not and will not read it. Both these powers must be content to preach Christianity as well as they can, and leave the struggle to be decided among those who have a common desire to get at the truth, whatever that may be.

It may as well be understood among Christian men and women that they are every day doing that which brings their religion under suspicion with the unbelieving world. The world does not see the fruits of that divine influence which is claimed for the Christian religion by its professors. Nothing is more notorious than that the educated men of France, Italy, and Spain are infidel; and nothing has been better calculated to make them than the whole policy of the Catholic Church in those countries. They have seen a populace kept in ignorance and poverty through many generations by a Christian Church. They have seen that populace fed with traditions, machine-miracles, shows, processions, humbugs, by a priesthood that is foolish if it knows no better, and knavish if it does know better; they have seen that priesthood taking side with tyranny against every popular struggle for liberty and liberal institutions; they have seen that priesthood grasping at wealth and power, and intriguing for temporal influence all over the world. This is the Christianity they have seen; it is all they have seen; and their conclusions, when made against the Catholic Church, are made against Christianity itself. Does anybody blame them? Not we.

The influence of the prevalent form of Christianity in England is very little better than in the nations mentioned. The world looks on and sees livings bought and sold like commissions in the army—places made in church for younger sons—wine-drinking, pleasure-loving men in the pulpit; and then, when it sees any action, it is with regard to candles, and vestments, and rites and ceremonies that have no more vital relation to the redemption of mankind and service of God than they have to the policy of the Czar in Turkey. It is supposed that men of common sense do not and cannot see through all this stuff and nonsense? Four hundred of these clergymen have just petitioned for what they call "sacramental confession." Drifting toward Romanism, grasping after new and old machinery, busied only in husks and human inventions, quarrelling over bangles, excommunicating their own free thinkers and free speakers, obsequious to worldly grandees, mingling in politics, frowning upon non-conformists as social inferiors,—the great majority of the English clergy are doing what they can to manufacture infidels out of all Englishmen who do their own thinking.

And here in America, how much better are we doing? We fritter away our substance in building costly churches for the rich, in multiplying sects and keeping up differences between them, and in aping the wretched religious fooleries of the Old World. Our organization into a hundred religious sects amounts to the disorganization of Christianity. There are thousands of towns lying religiously dead to-day because there is not Christianity enough in them to unite in obtaining the services of a minister whose brains enough to teach them; and, as a rule, there are from three to six religious societies in all these towns—starveling churches—monuments only to the ambition of the sects which they represent. The world looks on and scoffs. The world looks on and recognizes the lack of power in Christianity, or of such Christianity as it sees, to unify the Church in feeling and effort, and it learns only contempt for it. Every religious press is a party press—published in the interest of a sect and supported by it. So unusual is the spectacle of various bodies of Christians coming together for the accomplishment of a common Christian purpose, that it is noted as something remarkable, and pointed at with self-complacent boasting. We have fashionable churches, and churches made attractive by music that costs enough to support

teachers in a half-dozen barren districts, and enough of the exhibition of a worldly spirit to show to keenly observing outsiders that the Christian spirit of self-sacrifice and the Christian faith in the hereafter are not in us—are hardly in the best of us.

We would not be harsh, but we ask, in all candor, if there is not in every Christian country enough in the aspect of Christian people to make their religion seem a hollow pretence, a thing without vital power, a system not half believed in by those who profess it? Does not the world find us quarrelling about non-essential things, striving for sectarian precedence, and practically ignoring the fact that the world needs to be saved through simple faith in and following of Jesus Christ? Really, when the scientist and the naturalist come with their scalpels and crucibles and blow-pipes, and tell us they will believe in nothing they cannot see and weigh and measure, there is but little left for them to do. Whose fault is it that they find their work so easy? Why is it that there is such a flutter when they speak, except that those who profess to be Christians do not half believe in Christianity, and have no rational comprehension of the basis of such a belief as they possess?

Two things must come before scepticism will be overthrown; viz., 1st. A perfect willingness to go into examination of Christianity for the truth's sake alone. Any man who is interested as a partisan, either for Christianity or against it, is unfit for the investigation. So far as the claims of Christianity are to be settled by investigation, they are to be settled by men whose supreme desire is to find the truth wherever it may lead or land them. 2d. Christianity must be better illustrated in life by those who profess it. When Christians everywhere are controlled by a love that takes in God and every human being; when "divine service" consists of ministry to the poor and suffering and not of clothes and candles; when the Christian name is greater than all sectarian names and obliterates them all; when benevolence is law, and humblest service is highest honor, and life becomes divine,—then scepticism will cease, and not till then.—Dr. J. G. Holland, in *Scribner's Monthly*, for September.

THE JEWS.—Says the *Buffalo Express* in a recent issue:—"The remarkable agreement recently consummated between the Shah of Persia and Baron Reuter was briefly described in these columns a few days since. The concessions obtained by the baron are very generally and justly regarded as constituting one of the boldest and most brilliant commercial exploits of the age. We do not wish to dwell upon this interesting theme at this time, however, but merely to call attention to the fact that the hero of this affair is a Jew, and to the many prizes which members of this race are carrying off in the general contest for wealth and distinction that is going on in every land.

"Surely, if any race ever earned a right to a free and honorable existence it is the Hebrew. The undying faith and constancy displayed by that people through centuries of persecution, outrage, and unjust discriminations of all sorts in nearly every country in Europe have no parallel in history. They are not a warlike race, and yet they have shown most heroic persistence and undaunted courage in upholding the traditions and faith of their fathers, and in clinging to their own ways, when by a few words of apostasy they might have won protection and all the rights of citizenship. For many a century, to be a Jew on the continent of Europe was to be the prey of every plunderer, an outcast debarred from all the rights even of the humblest Christian hind. In most cities, the Jews were penned up in teeming hives in a portion of the town set apart for their use, and they were locked up for the night as dumb beasts might be. This practice has only ceased in Rome within a very few years. But times have changed, and the proscription of the Hebrew race is every day becoming more the exception, and is surely destined to utter extinction. It is matter for congratulation to every American that no such cruel and bigoted legislation as that so long prevailing against the Jews in Europe has ever disgraced the statutes of this country.

"At the present day, the Hebrew population is a large and valuable element in all the cities of Europe and America. They are invariably industrious, prosperous, and law-abiding citizens. In Europe they are carrying off the highest prizes in politics, music, and commerce, and winning social distinction by their merits, wealth, and influence. A gentleman of Hebrew extraction is the only person the great Conservative party in England can trust with its leadership. In a crisis, the brilliant Disraeli is instinctively looked to for counsel, and his word is law in party consultations. The Rothschild family is so well known that comment is unnecessary. It is far more powerful than nine-tenths of the royal families of Europe. And here is Baron Reuter, who does out news to the press of Great Britain and a part of the continent, and leases Persia for seventy-seven years as he would a shop! The news autocrat of Central Europe is also a Hebrew, named Wolff. The press of Vienna is for the most part owned and worked by Jews. A correspondent writes, that 'in Vienna there are more Jews than crossed the Jordan with Joshua to smite the tribes of Canaan. In the Austrian Empire there are as many Jews as there were in Jude in the time of Titus—far more than there were in the captivity.'

AN OLD COLORED MINISTER, in a sermon on hell, pictured it as a region of ice and snow, where the damned froze throughout eternity. When privately asked his purpose in representing Gehenna in this way, he said: "I don't dare to tell dem people nuffin else. Why, if I were to say that hell was warm, some o' dem old rhumatic niggas would be wantin' to start down dar de bery fust frost!"

Poetry.

IN MEMORIAM.

SEPT. 25, 1862—APRIL 7, 1873.

"*Annos septuaginta natus, Un fecerat sua pure maxima pietantur anera, prupertat in senectute, ut his peme delectari videretur.*"—CICERO, *Calo Major*.

My eyes are dry—my heart is drenched in tears:

The love that watched my boyhood half-concealed,

Yet crowned with tenderness these later years,

And Nature's tie with soul-consolation sealed;

Shall cheer my life no more; the tale is told

Of all the blessed hours thou gav'st to me,

Filled with a grace that, as thou grewest old,

Made age more beautiful than infancy.

My father, O my father! rent with pain,

My spirit cries out to thee; but the cry

Dies on the air, nor wakes the voice again

That was so swift in the dear days gone by.

Farewell, a long farewell! I must be strong:

How false a son, should I thy virtues not prolong!

ASTERISK.

EMOTIONAL EXCITEMENT MORE WASTING THAN INTELLECTUAL LABOR.—What the physiological psychologists affirm is this: that, whereas serious and calm intellectual work is only very slowly destructive to the nervous health, emotion, unless directed into proper channels, is highly destructive to the stability of the nervous system. And they further say that the conventional ideas as to the propriety and utility of certain kinds of emotional excitement do visibly bear, in the experience of medical men, the very worst fruit possible. They do not say, as the *Spectator* hints, that the emotion of repentance for real guilt is a thing to be shunned; but they declare that the habit of self-torturing introspection, which the clergy and teachers are especially earnest in recommending as a means of spiritual purification, is so far from promoting the existence of a really high and pure standard of ethics, that it ruins both body and soul, in the majority of cases, wherever it is applied on the large scale. More especially they believe that the habit of inducing unnecessary emotional excitement, in young persons who are just entering the dangerous period of commencing sexual life, is so morally and physically injurious to a large number of individuals, that it may well be questioned whether those individuals might not have been more safely left in total neglect and ignorance.—"Brain-work and the Emotions," in *Popular Science Monthly*, for February.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern,	New York City,	One share,	\$100
Richard B. Westbrook,	Somman, Pa.	" "	100
R. C. Spencer,	Milwaukee, Wis.	Two "	200
R. W. Howes,	Roston, Mass.	One "	100
Chas. W. Story,	Boston, Mass.	" "	100
E. W. Moulding,	Detroit, Mich.	Five "	500
Jacob Hoffman,	Cumminsville, O.	One "	100
John Weiss,	Boston, Mass.	" "	100
W. C. Russell,	Ithaca, N. Y.	" "	100
A. W. Leggett,	Detroit, Mich.	" "	100
B. F. Dyer,	Boston, Mass.	" "	100
James Purinton,	Lynn, Mass.	" "	100
F. A. Nichols,	Lowell, Mass.	" "	100

CASH RECEIPTS.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 20.

Photius Fluke, \$23; Frederic Looser, \$3; Jonathan Hiestand, \$1; Charles Newcomer, 75 cents; F. Purdy, \$3; John Hiatt, 75 cents; E. A. Sawtelle, \$3; L. C. Kimball, \$3; J. D. Lange, \$3; C. L. Carr, \$3; T. Dwight Hall, \$5; George Tolman, \$3; Win. Helm, \$3; Thomas Richardson, \$1; A. L. Dagget, \$3; C. M. Lake, 75 cents; E. T. Billings, \$1; G. W. Stevens, \$10; "A Friend," \$25; Edward Dewey, \$20; Edward Wigglesworth, \$200; George W. Park, \$20; John C. Haynes, \$150; Lewis G. Jones, \$1.50; G. A. Adams, 20 cents; C. W. Wendell, 35 cents; H. L. Green, 10 cents; A. W. Kellogg, 20 cents; G. H. Foster, 40 cents; James Mallin, 50 cents; D. B. Updegraff, 25 cents.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

RECEIVED.

SEVEN SERMONS by the Rev. Charles Voysey, B.A., preached at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, London: J. Low, 29 Curstorf Street, Chancery Lane. 1873.

OUR FIRST CENTURY. Illustration and Dedication, or Modern Pictorial course Spiritualism. By Charles Bray. Published by Thomas Scott, Esq., London. 1873.

SKETCHES OF JEWISH LIFE AND HISTORY. By Henry Gerson. New York: Hebrew Orphan Asylum Printing Establishment. 1873.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

GALAXY for September. New York: Sheldon & Co.

OLD AND NEW for September. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

PENN MONTHLY for September. Philadelphia: 506 Walnut Street.

MONTHLY MIRROR for September. New York: B. J. Stow.

BRITANNIA'S JOURNAL for July. New York: Standard Spiritual Library Association.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for September. Newburgh, N. Y.

NATIONAL PROTESTANT for September. Philadelphia: S. M. Kennedy.

LADIES' OWN MAGAZINE for September. Chicago: M. C. Bland & Co.

The Index.

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Agent and Clerk.

THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B.—No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 25, 1873.

NOTICE.

On and after September 1, the publication office of THE INDEX will be at No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston. All letters, papers, and other communications should be henceforth addressed to "THE INDEX, 1 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass."

Correspondents and Exchanges will please take notice.

CONVENTION IN NEW YORK.

A Convention of the Free Religious Association is to be held in New York city, at the Hall of the Cooper Institute, on the 15th and 16th of October, with sessions at 10 A.M. (continuing till 2 P.M.), and at 7 1-2 P.M. An opening session, if a suitable place can be found, will also be held on the evening of the 14th.

Among the subjects which, it is expected, will be considered are these:—"The Ecclesiastical Foes of Rational Religion;" "The Cost to Christendom of the Foreign Mission System;" "The Natural Unity of Religion;" "The Platform of the Evangelical Alliance as Opposed to Alliance on the Basis of Humanity;" "The Effect of Advancing Free Thought on Religious Institutions;" "Science and Religion—are they at War?" "The Church and Social Evils;" "Taxation of Church Property,—and other Demands which the Principle of Religious Liberty makes upon the State."

Able essayists and speakers will be in attendance, of whom further notice will be given hereafter.

WM. J. POTTER, Sec'y F. R. A.

GLIMPSES.

THERE is a "Female Seminary" at Nazareth. What next?

REV. DR. SPEAR says that "Adam and Eve constitute the parental headship of the race." What does Darwin say about it?

THE GREAT BALLOON intended to float Professor Wise to Europe, and the *Graphic* to riches, burst last week. Net result—lives saved and dollars lost.

"FOR NEARLY SEVENTY years," says a reviewer of *Tristram's Land of Moab*, "no one has ever questioned the site of Machærus." We shall not question it for seventy times seven years.

THE CENTRE Baptist Association of Pennsylvania, with a membership of fifteen hundred, adopted resolutions a few weeks ago against the Christian Amendment. We are glad that the spirit of Roger Williams still lives among them.

THE PRESBYTERIANS have forty-eight millions of dollars of ecclesiastical property; the Catholics have sixty-one millions; the Methodists have seventy millions. It is all untaxed. Who really pays taxes on it? You and other liberals pay part of them.

WITH SOME REASON, the Baptist *Examiner* thinks it poor business for journals to offer as premiums chromos which only cost from ten to thirty cents, under pretence that they are "worth \$5 or \$6." Worth \$5 or \$6 to whom? To the publishers who grow rich by their means?

SAYS REV. MR. MARDEN, missionary at Aintab,

Central Turkey: "You know that baptism and communion, to almost every Oriental Christian's mind, seem a safe passport to Heaven, whatever be the moral character." What is the precise moral value of "Oriental Christianity"? Shall we all pray for its increase?

THE CHICAGO *Post* refuses to believe that Rev. W. H. Murray killed ten deer at the Adirondacks last July, and ate them at one meal. Such incredulity over the exploits of respectable clergymen disgraces the entire press. We hasten to clear our own skirts by avowing that we swallow the story as easily as the clerical Deer-slayer swallowed his game.

THE LATE PILGRIMAGE of English Catholics to the shrine of Marguerite Marie Alacoque at Paray-le-Monial, about forty miles north-west of Lyons, is likely to be imitated here. The Catholic papers are agitating the project. The priests must make a fat thing of it. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and it's a poor superstition that pays nobody cash.

THE NUMBER of registered Protestants in Turkey, according to Mr. Hagop Matteosian, their official representative, is "23,000 souls" (and, we presume, the same number of bodies). How many years have Protestant missionaries been at work in that country? How many missionaries have been sent there? How many dollars has it all cost? How many dollars per head does it take to convert a Turk? A curious community would like answers to these queries, especially in view of the further statement by Mr. &c., &c., that the said 23,000 souls are "composed of almost every nationality in the empire, but mostly of the Americans connected with the missions of the American Board."

THE CATHOLICS are in earnest in their warfare against our free school system. Their most influential journals call loudly for direct political action, by means of public meetings, election of local school committees, and general organization, in behalf of "separate schools,"—of course to be paid for out of the public funds. There is no doubt whatever that the educational institutions of this country are the objective point of attack by a large part of its own citizens. Our only policy must be in the first place to make the schools thoroughly secular, and then to defend them as the only safeguard of liberty and prosperity. Weakness on this point will be the ruin of republicanism.

THE FOLLOWING paragraph from the Boston *Advertiser* shows that our correspondents must be particular to put our special address on all communications designed for this office: "The Index, an insurance monthly which has been published for more than nine years past in Cincinnati, O., seven of which was under the name of the *Chronicle*, and two and a half *The Index*, will, after the present month, be removed to Boston and issued simultaneously from both cities. Mr. W. T. Tillinghast, manager and proprietor, has engaged the services of J. W. Alden, Esq., as associate editor for Boston, and George D. Eldridge, Esq., will continue as associate editor at Cincinnati, Ohio."

AMONG OUR "GLIMPSES" at things in general, we take a glimpse now and then at the office of the Boston *Congregationalist*, just across the street. Orthodox journalism appears to pay very well. The A. B. C. F. M. makes its headquarters in the same handsome and commodious building. Hitherto no zealous missionary has been despatched to convert the pagans of THE INDEX office. Why this heartless forgetfulness of the heathenism at their own doors? Perhaps the Celestial Insurance Company considers that the risk in our case is too desperate. Very well—we consider that the premium on their salvation-policies is too exorbitant; and so we are even. To swallow the *Congregationalist's* creed would certainly bankrupt us intellectually; and we prefer to be solvent a while longer.

FATHER O'REILLY, of St. Mary's Church, New York, declares that Catholics, "as American citizens, claim the right of educating their children as they please." On the other hand, the children have a right, whether they know it or not, to be educated thoroughly in secular knowledge; and the State, as the protector of all rights, has the right to guarantee them such an education. No American citizen has the right to defraud his child of a thorough secular education. If he chooses to superadd to it instruction in his own peculiar doctrines, he can do so; but Father O'Reilly claims for parents a most tyrannical control over their children, in the name of "American

citizenship," when he declares they may "educate their children as they please." It is high time to teach the essential right of children to a good secular education, whether their parents "please" or not.

THE DEDICATION of the "Parker Memorial Meeting-House," in Boston, took place last Sunday. The day was perfect; the audience numbered nearly a thousand, apparently filling the hall; the music was good, and an abundance of flowers and plants added to the beauty of the occasion. Mr. John C. Haynes, chairman of the Standing Committee, welcomed the guests in the name of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, and gave a brief historical account of the latter. Rev. Samuel Longfellow then delivered the dedicatory discourse; and short addresses were made by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Mr. John Weiss, Mr. Charles W. Slack, and F. E. Abbot. During the forenoon several hymns were sung, among them one of rare beauty by Mr. W. C. Gannett. This new "meeting-house" is not a "church," but a fine and commodious hall, which will be occupied for miscellaneous secular uses during the week, and for thoroughly free and radical services on Sunday. The whole building is a memorial to the noble and beloved Theodore Parker, first minister of the Society, and is dedicated to Man rather than God, as was more than once intimated. There is every reason to hope that now, with this fine building at their disposal, the Society will thrive and prosper as never before since Parker's death; and if they do, every high human interest in this vicinity will take a new start. Success attend the undertaking now so favorably launched!

AS ONE OF OUR correspondents reports him, Rev. Mr. Hanly, the noted Methodist preacher, declares his belief that "the source of infidelity in every case is in the heart, not in the intellect." We advise our readers to observe the frequency with which this necessary part of Orthodoxy is stated. We say "necessary," because the moment "infidelity" is considered to be the result of merely intellectual causes, its guilt ceases forthwith, and all moral condemnation of it becomes absurd. "The evil heart of unbelief" is a fundamental Christian tenet. Yet nothing could be more false or unjust. "Unbelievers,"—that is, unbelievers in Christianity who are believers in something better,—are usually such in defiance of all the enticements of self-interest; and, as things go, the chances are ten to one that the avowed unbeliever is a sincerer man than the average church-member. Go through the business streets of any city; count up the believers and the unbelievers just as they are found in the shops and counting-rooms; and then judge for yourself whether the morals of the believers ought on the average to be reckoned better than the morals of the unbelievers. For soundness of "heart" as well as head, commend us to the men and women who modestly but boldly avow their unpopular convictions in the face of all seductions to a politic conformity with fashionable superstition. Mr. Hanly and his fellow-pharisees have much to learn, if they speak ignorantly, and much to repent of, if they speak with knowledge of facts as they really are.

IN THE *Western Catholic*, of Chicago, we find the following explicit avowal of the principles of Catholic journalism: "The position of the Catholic press of America is now well understood. The will and the words of the Sovereign Pontiff are the criteria by which we are to be governed. No one assumes to be the organ of either the universal or a particular Church. There is but one organ of the Church—that is the voice of the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*. No bishop is responsible for the words of any writer, as we are all liable to err. But writers, priests, and prelates are all accountable to the Church for the doctrines they may hold and teach. We will conform to the desires of the Holy Father, in as far as we can. We are ready at any moment for correction, and will listen to it. We will pay every respect to those who hold the place of Sovereign Pontiff in the particular Church to which we belong. And should we in any manner express ideas contrary to the dogma, or counsel practices against the morals of the Church, we beforehand declare our willingness to retract such ideas and counsels, and submit to the well-defined authority of the Sovereign Pontiff in such matters. This is our position, and that of the press in America, as far as we know." What more mischievous agency could be at work in a free country than a public press which thus avows its own utter servitude under priestly control? The simple fact is that Catholicism is a cancer in the republic, and the only sure way to exterminate it is to insist on strictly universal secular education.

THE F. R. A. REPORT FOR 1873.

The *Proceedings at the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association*, just published, is one of the most interesting of the series. It is quite clear that the Association has a sufficient "reason of being." Since the spring of 1867, it has held annual conventions in Boston, attended by large audiences representing the best intellectual and moral life of New England, and including no small number of members and visitors from all parts of the country. The success of the meetings has been due in no small measure to the peculiar grace and dignity with which Mr. Frothingham has presided over them, to the admirable character of the Secretary's reports, and to the excellence of the general plans and arrangements of the Committee. No Association was ever more fortunate in the selection of its officers; and it is no cause for wonder that the same list has been substantially re-elected year after year.

The influence of these gatherings is not to be estimated by any of the ordinary rules. The Treasurer's reports show no large receipts, the total amount raised the past year having been only \$1437.55, and the total amount expended \$1320.55, leaving a balance of \$117.00. No extensive list of memberships has been paraded; no numerous array of auxiliary societies has been reported; in fact, although many societies have been formed in various parts of the country more or less in sympathy with this, the American Free Religious Association, they have no organic connection with it, and are in no formal sense its auxiliaries. The influence exerted has been purely of a general kind, quite unlike that of associations formed for sectarian purposes. It has consisted in the stimulus given to a large number of individual minds, which have been brought into closer sympathy in a very indirect and informal manner; and the fears entertained by many that there would soon be a new sect formed as the result of the experiment have by no means been realized. In fact, it has been made a subject of reproach that no tangible and pecuniary aid has been extended to local societies, no special effort made to multiply them, and no support given to volunteer speakers and lecturers through the country at large. But nothing of this formed part of the original design of the Association. Those who had the most to do with its first inception were sceptical as to the real value of such methods of working. To represent ideas and principles of a universal character in the most universal manner possible, and to leave these to create local organizations and incite individual speakers to find a foothold for themselves according to their own fitness and capacity, seemed most in harmony with the spirit of the free religious movement; and this has accordingly been the general method and policy of the Association from the start. Nothing could be more unreasonable than the complaints made in certain quarters because the Association did not imitate methods it disbelieved in, and devote itself to the hot-house fostering of local movements in communities evidently unripe for them. This is the sectarian policy; it cannot be the policy of any society which is radically opposed to sectarianism. The wide though somewhat indefinite influence of the Free Religious Association has been far more salutary to the spread of free religious ideas than any partisan enthusiasm could possibly have been. No one thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the new movement can fail to see in this peculiarity, which has been blamed as a fault, one of the most marked excellences of the Association as a working body. There is no likelihood, at least under the existing administration of its affairs, that there will be any change in its policy in this respect.

The Secretary's report in the present pamphlet calls attention to the annual Horticultural Hall Course of Sunday Lectures in Boston, which has been now carried on very successfully for three years under the Association's auspices; to the additional Conventions in Philadelphia and Brooklyn last season; to interesting correspondence, especially from Mr. Mozumdar on behalf of the Brahmo Samaj, of India; to the Social Donation Festival, a new and delightful feature of this year's annual meeting; to the practical work to be done, and to the need of generous liberality on the part of its friends in carrying it on. On this last point we would say that nowhere can money be devoted more judiciously by those who wish to further the cause of rational and free religion than by contributing it to the treasury of the Free Religious Association.

The opening address of the President at the session of Friday morning, May 23, was peculiarly felicitous. After showing that the Catholic Church is incapable of adaptation to modern civilization, instancing its

"four great achievements under Pius IX.," namely, the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, the Austrian Concordat, the Syllabus, and the dogma of Papal Infallibility; after showing that the Protestant churches are "crumbling under the action of their own principles," and that "in Unitarianism Protestantism comes to an end,"—he shows that a "new departure is not only possible but necessary." This new departure consists, first, in getting thoroughly rid of sectarianism, and, secondly, in leaving individuals at perfect liberty to work out the final results of right reason applied to religion. Could anything be wiser or more timely than such teaching as this? "As an Association our aim is accomplished when we have achieved liberty,—the right of reason, in its own domain, to eminent domain."

An elaborate essay by Mr. Samuel Johnson on "Freedom in Religion" follows, which it would be impossible to epitomize in the narrow space here at our command. It would be an impertinence to remind our readers that Mr. Johnson is one of the foremost minds in the ranks of New England radicals; his name has for years been known as that of a close thinker and a devoted student of the largest attainments. His great work on "Oriental Religion" is a monument of erudition and philosophic ability, and one of the glories of American scholarship. In the present essay he criticises various definitions of religion (including our own), finds them all defective, and propounds another—"the natural attraction of Mind as finite to Mind as infinite."

Mr. Johnson will, we think, be the last to complain, if we venture to re-consider our own definition in the light of his. He construes the conception of religion as "the effort of man for self-perfection, or for endless growth," as seeming "to exclude, as non-essential to the process defined, the real existence and inspiration of the Perfect itself, without which such effort on man's part, or even the idea of making it, is to most of us inexplicable, and which therefore demands recognition. One of the poles on which the movement turns seems wanting." In other words, he objects to our definition (which is substantially the same as that criticised) because it omits to mention "the Perfect," whose "existence and inspiration" are required to explain man's effort to perfect himself, and should be therefore explicitly recognized. If we do not mistake his language, Mr. Johnson regards all definitions of religion as incomplete which fail to recognize God more or less directly in their "forms of statement." He therefore defines it—"the natural attraction of Mind as finite to Mind as infinite."

Now the old Catholic definition of religion, taken from the false root *religare*, is substantially the same as Mr. Johnson's; being, as Lactantius expresses it, "the bond of piety by which we are attached and bound to God." If God and Man are distinguishable, his definition is an intelligible one; for in that case God and man are two distinct terms of a definite relation, that is, religion. But when he says, "I do not find religion definable by any distinction of Man from God, but call it the natural attraction of mind in its finiteness to mind in its infinitude," we must confess that we are hopelessly puzzled to see wherein his definition expresses, by its "form of statement," any more than our own. If all mind, finite or infinite, is one and indistinguishable, religion, according to Mr. Johnson's language, would be simply the attraction of mind to itself; and "one of the poles on which the movement turns seems wanting." In order to establish any relation whatever, there must be distinction of terms; and if distinction of terms is expressly prohibited, the relation absolutely vanishes. Mr. Johnson, therefore, falls totally in his attempt to express more than is expressed by our own definition; for the "effort of man to perfect himself" is necessarily the attraction of the real to the ideal, or of imperfect mind to itself conceived as perfect. The terms "finite" and "infinite," applied to mind, can mean nothing more than "imperfect" and "perfect." So long, consequently, as Mr. Johnson forbids all distinction of God and Man, his definition is open to precisely the same criticism which he brings against ours.

But, waiving this point, and passing by Mr. Johnson's prohibition of all distinction between Man and God as a mere inadvertency and inconsistency fatal to his own purpose, we must hold that the resolve not to omit explicit mention of God in the definition of religion exposes the definition itself to a just charge of narrowness. It was to avoid this charge that we deliberately sought a definition which should be neutral on the point of God's existence, and therefore cover all forms both of theistic and atheistic religion. Our

definition by no means denies God; it simply forbears to assume him. Unless Mr. Johnson is prepared to take the ground clearly and consciously that there can be no religion without express recognition of God's existence, he will perceive that his own definition is defective in not being broad enough to cover the case of atheistic religion. What will he do with the case of a man who lives under the constant inspiration of devotion to the ideal, yet who deliberately and emphatically denies that there is any such thing as "infinite mind," affirming on the contrary that all mind depends absolutely on nervous organization? Will he call such a man religious or not? The case is no imaginary one; we could point out multitudes of such men. Our own definition of religion is broad enough to include all such men, and yet to include also all those who cherish most devoutly the belief in "infinite mind." In point of breadth, the language of Mr. Johnson's definition seems irremediably defective, provided the possibility of essential religiousness unaccompanied by belief in God is first conceded. It would give us great pleasure to be corrected in *THE INDEX*, if we have failed to do justice to his definition, and in the interest of truth alone invite him to set us right. That his *thought* is substantially our own would seem to be implied in this noble sentence: "Whatever, then, excludes any gift or function from that open attraction to perfection on which growth depends, or whatever lays on the conscience burdens of allegiance beyond the claims of the Moral Order and the upward aim, is at once a denial of religion and an offence to rational freedom."

We have left ourselves no room in which to notice as they merit the morning addresses of Mr. Gannett, Mr. Owen, and Col. Higginson,—the essay of Mr. Weiss in the afternoon, and the addresses of Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Thomson, and Mrs. Mott. All we can say is that no thoughtful radical will fail to regard them as constituting a rich banquet for head and heart. Our own address, being republished without change from the Report on another page, is submitted to our readers with a request that due allowance be made for the imperfections of an extemporaneous speech very slightly and hastily corrected for publication.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

When the reduction of the size of *THE INDEX* was made last April, we promised that justice should be done by an extension of the period of subscription to those subscribers who had paid or should pay \$3.00 for a year. The same promise was made in substance by the five Directors of the Index Association who signed the "Card" in *THE INDEX* of June 21.

The paper having now been re-enlarged to dimensions as great as \$3.00 a year will really pay for at our present circulation, the time has come to redeem the promises made; and this will be done in strict fidelity to their letter and spirit. All who remitted \$3.00 for a year's subscription at any time between September 28, 1872, and April 1, 1873, are in equity entitled to an extension of five months beyond the date now standing on the printed mail-tags affixed to their papers. All who remitted \$3.00 at any time between April 1 and September 1, 1873, are entitled to an extension less in amount, which must be calculated separately in each case. We are now printing as large a paper as we can afford for the price asked; and it is a fair equivalent for the money, \$3.00 for twelve pages being at the same ratio as \$2.00 for eight pages, our first price and size.

This extension of the subscription period as explained is simply a matter of justice to our subscribers, and will be most cheerfully made. But in order to save an immense amount of labor in comparing the mail-list with the subscription books, for which time cannot be taken without seriously interfering with proper attention to current business, it is necessary that all who wish their subscription periods extended should notify us as nearly as possible of the precise date when they paid the \$3.00. For every subscriber entitled to extension who does this, the proper extension will be made at once by changing the date on his printed label. In all other cases we shall be obliged to assume that our subscribers prefer to leave the dates as they are.

And we hope that the majority of our subscribers will be disposed to waive voluntarily their unquestioned right to an extension of time, in order to help the paper and save it from serious, if not dangerous, embarrassment. Should they all insist on it, the protracted postponement of their renewals would involve the paper in unavoidable financial difficulties. *THE INDEX*, like all other papers, must depend mainly on its subscription list; and if the receipts from this source are cut off several months, the result cannot but be disastrous. Hence we trust that our subscribers will generously contribute the surplus amount already paid in, and renew promptly on the expiration of their present terms. It will be very gratifying to us, and to all who wish well to the paper, if we are early assured of this kind willingness to divide the burden of still recent misfortunes, and to second our own efforts to place *THE INDEX* at last beyond all need of extraneous aid.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

"DISCONTINUE MY PAPER."

EDITORS INDEX:

Gentlemen,—You will please be kind enough to discontinue sending your paper to me after my term of subscription expires. I am fully convinced that you are on the wrong track, and that the teachings of your paper are not for the permanent interests of your patrons. Your paper may seem to prosper for a season; but you and those who follow you will one day, or at some period in the distant future, awake to the realization of your false position, when it will be too late to seek grace and pardon from the Savior you have opposed and ridiculed with all the talent you possessed when living.

You, however, only represent a class that has always existed in the world's history—boasting in their own wisdom. Yours respectfully,

BARLOW A. ULRICH.

[We see no cause to complain of the stoppage of THE INDEX for such reasons as the above. How such a subscription was originally made is a mystery to us. But we hope that Mr. Ulrich will some day see how unnecessary it is to trust for "salvation" to anything but his own honest purpose and vigorous will. These are a "Savior" indeed.—Ed.]

THE HEALTHY ATTITUDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Sir,—It seems to me that the most healthy attitude that can be assumed towards the "Deity question" is that of confession of great ignorance. The believers in the existence of a God are divided into two classes; namely, those who believe through dogma, and those who see God by what they call their intuitions. The latter claim to be possessed of a faculty of mind which plainly shows them that there is a God; and we may believe that a very large number of those who accept through dogma are in a measure assisted by their intuitions. It is therefore probable that a very large portion of the human race accepts the idea of a God by the intuitional method. They say that they have a feeling of reaching out towards, or desire for, the infinite; they translate this perception into a relationship, and finally put it into words by saying "Father." Let them do so if they will: for my part I am content to allow things that are vague to remain vague, until I can arrive at knowledge by a perfectly legitimate process. With my mental powers, I am capable of doing no more. I find healthy work for every department of my mind, the performance of which strengthens my intellect: immediately I attempt to understand subjects which are beyond me, I injure myself by undertaking more than I can do. The muscles of my body are capable of doing a certain amount of work; if I overtax them, I weaken them. I do not deny the existence of God; at the same time, while I recognize the transcendental part of my nature, I have no desire to formulate, even to my own mind, any view of the question which it is possible to express in language. I will not even use the word "infinite," because no assemblage of letters can describe what is so entirely outside of our conceptions.

Yours truly, FREDERIC R. HONEY.
NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 18, 1873.

[In classifying all believers in God as either dogmatists or intuitionists, the writer of the above omits to mention those who believe in him as a result of scientific thought,—that is, who rely on the ordinary processes of reason, and are thereby led to such belief. They certainly come under neither of Mr. Honey's classes. It is true, however, that the "most healthy attitude" towards the problem indicated is that of extreme modesty. An over-positive mood, much more an intolerant mood, proves ignorance of no low degree. Little indeed do we know; but few are they who know their own ignorance. Yet it is not "healthy" to regard ignorance as necessary. Better take a cheerful view of human possibilities, and anticipate the gradual conquest of the unknown by the ever-enlarging intelligence of man. Even if we know little to-day of that ultimate explanation of things which Mr. Honey refers to as the "Deity question," let us hope that the human intellect will yet think out its way to a true and wise solution of difficulties that now seem insuperable to many. If it be true that God exists, it is incredible that a truth so stupendous should be unattainable by reason. Hence we look steadfastly for the inbreaking of greater light, as science climbs gradually up from the physical to the spiritual facts of Nature. Cannot they who shudder at the thought of welcoming doubt on such a subject as the fundamental doctrines of theism see any genuine religiousness in this calm and happy confidence

that truth will yet vindicate itself to the intellectual faculties of man, and illuminate his head as well as his heart?—Ed.]

"GOOD-SPEED!"

CURWENSVILLE, Clearfield Co., Pa.,
Aug. 18, 1873.

F. E. ARNOT:

Dear Sir,—I at first esteemed your paper a luxury; I now deem it a "necessary of life." I suppose I could manage to live without it, but it gives expression to thoughts that have been for years revolving in the dim recesses of my inner consciousness, yet lacked form and force. It speaks out bravely and plainly words I have waited and wished, Oh so much, to hear. I have long felt that we were oppressed with the nightmare of superstition, and bound down with the chains of bigotry and intolerance. Thanks to THE INDEX and its brave and true corps of contributors—

"The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears!"

and the glorious light of mental freedom dawns upon a priestridden people.

Yours for the unqualified right of investigation of all subjects, and the right of each individual to form his own opinions, HARRY HOOVER.

"FOREIGN INFLUENCES."

The Universalist General Convention will hold its annual session in Washington on the 16th, 17th, and 18th instant, and it has already attracted general attention here to some degree. Several articles of considerable length relative to the history and doctrines of this sect, written by prominent Universalist clergymen, have appeared within the past week in the columns of the *National Republican*; and one of these, entitled "Religious Opinion a Century Ago," contained the following statement:—

"The American mind, it deserves to be remarked, with all its inquisitiveness and love of novelty, and desire for progress, does not naturally tend to scepticism and infidelity. Indeed, almost all the infidelity, whether vulgar, literary, or scientific, now in the country, is not only of foreign origin, but is constantly nursed by foreign influences."

To the American Christian, whose allegiance is divided between his church and his country,—his Christ and his Constitution,—whose piety prompts him to supplicate the Lord of lords and the King of kings, and whose politics impel him to denounce lords and kings,—such a reflection as the above must be at least gratifying. It is a very broad statement, and, to the Orthodox Christian as well as to the secretaries of the writer's school, a very captivating one. But is it true? Let us see.

An intelligent examination of the principal forms of American "infidelity" would doubtless result in the following classification:—

1. The "vulgar infidelity" of the "Tom Paine" school;

2. The materialistic "infidelity" represented by the *Boston Investigator*, which same journal, in the absence of a representative of the first class, serves for both;

3. The Spiritualistic "infidelity" represented by the various Spiritualist journals; and

4. The Rationalistic "infidelity" of THE INDEX. The majority of American "infidels" may be included under these four heads; and an examination of the sentiments constantly gaining expression through their representative journals above referred to will enable one to ascertain to what extent they are affected by "foreign influences."

Take the *Investigator*, to begin with. There is nothing in it that strikes one as particularly foreign. The sentimentalism of Renan, the profundities of German Biblical criticism, and the doubts of English bishops, find no prominence in its columns. Aged, obstinate, and uncompromising, it plods on in the same path it has trod for two-score years, blissfully unconscious of foreign nourishment. Its venerable editor considers himself the apostolic successor of Abner Kneeland, a "development" (by "foreign influences," Mr. Sawyer?) from our reverend gentleman's cherished faith—*Unitarianism*.

The Spiritualists, who have done more, probably, to break the power of Orthodox Christianity in America than all other elements combined, cannot surely be charged with drawing their nourishment from foreign sources. On the contrary, their doctrines are American in origin, and their mode of organization and general spirit are purely American in their character. "American Spiritualism" has become an accepted and universally recognized name.

How far foreign influences permeate THE INDEX, it is hardly necessary to inquire. "The Demands of Liberalism" have no foreign aspect.

The assertion of the reverend gentleman is one of that numerous class of broad affirmations which are dictated by the desire of the affirmer, rather than drawn from observation or research. The purpose it manifests is that of creating a slight link of unity between the incongruous elements of Christian theology and American nationalism,—an effort as futile as it is foolish.

But what absurdity on the part of the preachers of a foreign religion, a religion born in a foreign land and nurtured for centuries amidst foreign institutions, to talk here in America of "foreign influences" opposing their imported dogmas! A Church with a foreign faith, whose God is a foreign God, whose sacred books were written wholly by foreigners in foreign lands, whose saints and fathers are all foreigners, and whose priesthood has its head-quarters at a foreign capital, to declare here in this new Republic of the

West that "foreign influences" "nurture" the protests against it!

So far from this assertion having any foundation in fact, it must be evident to all who study the nature of American Liberalism that the very spirit of American institutions is its true fosterer of "infidelity," and it would not be unwise to find its actual origin in the principles enunciated in the American Declaration of Independence, penned by the "infidel" Jefferson. To carry those principles more completely into practice, and to harmonize national legislation with an unchristianized constitution, is now becoming the effort of a constantly increasing number,—an effort rendered necessary by the insidious encroachments of an exotic superstition which falsely prates of "foreign influences."

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12, 1873.

THEOLOGICAL ASSUMPTIONS.

In the *Watchman and Reflector* of Aug. 21st, 1873, are some speculations, stated in argumentative form, about "the intermediate state." The sort of composition of which this is a specimen is exceedingly common in pulpits, as well as in weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications of the theological class; and it deserves more particular and more extensive notice than it has yet received.

Defenders of the popular theology, lay and clerical, often undertake to establish their theories by argument; but they usually rest their superstructure of reasoning upon a basis of mere assumption, quite as unproved, and seemingly as unprovable, as that elephant, standing on a tortoise, which was declared by somebody to be the foundation of the earth. Take a few specimens:—

1. "The intermediate state."

The writer above referred to means by this expression a portion of the future existence of every human being, intermediate between the death of his body and some indefinitely future period. He assumes that, after this indefinitely future point shall have been reached, there cannot possibly be any essential change in the character, career, or destiny, of the individual in question; and his article is designed to show the similarity, in this particular, between that final state and "the intermediate state." In other words, this writer wishes to have it believed that, if any soul, when its body dies, has not reached a certain degree or grade of spiritual character, it must, by God's appointment, thenceforward remain incapable of any improvement!

Why should these things be believed? Why should any believer in God and immortality credit such a notion in regard either to man's final state or to any state preceding it?

2. "The world of woe."

Those who use this expression assume the existence of a place or a state in which God (that same God whom they call just, and full of loving-kindness and tender mercies) will torment vast numbers of men and women forever, having made it for that purpose before he made them!

Why should any one credit such a horrible doctrine as this?

3. "The plan of salvation."

Here it is assumed that God invented and adopted a contrivance to rescue from eternal misery a part, and only a part, of that immense human family for whom he had himself ordained and prepared eternal misery! This misery (it is represented in the popular theology) was ordained by the All-Loving to punish men for following their natural inclinations; that is to say, the inclinations with which they were born by his appointment; the rescue of a part, and only a part, of these condemned ones was arranged (they say) by the All-Merciful; and the mode of doing this, adopted by the All-Just, was to inflict a different and less terrible penalty upon an innocent person!

Why, for heaven's sake, should the mass of frightful inconsistencies included in this assumption be believed?

4. "The great adversary of souls."

Those who use this phrase mean their hearers or readers to believe that there really exists an invisible being, of great power to deceive and deprave human creatures, of immense activity and energy, and of intense malignity; and further, that this evil spirit not only sets himself in opposition to God, the All-Wise, All-Good, and All-Powerful, but will succeed in counteracting his purposes of mercy towards millions of men and women throughout eternity.

Why should such a notion be believed by anybody?

5. "The word of God"—meaning the Bible.

People who talk about "the word of God" mean to represent that God really dictated, and really requires us to believe, all that was written by Samuel, Solomon, and other Hebrews, known and unknown, in the Jewish Scriptures; and by Mark, and Paul, and other converts from Judaism, known and unknown, in the Christian Scriptures.

Why should any one entertain such a belief,—especially after seeing the immense amount of incongruity and self-contradiction involved in it?

6. "The sure word of prophecy."

Those who use this expression wish to have it understood that all the predictions and prophecies recorded in the Old and New Testaments actually have been, or are in course of being, fulfilled; and that they must all be accepted as God's theory.

Why should anybody accept a theory like this,—especially after seeing the numerous contradictions of it by the facts of history and experience?

7. "God's holy Sabbath"—meaning Sunday, the first day of the week.

8. "The house of God"—meaning some building of wood, brick, or stone, in which sectarian devotees assemble weekly to maintain and diffuse the doctrine peculiar to them.

Why should the notions expressed in these two

phrases pass current with any reader of the Bible? We all agree in accepting the declaration of the martyr Stephen that "the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands;" and both Testaments agree in designating "the seventh day of the week," Saturday, as the only Scriptural Sabbath.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ."

Why should Jesus, the wise and good teacher, be called "our Lord,"—as if our whole allegiance were not due to that "one God" who is testified of in both Testaments, and who bore witness to himself in the human heart before either Testament was written?

Why should that wise and good teacher be called "Christ"—as if he bore the least resemblance to the imaginary "Messiah" of Jewish anticipation and prediction?

This list of unproved and unprovable assumptions might be extended, but it is sufficient. The facts in regard to these phrases, to which I wish to call attention, are the following: No sufficient reason can be produced for acceptance of the theories expressed in them; critical inquiry into the meaning and ground of them is stigmatized by "pious" people as dangerous and wicked; the influence (direct and indirect) of these pious people excludes such inquiry from the daily and weekly press; if one of this class can fortunately be found willing to hear and answer, he will probably answer by evasion; and if, by remarkable good fortune, a direct answer to an inquiry of this sort be ever obtained, it will be found to contain another unfounded assumption, needing itself to be established by evidence, but utterly destitute of evidence.

When respectable custom has brought about the acceptance of notions so false and absurd as those implied in the phrases above quoted, by people otherwise sensible and intelligent, and when the teachers of these people can habitually utter things of this sort as truths without contradiction or question, it seems quite time that protest should be made; or, at the very least, inquiry.

C. K. W.

SCIENCE AND FAITH.

I have clipped the following paragraph from *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for December, 1872, pages 137, 138: "He (Faraday) combined in a remarkable degree the scepticism of the Man of Science and the faith of the humble Christian. The scientist is almost of necessity a sceptic. It is his business to doubt, and, doubting, to test, try, investigate. As a scientist Michael Faraday was peculiarly sceptical. 'If,' says he, 'Grove or Wheatstone or Gassiot, or any other, told me of a new fact and wanted my opinion either of its value, or the cause, or the aid it could give on any subject, I never could say anything until I had seen the fact.' So it seems Michael Faraday would doubt the testimony of any man on anything of a scientific nature until he had seen the facts; but he was so 'humble a Christian' that he would accept what the nearly forty writers of the Bible presented as truth without doubting, testing, trying, or investigating. He would not believe his dearest friends, no matter how well he knew them to be honest and truthful. He absolutely refused to accept a new scientific idea upon the testimony of others. But he was humble enough to accept the whole of what nearly forty Bible writers had said on religious matters (aye, and on scientific matters, too) without asking to see the facts! He certainly deserves the title of 'humble Christian,' though I cannot see how he can claim to be a consistent philosopher.

What should we think of a king who is so fearful that his servants will poison him that he subjects everything that he eats to the severest tests for poisons, before eating them, but drinks his wines and other beverages without fear, and without subjecting them to any examination, as though he knew not that poison could be put in the cup as well as in the pot? We certainly should say of him that he should apply the same tests to his drinks that he did to his solid food. Similarly, we say of M. Faraday that he should apply the same tests to his religious that he did to his scientific ideas. M. Faraday's friends never found any fault with him for being sceptical, but on the contrary loved him all the more for his rigid devotion to the interests of truth; and to hold that God will find fault with his creatures for requiring proof of their religious views, is in the highest degree derogatory of his character. Even Bible writers have shown that God was quite indulgent to those who doubted, as in the case of Moses saying to God—"Behold they (the people) will not believe me and will say, the Lord hath not appeared unto thee." (Exodus 4: 1.) The Lord did not tell him to damn them if they said so; but proceeded good-naturedly to instruct Moses how to prove the truth of his assertions. So also in the case of the sceptic Gideon; God allowed him to see the facts (Judges 6: 36-40), and seemed not at all displeased with his scepticism. It certainly would be unfair to assume that in these days of grace God is more arbitrary and unreasonable than he was in those days. The God who submitted to a demand for the facts from the sceptics, Moses and Gideon, will not damn sceptics now without first showing them similar proofs. Why, then, should M. Faraday accept the Bible writers any more than Grove, Wheatstone, or Gassiot?

The Jews, as a race, have not been very famous for their devotion to truth. Their father Abraham was more noted for faith than for truthfulness (see Genesis, chapter 20). Jacob and his sons were not always noted for their truthfulness (see Genesis, chapters 27 and 34, also chapter 37, 31st and 32nd verses). Even one of the writers in the New Testament told a lie and swore to it (Matthew 26: 69-74); and, even after preaching the famous sermon on the day of Pentecost, he dissembled. Paul himself had a weakness in the same direction (see Romans 3: 7).

But these men claim, it is said, to have written by

inspiration of God, and therefore we must believe them without seeing the facts. The sceptic replies: "Not so; for all writers on religion have made the same pretensions, Joe Smith not excepted, and we will demand of you to see the facts." It is right to doubt, and, doubting, to test, try, and investigate; and a religion that will not stand the severest scrutiny can have but little claim to divine origin. Scientific men are not often proud men—not so often as are Christians; and I suppose M. Faraday was a humble scientific man as well as an "humble Christian." But if he had applied the same tests to religious things that he did to scientific, his biographer would not have called him an "humble Christian." He would then have been "almost of necessity a sceptic." This is surely a poor argument in favor of the Christian religion.

J. G. M.

CONCENTRATION.

Mind and matter are singularly blended in Nature.

The laws according to which the noblest human intellect is acted upon include within their range the lowliest forms of life.

Illustrations of the grandest and most far-reaching truths known to the philosopher can be found in the commonest facts and things familiar to the child.

It is so in the matter of concentration, which is the gathering of the diffused into the intense, and which is quality obtained at the expense of quantity.

We see it where a million men are engaged in the manufacture and use of the invention of one intense mind—the steam-engine of Watt; and we see it when a flash of lightning,—less in quantity than the power produced by the combination of the elements of a drop of water,—by its extreme tension reduces a tower or an oak to ruin.

We may take a small bit of rock which has lain in a hot barren plain, on which the sun's rays may have fallen for a geological era with little or no effect; but let us concentrate the rays by bringing them to a focus on the bit of rock, and we shall see that an amount of heat less than that which idly fell upon it during an hour, shall in a minute or two render it a free flowing liquid.

This principle has much to do with practical science and business. A flame below a certain intensity has no power to reduce a metal, say, iron, and therefore only a small part of the sun of heat applied is utilized; and hence the great economy effected by any invention, such as the hot blast, which increases the intensity of the flame.

What is the main source of loss in our steam-engines? Plainly the heat carried off by the exhaust steam which is not hot enough to generate more steam, and hence any practicable scheme to condense or concentrate heat of low intensity would be of great value.

In human life we trace the same truth taught by the lens and the blast-pipe; concentration of attention and study to a special object produce results unknown where the same power is expended on a general culture only.

It is as if we had each a mound to build from about the same quantity of material, and that the higher it is to be, the narrower shall it be, and the harder must we work; but from the top we shall have a wider range of view than if we had either unduly broadened our foundation or spared our labor. In fact, so much does achievement depend upon industry, that many men of genius have considered it more necessary to success than natural talent. Newton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Franklin, and Faraday were emphatically of this opinion. If one youth has twice the natural talent of another, but only one-third his application, he shall as certainly be beaten in the race of life by the other as that three exceeds two.

In the present vastly extended range of knowledge, when single sciences have outgrown in volume the limits that all the sciences had in Newton's day, the desideratum would seem to be the concentration of the mind on some particular science or sub-science, taking care to cultivate all knowledge at the same time as far as may be, to counteract the narrowing tendency of a specialty exclusively cultivated.

As the relations of one science to another are being traced continually, and the unity of knowledge becomes more and more evident, we have often to admire a great mind which not only excels in a specialty, but has an unusual general cultivation, which is turned to account in developing the specialty farther and higher; for all Nature is inter-dependent, and each part has a bearing and influence on all, and we must rise from details to generalities in our understanding of the universe.

J. G. H.

WHISKEY MEN AND INFIDELS.

WHITE HALL, Greene Co., Ill., May 22, 1873.

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION:

Gentlemen,—Talking with a Methodist minister yesterday, he informed me that there is an association in Ohio, composed of "Whiskey men and Infidels," who believe neither in morals, Sunday, nor God.

Wishing to know the truth in the matter, I enclose ten cents, for which you will please send me a copy of your paper. An old copy will do as well as a late one; I only want the sentiment and object of your paper.

I am very truly yours,

WILL HACKNEY.

P. S. Free thinking is on the increase here.

MARK TWAIN, a few months after his first baby was born, was holding it on his knee. His wife said, "Now confess, Samuel, that you love the child!" "I can't do that," replied the humorist, "but am willing to admit I respect the little thing for its father's sake."

THE CATHOLIC ATTACK.

[The following article, taken from the last Independent, should be carefully read. Shall the attack succeed? It will be profitable to ignore the issue much longer.—Ed.]

The Roman Catholic clergy of St. Peter's parish in this city have inaugurated a movement which will be observed with interest, as an attempt, under more favorable circumstances than probably exist elsewhere in the country, to break down the public schools, and establish in place of them sectarian schools, under the direct control of the clergy. The first ward seems to have been selected on account of its small population and large proportion of Roman Catholics. By the census of 1870, the total number was only 14,463, of whom 8,022 were foreigners. A new building, erected at a cost of about \$200,000, was dedicated, with imposing ceremonies, and in the presence of a large crowd, on the 6th inst. The dedication ceremony was performed by Vicar-General Quinn, who made a tour of the building, sprinkling the walls with holy water, while the attendant priests chanted the "Benedictus." This was followed by several addresses, all of which were, of course, emphatic in approval of the new policy. The speech of the Rev. Father O'Reilly, of St. Mary's Church, is thus reported in the New York Times:

"He said that there were schools already in that parish; but the Catholics, out of their poverty, had clubbed together and raised money to purchase the school which had just been dedicated. They did so because they wanted schools of their own. The public schools were, he confessed, very good in their way; but they were by no means perfect. Those whom the public schools suited were welcome to them; but Catholics would have the schools they wanted. This was only the beginning of the movement. Catholics were determined to maintain their faith, and the only one way to do that was to educate the children in the faith of their fathers. They had just blessed the school, the first words uttered in which every day would be 'Our Father,' and in which every hour would be dedicated in the name of the Trinity. That was what they liked. This was a free country, and people were at liberty to choose whatever system of education they pleased. Catholics would stand by any Jew, Dissenter, or Episcopalian, who, in addition to a secular education, would teach his children in the doctrines of his own particular religion.

"Father O'Farrel, of St. Peter's, in bringing the proceedings to a close, thanked his parishioners for the zeal shown by them in the educational movement. He wished it to be understood that, in this matter, the priests and people went together, and that his parishioners would bear sacrifices, no matter how hard, in order that their children might receive a Christian education. He hoped they would not abate their zeal until every Catholic child in the ward had been brought under the influences of a Christian education. It had been charged by a certain newspaper that they had entered into a conspiracy. It was true that they had entered into a conspiracy—every man, woman, and child, of them; and they made no secret of it. They did not deny that they protested against supplying schools to which Catholic children could not go, just as they would protest against being forced to attend a State church. They claimed, as American citizens, the privilege of educating their children as they pleased. The same gentleman, at the 10.30 mass, pronounced the public school system a failure. He believed that eventually the State must either make all education voluntary and without taxation—or each denomination supporting its own schools—or else, if taxes were raised for educational purposes, each party must receive a fair share. The eighth of September, he declared, would be long remembered by his parishioners as the day on which the first school under the care of the Christian Brothers was established in the parish of St. Peter."

AN EXTRAORDINARY WITNESS.—A Madrid letter in the *Siecle* says: "Salvochea, the popular hero of Cadiz, has appeared before an examining magistrate. By his examination you may judge what manner of man he is. The question put—Your name? Firman Salvochea. Age? Thirty-one. Religion? To do all the good I can. I have to ask you to swear that you will tell the truth. My habit is always to tell the truth. Good; but you must swear to do so. I refuse to take any oath. Do you know the leaders of the national militia who took part in the rising at Cadiz? Yes, all of them; they are my personal friends. Give their names. Never! no human power can force me to say what I do not wish. Do you know who commanded the insurgents? I had the honor to be obeyed by all my friends, defenders of the rights of the people trampled under foot; but I never commanded. Who ordered the fire on the piquet of artillery at the moment of the publication of the bando of the very excellent Seigneur Peralta? I do not know. Who, after that, organized the resistance? I myself. Who caused barricades to be raised? I, again. Who constructed them? Everybody, young and old, women and children. Who set the galley-slaves free? Nobody; they got out, and I had them pursued, and when they were caught I confined them in the Ayuntamiento, where I employed them in making cartridges and lint. Who planted cannon under the peristyle of the casa consistorial? My companions and I. Who were they? I repeat, do not ask me to give any proper names. I have resolved not to be led away by my resentment; but your insidious questions might be able to prevail over my wishes, and the responsibility of it would fall back upon yourselves."—*Journal*, Feb. 23, 1869.

Advertisements.

GENERAL NOTICE.

On August 8, 1873, I contracted for the two best advertising pages of THE INDEX for the current year. No advertisements objectionable to the editor to be taken. For terms apply to

ASA K. BUTTS, 36 Dey St., New York.

No improper advertisements, no advertisements of patent medicines, and no advertisements known to be fraudulent or unjust to any one, will be hereafter admitted into THE INDEX. All advertisements accepted before this date will be allowed to run their time. No cuts admitted.

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FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.
TOLDOO O., June 21, 1873.

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By Francis E. Abbot.

This is a handsomely printed pamphlet of 64 pages, containing the full explanation of the recent "INDEX troubles," which was submitted to the stockholders of the Index Association at their Second Annual Meeting, June 7, 1873. It is hoped that every one who has read the statements of the other side will in fairness read this also. Price, post-paid, 25 cents. Address the Author, No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston.

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It contains full proceedings of the meeting, including Essays by Samuel Johnson on "FREEDOM IN RELIGION," and by John Weiss on "RELIGION IN FREEDOM." Speeches by O. B. Frothingham, W. C. Gannett, Robert Dale Owen, T. W. Higginson, S. Longfellow, J. S. Thomson, F. E. Abbot, Lucretia Mott, and the Annual Report of the Executive Committee.

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VOLUME 4.

BOSTON, MASS., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1873.

WHOLE No. 199.

ORGANIZE!

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

A FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, it is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

THEREFORE, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF —.

ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in —:

Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.

ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.

ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.

ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.

ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

So far as I am concerned, the above is the platform of THE INDEX. I believe in it without reserve; I believe that it will yet be accepted universally by the American people, as the only platform consistent with religious liberty. A Liberal League ought to be formed to carry out its principles wherever half a dozen earnest and resolute Liberals can be got together. Being convinced that the movement to secure compliance with these just "Demands" must surely, even if slowly, spread, I hope to make THE INDEX a means of furthering it; and I ask the assistance and active co-operation of every man and every woman who believes in it. Multiply Liberal Leagues everywhere, and report promptly the names of their Presidents and Secretaries. Intolerance and bigotry will tremble in proportion as that list grows. If freedom, justice, and reason are right, let their organized voice be heard like the sound of many waters.

FRANCIS E. ABBIOT, Editor,
BOSTON, Sept. 1, 1873.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—M. A. McCord, President; P. A. Lofgreen, L. La Grille, Secretaries.
BOSTON, MASS.—J. S. Rogers, President; J. P. Titcomb, G. A. Bacon, Secretaries.
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BREMEN, MICH.—A. G. Eastman, President; F. R. Knowles, Secretary.
OSCEOLA, MO.—R. F. Thompson, President; M. Roderick, Secretary.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY A. W. S.

JOSEPH ARCH, the English labor reformer, is in this country, and will soon visit Boston.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY, in New York, contains nearly one hundred and fifty thousand volumes.

THE *Independent* asks the question, "Can a minister be an honest man?" Upon due reflection, we should say that he might, if he would try hard.

SOME OF KATE FIELD's friends told her that they would rather "see her dead" than have her take to lecturing. Miss Field, however, preferred to lecture.

THE *Morning Star* (Baptist) says: "As between the Christian religion and Darwinism, no sensible mind can hesitate which to indorse." No, we should think not.

A JEWISH HOSPITAL has recently been dedicated in Philadelphia. Its doors are "to be open to the sick, regardless of creed, race, or color." Long may it wave!

CHARLES BRADLAUGH lectures in Boston to-morrow evening. The *Golden Age* says he is "now acknowledged to be the most powerful platform-orator in England."

A PRETTY POEM, lately published, tells how a little girl, in a Scotch kirk, weary of the minister's long praying, stepped softly to his side and said: "Oh, sir, please say, Amen."

DE QUINCEY says that German and Greek are the two richest of human languages. We remember that Gen. Scott, when running for the Presidency, thought very highly of "the rich Irish brogue."

THE FOURTH PLANK in the Chicago Spiritualist Convention platform reads thus: "That the ultimate value of Spiritualism consists in its capacity to better the condition of individuals and the race." Good.

REV. DR. TALMAGE has, in New York, a "Free College for training Christian men and women." We suppose that means that men and women are free not to go as well as to go to it. We certainly hope so.

THE *Independent* says: "The practical difference between pantheism and atheism is one that we confess ourselves unable to appreciate." Can the *Independent* appreciate the difference between everything and nothing?

THE *Christian Union* says: "It is certain that nearly all heathen religions are bottomed on the fear of God." Why should any Christian think less of them for that? The *Christian's Bible* says: "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom."

CHARLES BRADLAUGH says: "I claim the right to use force to defend right; but I utterly repudiate force as an initiative in any political or social movement in attacking wrong, in any country where parliamentary rule prevails." This seems to us good doctrine for a reformer to hold.

THE *Christian Union* speaks of "an accident which befel a certain eminent clergyman, in preaching, the other day." It says "his teeth dropped out in the middle of a severe attack on the looseness of Mr. Beecher's theology." Mr. Beecher ought to know better than to do such things.

THE NEW YORK *Post* says that Postmaster Filley, of St. Louis, has been "forgiven," and "will still retain his

office." This is the official who would make his poor clerks pay the expenses of his magnificent entertainment of President Grant; and this, also, is the President who is in favor of civil service reform!

IN NINETEEN STATES of this Union—New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Kansas—marriages between whites and blacks are legal.

MR. SUMNER's decision to enter the lecture field this season, it seems, was based upon the professional advice of his physician—Dr. Brown-Séquard. We trust that his renewed strength may continue unabated for many years. It is the almost single glory of our American politics, that such a man stands in their midst faithful, pure, and firm.

THE UNITARIANS are rejoicing over a recent accession to their ranks of one Rev. Mr. Savage from an Evangelical denomination. We hope our Unitarian friends will not be too much elated; if Mr. Savage is a really progressive man, his present halt to them may be changed to a future farewell. They may be to him only a half-way house on his way to Free Religion.

THE *Catholic Review* says: "We have ourselves, at present, a very decided conviction that images of our Lord and of his Mother have moved their eyes—'winked'—on various occasions and in a distinctly miraculous manner. We have believed all this, and more, on what we consider good evidence." This astonishing credulity causes us also to "wink," and rub our eyes, and look again, to see if we have read the *Review* correctly. But we surely have!

A CORRESPONDENT to the Springfield *Republican* expresses great solicitude in regard to the religious spirit at New Haven, and especially in Yale College. It fears that spirit is gradually dying out there, evidence of it appearing in the fact that the college students do not willingly submit to the rule of daily prayers and Sunday worship, and that the laboring classes of New Haven almost entirely neglect to go to church. The day of compulsory religion has gone by. If we are to have any, hereafter, it must be natural and voluntary.

LADY JULIET POLLOCK, in the *Contemporary Review*, confesses and deplors the fact that the rising generation of English youth are neglecting to read Shakespeare. She says that he is a "dead classic" to them, "well placed on the bookshelf and allowed to rest there." Wordsworth, Pope, Swift, Gray, Goldsmith, and Campbell, she says, "are not much better remembered." America, she thinks, improves upon this. "It is there," she remarks, "that our own classics are prized and revered as worthy models." We are very glad if this last be true.

A NICOLA, a Christian philosopher of Italy, says: "There is not a dogma of Christianity more useful or true than this one of eternal punishment. Weaken faith in it, and you will soon see the consequences." We think, indeed, that the Church misuses it in allowing the literal old hell to subside. It has ever been its most effective means for the "conversion of sinners;" and if it would continue to maintain its authority over ignorant minds, it must not spare this element of terrorism, but on every possible occasion use it to the best advantage. The New York Methodist minister was right, when he said that the reason why Methodism did not advance its borders more was because its preachers "had left hell out of their sermons." If you drop "hell," then also drop every sort of religion but natural religion.

DR. BELLOWES preached the sermon at the recent dedication of a new church for the Second Hawes Congregational Society, in South Boston. In that sermon we find him reported as saying: "The Unitarian must leave open many questions that other Christians have peremptorily closed up; and must have oftentimes the courage to say, 'I don't know.'" This is certainly a very frank and truly liberal statement. But we are puzzled to understand what those things are which the Unitarians "don't know." We believe that they claim to "know" that there is a personal God, that man is immortal, and that Christianity is the divine religion. Yet all these are regarded by rationalists as "open questions." Will the doctor please to be even more explicit, and tell us what those things are which Unitarians really "don't know?"

[FOR THE INDEX.]

We See as We Are.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

"Blessed are your eyes, for they see," said Jesus, "and your ears, for they hear."—almost as if it were strange that eyes *should* see and ears hear! It is very strange if they do not see, do not hear,—is rather our first thought. But then how is it that two pairs of eyes look at the same thing and see such very different things? Where there is but one fact, how is it that after asking a dozen observers, What is that fact? you will not then have found out the whole of it,—if eyes see?

The boy and the robin are both up in the cherry-tree. The cherries are red and ripe for both. The robin pecks away, and only thinks how good they are, I suppose. The boy thinks that, too; but through his head there flashes a memory of the leafless tree of winter, of the white blossom that stayed but a week and then fluttered away, of the hard, green berries that were left and slowly grew into the crimson, juicy fruit; and, with the memory, a wonder how it all came to be. How differently the two creatures look at the same fact!

That boy looks with his mother at the sky of night, where the stars twinkle for both. The boy wonders what they are, and how they got there, "up above the world so high." The mother wonders, too, but tells him a dim story of great globes and suns peopling the space, as the cherries peopled his tree. What a different thing the same night-sky means for her!

There was a man, some eighteen centuries ago, going about the Galilee roads and talking of his Father, and a kingdom of heaven soon to come upon the earth. And a few men and women looked at him and said, even they half-doubtingly, Thou art our Jewish Christ! While ninety-nine out of every hundred who saw and heard him thought, A new prophet possibly! A travelling Rabbi! A wine-bibber! A friend of sinners! A blasphemer! A man demented with a devil! It was a question of fact; and the same look on the face, and the same tone in the words, and the same tenderness and wrath of manner were before their eyes to judge by,—and what was the fact?

Here is a universe around us! And all of us, born into it, born a part of it, have to accept it as a fact. But what is this fact we accept? God, say some. Matter and force, say some. Matter, force, and a mystery, say others. Or suppose our eyes all see the "God"—ask a little farther and we soon find out that, though we all agree that God is one, yet we are looking at very different Gods indeed.

We begin to believe Jesus—Blessed are the eyes that see, and the ears that hear.

Now the explanation is simple enough, but, like most things that we call simple, marvellously rich in suggestion. "The deep secret is the open secret." You can put it in five words that a child, just beginning, could spell,—*We see as we are.*

TWO TRUTHS HINTED.

We see as we are. The words dimly hint two great truths. One is that it takes more than eyes, then, to make vision. Which, of course, is true. Every new impression joins on to the vast net-work of previous impressions, interprets itself by them, and means much or means little to us according to their amount. The difference between the truth and the man is hardly in the better organ (the hawk high up above the hill-top sights the mouse in the meadow-grass; the insect often has a hundred lenses to our one)—is not in the better organ, but rather lies in this,—*how much past consciousness has each?* We see, hear, feel, think, will nothing without using all we are up to that moment; not only the full store of organized consciousness that we have acquired ourselves, but also that which our parents and their ancestors have gathered in the family blood through centuries, and handed down to us, the heirs of all these ages of development. That is what we use every time we simply "see" and "hear." Is it not a great suggestion?

And the second truth hidden in the five short words is that, since there is thus no limit to our growth of eye-sight, there is more in a thing than we ever see at any given time. Every fact in the universe is a little universe of fact in itself, a miracle that we see farther and farther into, only to reach the feeling how little we know about it. A pebble—what more common? Why, that pebble is older than Adam! Think what it could tell you, if you had ears to hear the stones cry out. A snowflake,—what more trifling? Trifling! We might as well call the planet itself trifling. If you could tell me all about that snowflake, you would have "found out" God,—that is all! And so about any other seeming insignificance. It is often a great comfort when beset with religious doubts to remember this, that we never are seeing to the bottom of a truth, and that, meanwhile—

Our faiths are foolish by falling below,
Not coming above, what God will show;
His commonest thing holds a wonder vast,
To whose beauty our eyes have never past,
God's fact, in the present, or in the to-be,
Outlines the best that we think we see!

Are not the short syllables, "We see as we are," becoming full of meaning? In everything we look at, there is more than any one has yet looked at; and the depth of each one's present insight depends on how much past insight he possesses already—that is, on how much he is already. Simple as the five words sound, I feel for one as if I could embrace but a very little of their vast meaning, and can phrase that little imperfectly. Let us try to see into it by the clearer way of illustration.

ILLUSTRATIONS: I. IN NATURE.

First, in Nature, the outward universe, we see what

we are,—that is, what we see is in proportion to our previous knowledge.

Go with an artist friend into the fields. He sees lights in the grass, tints in the clouds, shadows on the mountain, which your eye will hardly catch even when pointed out. "Mr. Turner," said a friend one day to him, "Mr. Turner, I never see in Nature the glows and the colors you put into your pictures." "Ah! don't you wish you could, though?" was the painter's answer. Read one of the great poems with a poet friend. His face will flush, his voice will tremble, while you are cold and even-toned. As he pauses over this and that passage, you will wonder how you passed its beauty by so unconsciously. Go to Europe: what you bring back in your memory and your note-book will be exactly proportioned to the knowledge of history, and art, and men, you carry with you. Humboldt spent five years in America, and it took twelve quartos, and sixteen folios, and half a dozen helpers, and many years, to put on record what he saw. Most men find little new in a walk in the woods, or a mountain tramp. Thoreau would sight out new facts, as one picks up flowers. "He had a whim of extolling his own town and neighborhood as the most favored centre on the planet for natural observation. 'I think nothing is to be hoped from you,' he writes, 'if this bit of mould under your feet is sweeter to you than any other in this world, or in any world.' He found the red snow in one of his walks, and expected to find the Victoria Regia, and returned Kane's Arctic Voyage to a friend from whom he had borrowed it, with the remark that 'most of the phenomena noted there might be observed in Concord.'" And that same Humboldt walked up Vesuvius with two of his friends one day, and the world grew richer in knowledge from that single excursion. A scratch on a rock in a Maine blueberry pasture will tell Agassiz that an iceberg passed that way ages ago, or that glaciers once lay there and ground their course southward. To you and me it is a scratch on a rock. A bit of chalk in Huxley's hands will bring up facts, not legends, of the oozy bed on which the Atlantic cable rests, and report how life went on at the time the Dover Cliffs were formed. The sunbeam has just been unravelled, and its fine lines are found to have been telling men for ages, and in a voice as multitudinous as light itself, the secret structure of the sun; but only to-day has the world grown wise enough to begin to understand the utterance. The whole realm of Nature, as it opens itself to modern science, reiterates with every new discovery the grand, inspiring, simple law—men see in proportion to what men are; every past sight counts into new visions.

Those sudden glimpses of great truths, those marvels of insight at whose mystery the world catches breath, exemplify, they do not contravene, the law. We call them inspiration, genius, revelation. Whatever it be, it is only a new sight proportioned to the past seeing. "The great mind sees the idea in the fact; the little mind, only the fact." Only a man like Newton detects a law of gravitation in the fall of a ripe apple from its bough. Only a Goethe picks up a deer's skull in the woods and exclaims, "These parts are but the spinal vertebrae modified!" Mayer draws blood from a sick man's arm in some tropical country, and notices that the blood is of a brighter red than he has been wont to see up North. To Mayer, but not to the myriad doctors who had used their lancet before, it was hint sufficient to put him on the track of the correlation of forces, the great scientific consummation thus far of the century. Darwin is struck by certain facts in the distribution of South American plants, and he follows out this simple lead to his doctrine of the origin of species. Give Cuvier a tooth or a bone of an animal whose race ran out thousands of years ago, and sometimes he could reconstruct its figure, and the rocky archives of its burial-place would prove his vision right! And Agassiz (the story, I believe, is strictly true) thrice dreamed his way into the stone and saw the creature lying there with the structure which his hammer afterwards uncovered. Cuvier and Agassiz, Darwin and Mayer, could do these things, but not the common seers of science; because each man can only see in proportion to what he is and has already. The better mind, the deeper insight; the greater fund of knowledge already acquired, the greater fund of knowledge vouchsafed.

II. IN MAN.

Let us turn from Nature to Man. Here we come upon a ground common to all, to readers and those who have no time or no taste for reading, to men of science and those, like most of us, who can only swallow the crumbs that fall from their table, and wonder what the loaf must be that can make such rare crumbs. We see in men what we are,—that is, we see in them those possibilities of nobleness and ignobleness which we have caught sight of in our own inward experience. "If the fool sit beside the wise man all his life, he will perceive the taste of the law as little as the spoon the soup; but if one who is intelligent sit beside the wise man for a single moment, he will as quickly taste the law as the tongue tastes the soup"—so runs a Buddhist maxim which does not lose its sense in coming round the world. The sinner may believe in sainthood, but his saint will be very different from the saint's saint. In turn, it may be doubted whether any one "born saint" can truly realize what the strong temptations are that beset some of us, and what the moral weakness is.

Oppressions linger and crimes abound among us,—still, look around and then look back to see how the spirit of society towards its poorer members and lower classes and more degraded races is altering for the better. The change will be a cause, but it must first be the consequence, of a finer inward moral tone. We see more because we are more. The prison has long been the den where the least agreeable could be herded out of sight; for those whose fangs proved

most injurious nothing better than killing could be devised. It is not the discovery of this century that our criminals are men and women with genius of angels in them, that souls and consciences go behind the barred gates and into the striped clothes; but it is only after all these centuries of growth that our eyes have come to see the fact plainly, and the governments begin to think of their prisons as reform-schools. So with the treatment of the insane, and those maimed from their birth in mind. We used to see in them beings past the touch of reasonable and kind address. To-day we see miracles wrought by human sympathy and human patience. The nation's conscience at last begins to stir—stir faintly—in our relations with the Indian. The savagery of war grows more horrid in the light of Healing Commissions and Peace Tribunals. The word "slavery" has become an abomination in people's eyes. Garrison's motto no longer seems too strong,—*"A covenant with death and an agreement with hell,"* John Brown "wins the world through shame." The readjustment of the laborer's relation to capital is the great question at issue now, no doubt will be the great question of the next few hundred years; for it is but the modern form in which the mediæval, or rather the chronic, problem of popular emancipation confronts the civilization of the day. But the fact that so many of the best minds are already engaged on the problem, in full sympathy with the laborer, shows how different our vision is of what are called the lower classes from that which has hitherto prevailed. Now, even when a prophet like Carlyle speaks slightly of the masses,—*"England is twenty-seven millions, mostly fools,"*—and especially when he writes of us, "America is eighteen million bores," we only laugh and pity the seer. When Emerson speaks of the "guano-races" of mankind, we remember his "Boston Hymn" and the other noble utterances, and that his phrase is but the terse way of stating half a truth. Never before, I suppose, has there been such a wide-spread hopefulness for mankind's future on the earth or off the earth, and never so much charity of heart and helping of hand to those men and classes and races who seem the farthest down among their brothers.

"Power to become sons of God!"—what grander text than that from John's mystic explanation of the Divine light that has transformed the world from chaos to order, and men from brutishness to glory! "Power to become sons of God!"—it is the great cry ringing through all the earnest struggles upward of the oppressed, and the great inspiration which nerves every man to do his utmost by and for and with a poorer friend. We see as we are. Do men appeal to us in this way as sons of God, or beings with power in them to become such? Are the streets full of souls to us, or only of bodies more or less clean, more or less agreeable, more or less fashionably clothed? A look of scorn in my eyes, a feeling of indifference or contempt in my heart, at any ignorance or shame I might see in a shanty or a street-car would convict me to myself of being something like what I saw. If I were the son of God, I should see the sonship in all others. How is it with the children and the sick and the feeble-minded in our homes? What do we see in them? The slowness and the bother and the ill-temper and the weak will? If that be all, then alas for us! We see what we are. And he who sees no more reveals how little more there is within himself. The best man thinks the best of others. None think so much of you as God. It must be so; and is not that encouraging! Perhaps the secret of Jesus' power with the common people was that of many another of their best teachers,—he saw more in them than less pure eyes saw. Through the degradation and the ignorance and the sin the pure eye pierces to the live soul deep within, the slumbering embryo in which humanity and civilization and eternal life lie folded up. And if ever we feel despondent at the long delays of history and the seeming abortions of human life, we can murmur to ourselves this thought, and with humility regain our patience:—

"What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
Beholdeth my pitiful life below,
From the holy heights of their heaven above,
Could not bear with this worm till its wings do grow?"

III. IN RELIGION: IDEAS OF GOD.

Now to come to that for which I have cited all this illustration, from our seeing of Nature and our seeing of Man, is it not more plain what is meant when we look still higher, up to God, and say, We see in him what we are in ourselves. We call ourselves finite, him infinite; but that which we think of as infinite for him is what exists as finite in ourselves. The difference to our minds is of degree rather than kind, save as we try to dimly guess how degrees become kind. At any given time, the God whom the nation worships is the reflex of its own highest conception of morality and intelligence. As man grows wiser and better, our image in the heavens takes on beauty.

It is so with things less important than morality. Very long ago it was noticed that the Ethiopian gave his god a black face and woolly hair, while the Thracian gave his his own blue eyes and fair complexion. In our Christian art the Virgin's face betrays the nationality of the painter. Murillo makes her a Spanish peasant-girl; Raphael an Italian woman with some Roman ruins in the background. The German artists made their angels round-faced frogs. Two or three hundred years ago a Dutchman wrote a book to prove that Dutch was the language of Paradise. But the old Epicureans thought that the gods probably spoke Greek; and Brigham Young says that English is God's language; and Swedenborg, with ear laid a little closer to the truth, reveals that the angels always seem to be talking in the tongue to which each listener was born. And thus throughout religion. Our heaven-hope is the dream of joy we have on earth. The hell-torment is the agony we fear worst on earth. If our idea of creation is only that of man-

ufacture, then God is the great machinist making and repairing his worlds: anything but that will seem like atheism. If our idea of providence is that which the Jew held, then God is the arbitrary elector and pre-ordainer of a man's and a nation's destiny: let one deny special providence and answers to petitions, and he will seem to be a man with no religiousness. If our idea of goodness and of justice be that of Augustine's age, then we can believe in the dogmas of transmitted guilt and transmitted propitiation and the fearful fate of unbelievers. God is the great merchant, then, bartering man's salvation for so much suffering paid over by another. Let one doubt the moral possibility of such a transaction and we still have friends to tell us, "You do not feel the enormity of sin."

The instantaneous creator, the special providence, the interposing God, the chosen nation, the supernatural deliverer and teacher, have had their place in the seeing of the past and made men's joy and faith, because in this way best their minds have grasped the idea of God's life in history. As men are in culture, they see in history. To judge of any historical question, like "the origin of Christianity," for instance, save from the stand-point of wide study, is as if a man should lecture on the sun, knowing nothing of what the spectroscopic and telescope have shown. Very noble are the words of the New Testament, but he who insists that their nobleness cannot be paralleled out of other Bibles, or that they are unmixed with intellectual error, or that whatever spiritual impulse Jesus and Paul gave to the Roman world cannot be naturally explained, betrays more reverence than knowledge. The good which a Jesus and a Bible do is to emphasize and so to introduce the better view. The harm which a Jesus and a Bible do is that the reverence for them keeps the old views prominent when it is time for another change. That is not their fault, but ours. Our education tends to make us disown whatever actual better vision comes afresh to us, who have eighteen hundred years more of human insight organized within us. It is true that one may not only rashly give up, but rashly lay hold of, the better thought; in which case it will not do him all its good. But the fact remains that, with the broader reading of to-day into the long processes of man's development, the seeming exceptions disappear, and we are led on to grander glimpses of a God as uniform in history as in the operations of the rest of Nature,—led on to see how, in accordance with great laws—

... "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

This grander view is the later one,—why? Because the earlier ages could not see the truth in it, man's eyes not then having acquired enough experience. As the light flows into our minds and shows us all phenomena in new relations, one by one the old ideas fade and vanish, not into nothingness, but to give place to something akin which is truer; and this in turn, no doubt, must suffer change into something better yet. Never think that you have got to the end of your thinking, that there is not a truer and better yet than you have ever thought.

And with that caution borne in mind, and ever openly avowed, it surely seems higher truthfulness to use the best truth possible to our hour rather than to keep the shut lips in religion which some men prefer. Higher truthfulness, for instance, to say of the One Almighty Force of the universe, "It is our God and Father," rather than to call it "the Unknowable." To that extent it is not unknowable. The mystery lies not below, but above, all our ideas of Personality, Fatherliness, and Life. God is all that we think and name—and infinitely more.

Thus as to our *idea* of God, the purely intellectual conceptions that we have of him and of his action,—that is proportioned to what we are in ourselves, to our degree of knowledge and our theories of right.

IV. IN RELIGION: TRUST IN GOODNESS.

But when we have gone past the *idea* of God, and feel that the truest thing our lips can utter is that we trust in him, and yet that in saying so we cannot tell ourselves a tithe of what we mean, then most of all we find this law holding good that we see as we are. Here we touch the bottom which underlies all the shifting currents of thought. Whatever church we belong to, whatever age men belong to, what we and others really want, brought down to its last essential meaning, is—*trust in goodness*. Goodness everywhere and at all times. Goodness that holds the mass, and every individual in the mass. A goodness which is general only in the sense that it includes everything special. A goodness, like that which Jesus believed in, that actually the sparrows are watched by a Father's care, and that hairs are verily numbered. A goodness which does not elect some to salvation, which does not save a dying world, but which means that all things that live shall know what *more life* is, what happiness and progress are. We want faith in a goodness that shall be to all deaths and disappointments and seeming cruelties and failures of Nature, and to our very *sins*, what the ocean is to the rain-drops that fall upon its surface,—not merely an oblivion that closes over the dimple, but a living bosom which grows fuller and fresher and grander for each dimple that breaks its smoothness. To really see God closely—is it not to have some such faith in goodness as this? and when our religiousness has come to mean this, then we know right well that we are close down by the heart of Being itself, and are feeling for ourselves: "I and the Father are one!"

Is it not so, friends? Is not this what we want, the most careless, the most sceptical of us all? We have some faith in goodness,—do we not want more? We have some purity in our hearts,—would we not like to know all that Jesus meant by his beatitude, that the

pure in heart see God? We do not haunt flats and marshes all the week; still we feel (is it not so with you, too?) that the air is clogged about us, and we want to rise singing into the clearer sky we know there is above our heads. Put it thus, and all know that their own case is described. To laugh at religion is simply to laugh at cheer and peace and power to endure and hope; it is to laugh at the heart of happiness. Any one can rejoice when things go well with him, but when things do not, then to rejoice! Who knows what drafts this winter is going to make on his courage, his quiet, his trust that the world is not a sham and his own life a failure? Religion reduced to life-terms means just this abiding trust in goodness, the source of all glad feeling and eager action. And a hundred persons have religiousness, to one who has it very consciously and calls it by that name; and nearly every one wants it, however far his honest doubt or his rough scoffing or his quiet self-reliance takes him outside of the churches. We look at others—the most unreligious do—others who seem all full of a happy faith that makes "life, death, and the great hereafter one grand, sweet song," and wish, wish we had the eyes to see what they see,—without, of course, the errors of their fancy. We look at the great heroes of life and faith, and in our secret hearts worship them. That is the secret of worshipping through Jesus. Indeed, it must help many. Nay, we look at lofty moments in our own lives, mountain summits of our own sacrifice or obedience, when we know prayer was a mighty reality and joy to us, and say to ourselves,—Blessed were our eyes in those days, for they did see, and would to God they could see again!

And that, again, brings us back to our great secret. It is *we* on whom all rests, for *we see as we are*. The vision cannot be given, handed over; cannot be taught, even. The revelation is open to all. Inspiration is free as the air. But spiritual vision (revelation, inspiration, if you call it so) has its law, as sure as the laws of physical optics. And one law is—you see what you are. Your trust is measured by your purity. Your sight of goodness by your obedience to it. God is clear enough, if you are godlike enough. The whole secret is already yours—is it not?—for we must have learned, if really we have panted for more trust, that the trust somehow deepened not mainly in proportion as we prayed and sought the Church or read of Jesus, but as we lived our highest. When we say that the Father was revealed more clearly to Jesus than to most men, this, I think, is all we can mean—that his capacity of seeing goodness was greater than most, because his power of being good was greater. Whoever approaches his character approaches his vision. God is more "my God" on that day on which I have been more his child. *Life* is the great word,—not worship; or rather life becomes a conscious worship. Right motive and right action draw the veil and show the God of right. And therefore the home and the school and the shop, where we practise religion, are the real shrines to which the churches are but porches. *Life* is the one word left us, and we begin to know for ourselves that "the life is the light of men." Be true,—the skies are full of truth! Be just,—those skies, we think, would fall before one act of injustice really had a place in God's universe! Be the brother,—God is Father. Be pure,—you cannot help seeing him of the beatitude. No revelation to another will give us this faith, though it may help; in our agony we want to see with our own eyes. No philosophizing and culture will give it either, though they may help; one day's contact with some of those experiences which try men's souls, now and then, convinces us that there is something which reason alone does not bring to us. But underneath friend, Bible, reason, we do find,—it is a simple fact,—that we are not alone, thank God! *One's own clench on Love and Right will leave us sure of Love and Right through all things*. That and nothing else will do it.

And so it is not the great and the wise that have this faith most bright, but the really humble and pure. It is not this sect or that in which we find it, spite of any proud assurance. The beatitude reads not, Blessed is the Orthodox, Blessed the Unitarian, Blessed the Radical, for he shall see God,—but simply "Blessed is he who hungers and thirsts after righteousness," "Blessed is he who is pure in heart, for he shall see God;" and all the sects are one in holy men.

"Come! O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hear, but do not see,
My company before has gone,
And I am left alone with thee.
Speak! or thou never hence shalt rove,
And tell me if thy name is—Love?"

And, friends, the answer is—the echo of our own name.

THE PEOPLE of England must have been profoundly ignorant in Queen Elizabeth's time, when a forged clause added to the Twentieth Article of the English Creed passed unnoticed till about forty years ago.

In the Act Thirteenth, Elizabeth, anno 1571, confirming the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, these Articles are not engrossed, but referred to as comprised in a printed book—entitled, *Articles Agreed to by the whole Clergy in the Convocation holden at London, 1562*. The forged clause is: "The Church has power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith." That clause is not in the Articles referred to, nor the slightest hint of any authority with respect to matters of faith. In the same year, 1571, the Articles were printed both in Latin and English, precisely as in the year 1562. But soon after came out spurious editions, in which the said clause was foisted into the Twentieth Article, and continues so to this day. A forgery so impudent would not pass at present, and its success shows great ignorance in the people of England of that period.—*Sketches of the History of Man, by Lord Kames, 1788.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by F. E. ABBOT, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXII. (Concluded.)

"Yes," replied Paul; "it was little Bowers, as we supposed. There appears to have been a conspiracy of about half-a-dozen persons, at the expense of the little man, whom they hoaxed into a ridiculous quarrel about something or other, of which this mock-duel was the climax. The pistols were only loaded with gunpowder, and a brother of Golding's, an engraver, went as doctor, with blue spectacles, a stomach-pump, and a case of dentist's instruments, to look professional. When the principals fired, Golding fell, and pretended to be severely wounded, and a couple of sham policemen, ambushed for the purpose, chased little Bowers and his second into a swamp, ultimately allowing him to get back to New York in a state of mingled apprehension and vain-glory which must have been very edifying to witness. They actually kept him disguised in a wig, and beard, and goggles, for a couple of weeks, during which time Golding was supposed to be convalescing. The farce ended in a supper and general jollification, when the belligerents were solemnly reconciled, and Bowers' courage and magnanimity extolled to the skies. They made him drunk, and he sang all his songs twice over. Golding says it has given him such a taste for duelling that he wanted to challenge an old gentleman who trod on his toes in a railway car, and talks of nothing but the code of honor, as he calls it."

"What an awful little fool!" commented Sabin, whose contempt for the victim of the hoax was much more unqualified than Paul's, the latter having really liked Mr. Bowers; and not without reason, as will appear in the course of this history. And the topic and twenty minutes brought them to Fulton Street, where the *Porcupine* office was situated—up a flight of very steep and dirty stairs and over a billiard saloon.

It comprised two rather small rooms, the first devoted to the sale of the paper—which, so far as the mechanical department went, was produced at a neighboring job-printing office—the second, to editorial and miscellaneous purposes. In the former, behind a new, unpainted, deal counter, heaped with piles of the *Porcupine*, there officiated a red-headed Irishman, who, at the time of our friend's arrival, was engaged in swearing at a crowd of newsboys occupying the space outside, and all clamorously demanding to be served first, or reciprocating the vender's compliments. Behind the counter were also a couple of engravers on wood, who piled their trade near the windows, one of which—its occupant being corpulent and perched upon a high stool—was, so to speak, thereby extinguished. Lastly, from the half-open door of the "sanctum" there issued tobacco-smoke, laughter, and loud talking; wherefore Dick made no scruple at lifting up the flap of the wooden barricade and entering, followed by Paul.

They were received magniloquently by Mr. Brough, who, seated at a desk of the same description as the counter, was writing, or trying to write, in a room eight feet by ten, occupied by half-a-dozen noisy individuals, to say nothing of the clamor without; almost affectionately by Mr. Woodruff—who put his arm round Sabin's shoulder, like a friendly boy, and asked, "When could he let them have some more drawings?"—and with cordiality by Golding and the rest of the assembled contributors, saving only Mr. O'Byrne; who, now that he knew that both young men were of no higher social distinction than himself, naturally felt it incumbent on his dignity to treat them with lofty self-assertion. This, however, mattered but little; very soon they were increasing both the volume of cigar-smoke—which would have rendered the atmosphere asphyxiating but for the outlet afforded by the larger apartment—and the conversation. As this related almost exclusively to the *Porcupine*, its favorable reception by the public, great merits and prospects, it possessed more interest for the talkers than the reader, and is therefore omitted from this narrative: suffice it to say that as Dick drew thirty dollars in advance of Mr. Woodruff—who was a little surprised at his promptness in demanding that accommodation—and as, in answer to Paul's rather timid and awkward application to Mr. Brough, preferred under cover of the noise, that good-natured gentleman informed him that he would be happy to receive any contributions which might be submitted to him, and entertained no doubt that his young friend's literary and artistic productions would prove equal to the high standard of excellence already attained in the *Porcupine* (whereupon the editor winked), the visit proved entirely satisfactory to our friends, though it makes no figure in this history.

At its conclusion, and during the inevitable adjournment to Crook and Duff's which followed, in answer to an inquiry from Richard Sabin, Golding offered to conduct him to a building up-town, where he might obtain an eligible studio and lodging, such as he had talked about to Paul. Some of his own artist-friends lived there, Bohemian-fashion, the young American said; he had once occupied a room in it himself. Accordingly the three set off together, and after walking a mile or more up Broadway, then gay with its afternoon frequenters, arrived at the tenement in question; a huge six-story one, the staircase of which, Dick observed, ought to deter loafers and fellows who hindered you at your work, it was so lengthy. As, in addition to this advantage, the upper rooms had evidently been constructed with a

view to their occupation by artists, having north windows, high up near the ceilings—which gave them rather a prison-like aspect, especially when unfurnished—they suited Sabin exactly; hence, finding the landlord's agent on the premises, Dick closed with him at once for ten dollars a month, that sum putting him in possession of a capacious apartment near the roof, overlooked by nothing but the sky, and including gas and water privileges. Which business transacted, and a bargain struck with an Irishman, who officiated as porter, for the cleaning out of the room and incidental "chores," Richard put the key in his pocket and returned down-town with Paul, Golding leaving them at Bleecker Street, where he boarded.

The friends dined together at an English tavern, Dick declining an invitation to Beach Street, and subsequently purchased such furniture as he needed in the Bowery. When Paul parted with him and got home to Mrs. Livingston's, he found quite a festive assemblage in the boarding-house parlor, of which Miss Lizzie—newly-arrived from her uncle's—was the centre and cynosure. She received him with bewitching archness and cordiality, and presently asked—though Mr. Fox was at that moment turning over the leaves of her music-book—

"Who was that splendid-looking fellow you were walking with on Broadway this afternoon—the tall one, I mean, with the whiskers and mustaches? I passed right by and you never noticed me. Do you know, I'm quite in love with him!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHEREIN RICHARD SABIN LAYS DOWN A SQUARE OF HELL'S PAVEMENT.

Paul did not fail to repeat Miss Livingston's complimentary remarks to his friend, nor likewise to describe the young lady in such a manner as to pique his curiosity. It therefore naturally followed that, a few days afterwards, Dick spent an evening at Beach Street; where his good looks, behavior, and conversation greatly deepened the impression he had made upon Miss Lizzie. Sabin possessed that quiet, caressing manner towards women which, in conjunction with a handsome person, is often irresistibly attractive; he was never betrayed into saying a disagreeable thing to them; never seemed to exert himself, but always pleased. He could look a compliment far better than most young men could utter one; and his natural, unconscious air of superiority rendered all he did immensely effective. Besides, he was seldom at the pains to be sincere with the sex, having—perhaps in consequence of his past experience—rather a contemptuous opinion of them. Then he rarely talked generalities, and most of his remarks had a spice of individuality, often verging on the confidential. Hence Miss Lizzie (on her very best behavior) was delighted with him; indeed, there occurred some rivalry between her and her mother to attract his regard. To the latter he listened with edifying interest, when he was not near the sofa or piano, between which Miss Livingston pretty fairly divided the evening; now smiling, laughing, and chattering—for she inherited no small share of her parent's volubility—anon singing song after song, with apparently inexhaustible facility, brilliancy, and enjoyment, until the young men wondered both at the strength of her lungs and the extent of her memory. Dick, complimenting her, asked "whether there was any song which she didn't know?" at which she laughed triumphantly, and rattled off afresh with such vigor that some passing loafers in West Broadway shouted, "hi! hi!" and clapped their hands in appreciation, as if they had been at the theatre. But in reply to Richard's observation, Mrs. Livingston, who had as much idea of a joke as a codfish, was kind enough to enumerate several ditties with which her daughter was unacquainted; and also to volunteer one herself, entitled "My Baby Bo-o-y" (that was how she pronounced it), to Miss Lizzie's accompaniment; at the vocal part of which performance Paul had much ado to preserve his gravity, though Dick never relaxed a muscle of his face, except to smile approval at the conclusion, when he politely thanked the lady and handed her to her rocking-chair—Lizzie looking round at the transaction with a queer, arch glance in the big, brown eyes and bewitching little countenance. She told Paul afterwards that it was "too bad" of his friend "to make game of mother, though she *did* scream like a peacock, and that was a fact."

The young man to whom this opinion was confided certainly played third party during the evening's entertainment; in sporting phrase he was "nowhere," compared with his all-popular friend. However, he endured the ladies' neglect with comparative equanimity: he had been all day long engaged in writing to that friend's sister, in answer to the letter already submitted to the reader; which employment naturally involved a stirring-up of old feelings; and he was, besides, accustomed to Dick's social successes—indeed admired him in consequence. As for Miss Lizzie's legitimate suitor, poor Charley Fox, whose existence she chose utterly to ignore for the time being, he was, happily for his peace of mind, absent (on a curious duty, sometimes exacted by down-town employers from their clerks—that of showing a Southern customer nocturnal life in New York), and would hardly return home before the small hours of the morning. Paul could not help feeling rather guilty towards him for having introduced such a dangerous rival to his field-mistress, especially when he observed her evident determination to captivate him, if the prodigal display of her peculiar fascinations could effect it. And though these were of rather a superficial and demonstrative nature, yet the girl's face and animal spirits rendered them very attractive to Dick Sabin, who was, as we have seen heretofore, extremely susceptible towards beauty, and entertained no very high standard of female character. Again, Miss Lizzie had

a trick of interlarding her exuberant nonsense with odd, abrupt bits of candor, the wilfulness of which sounded like originality; and a very little wit, or pretence of it, goes a great way with the other sex, in conjunction with bright eyes, curls, and an agreeable person. Richard, therefore, showed himself sufficiently sensitive to the advances made towards him, which included so much familiarity as to more than justify Mrs. Livingston's remonstrances of "Lizzie! I'm surprised at you!" "What told Mr. Sabin that?"—though she only got snubbed by her daughter for her pains. Ultimately, indeed, the elder lady fell back upon Paul, leaving the others to a *tête-à-tête* at the piano, and talked to that hapless young man so remorselessly that his attention soon succumbed, and he sat looking at her with no more consciousness of what she was saying than the rocking-chair whereon she reclined—being mentally three thousand miles away with Kate Sabin in Newman Street. But as he maintained the attitude of listening, it did quite as well for Mrs. Livingston, who, convinced that she was both distinguishing herself and delighting her auditor, went on in an interminable dissertation on the difference between English and American character, and the political, social, and religious aspects of the two countries—on which subjects she was an undoubted authority, having derived her opinions, on one side, from the Britons she had known in her capacity as mistress of a boarding-house.

The striking of twelve by the French clock upon the mantel-piece at length put a period to Paul's endurance and his friend's enjoyment; it being a full hour beyond the orthodox time for turning off the gas in such establishments. Miss Lizzie accompanied the young men to the door, and not only gave both her hands to Sabin in parting, but, with a queer little parting grimace, lifted one of them to his countenance, and pulled his mustache—which has been described as long and dependent—a kind of challenge responded to so promptly that perhaps it was well that Mrs. Livingston appeared at the parlor door, in time to prevent further retaliation. On seeing her mother the girl laughed saucily, cried, "Good-night!" and ran up-stairs; whither, after some additional leave-taking, that lady and Paul followed, to their respective bed-rooms. And Richard, with a quickened pulse, lit a cigar and walked up-town to his studio and sofa-bedstead, thinking of Miss Lizzie and the evening's entertainment by the way.

Apparently, the latter subject hardly bore the morning's reflection, for when Paul rallied him about it, during an afternoon call, and supposed he would be eager to revisit Beach Street, his friend surprised him by saying that he intended expressly to abstain from so doing, for at least a week or more; adding his reasons for what he acknowledged was an act of self-denial—

"It won't do," he said. "That little girl is too pretty, and too deucedly impulsive altogether. I don't want to get entangled in any business of the sort, knowing what comes of it. I have had experiences. One can see with half an eye that she's a thorough-going little coquette, and as wayward and wilful as you please, besides being as egotistic as her fool of a mother—which is saying a great deal. I am not as enough to think she cares for me—or for anybody—because she likes a night's flirtation; but it's best to pull up in time. I intend to stay away at least long enough to show that I don't mean anything. If it hadn't been for—well, that little salute in the passage—I shouldn't have minded. But, really, one got on so fast with her that I should expect the mother to leave us alone next time, and only return to ask whether we'd agreed upon the day, and offer her blessing. She looks quite capable of it."

"Why, she is engaged already," answered Paul—speaking of course of Miss Livingston—and accordingly told his friend of Charley Fox, eulogizing him as an agreeable fellow, whom Richard would like, on acquaintance.

"Well, all I can say is, he'd better marry her out of hand—and then I don't envy him." Saying which, Dick pumice-stoned the box-wood block he was operating upon, with additional energy.

"Why?" inquired Paul, thinking of his father's advice and opinion of the same young lady.

"Why?" echoed Sabin,—"look at the girl, and then ask the question! If ever the devils of perversity and self-will possessed anybody, they look out of those eyes of hers. No! no! A bewitching little creature to talk to, to flirt with, to kiss, if she'll let you; but from marriage, Good Lord deliver us! She'd hearken forbearance itself into licking her!"

"She'll be sure to inquire about you, and expect your return. She has reason."

"I can't help it. The evening was very pleasant—too pleasant altogether for repetition. 'Lead us not into temptation.' I want to keep out of mischief, and to avoid doing any. It costs rather more self-denial than I am used to to act virtuously, as it is already; and so I tell you."

And he adhered to his resolution, not going to the house for near a fortnight, during which interval the wisdom of his conduct was sufficiently demonstrated by the behavior of Miss Lizzie. But, in the first place, Mr. Fox—considerately informed of all that had occurred, and a good deal that had not, by Mrs. Livingston—took Paul to task for bringing "that d—d handsome friend of his," as he called Sabin, to the establishment, and thereby impairing the young lady's allegiance towards himself. Charley's remonstrances were at once whimsical and good-natured, and indicated an estimate of the girl akin to that of his supposed rival, only differing in his matrimonial conclusions:—

"I don't blame the fellow," he said. "I should have done just the same with another girl, if I'd got the chance; but it's none the pleasanter for that, especially when you can't help yourself. You know what she is, Gower—jealousy and expostulation are

quite out of the question. She fires up directly, and there's a row. I'm obliged to stand it for the present, and take her, faults and all, or the engagement's off. And I am fond of the little witch, and be hanged to her! It's curiously humiliating, I grant; but, mind you, it's not going to last. Only wait till we are married, and then see if the stronger intellect—the superior nature—doesn't assert itself, and mould her to its wishes. Sir, I tell you that girl shall do upon me—shall worship the very ground I walk upon—in six months. She has capacities in her for loving, sir, which I alone am destined to develop—it's a wild, untrained, extravagant nature, but rich, sir, rich! In that hope I put up with her numberless impertinences—her infidelities! I know very well there's a whole raft of sweeps and snobs with whom she flirts like mad directly my back's turned. I can chaff them out of their boots face to face—but Cesar was stabbed from behind! As for your friend, is he in earnest about her, or only fooling?"

Paul, laughing, said that he thought Sabin had no serious ideas of aspiring to Miss Lizzie's affections, though he acknowledged her powers of fascination.

"Well, I'm glad of that, because he's infernally good-looking, you know, and has that air of style about him which goes so far with women—the dear, little, preposterous, delightful sex whose privilege it is to make fools of all of us! I saw him down-town, one morning,—one of the woodpeckers on the *Porepine* pointed him out to me in Ann Street. Introduce us if you get an opportunity, before I leave for Baltimore, which happens next week. How the flies will be buzzing round my little honey-pot, while I'm away, and be d—d to them! One comfort is"—Mr. Fox spoke with some confusion of metaphor—"that she has got a sting of her own, and can use it at her expense, as well as mine. And another is, that I'm hefty on correspondence—can write letters, sir, that'll thrill a woman's nature to its innermost core—saturate her with sentiment! And Baltimore's not so far off, after all—and if she *does* throw me over, perhaps it'll come easier at a distance." With which rather contradictory sources of prospective consolation, Mr. Fox betook himself to the store down-town.

When three nights had elapsed without the reappearance of Richard Sabin at the Beach Street boarding-house, Miss Livingston fulfilled Paul's prediction by inquiring the cause of his friend's absence, at first expectantly, then surprisedly, then with undisguised pique and anger. "Was he not coming?" she asked, sharply; "he had seemed to spend a pleasant evening—what had Paul been saying to him against her?" Startled at the abrupt transition from offended vanity to suspicion and insult, confused by the suddenness of the attack, at once hurt and sorry and unwilling to retaliate, the young man stammered out a denial of her injurious implication, coupled with the weak excuse that Sabin was very busy; for which he was justly punished by Miss Lizzie's declaring that she didn't care a cent about it anyhow, and so he needn't think it; whereupon, and with a muttered remark about Englishmen being a pack of conceited fools who never knew their own minds for a day together, the young lady flounced out of the room, leaving Paul considerably disconcerted. Nor did she speak to him for some days, but continued in a fit of the sulks, of which her legitimate admirer, Mr. Fox, was the principal victim. In his words, she was "as savage as a meat-axe" towards everybody.

Sabin only laughed when he heard what had transpired, though he was more pleased at it than he chose to acknowledge; and perhaps found it additionally difficult to keep his resolution. Still he persisted, notwithstanding his meeting Miss Lizzie on Broadway, one afternoon, looking her prettiest, when she responded to his polite bow by turning up her nose, obscuring her countenance with a blue parasol, and increasing her pace—a cut direct, which he swore he would not accept, but repeat his visit, whenever he chose to do so. And this intention he carried out on the twelfth night after his first appearance in Beach Street.

Perhaps it was lucky for his reception that, unlike the former occasion, there happened to be several persons beside Miss Livingston and her mother in the boarding-house parlor. These were the two married women before mentioned as inmates of the establishment, the little bushy-whiskered Londoner, and the General who had called on the first night of Paul's domestication, and since then become a frequent visitor, turning out an old flame of the landlady's, and a prominent New York politician. In consequence, Dick was enabled almost to ignore the positive rudeness of Miss Lizzie; who, in reply to his salutation, just stared at him, conveying into the big, brown eyes a singularly unpleasant expression of disdain and defiance; and, without answering one word, went on chattering to the Londoner. Sabin, however, had sufficient self-control to betray no discomposure, but continued his compliments to the rest of the ladies, to whom Mrs. Livingston presented him. She, by the way, welcomed the offender with much cordiality, probably because he had chagrined her daughter; but, before long, contrived to turn him over to one of the ladies, in favor of her elderly admirer; while Paul, engaging the other, the company resolved itself into couples, and the conversation into duets, until some observation from the General (who, perhaps, found his partner's exceptional solo rather monotonous) challenged larger sociality, when the assembly became as chatty as could be desired—only Miss Lizzie never condescended even to look towards Sabin. She had plainly made up her mind to repudiate him henceforth, as a puppy and masculine flirt, who was unworthy of the least consideration.

But Dick, on his part, "had resolved to kill her in her own humor," first by assurance and impossibility, her own humor," first by assurance and impossibility, next by interest and tacit solicitation—wherein he unconsciously imitated Paul's behavior on his introduction to the young lady, though in the face of a much

more formidable obstacle than mere indifference. He was by no means certain of success, perhaps not very anxious about it, which counted in his favor; for a coquette will always resent unconcern, thereby evincing one form of interest, which may be skillfully transmuted into another; and any individual who, in such a case, can persist in acting as if quite at his ease will be pretty sure of having the advantage in the long run, unless—after estrangement—latent, becomes spoken, indignation. Now the wily Richard talked with such perfect good-humor and naturalness to all about him (with one exception) that, without making a scene and herself ridiculous, besides enlisting the sympathies of the company entirely in behalf of the enemy, Miss Lizzie could not indulge in any outburst of her decidedly vixenish temper, notwithstanding the strong inclination she felt towards verbally assaulting him; so she sat, and sulked, and snapped at the Londoner, rendering herself so intensely disagreeable that he presently succeeded into general conversation. More irritated than ever, Miss Livingston betook herself to that grand safety-valve of feminine excitement, the piano, and banged out a terrific sonata or two, when it became a matter of courtesy, or policy, to ask her to sing—which she tartly refused. So one of the married ladies obliged the company, then the other, then Mrs. Livingston, and then Dick Sabin. He had declined or evaded the request on the former occasion; now he sang his best, both sentimental and comic, playing his own accompaniment, to universal applause. Rising at length from the instrument, he turned suddenly to Miss Lizzie, and looking her full in the face—with perhaps a trifle of appeal in his own and in his voice—requested her to succeed him. It was a bold experiment, and Dick, for one, would not have been much surprised if she had bestowed a vigorous slap upon his earnest countenance, and then bounced out of the room. But she did nothing of the kind. Making one of her queer, little, habitual grimaces, she suddenly complied, sitting down and singing with even more than her usual brilliancy and fascination. After that, it was of no use pretending to treat him with either insolence or indifference; he had conquered, and half an hour's talk only completed his triumph. Whether she understood his conduct and divined its motive, or was influenced merely by caprice, the girl evidently condoned his offence and received him again into favor, though unaccompanied with the familiarity of heretofore. When he departed—for the evening was productive of nothing demanding further description—she took leave of him in the parlor, saying, abruptly: "I shan't ask you to call again, but you know your way to the house and can come if you like!"—which Dick rightly interpreted into reconciliation.

"It'll do first rate, this time," he remarked to Paul Gower, who walked part of the way home with him, the hour being comparatively early: "the girl has more brains underneath that curly wig of hers than I had given her credit for—and more good-nature, too. I like her for it. I can go there with perfect impunity now."

Dick spoke rather ruefully, as if dissatisfied with his own success. Whether he judged correctly, this history must determine.

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

A CRITICISM OF THE COURT IN THE CASE OF MISS ANTHONY.

The principal point in the controversy has been whether or not Judge Hunt was right in adjudging Miss Anthony guilty of the alleged crime of voting, without any voluntary assent on the part of the jury impelled to try her.

I stated in my address that the decision was illegal, and a most flagrant violation of constitutional right; viz., that of trial by jury. My young legal friend takes issue with me, and insists that this arbitrary act of Judge Hunt is right, and that I am wrong. This is a question of such magnitude, and so intimately concerns the personal liberty of the individual, that it becomes one of vital importance to every man, woman, and child throughout this land. If it shocks the nerves of my friend T. that I should criticise a Judge of the Supreme Court, so be it. I must leave his nerves to the soothing influence of time and more mature deliberation. Believing as I do that a dear friend, and an American citizen, has been stricken down by a most cruel, arbitrary, and unconstitutional act, termed a judicial trial, I shall certainly exercise my prerogative as a citizen to speak if I may not vote; and that without fear or favor of Mr. T. or of Judge Hunt. The time has passed in this country for the perpetration of such an outrage, and for placing a padlock upon our lips, at the risk of being again stigmatized by Mr. T. as exhibiting myself as "utterly failing to comprehend the simplest of the legal points involved in this not intricate matter."

I will proceed. And first it is proper that we look at our chart and take our bearings. Our chart is the Constitution of the United States. It says, Article 3, Section 2:—

"The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury." "In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed. . . . And to have the assistance of counsel for his defence."

The law under which she was tried provides, that any person who shall knowingly vote where they may not be lawfully entitled to vote, or vote without having a lawful right to vote, shall be guilty of a crime, &c.

It appeared on the trial; First—That she was advised by one of the oldest and ablest judges in this State, Hon. Henry R. Selden, that she had a legal right to vote. Second—It appeared by the evidence of that judge, in the presence of this court and jury, that he so advised, and that he gave such advice in good

faith, believing that she had such right. Third—It also appeared that when she offered to vote, the question whether, as a woman, she had a right to vote, was raised by the inspectors, and considered in her presence, and they decided that she had a right to vote, and they received her vote accordingly.

At the close of the testimony the defendant's counsel insisted upon the following propositions: First—That the defendant had a lawful right to vote. Second—That whether she had a lawful right to vote or not, if she honestly believed that she had that right, and voted in good faith in that belief, she was guilty of no crime. Third—That when she gave her vote she gave it in good faith, believing that it was her right to do so.

The defendant's counsel insisted that the first and second propositions were questions of law, and the third and last was a question of fact for the jury to determine, and asked leave to address the jury upon that question. This the Court declined to grant. The Court then instructed the clerk to take the verdict, and the clerk said: "Gentlemen of the jury, hearken to the verdict, as the Court hath recorded it; you say you find the defendant guilty of the offence charged. So say you all." No response was made by the jury, either by word or sign. They did not consult together in their seats or elsewhere. Neither of them had spoken a word, nor had they been asked whether they agreed upon their verdict. The defendant's counsel then asked that the jury be polled; i.e., that each juror be asked separately and distinctly whether this was his verdict.

The Court said: "That cannot be allowed. Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged;" and they left the jury box.

Now will Mr. T. be kind enough to inform me at what stage of this astounding legal procedure the jury trial came in. The Constitution says that, not Judge Hunt, not the Circuit Court of the United States, but the jury shall try. These twelve men that sat in the jury box had nothing more to do with Miss Anthony's trial than any twelve spectators who may have happened to be present. If twelve wooden men had sat in their places, the same result would have been obtained. There was no concurrence of the jury. There was no voluntary assent. It was, "Hearken to the verdict as the Court has recorded it;" not, "Gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict?" The trial, so far as it may by legal fiction be called a jury trial, was a mere sham and pretence, and a most gross and palpable violation of the constitutional provision above quoted.

Again, I am told by lawyers whose opinions I respect, that the right of the criminal to have the jury "polled" is a long and well-established custom. This was denied. Indeed, I am informed by one of the best legal minds in this State, that the right was never before denied to a party against whom a verdict was rendered; and reference can be made, if necessary, to a number of cases showing that the right to poll the jury is an absolute right in all cases.

Now the answer Mr. T. makes to this is, that the act itself constitutes the crime, and it makes no difference what the intention of the accused may have been. Until my young friend's advent I had supposed that intent was the principal ingredient of crime. From the highest to the lowest grade of crime the felonious intent has heretofore been the *gravamen* of the charge. But this old-fashioned law, it would seem, has outlived its day. And my young friend T. appears as a new luminary upon the legal horizon. That I may not be charged with misrepresentation, I quote his own language: "The legal offence was in the act, not in the intentions accompanying it, as Mrs. Lozier seems to imagine. The voting being admitted, the only thing the jury could pass upon was admitted; with motives and intentions they had nothing to do." And this from a justice of the peace, I believe.

Now, I humbly submit that the intent which accompanies commission of an act is a very important fact in determining the question of crime, and the intent being a fact the jury only can determine that fact. And right here I respectfully submit that my illustration of the man with the "choice fowls" is in point. The pith of that illustration was this; that if a man honestly believed, though mistaken, that his own fowls were in his neighbor's grounds, and should drive them home, he can not be convicted of the crime of stealing. Why not? Because there is one quality of the crime lacking; viz., the felonious intent to steal. But according to the logic of my young friend the man guilty of such a "fowl" proceeding should be summarily convicted by the Court upon admitting that he took the fowls; for my friend says, "The legal offence was in the act, not in the intention. The (taking) voting being admitted, the only thing the jury could pass upon was admitted; with motives and intentions they (i.e., the jury) had nothing to do." Blackstone says, in his Commentaries, referring to theft: "The taking and carrying away must be done *animo furandi*; i.e., with a felonious intent." What a blockhead Blackstone must have been!

Now among other eminent law writers I quote such expressions as the following: "Intention is a fact." Again: "The intention of the defendant is a question for a jury to determine." Again: "The felonious quality consists in the intention of the prisoner to defraud the owner." Again: "If goods are taken on a claim of right of property in them which the taker honestly, though mistakenly, believes he possesses, it is no felony." Again: "Mistaking another's property for one's own, is neither legally nor morally a crime." Again: "In all cases of larceny, the question whether he took them in good faith under a claim of right, are questions entirely for the jury, to be determined by them upon a view of the particular facts of each case."

Now let us apply this principle of law to Miss Anthony's case. The statute under which she was tried says that if she shall knowingly vote without the lawful right to vote, then it shall be a crime. The law

does not say that if she shall vote without lawful right, then it shall be a crime; but if she shall knowingly vote without lawful right, then, and not till then, shall it be a crime. Now whether or not she voted knowingly it to be unlawful, *was a question of fact* which that jury, and no other tribunal on earth, had the right to try. And in determining that question, the jury had a right to take into consideration the "good faith under a claim of right" on the part of Miss Anthony. And in support of that position, her counsel should have been permitted to argue to the jury that the advice of eminent counsel that she had the right, and the decision of the inspectors of election, who were acting in a judicial capacity, that she had such right, and the absence of anything to conceal her sex; and the public, open-handed, innocent manner with which she performed the act,—stripped the offence of that vital ingredient, viz., criminal or felonious intent; and then, upon the rendering of the verdict by the jury, the question of fact would have been finally and constitutionally determined.

Suppose my legal friend should be living upon the border line of New York State and Connecticut. The boundary line is in dispute. You are not quite certain upon which side of the line you live. The law provides that you must live in the State one year before you can vote. You desire to vote. You consult a civil engineer who has surveyed the line, and some good lawyer who has examined the description, the construction of which is in dispute. They both tell you that you live in New York State. You present yourself to the inspectors of election, and inform them as to your exact residence. They deliberate, and decide to receive your vote. Subsequently the boundary line has got into the courts, and the courts have put their construction upon the disputed point; and, lo and behold, you find you were a resident of the State of Connecticut at the time you voted. You have certainly voted "without the lawful right to vote;" but will my young learned friend say that under such circumstances you have committed a crime? Is not the fact that you voted by a mistake, without the intent to commit the offence, and not knowing that you were not entitled to vote, a great and controlling fact in the determination of your alleged offence? and should not the jury be permitted to decide?

Again, let us suppose that you are in doubt as to your age. An election is near at hand. You know you are about twenty-one years of age. You go to the old Family Bible, and there find that you were born twenty-one years before the day preceding the election. You vote. Subsequently it appears that the Bible record was wrong. It turns out that you were born twenty-one years before the day succeeding the election. Are you guilty of a crime? Of course you are, according to the proposition of my disputant.

My friend, in one of his flippant flings, charges me with absurdity. I will not retaliate. I think it more in accord with good sense and good breeding that our readers should judge of the merits of the argument. I feel, therefore, that the action of Judge Hunt, in not permitting the question of fact as to intent to be considered by the jury, was a violation of one of the most sacred rights handed down to us by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. From the days of King John, the right of trial by jury has been guarded as one of the most sacred rights of the citizen. For a violation of this right, the early colonists emphatically protested in the Declaration of Independence; and, in the language of that instrument, slightly altered, I arraign Ward Hunt as "a judge whose character is marked by an act which may define a tyrant, and who is unfit to be the judge of a free people."—Mrs. C. S. Lozier, in the *Yonkers Statesman*.

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BOSTON, OCTOBER 16, 1873.

NOTICE.

On and after September 1, the publication office of THE INDEX will be at No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston. All letters, papers, and other communications should be henceforth addressed to "THE INDEX, 1 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass."

Correspondents and Exchanges will please take notice,

GLIMPSES.

PIUS IX. has declared, in a special exhortation to the South American Bishops, that "in America, as elsewhere, the Freemasons are excommunicated and anathematized."

GERMAN LIBERALS should subscribe for *Der Reformator*, a live and free weekly, published at Adrian, Michigan, by Messrs. C. Lohmann & Son. It advocates the same cause as THE INDEX, and merits a hearty support.

ACCORDING to Rev. A. Decoppet, of Paris, a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, there are only about 800,000 "Protestants" in France; that is, Protestant Christians. There are many there who "protest" against Romanism, but are not included in this count.

SAID THE Queen of Holland to M. Thiers: "The Papacy is a bad thing." "Yes, your majesty," replied the ex-president of France, "it is; all who interfere with it are sure to perish." He forgot to add that all who don't interfere with it are equally sure to perish.

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY recently gave a lecture on the "Civilized Heathen," which is a most powerful argument against "Foreign Missions." He showed that in many respects the "heathen" are far more civilized than the Christians who would convert them. How long will it be before Mr. Murray comes into collision with his own church?

A MEMBER of the Young Men's Christian Association who is opposed to furnishing "amusements" in the Association's rooms declares that "there is amusement enough in the Gospel of Jesus Christ." It must be confessed that the sayings and doings of Young Christians, if they correctly expound his Gospel, bring to light some very amusing features of it.

THE CATHOLIC Bishops of Brazil are waging relentless war against the Freemasons. The same thing is done by a body of zealous Protestants in this country who think the Catholics a trifle worse than the Freemasons themselves. What is the matter? If Catholics and Protestants both fight the same enemy, are they not allies? Or is it a three-cornered duel?

AT MR. BRADLAUGH's lecture in Steinway Hall, New York, a Mr. Brindley, of England, a member of the Evangelical Alliance, rose and called him a "liar." A cool reply extinguished him. "Let him proceed," said Mr. Bradlaugh; "he represents the aristocracy." What aristocracy? We do not know his social position at home; but as an "Evangelical" he certainly does represent the religious aristocracy of Christendom.

PRESIDENT WOOLSEY, at the opening session of the Evangelical Alliance, succinctly and vigorously expressed the central object of the gathering. "The present age," he said, "calls preeminently for union; for the assaults upon Christianity are especially formidable. Then, while each of us values his own special form of worship more than others, we should all make but one regiment of the army of Christ, to march in a

body against the common enemy." Let nobody be deceived. The entire aim of the Alliance is the destruction of free thought.

A TEACHER, explaining to his pupils the meaning of the word "identity," said that different parts of a thing might be changed or replaced without destroying its identity. One of the scholars inquired whether his jackknife would be the same knife, if he broke the blade and had a new one put in. "Yes, it would." "Would it still be the same knife, if I broke the handle afterwards, and had another put in its stead?" "Ye-es." "Well, supposing I then had the old blade and the old handle repaired and put together, what knife would that be?" No answer is recorded. We are reminded of this story by the attempt of the Evangelical Alliance to re-unite the sects which split off at various times from the Christian Church. Perhaps the discarded blade and discarded handle will make a knife after a fashion; but what knife is it?

"THE GREAT DANGER of our Christianity," says the Boston *Globe*, "is not from the devotees of science, but from the devotees of mammon. We trust that the Evangelical Alliance will recognize this central fact. Infidelity would disappear before any real fidelity on their part to the teachings of their Master." What twaddle! The Alliance are not such fools as the *Globe* would have them be. They know well enough that they cannot put rationalism to sleep with any such "soothing syrup" as the *Globe* prescribes. They must either *refute* "infidelity" or *exterminate* it. It is not caused by the personal wickedness of Christians, but by the intrinsic untruth of Christianity, as exposed by modern science. Look to your logic, gentlemen champions of the faith, as well as your morals, or you will make yourselves ridiculous. You can never conquer rationalism by being "better boys," but only by being better reasoners.

FROM AN EXCHANGE we gather some interesting information concerning the Young Men's Christian Associations. They are stronger and more flourishing than ever before, numbering more than 900 Associations, and enrolling in their membership more than 150,000 young men. Their libraries are increasing; their treasures are well supplied; their debts are diminishing; their buildings are multiplying; their activity is great. Thirty-eight of these Associations own buildings worth \$1,914,450; forty-three have buildings worth more than \$10,000 each, and aggregating more than \$447,000. Of these the costliest is in New York, worth \$500,000; Philadelphia has built one worth \$300,000; while Boston is to build one worth \$150,000. In Washington, \$200,000 are similarly invested, and in San Francisco \$100,000. Newark, N. J., Montreal, Poughkeepsie, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Toronto, St. John, N. B., and Germantown, Pa., have each a building worth from \$35,000 to \$80,000.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE was formed in London in 1846. It has held five conferences previous to the present gathering at New York, the last being at Amsterdam in 1867. The following nine propositions constitute its platform, which it would be simply absurd, or worse, for any Unitarian or Universalist to pretend to accept:—

- "1. The divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.
 - "2. The right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures.
 - "3. The unity of the Godhead and the trinity of the persons therein.
 - "4. The utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the fall.
 - "5. The incarnation of the Son of God, his work of atonement for the sins of mankind, and his mediatorial intercession and reign.
 - "6. The justification of the sinner by faith alone.
 - "7. The work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner.
 - "8. The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the judgment of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, with the eternal blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked.
 - "9. The divine institution of the Christian ministry, and the obligation and perpetuity of the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper.
- "It being, however, distinctly declared that this brief summary is not to be regarded in any formal or ecclesiastical sense as a creed or confession, nor the adoption of it as involving an assumption of the right authoritatively to define the limits of Christian brotherhood, but simply as an indication of the class of persons whom it is desirable to embrace within the Alliance."

When the *Independent* urges that Universalists should be included in a body which expressly, though informally, declares its belief in endless punishment, it exhibits in a melancholy degree the demoralization produced by trying to ride the two horses of Orthodoxy and Rationalism at the same time.

HOLYOAKE AND BRADLAUGH.

On the evenings of March 10 and 11, 1870, one of the most remarkable debates on record was held in the New Hall of Science, 142 Old Street, City Road, London. The disputants were Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, editor of the *Reasoner*, and Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, editor of the *National Reformer*.—Mr. Austin Holyoake, brother of the former, being in the chair. Both of the disputants were distinguished representative men of English "Secularism," so called,—a word first selected by Mr. Holyoake himself about the year 1852 to designate the most extreme school of English radicalism. The subject of discussion was the question whether the principles of Secularism necessarily include Atheism. Singularly enough, both men were not only Secularists but also Atheists, though espousing somewhat different types of Atheism. Mr. Holyoake was an Atheist in the sense of not being satisfied with the current proofs of Theism; the whole spirit and tenor of his thought was affirmative rather than negative; and he inclined to emphasize the positive truths of knowledge rather than the interrogations of doubt or the denials of disbelief. Mr. Bradlaugh was an Atheist in the sense of being satisfied with his own disproofs of Theism; he considered the non-existence of God a settled fact of reason; and he inclined to begin with this fact as the first step of all thorough-going reform. The speeches of each were characterized by the same tone of intense conviction, and by equal evidences of strong and original thought. Altogether, it was one of the most notable discussions ever carried on before a public audience. Without attempting to give even an outline of it, the presence of Mr. Bradlaugh in the United States at the present time prompts us to touch briefly on one or two of its leading points.

As expounded by Mr. Holyoake, "Secularism" was originally proposed as "a new name for a new form of free thought, in which we would deal with the agreements at which free thinkers had arrived, maintaining those propositions about which we have agreed in common, and which were perfectly independent of Atheism or Theism." More specifically: "If you desire a brief summary, which may be given in a few words, of what the principles to which I have adverted point to, so far as meets the object of this discussion, I would state them thus:—1. Secularism maintains the sufficiency of secular reason for guidance in human duties. 2. The adequacy of the Utilitarian rule which makes the good of others the law of duty. 3. That the duty nearest at hand and most reliable in results is the use of material means, tempered by human sympathy, for the attainment of social improvement. 4. The sinlessness of well-informed sincerity. 5. That the sign and condition of such sincerity are free thought, expository speech, the practice of personal conviction within the limits of neither outraging nor harming others." And again: "I am here to maintain that neither the existence of God nor the non-existence of God, neither the mortality nor the immortality of the soul—that none of these doctrines are in any way necessary—that they are separate and independent from these Secular tenets."

Yet in this very debate he quotes, as still holding to it, the following passage from his *Limits of Atheism*: "Affirmative Atheism of the intellect is a proud, honest, intrepid, self-respecting attitude of the mind. The Negative Atheism of mere ignorance, of insensibility, of lust and gluttony and drunkenness, of egotism or vanity, whose talk is outrage, and whose spirit is blasphemy,—this is the gross negation of God which superstition begets in its slavery, and nurtures by its terrors. These species of Atheism I recognize only to disown and denounce them. Of these the priest is the author who preaches the natural corruption of the human heart, who inculcates the guilt of free thought, the distrust of reason, and despairs of self-reliant progress. Utterly different from this is the Atheism of reflection, which seeks for conclusive evidence, which listens reverentially for the voice of God, which weighs carefully the teachings of a thoughtful Theism, but refuses to recognize the officious, incoherent babblement of intolerant or presumptuous men." Once more, he said: "I think the Theist assumes an infinite knowledge when he says he knows there is a God. I think he who says that one is impossible betrays an equal capacity for knowing everything."

In reply, Mr. Bradlaugh, quoting with approbation some earlier utterances of his opponent, said that Secularism is "going to teach men the physical laws on which health depends; the moral laws on which happiness depends; the intellectual laws on which knowledge depends; the social and political laws on

which prosperity and advancement depend; the economic laws on which wealth depends. Now to do this, you must challenge the theological doctrine that God regulates health. . . . So that, in fact, before you can be a Secularist to take the position Mr. Holyoake takes, you must reject all supernatural supervision, reject all Theistic control; and if that is not in reality and fact being an Atheist, then I confess I have yet to learn the meaning of words. "The word Atheist does mean to be without God, but it does not mean to be without morality. To me every idea of God is such that, as a Secularist, I am bound to deny." Again: "Although at present it may be perfectly true that all men who are Secularists are not yet Atheists, I put it to you as perfectly true that in my opinion the logical consequence of Secularism must be that the man gets to Atheism, if he has brains enough to comprehend. . . . The whole basis of our Secular cause is in direct ignoring and denial of the possibility of any such [future] state of existence at all." "I say you cannot get your lesson of morality without Atheism. . . . You cannot have a scheme of morality without Atheism. . . . I think the Secularist is one who has learned enough of the 'how' of his existence to know that, instead of death being a last venture on an untried existence, it is an entire cessation of his individual existence. This is the broad ground I take. I hold that the logical consequence of Secularism is the denial, the absolute denial, of a Providence." Once more: "If the position of the theologian is to be taken—if you are to admit his proposition of the infinite power, the infinite wisdom, the infinite kindness, and goodness, and constant interference of God, you at once get a fatal barrier in the way of all your Secular work."

Such was the tenor of this extraordinary discussion,—such the opinions and spirit of these able and transparently sincere men. To despise such Atheism, or such Atheists, is to convict oneself of infinite arrogance, self-righteousness, and self-conceit. The only comments on this debate we have at present to offer are briefly these:—

1. That the God denied seems throughout to be the God of Christian supernaturalism or intuitionism rather than the God of comprehensive and scientific naturalism.

2. That the "religion" which cannot find respect, sympathy, and fellowship for such Atheists as men is precisely the religion which the world can most excellently and permanently dispense with.

A LETTER FROM MR. VOYSEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Sir,—Your own editorial note at the foot of Mr. Samuel R. Honey's letter about the title of "Reverend," in THE INDEX of September 4, renders any explanation on my part nearly superfluous.

For the sake of the "weak brethren," if I may good-naturedly so designate such scrupulous people as Mr. Honey, let me inform him that I have not assumed the title of "Reverend" at all. It is a title conferred on me by the State; and I have some very good reasons for retaining it. Among other reasons, it is because it marks my real position as a citizen in the eyes of the law; namely, that I am a clergyman, and intend to remain a clergyman, of the Church of England.

It is, perhaps, not known in America that a man can only retire from this position by a voluntary legal process, and can only be deprived of it by law, on conviction of gross immorality.

On the occasion of my own condemnation by the Privy Council in 1871, numbers of ignorant persons made the mistake of supposing that I had been "unfrocked;" i.e., degraded from being a clergyman,—whereas I was only deprived of my income and office as Vicar of Healaugh. It is, therefore, of some importance, as evidence of a fact, that I should retain my legal status and title.

Moreover, although the position of a clergyman has some drawbacks, disqualifying him for a seat in Parliament, and debarring him from earning his bread at the English bar, or by commerce, yet there are certain other advantages and privileges belonging to the position which I am not at all inclined to give up. In addition to these reasons, I retain my position as a clergyman of the Church of England, in order to mark my determination not to join any other religious denomination, with which I might otherwise have been identified against my will.

The fate of the Church of England is not yet sealed, and may be very different from what her wisest and most severe critics anticipate. At present enslaved by Parliament, Parliament can release her at will. It is quite on the card that all dogmas will be

abolished. In case of such an event, I should greatly bewail my desertion of my present rights.

Let me only add my hearty sympathy with Mr. Honey in his detestation of all priestly or clerical assumptions. But I hope the age is past in which it would be possible to confound the use of title conferred by the State with the long-exposed pretensions of ecclesiastical or sacerdotal authority. As Mr. Conway's position is entirely different from mine, I leave him to speak for himself. Meanwhile, I may say that in this country Mr. Conway never assumes the title of "Reverend."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
CHARLES VOYSEY.
CAMDEN HOUSE, Dulwich, S. E., Sept. 22, 1873.

A LETTER FROM MR. JOHNSON.

We are very glad to have the privilege of publishing the following letter:—

SALEM, Oct. 5, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. ABBOT,—I appreciate your candor in asking to be set right, if your notice of the essay read by me at the last meeting of the Free Religious Association misinterprets the definition of Religion therein proposed. But I shall hardly undertake the task; for, though your reading is certainly somewhat wide of my intent, I doubt if I can make the language plainer than as it now stands. A clear and careful statement is seldom, or never, helped by attempts at paraphrase or explanation. It should take its chances at recognition. Doubtless it is inevitable that the common mother-tongue be rendered by every reader, spite of all notes and interlinears, into the dialect of his own special experience.

The reference made in the essay to your thesis, that Religion is the effort of man to perfect himself, was, however, so slight and incidental that it seems but just to give you some further account of what was meant by it.

My criticism, you will recollect, was to the effect, not that the statement implied, of necessity, a narrow or one-sided belief on your part, but that it was inadequate as a formal definition of Religion. (I do not in fact pretend that any definition is not more or less so.) To this, as to all similar formulas, in which the only term recognized is "Man," I was careful to concede the largest margin for possible expansion of the meaning of that term beyond its ordinary use; leaving also an analogous margin to other formulas of an opposite tenor, in their use of the correlative term "God." There might well be, in the former case, I allowed, an intention on the definer's part, although unexpressed, to include within the idea of the Human that of a divine inheritance or manifestation of the Infinite. But this ideal completeness is surely not suggested, even if it is not denied, in the description of man's highest relations as an effort of his imperfection to arrive at perfection by its own powers alone. Here the forces relied on as creative of growth start from the lowest stages of it, and nothing higher or broader than each stage of attainment, as it arrives, enters in explanation of what it now is, or as ground of what it is to become. The less accounts for the greater, while the greater is needless to the less.

Now whatever latitude we may here have reason to accord to the definer's own conception of Man, the real question is whether the elements thus defined as imperfect give sufficient account of that upward attraction to the Unseen and Unknown, that sense of indefinite possibilities, that advancing moral and spiritual ideal, which Religion, if it means anything, affirms. Must there not be a form of polarity,—a mutual relation between the seeker for perfection and the Perfect itself, whose harmony it is that makes obedience and liberty to be one and the same? And if so, should not both realities be distinctly recognized in our definition? In other words, can Religion be fairly presented by what I have called unipolar formulas?

It is true that the reality of the Perfect may not be distinctly rejected in these formulas. In a very important sense, it cannot, in any case, be quite excluded by them. Perfect and Imperfect are correlative, and the very statement of the one implies the other. But this very necessity makes the matter worse; since what the unipolar definition, thus limited in its negative consequences, succeeds in doing is simply to cause man's relation to the Perfect to be regarded as a purely external one; as of a force self-moved towards it. And so we should approach new gulfs in that fictitious antithesis between God and Man which vitiates theology, and runs out one way into superstitious personalities, and the other way into blind negations.

I would, therefore, make Religion centre in an element which, far from perpetuating old distinctions of

this nature, must represent an essential unity of Finite and Infinite. The common term for all intelligence is *Mind*. Itself the substance of all such relations as belong to religious sentiment, conviction, or action, it includes both sides, and calls for no other pole external to itself.

So far from believing the "express mention of God necessary to the definition of religion," I require neither of the terms, God or Man, for that purpose, but prefer to employ, in place of words ever apt to be used as mutually exclusive or liminary, a broader and more distinctly inclusive one; namely, *Mind*. Hence the statement that "Religion is the natural attraction of Mind as finite to Mind as infinite;" a statement, however, for which I certainly do not claim anything more than approximation to the truth; and I am thankful for all suggestions which may improve it.

That such essential unity of the Finite and Infinite, or their constant mutual implication in the movement of religion, would prove them "indistinguishable" in any sense that makes a polarity within their wholeness impossible,—is, to me, in no sense apparent. Not a branch of physical science but is full of symbols of this necessity of polar relations within every unit of positive force. To expel them from religion is to exclude religion from the sphere of science. In the realm of ideal purpose, they appear under a form correspondent to the grandeur of the aim. Inexhaustible resources implied on the one hand, and free aspiration on the other, in a unity which can never be essentially dissolved, nor mechanically divided,—are alike indispensable as grounds and guarantees of progress.

Whether this definition "derives religion from *religare*" (to bind or fasten again), or from some other word, or whether it more resembles the "Old Catholic," or the new Positivist statements of belief,—is, to me, immaterial. But it is not easy to see how there can be any more *religation* in an upward attraction proceeding from infinite light and law, than in dependence on the efforts of an imperfect being to perfect himself for all power to ascend the steps of growth. Effort is, of course, essential in either case; though the spontaneities of natural attraction are certainly as real an element of religion as any form of effort. But do the invitations of free space, and boundless living atmosphere ever opening before the soul, intimate bondage, that we should seek the sense of liberty solely in some upward push or self-originated boost of force from inferior stages of our life? I do not, of course, say that your definition necessarily involves this, and I know that you do not yourself believe in such inverted methods; but I would prefer avoiding a mode of definition which naturally suggests them.

My own definition, on the other hand, falls, you think, in not covering the cases of the materialists and atheists, to whom "the Infinite" is a term without meaning; classes to whose interest you have (perhaps somewhat excessively) conformed in the phraseology of your own. But the purpose of a definition is to be true, and adequate to the subject defined; not to cover every possible shade of opinion and belief. The classes referred to would, doubtless, be the last to concur in your objections, or, in fact, to accept any definition of religion as accurate, which should make that hated term include themselves. And as we have no dictionary authorized to settle the meaning of doctrinal terms, so no formulas can escape being interpreted by prejudices either in behalf of, or against, the words they seek to define.

The question whether a man admits that he believes in the Infinite, or not, is one thing; whether, as observers, we discover in his conduct that by such ideal faith he is unconsciously stirred and fed, even while denying it, is quite another, and a point of far greater moment. And if, judging in this broad way, I should affirm that I find no one destitute of the religious element, my definition of religion is, so far as I can see, quite competent to cover even the universal position. As for conforming our use of terms to the purpose of covering all meanings that may be given them by all classes of minds, I doubt if we shall find it conducive either to just definition, or to better mutual understanding.

One word more. I have stated that among my reasons for preferring *Mind* to *Man*, as centre of the religious ideal, is this: that while "Man," especially when distinctly defined as imperfect, requires (for completeness of statement) that God should be implied as correlative idea, while yet representing God as in a more or less external relation to the whole sense and experience of religion, the perfect having no other recognition than as an effort of the imperfect,—*Mind*, on the contrary, naturally includes both poles under one conception; perfect and imperfect

alike lying within its all-embracing unity. "Self-perfecting Man," and "self-perfecting Mind," do not therefore express precisely the same idea, as definitions of religion; and if obliged to choose between them, I should certainly select the latter form.

I do not overlook your suggestion that Mind also is inadequate as a centre of unity; itself also demanding a correlative pole, whether this be found in matter, or reside in some substance as yet to us unknown. The "Philosophy of the Unconscious" well deserves to be studied. An ultimate ground of all things, whereof what we now call consciousness can afford but slight conception, belongs to the ideal of modern science and faith. But all this involves no negation of mind in the largest sense. No such ultimate ground is conceivable for man except in forms and terms provided by intelligence: not the intelligence of *Man* distinctively, as not-God; nor intelligence as confined to his sense of self-originated force,—but the intelligence of *Mind*, as the unity of "oversoul" with inward purpose and power. And it is in this sense that, whatever he believes or knows, whether as matter or any other form of being, is, in its ultimate, and can only be, a revelation in, and by, thought. Of religion in special, it would seem manifest that it at least cannot be conceived as ever existing, apart from the convictions and aspirations of mind.

Cordially yours, SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Every reader interested in the very important endeavor to make clear and just our modern conception of Religion, as a great fact of human life, will join with us in thanking Mr. Johnson for the above letter. It is of no small moment to weigh well the words to be used in such an endeavor; and the contribution of every competent mind towards a finally acceptable definition should be gratefully received.

Without entering on any further discussion of Mr. Johnson's definition, we would respectfully inquire whether he does not unintentionally belittle ours, when he refers to it as "the description of man's highest relations as an effort of his imperfection to arrive at perfection by its own powers alone"? Does he not think, as we do, that the words italicized by us indicate a limitation gratuitously and incorrectly read into our definition, and not properly inferable from it? The "effort," surely, may be either "by its own powers," or by other and higher powers: the definition criticised implies the latter just as much as the former, and leaves the question between them open. The fact of the "effort" is the essential fact of Religion; the explanation of this fact, whether by the "Finite," or by the "Infinite," is a matter of speculation on which thinkers are not agreed. The difference between our two definitions is not, therefore, exactly as Mr. Johnson conceives it: for his assumes in terms the existence and attractiveness of the Infinite Perfect, while ours does not (as he thinks) even verbally exclude it, but merely leaves the fact to stand as it is, whether or not this fact implies the Infinite Perfect. In our opinion it conduces greatly to clearness of thought to separate the definition of a fact from all inferences and assumptions whatever, even if they are really correct.

ENGLISH IS HALF German and half Latin. It holds a position among the principal languages now used in scientific intercourse very like that which was held by French between Latin and several modern languages. The discovery of America doubled its use, and the movement of populations in both hemispheres fixes its destiny. It is now spoken in Great Britain by 31 millions, in North America by 47, in Australia and New Zealand by 2 millions—in all, 77 millions of people. German is spoken at the present time by 62 millions, French by 40-1.2 millions. Then De Candolle estimates that, as the population of England doubles in fifty years, and that of the United States, Australia, &c., in half that time, the probable number of English-speaking people in the year 1970 will be 800 millions, when, at their present rate of increase, German will be spoken by 124 millions and French by 69-1.2 millions. Moreover, English is much more spoken in Africa and in Southern Asia than all other European languages put together. The language of more than three-quarters of Christendom, and of the most active and the most reading people, will necessarily be the one into which all valuable works in other tongues will be translated, that in which they will have many times more readers than in their originals. Already, as our author remarks, German works are largely read by French-speaking people in English translations. As this goes on, English must become the dominant, if not the universal, language so far as science and literature are concerned.—*Nation*.

AFTER A SHARP contest, the running of the street cars on Sundays was permitted in Philadelphia, with the proviso that bells on the horses were to be omitted. Until recently this proviso was observed, but on some of the lines the jingling of bells disturbs the devotions of the piously inclined, and they are asking that the whole business be stopped.—*St. Louis Globe*.

Communications.

OUTSIDE OR INSIDE OF CHRISTIANITY.

F. E. ABBOT:

Dear Sir,—As I am one of your later subscribers, very likely you have said much in explanation of your position which I have not seen; but as there must be many later readers like myself, will you please reply to the following considerations?

There are three principal reasons, as I understand it, why you stand outside of Christianity, neither of which, from anything that I have seen, appears to have validity.

1. You would be UNDERSTOOD.

Are you understood? Are there not thousands, who, seeing your denunciation of Christianity, suppose you to denounce what you do not? There is no questioning this. How can you place yourself in opposition to that religion which is LOVE, and to the influence of so pure and true a life as that of Jesus, and not be misunderstood? Suppose the records are faulty; that Jesus taught some doctrines which you do not believe,—yet, according to all accounts that we have, he was the divinest man, and he taught that religion consists in the love and practice of good. He taught "the power of a pure soul to achieve all things by the power of purity alone." Theodore Parker says that he taught the "absolute religion." Yet you refuse to call yourself a Christian, and you make war upon the influence of such a soul. It has been several times demonstrated in my presence that you are misunderstood in your present position. So far as my observation extends, you are more grossly misunderstood than you would be if you stood inside. I conclude, therefore, that there is some explanation for your course, which I have not seen.

2. You would be EFFICIENT.

That is, you would find a platform where all men, of all nations and opinions, may meet together for religious search and endeavor. But how is it possible to reach men by standing outside of all that they have counted sacred, or beautiful, and true? Is not the most effective place to reach men on their own ground? What can you do with Catholics by sweeping all their convictions and associations away in the beginning? Are men readily won by an assumption of superiority which goes so far as to break up all common standing ground? Why not include all, instead of excluding? If you cannot eat soup out of the same bowl, may you not eat it at the same table? or at least in the same house? Why go so far? Is not the essential part of all religions true? If man has lived these ages without attaining to anything worth recognizing, what ground is there for hope in the future? This profound separation with the past, and assumption of sudden light, seems to me to sacrifice the sympathy of the very people it is desirable to reach, and operate against that efficiency which you desire.

3. You would be RIGHT.

Independent of effectiveness, and the understandings of men, you would be right. It is safe to say that to be a Christian is to be Christ-like. The gist of his doctrine was that love of God with all the heart, and of neighbors as ourselves, was the substance of religion. He illustrated this doctrine by his life. He was pure, affectionate, and so devoted to the interests of mankind as to die for his convictions. This, according to radical research and exegesis. Do you teach a different doctrine? If not, is it wrong, in this age, and this country where he is so tenderly loved, and his religion so dear to millions of hearts, to say that you are not a Christian?

It seems wrong to me. The sweetness of your own religion is that very LOVE which Jesus taught as religion, and which is fairly called Christianity. If he believed in endless pain, and the approaching judgment,—ideas common to his countrymen,—this circumstance should not make us less willing to receive the substance of his doctrine. Neither this belief, nor any other incidental belief, can justly be held up before men to conceal his beautiful life, and those sentences which contain the substance. Right demands fair treatment, even of the son of Joseph and Mary.

In Nature we have the new, but always growing out of the old, and closely related to it. We have this in history. We are likely always to have it. Not at one bound does one ascend Mont Blanc, nor will the world so ascend—can I say Mount Zion? When, therefore, you cut off the old with one swing of the axe, or cut it so nearly off, you weaken hope of the new. I am myself a radical—have been squeezed—but from my stand-point you are injuring radicalism in religion. And hence I would like such an answer to these queries as will help me to more sympathy with your course.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

[The impossibility of finding room in THE INDEX for all the excellent articles we have received must be our apology for delaying publication of the above, and other communications like it. We respect the spirit of this gentle expostulation, and offer a brief reply.

1. It is true that we wish to be "understood." But it is more important to be "right;" and if we are right, it may be necessary to be misunderstood by many. We have never denounced all that the word Christianity is made to cover, nor all that it properly covers; on the contrary, we have denounced only what we consider the untrue and the hurtful in it. Love, certainly, we could not denounce. But is love all that Christianity means in history? Does it not also mean hate, cruelty, persecution, falsehood, evil of many

kinds? Does not H. B. studiously pass by the darker side of Christianity—its intolerance of unbelief, its hostility to freedom of thought and speech, its invincible repugnance to new and democratic ideas? The disciple of Jesus cannot discriminate in his master's teachings; but he who is "outside" can, accepting the good, rejecting the bad. All this ought to be understood, even if it is not; and the best way to make it understood seems to involve the necessity of being misunderstood ourselves—a minor consideration.

2. We would gladly be "efficient" in the cause of universal brotherhood. But this would be impossible if we failed to point out the higher ground on which alone universal brotherhood is practicable, namely, the ground whence all special religions are seen to be antagonistic to it. Surely we assume no personal superiority of any kind; we only point out the superiority of ideas which all should aspire to practise in common life. From the common table of HUMANITY we would gladly eat with all, taking cheerfully the lowest seat; but it is better even to starve than to sit with those who eat at the table of an exclusive and intolerant religion which is inhumane to all but its own disciples. We would feed on a past older than Christianity,—old as man, old as God, new as the ever-living present, new because freedom and truth are new forever.

3. Yes, gladly would we be "right." That is the main thing. For this reason we cannot acquiesce in any view of Christianity which makes it consist in simple love of God and Man. To believe that is to be wrong. Christianity includes faith in Jesus as the Christ, and obedience to him, as if he were in fact "the way, the truth, and the life." No matter whether we are understood or not, efficient or not: to that truth we must be true, and so be right. Whoever can show us that Jesus is indeed the Christ that he claimed to be, will convert us heart and soul to Christianity; and then our "outside" days will be over. Until then, we remain outside of Christianity simply and solely because we are not a Christian. If this protest put into act helps any one to understand what Christianity really is, it will not be in vain.—Ed.]

ARE PERFECT MEN PERFECT VILLAINS?

EDITOR INDEX:

Your definition of religion as "the effort of man to perfect himself," involves me in great embarrassment. I enclose you a prayer which I composed some years ago, and which was published at the solicitation of some of my friends. It has met the approval of Jew and Gentile; and, although some have objected that it does not ask in Christ's name, the answer has always been that Christ, in the only form of prayer which he is said to have given, did not wind up with "and this we ask for Christ's sake," yet I have no objection, if they think it will give more potency to the prayer, to their adding anything to it that they may think proper. In this prayer it is asked "that men may attain unto the perfection of their natures." To attain he must use effort, and therefore, according to Mr. Abbot, he performs a religious act. Of course, the only thing he can perfect is his own nature; and hence my embarrassment. Without discussing mooted subjects, there is no question, whatever may be the reason, that our natures greatly vary. One man is ambitious, another covetous, another syrophantic, another lustful, and so on. And these qualities or attributes are variously compounded in each individual. The perfection of a prize-fighter is not the perfection of a George Fox. Yet, if each man is to perfect himself, his notion of perfection will be dependent upon his dominant faculties. And so while we shall have some few perfectly conscientious, we shall have, as we have at present, the bolder part perfect villains through greed of gain and lust of power—the lust of power to satisfy the greed of gain; and with this, among weaker natures, syrophanticism, and every low and mean attribute more perfected.

Will you please to descend from generals to particulars, and state how this religion is to be applied to render it practicable? There seem to be certain faculties which we should like to see annihilated; but annihilation is not perfection.

R. E. P.

A PRAYER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Grant, most gracious God, we beseech thee, that the governments of this world may be so settled and established upon such just, wise, and generous principles, that civil, moral, and religious liberty may be secured to all peoples. That the down-trodden and oppressed of the earth may be enabled to rise, and that they may be placed above want; and that famine and disease, and war and pestilence, and crime and misery may be banished the earth forever. That the darkness of error and of superstition may be dissipated from every mind, and that the light of truth, of knowledge, of wisdom, and of learning, may irradiate every understanding. That woman may be raised to that position for which thou hast qualified her; that the avocations of life, as fitted for her, may be opened up unto her, and that she may receive the just reward of her labors. That the functions for which thou hast constituted the sexes may be looked upon with honor, esteem, and respect, and that the propagation of offspring may be under the control of a wise intelligence.

That all thy peoples may worship thee in spirit and in truth; that they may fill the earth with thy praise as it is already with thy glory; that they may attain unto the perfection of their natures, the fruition of all those joys and pleasures for which thou hast rendered them susceptible; and that, passing their time here in brotherly love, in peace, quiet, and contentment, endeavoring the welfare of each other, in the study of thy laws, and in the contemplation of the glories of thy universe, resigned and submissive to thy will, may they reach a ripe old age, and pass from hence calmly and placidly, in the blessed hope of a continued existence, through the abundance of thy goodness and mercy. And these things we ask for thy creatures' sakes, for we are thine, and all that we have, and possess, and enjoy, are thine, and of and from thee; blessed be thy name forever, for thou only art to be worshipped and glorified, and unto thee is to be ascribed all might, power, majesty, and dominion, forever and ever.

[The difficulty of our correspondent seems quite gratuitous, in the light of his own "prayer." What does he mean by praying that "men may attain unto the perfection of their natures"? That they may become more "ambitious, covetous, aycophantic, lustful," &c.? Of course not. Perfection cannot mean merely the development of every diseased tendency of human nature, but rather the development of all its tendencies in healthy and natural proportions. The former, surely, is the very idea of *imperfectness*. No faculty should be annihilated, but all should be regulated; that is, reduced under the rule or law of right reason. The perfection of a prize-fighter, for instance, would involve the abandonment of prize-fighting and all other brutality, and the cultivation of his humane tendencies. Without "descending" from any imagined heights, we venture to suggest that our correspondent give us credit for using the word "perfect" in as rational a sense as he uses the word "perfection" in his own prayer.—Ed.]

THE JUDICIAL OATH.

"We demand that the judicial oath, in the courts, and in all other departments of the government, shall be abolished; and that simple affirmation, under the pains and penalties of perjury, shall be established in its stead."

In connection with the above "Demand of Liberalism," the following extracts from *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* appear to me sufficiently interesting and appropriate to merit being placed before the readers of THE INDEX:—

"But it is our system of judicial swearing that has struck me as so exceedingly curious.

"His evidence was essential and satisfactory, but the lawyer who was on the other side very nearly succeeded in rejecting it, and was only foiled by the singular wit of the witness. He was reputed to be an 'infidel,' whatever that may be, and on his entering the witness-box, the counsel stopped the clerk who was about to administer the oath, saying that he wished to ask the witness a few questions about his religious opinions.

"The witness observed that when sworn he should be most happy to answer any questions about the case before the court, but that his *opinions* concerned nobody but himself; they were not evidence, and nothing he could say unsworn could be evidence; he hoped, therefore, his honor, the judge, would save him from any irrelevant curiosity.

"The judge, however, answered—what seemed to me a most reasonable appeal—by intimating that it was necessary to answer the counsel's questions.

"Perhaps then," said the witness, 'I may be informed if—not being sworn—I am bound to speak the truth?'

"Not legally," said the judge.

"Witness thanked the judge, and, turning to the counsel, said, 'Now, then, sir, you may just ask me what you please, and I'll endeavor to frame my answers to suit you!'

"Seeing that an examination under such circumstances would be a farce, the lawyer requested that the oath might be administered. This done he again commenced:—

"Now that you are legally bound to speak the truth, I desire to know if you believe in the New Testament, on which you have been sworn?"

"Turning to the judge with an expression of mock humility, witness said, 'I pray your honor's protection.'

"The judge told him to answer the question.

"But, your honor, it's not fair. He wants to make me commit myself, because he knows my evidence will tell against him."

"Exactly so," said the counsel, blandly smiling.

"What," asked the judge, 'do you mean, by making you commit yourself?'

"Why, your honor, he wants me to disqualify myself for being sworn as a witness, by acknowledging that I believe in the Divine authority of a book that contains a positive injunction against swearing at all!"

"On hearing this most unexpected reply, the lawyer answered the judge's inquiring smile by throwing himself back in his seat, and declining to oppose the witness.

"Does it not seem strange that the very truthfulness which would induce a man to acknowledge his disbelief should be used to discredit him?"

"It seems to me absolutely certain that a little advance in the public intelligence will cause the oath to be discarded altogether. As an appeal to the super-

natural it really means nothing, and as a legal contract it might be made equally binding, and less objectionable."

Selected for THE INDEX by

MRS. J. R. WALKER.
NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 27, 1873.

CORRUPTERS OF YOUTH.

In the time of Socrates, the priests of the religion then and there prevailing taught several notions of a very peculiar sort in regard to the Divine character and attributes.

They described several supernatural personages, various in their relation to, and action upon, mankind, but each Divine, and each entitled to honor, reverence, and obedience; to prayer, and public acknowledgment as God.

The characteristics and the actions attributed to these gods often varied very much from what men regarded as rectitude, justice, and goodness. But the priests would not, on this account, admit any abatement of the claim of these deities to reverence and obedience. It was assumed that the gods had a right to act as they pleased, and that men had no right to criticize them.

Even the chief of these deities, Jupiter—sometimes called "the father of gods and men"—was jealous, passionate, and wrathful, unjust, and vindictive. His kindness to men was bestowed by favoritism, irrespective of good or evil in their characters, and he doomed many, without pity, to endless misery in hell.

Since Socrates taught the justice and goodness of God (thus denying, by implication, the divinity of any being who was unjust and cruel), the priesthood combined to accuse him, and caused him to be condemned and executed as a criminal. Strange to say, their accusation against Socrates, founded expressly on this teaching, was that he was "a corrupter of youth!"

We now see, not only that Socrates was right, deserving honor instead of punishment for the teaching in question, but that the real corrupters of youth were the priests who opposed him, and that such a religion as they taught necessarily tended to, and produced, corruption of manners and morals.

How is it then that we, approving Socrates, and condemning those priests, accept and follow other priests who teach, under the name of Christianity, some of the worst of the errors which Socrates contended against?

Our clergy teach, as the Greek priests did, that there are several personages, each of whom is to be worshipped as God.

Our clergy teach, as the Greek priests did, that the Divine favor is to be obtained only through blood offered in sacrifice.

Our clergy teach, as the Greek priests did, that a good life does not avail without sacrificial blood, and that this blood will secure acceptance, even to one who has led an evil life.

Our clergy teach, as the Greek priests did, that it is a sin to doubt or criticize the legends respecting the Divinity, which they present as divinely inspired; and this although their legends declare, as the Greek ones did—

That God chose a certain nation to enjoy his special favor and protection, and not only left the rest of mankind comparatively disregarded, but expressly commanded the favored people to assail and expel, or even exterminate by indiscriminate slaughter, some of the other nations.

That God once commanded a falsehood to be told, deliberately deceiving a man expressly to lure him to his destruction.

That He once commanded a father to kill his own child.

That He once begot a son by intercourse with a woman.

That He is habitually jealous and wrathful, and that He has often spared the guilty, and punished the innocent.

Their only reason for teaching these monstrous and incredible things is that it is so asserted in one or another of the books, often of unknown authorship, which they have agreed to call "sacred."

These books, collected by unknown persons in far distant ages, not only make, of themselves, no claim to sacredness or infallibility, or even unity of design or purport, and not only fail altogether of external evidence sufficient to establish for them either unity, or sacredness, or infallibility, but the internal evidence gained by comparison of their various parts with each other completely disproves the qualities claimed for them by the clergy.

Such examination disproves the *unity* of the collection of writings called "The Bible," since the history and laws of two different religions have been bound together in the volume so named.

Such examination disproves the *sacredness* of this volume, since sundry of its authors attribute limitation, imperfection, and unworthiness of various kinds to God.

Such examination disproves the *infallibility* of this volume, since its various parts often contradict themselves and each other.

If the Athenian priests could fairly be called "corrupters of youth" for doing these three things, namely,—attributing imperfection and unworthiness to the Deity; demanding that He be honored and revered in spite of these defects and vices; and crying out against the teachers of a purer theology and religion, as dangerous men,—then the clergy of our time, since they unite in doing these same things, are truly "corrupters of youth," and of the whole community. Their acknowledged service to the community in other ways cannot equal, nor even approach, the injury they do in the regular exercise of their profession by the constant inculcation of the doctrines above named.

OBSERVER.

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

MR. ABBOT:—

While present not long since at a Methodist revival, and the last of its series of meetings, in which, as customary, the members of the church were solicited to speak of their religious "experiences," my attention was somewhat excited by hearing one of the leading members make the following remark:—

"Where would we have been if Christ hadn't died?"

The thought came to me, on hearing this, that, if Judas could have been present, or had the expression been made while it was possible for him to have heard it, he too might have said, "Where would you be if I hadn't betrayed him?" and, accepting the expression made by this lover of Jesus to the justification of his deed, does it not seem natural that he should be justified in being jealous of his share of Orthodox divinity?

Certainly, here is, in the name of Judas, if there is any justice in such an expression as that made by this member of the church, a legitimate call for dues of long standing. If justice be included in the "blessed plan of salvation," it follows, as a matter wholly unavoidable, that, if this "plan" had been premeditated by God, it is to be presumed that He assigned by appointment the parts to the several actors, who, in the fulness of the time selected, figured most conspicuously. To this end Judas performed his mission of betrayal; next, the Jewish rabble performed theirs in putting Christ to death. To each, then, some credit must attach itself for thus having carried out *successfully* a mission, without which the "plan of salvation" could hardly exist. In other words, Christ might have lived to an advanced age, and have died a natural death, for which, no thanks from Orthodox.

To those men whose knowledge of God has led them to conceive views directly the opposite to those of the Church belief, and who cannot, for a moment, think Him to have ever been anything less than infiniteness of Love, Justice, and Wisdom, such exultant and boastful expressions, though made ignorantly of what they involve, are the means of creating a disgust that is only exceeded by their pity for those who make them.

I once labored under the impression that the benefit the human family have received from Christ was owing not a little to his having *once* lived. But if in his death mankind have a cause for rejoicing; if in his death was fulfilled a part of the "divine plan," by enduring which in the sight of his enemies he was alone worthy of gratitude, and if on his death so much depended, why did not the "divine" pleasure manifest itself in the selection of one of less worth to the living, and thus vindicate in a measure the statement that God is the "God of the living"? Or, better still, if so much depended upon the death of a righteous man,—if through the atonement of *one* man the future of man was to be blessed for all eternity,—why had not all this taken place before?

Even a thousand years seem sufficiently long for God to have completed his "plans." Why wait three or four thousand years, and, in the meantime, permit untold millions of the human race to be cut off by death, for the want of only *one* person to make good the terms of "salvation"?

In all that length of time, how many hearts would have responded to the praise of God,—how many souls would have been gathered in the spiritual harvest, that now are lost in continual death, if we are to believe Orthodoxy!

To conclude, I see no possible way of indorsing the "blessed plan of salvation," but by electing a *fit* person in the "Trinity," in the person of Judas; and I would also urge a remembrance of the Jewish rabbi's.

Very truly,

CASTLETON, ILL.

C. W. NEWTON.

CLASSIFICATION OF THEISTS.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Dear Sir,—You take issue with Frederic R. Honey when he divides the believers in the existence of a God into "dogmatists" and "intuitionists," and you say there is a third class who believe in God through a process of scientific reasoning.

May I ask you to indicate such a process of reasoning into which "intuition" does not, in some shape, enter.

An answer to this question may involve you in writing a lengthy article, but it occurs to me that the importance of the subject well merits it.

Yours,

NEWPORT, R. I., October 2, 1873.

[Mr. Honey will find in the Index Tract No. 11 an answer to his inquiry. Any criticism of this lecture, if of reasonable length, will be welcome to our columns.—Ed.]

FATHER HYACINTHE insists on still remaining a Catholic, and believes that he can do so. Protestantism is not sufficiently churchly for him. In his fifth lecture at Geneva he said that for the building of a reformed Catholic church there were three plans: "The first would reconstitute it on the basis of simple Deism. This he rejected, because Deism was only a philosophy, and not a religion. The second was to accept Protestantism as a solution of the problem; but Protestantism had not preserved enough of the church. For him more symbols were necessary. He wanted the chain of efficacious sacraments, embracing the whole life of man from baptism to extreme unction; he wanted a historical hierarchy and a visible centre of unity, such as is now at Rome, but might be elsewhere in the future." It remains to be seen if this scheme of church reorganization is feasible.

Advertisements.

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FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.
TOLEDO, O., June 21, 1873.

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Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be **THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF —**.

ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in —:

Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.

ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.

ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.

ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be ex-officio delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.

ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

So far as I am concerned, the above is the platform of **THE INDEX**. I believe in it without reserve; I believe that it will yet be accepted universally by the American people, as the only platform consistent with religious liberty. A Liberal League ought to be formed to carry out its principles wherever half a dozen earnest and resolute Liberals can be got together. Being convinced that the movement to secure compliance with these just "Demands" must surely, even if slowly, spread, I hope to make **THE INDEX** a means of furthering it; and I ask the assistance and active co-operation of every man and every woman who believes in it. Multiply Liberal Leagues everywhere, and report promptly the names of their Presidents and Secretaries. Intolerance and bigotry will tremble in proportion as that list grows. If freedom, justice, and reason are right, let their organized voice be heard like the sound of many waters.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1873.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—M. A. McCord, President; P. A. Lofgreen, L. La Grille, Secretaries.
BOSTON, MASS.—J. S. Rogers, President; J. P. Titcomb, G. A. Bacon, Secretaries.
JEFFERSON, OHIO.—W. H. Crowell, President; A. Giddings, Secretary.
SAN JOSE, CAL.—A. J. Spencer, President; J. L. Hatch, Secretary.
TOLEDO, IOWA.—J. Reedy, President; E. S. Beckley, Secretary.
VINCENNE, N. J.—L. Bristol, President; E. G. Blaisdell, Secretary.
JUNCTIONVILLE, NED.—J. W. Eastman, President; B. L. Easley, Secretary.
OLATHE, KAN.—S. B. S. Wilson, President; H. A. Griffin, Secretary.
DETROIT, MICH.—W. R. Hill, President; A. T. Garretson, Secretary.
BREEDSVILLE, MICH.—A. G. Eastman, President; F. R. Knowles, Secretary.
OSCEOLA, MO.—E. F. Thompson, President; M. Roderick, Secretary.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY A. W. S.

THERE ARE two hundred Republican Clubs in England, and a National Republican League.

IT IS RELIABLY stated that about ten per cent. of the children in Massachusetts do not attend school.

THE CATHOLIC PAPERS call Victor Emmanuel "the robber king of Italy," because he has confiscated the Church property.

REV. W. R. ALGER, late of the Boston Music Hall Society, is delivering a course of liberal Sunday sermons and lectures in Chicago.

"J. W. H.," in *THE Woman's Journal*, begins an article by saying: "The summer is ended, and we are not saved." We are very sorry to hear it.

THE *Woman's Journal* says: "The air of the State House may be as fuliginous this winter as it was the last." We hardly know whether to be alarmed or not.

CHARLES SUMNER says: "In my opinion, Disraeli is one of the most remarkable men of this age, when we remember the obstacles he had to overcome to reach the position he occupies in England."

WHERE IS *The Golden Age*? Some say it is in the past; some that it is in the future; but the last that we heard of it, it was in New York. We wish it would come more regularly to **THE INDEX** office.

ONE OF THE speakers in the Evangelical Alliance said: "Was it not time they should all be sick of denominationalism?" Yes; we hope to hear that every member is prostrate with that sickness before long. It has already overtaken us, and we have it badly.

THE EVANGELICAL Sunday-schools, in England and the United States, proposed to "unite in prayer," October 19, in behalf of the "Sabbath-school cause." Very good. If prayer be a means of improvement, we certainly think our Sunday-schools need praying for.

S. H. MORSE read an excellent essay before the Second Radical Club, Monday evening, October 18, on "The World's Peace." Everybody desires peace, but few seem to know how to get it. Let each resolve that he will be peaceable—if not peaceful—and see, then, how soon the reign of peace will come.

THE FIRST PRAYER, at the opening of the Evangelical Alliance, was made by Rev. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton. The reporters secured it; and thus we are enabled to say—as we do cheerfully—that we never read or heard a prayer more full of complimentary allusions to Delity, whether he be considered as one or three.

ONE OF THE speakers at the late Spiritualist Convention, in Chicago, somehow or other, got this sentence into her speech: "As the salt sea-foam falls from the created waves of the benighted ages." If we had been a member of that convention, we should have requested that "eloquent" lady to "rise to explain" (if she could) her mixed metaphor.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH won a signally great and deserved success at Music Hall, last Friday evening, by his earnest and impassioned eloquence. He was handsomely introduced by Wendell Phillips, and warmly congratulated by Charles Sumner. It was fitting that these two noble men should have honored the platform of Mr. Bradlaugh with their presence.

THE CHIEF STRENGTH of the republican movement, in England, Mr. Bradlaugh says, is among the artisans of Manchester, Sheffield, and other manufacturing towns, and the Bacup valley; and among the miners of Northumberland and Durham. The chief hostility to it he naturally finds among the territorial aristocracy and the clergy of the Established Church.

IN THE MIDDLE of the hard, anxious, driving, busy life of this great city, it is refreshing to hear, now and then, strains of music from some peripatetic band or strolling street-singer, even though they be not of the classic order. Nor can we unite in indiscriminate curses of the hand-organs, they being sufficient sometimes to provoke our hearts and ten-cent pieces to gratitude.

IT SEEMS that an Englishman must sometimes leave his native island and come to this country, in order to meet socially one of his fellow-countrymen. This was the case with Mr. Charles Bradlaugh. At the Lotus Club, in New York, he met for the first time with Mr. Wilkie Collins, class distinctions being so marked, in England, that he had never there been accorded this privilege!

AN OLD "classic" trick has recently been revived in France. Some of our readers, doubtless, have read how a wooden horse was once introduced into the ancient city of Troy, to the wonderment and subsequent dismay of the citizens. The French tobaccoists, last summer, undertook to smuggle cigars into France inside of baby rocking-horses, but the police detected the innovation and put a stop to it. Moral: the study of the classics ought to be discouraged.

WALLACE refused to admit certain colored men to his theatre, in New York. They sued him. The papers say that the judge "allowed the defendant to put in an unverified answer, which is considered adverse to the plaintiffs." How often these "unverified answers" are "put in," not only in legal but in every other kind of controversy! But the "unverified answer" never can disprove the verified question; and when society says it does, let the plaintiffs appeal.

THE *Liberal Christian*, of October 18, has a long, very kind, fair, and appreciative article on the Sixth Annual Report of the Free Religious Association. It thinks so highly of the Free Religious men and women that it cannot refrain from appropriating them to Christianity, thus: "In this home these Free Religionists have been reared, and from it they have derived their moral and spiritual life. They are themselves, in spite of their protest, a branch or offshoot of the Christian body, and we do not doubt will, in due time, be felt to be a part of Christ's life and fruit."

A WRITER in the *Independent*, on "Japanese Politeness," says that "it is a paradox, not easily explained, that the bully is the distinctive product of Christian nations." "New elements of gentleness, courtesy, and obedience," he thinks, will enter into our civilization, when "the humanity in China and Japan" mingle with our American society. "The grave and dignified courtesy which one sees daily among these 'degraded heathens' is delightful and edifying even to a Christian. From the old shaven head bent with age, to the child just graduated from the breast, politeness seems to be an instinct." Yet the same writer says that the missionary work "must go on, because the Master has ordered it." Yes, let it go on, and come on; and, let us hope, we shall get converted quite as fast as "the heathen" will.

ON THE WHOLE, we cannot but regard the late meeting of the Evangelical Alliance as a sign of progress, considering what its avowed object was. That object was the Unity of the Evangelical denominations. This unity the Alliance claimed to accomplish by getting its members "to agree in essentials, giving up non-essentials." Really, but one "essential" was insisted on; and that was, as Lord Alfred Churchill said, "belief in Christ." This is a very vague and indefinite "essential," as the Alliance itself will find, when it comes to ask for an explanation of it from all round the board. The Unitarians "believe in Christ," after a fashion, and many radicals will acknowledge that they do. When the Alliance comes to trying to settle down on this basis, it will find that this last "essential" is no secure basis after all; and then the next step will be—unity in spirit, not in belief. And so "the world moves" in the right direction.

Old Miracles and New.

[*Notre-Dame de Lourdes.* Par Henri Lasserre. Forty-ninth Edition. Paris, 1872.]

If there is anything more striking than the thoughtless credulity with which men accept statements agreeing with their preconceptions it is the stubborn incredulity with which they receive statements at variance with those preconceptions. The devotees of each religion, and even of each sect into which a religion is so commonly split up, accept, and even adore, the absurdities of their own belief, while they scan, with a sceptical severity that cannot be surpassed, the not greater follies of other systems of belief. In no respect is this fact more glaring than in the case of miracles. Each church has its own special miracles, devoutly believed in, but repels with contempt or horror the alleged miracles of other religions. Happy that it is so. Were superstition not in its essence and nature a dividing folly, could it but muster in one herd all its votaries, common sense and truth would have a hard battle for existence.

Of late much has been heard of the plague of pilgrimages made by pious Catholics to a small town on the French side of the Pyrenees. Lourdes has acquired a fame, possibly more respectable than La Salette, and is now the resort of thousands who visit it to share in the papal indulgence, or to try the efficacy of its miraculous water. The fame of Lourdes has been growing, for it is now upwards of fourteen years since the things were first done in it that are commemorated in "*Notre-Dame de Lourdes.*" *Notre-Dame* is fortunate in her historian. M. Lasserre is a very clever writer; he has made a most careful collection of the facts; and he has woven the whole into a triumphant vindication, as it must be in the eyes of Catholics, of the miracles of Lourdes. We do not doubt that he is truthful; if he were not he would soon be tripped up. We must give him credit for high artistic skill in the arrangement of his material; but we must have permission to question his impartiality. So far as his book deals with persons, it is egregiously one-sided and unfair; so far as it deals with facts, we may say, without contesting their substantial accuracy, that they are gilded and adorned with a very lively imagination. He uses the language, and falls into the vein, of the most sincere piety, and his book is filled with observations that are the delight of the pious peasant, and a standing joke for unbelievers. But the main facts stand out so clearly that in dealing with them we may take the narration as honest and truthful. As to accuracy we say nothing at present, as that is, perhaps, a higher kind of truthfulness than we have a right altogether to expect.

In the spring of 1858 there lived at Lourdes a poor day laborer, whose daughter, Bernadette Soubirous, aged nearly fourteen, is the heroine of the story. This girl was weak and little, looking as if she were only eleven or twelve, and she suffered from asthma, but was not otherwise in bad health. She had no education, and could neither read nor write. She was, if we may believe the author, ignorant of religion, and knew nothing but two or three phrases, strung together by her beads: "*Notre-Père, Je vous salue; Je crois en Dieu; Gloire au Père.*" About the middle of February she went out one day, with two other little girls, to gather wood in a place near Lourdes, now of celebrity, the "*Roches Massabieille.*" Suddenly she heard a rustling wind, but on looking round saw nothing; every leaf was still. Again she heard it, and on looking beheld a woman of unsurpassable beauty, surrounded by a glorious halo, and standing in the air in face of a grotto. This vision lasted for some time—a quarter of an hour, says the author. At this moment, the two other girls were separated from her by some distance, and they saw nothing. On the way home little Bernadette told them the wonderful thing she had seen, "*quelque chose habillé de blanc.*" Of course, her two companions believed and trembled, upon which the author makes this appropriate remark: "*The soul, in its native purity and innocence, is naturally inclined to believe; doubt is not a disease of naïve childhood.*" On going home the story was repeated to mother Soubirous, who, very properly, told Bernadette it was all childish nonsense. But, nonsense or not, Bernadette was determined again to see the beautiful "*Dame.*" She repaired to the same place, again with companions, who themselves saw nothing, but were astonished at the change that passed over Bernadette. She seemed in ecstasy, her face was transfigured, illumined, radiant. On one occasion, to anticipate a little, Doctor Dozous watched her pulse, which maintained its regularity. Her lips moved, but without making any sound; her face was slightly pale, and it was observed that for several seconds she did not breathe. This sort of thing was repeated in the presence of hundreds of witnesses, day after day, in all eighteen times, and with only two failures. It is noteworthy that on the first occasion when she failed to see the "*Dame,*" she was much agitated by her apprehension and examination by the Commissary of Police, and on the second she was put out by the acclamations of many hundred throats, roaring, "*Behold, the Saint.*"

If it had ended here, we should have heard nothing more of the pilgrimages to Lourdes. At first Bernadette confined herself to the mere statement that she saw a beautiful "*Dame,*" who or what she was she knew not. No sooner, however, was the story bruited abroad than the eager faith of the mob at once divined the secret. Why, of course, it was the Virgin. M. Lasserre admires the fine instinct of the people—the voice of God—for surely a woman of incomparable beauty could be none other than the stainless Virgin, whose beauty, we are assured by M. Lasserre, charms even God himself. "*La Vierge sans tache, de la Beauté admirable qui charma Dieu lui-même.*" It may astonish Protestants to learn from the same high authority that the Trinity consists of four persons.

The Virgin, M. Lasserre tells us, is the daughter of the Father, the spouse of the Holy Ghost, and the mother of the Son (p. 190). It was this Exalted Personage, said the popular voice, that condescended to visit the maiden of low estate of Lourdes. The Virgin not only appeared, but spoke, and carried on conversation with Bernadette. She confided to the little girl three secrets, concerning herself only, and two announcements to the outer world. One was to build a chapel; the other disclosed her name. "*I am,*" said the incomparable lady, "*the Immaculate Conception.*"

Bernadette delivered the first message to the curé of the parish. He, unlike naïve childhood, asked a sign. "*I will believe it is the Virgin,*" said he, "*if the roses in the grotto should blossom.*" That sign was not given him; but his desire was fulfilled in a manner more beneficial to the sick, and disastrous to the doctors. During one of these interviews Bernadette was ordered by the Virgin to eat a bit of the "*Dorine,*" of the family of the *Saxifrage*, and to bathe on a spot where there was nothing but sand and rock. Bernadette obeyed the heavenly direction. She scraped the soil, and soon brought out a little water. By-and-by the water increased, and in the course of a short time it poured forth in a stream, which latterly came to more than 100,000 litres in the twenty-four hours. We are assured by M. Lasserre that it is an incontestable fact that, up to this moment, there was no spring of water on that spot. This water soon displayed miraculous properties. Stories of wonderful cures spread like wildfire through the district. M. Lasserre gives the details of more than a dozen cases, but we need only cite one as characteristic of the rest. Louis Bourriette suffered an injury to the eyes by an explosion. In spite of the "*Faculté*" he grew worse and worse, till he was unable to distinguish a tree from a man. He tried the water, and in a few minutes could see distinctly. An Episcopal Commission examined numerous witnesses, and, reported on the medical cures in three divisions. The first consisted of those where the cure was due to ordinary therapeutic causes, the second class was doubtful, the third, numbering nineteen authentic cases, contained nothing that was not wholly inexplicable by any natural causes. This part of the report rested on the authority of two doctors, Verges and Dozous. The chief test of the miraculous was the suddenness of the cure; but they also remark on the chronic nature, in some cases, of the diseases, and the fact that the water cured totally different classes of diseases. The water was examined by chemists, whose reports, however, are at variance, one attributing to it a much more decided saline character than the others.

Such is a meagre and most imperfect outline of the story of M. Lasserre. It is impossible to convey in a short space anything like an adequate impression of the facts. These are not, indeed, we take it, in dispute. They raise for Protestants a serious question. By the Catholic Church the miracles at Lourdes are to be accepted as genuine; for both the bishop of the diocese and the Pope have solemnly assured the faithful of the genuineness and reality of the wonders done by the holy water of Lourdes. The bishop in his judgment states his case, unanswerably, from a theological standpoint. To him it is not a question of the possibility of miracles; it is his creed that they are possible, and have occurred; the only question for him is one of evidence—are the alleged revelations real or not? Supernatural intervention is in his view a *vera causa*, a sound basis on which reasoning can be supported. He states that the patriarchs and the prophets were favored with celestial visions; and he affirms that the age of miracles has never ceased, but that in all times they have continued for the edification of believers. M. Lasserre says very truly that with the humble, untaught, pious soul there is no difficulty in admitting supernatural evidence; if God can heal him by medicine, is he not able, if he please, also to heal him without medicine? Once admit that the supernatural is a real agent in Nature, and the reasoning of the peasant is irresistible. It is only a question of evidence, of the honesty of the witnesses, and their accuracy. The Protestant who affirms that the age of miracles is past is on the horns of a dilemma. Where is he to draw the line? At the death of Christ? Certainly not, for the New Testament is full of miracles subsequently performed. On the death of Apostles? If so, why? Obviously such a line is perfectly arbitrary, for it is nowhere stated in the Bible that miracles were to be kept up while the Apostles lived and no longer. The Catholic view is the only consistent one. Give the Pope as much evidence for a miracle in the year 1858 as in the year 25, and he is ready to accept it. But the Protestant repudiates all evidence of miracles after the year 70. If he does not, how is he to meet the evidence contained in M. Lasserre's book?

At the first glance it is perfectly manifest that the evidence for the miracles of Lourdes is, to a prodigious extent, stronger than the testimony to the Biblical miracles. The weakest part of the Lourdes business is undoubtedly the "*transfiguration*" of Bernadette. That part of the case must rest on her veracity. Of that, however, there seems no reason to doubt. She was apprehended by an officious Commissary of Police, and subjected to all that torture of secret examination in which the French police are such notorious adepts, but she could not be shaken. She got no pecuniary advantage from her visions, as her parents resolutely declined even the smallest benefaction. She was too young to be the chosen instrument of a diabolical priestly conspiracy; in short, she seems to be perfectly credible. Every one who believes in her vision can say with great force: "*I have the written testimony of M. Henri Lasserre, the official examination of Bernadette before the Police and the Episcopal Commission, and, at second-hand only, the testimony of hundreds of persons to the appearance of*

Bernadette during her ecstasy, even to the evidence of the doctor, who calmly counted the beats of her pulse. It is but yesterday; the story is published and read by thousands and thousands; there is a keen and vigorous opposition in the public press, and if M. Lasserre be not the witness of truth, his falsehood would meet with instant exposure." Compare this with the evidence, say, for Paul's converting vision. In the first place, there is a mere naked statement by an anonymous writer, never, so far as we know, subject to any attestation whatever. We do not know his authority, whether his information was at first hand, or several degrees removed, or mere rumor and gossip. If it was false or erroneous, there was no public press ready to denounce it. But assuming, and that is to make an immense concession, that the story is authentic and literally true, all that it comes to is a statement by Paul that he saw a light from heaven. The men who were with him did not see it, although they heard the voice. The light was not objective, though the sound was. But, in regard to the light, the case is precisely the same as the vision of Bernadette, with this advantage, that in her case the vision was repeated, thereby removing one source of error. They who believe that Paul saw a light from heaven are far more bound to admit that Bernadette Soubirous saw a woman of surpassing and superhuman loveliness, enveloped in a blaze of glory, and announcing herself as the Immaculate Conception.

Many Protestants hold that the vision of Paul was purely subjective, and that really there was no light from heaven, as he supposed. To such the case of Bernadette Soubirous presents no difficulty. But the fountain must stagger them even. Everybody, we are told, says there was no fountain in the place before; but at the touch of a little child, following the impulse of an ecstatic vision, a spring of water does, and increases to its present dimensions. The feat is not without its parallel in sacred history. Without referring to the sacred pool of the New Testament, or the miracles of Elijah or Elisha, we may simply mention the celebrated miracle of Moses, who struck a rock and saved his people. The evidence of that miracle is as light as a feather compared with the testimony produced by M. Lasserre. Take next the miraculous cures. M. Lasserre gives the testimony of the doctors in attendance on the persons who were cured, and, in all the important cases, we have a report of two respectable medical men. Moreover, all that has occurred, is, so to speak, under our eyes, in the full blaze of publicity, in an age of daily papers, in the presence of scientific men and an educated and unbelieving bourgeoisie, and all the facts have been the subject of a judicial investigation in the open light of day. If testimony such as is referred to in the New Testament is sufficient to prove a miracle, then the testimony from Lourdes is simply overwhelming. It would be interesting to know upon what grounds the reverend gentlemen who lecture on "*Christian Evidence at St. George's Hall*" reject the miracles of Lourdes, and accept other miracles, not supported even by a fraction of the evidence.

To the scientific man, who is so simply, and not also a theologian, the imposing array of evidence from Lourdes shatters itself to pieces upon the rock on which science is built. No scientific man is called upon to assert the abstract impossibility of supernatural causes. To him nothing is a cause which is not always such. If the fountain of Lourdes has always the same effect in the same circumstances, then it is a cause; but if one day it heals, and the next day, in a case perfectly identical, it does not, then it is not a cause. Science knows only of uniform causes. But this is not the case with the water of Lourdes; for the same evidence that establishes its miraculous power shows that in other instances it had no power whatever. Now, of this kind of cause, a scientific man will frankly own he knows nothing. He has no experience of them; and they are opposed to the fundamental assumption on which all his experiments and observations proceed—the uniformity of Nature. While, on the one hand, every step in knowledge reveals to him more and more the all-pervading uniformity of Nature, and the deceitful appearances of irregularity upon which are founded the crude popular notions of cause, on the other he knows that nothing has been more common than the allegation of irregularity, spontaneity, and miracle; he knows that such phenomena are met with only by the ignorant, and that they hide themselves from the ken of the scientific inquirer. It will need a good deal more than the reports of Doctors Dozous and Verges, the judgment of a committee of priests, and the opinions of a flippant and picturesque writer, to make him recognize the existence of a new and anomalous kind of causation. He knows that the Virgin Mary never appears except in a devout Catholic population, and he knows why. He knows, moreover, that if the supernatural does not in the future interfere more than he has found it do in the past, he may safely leave it out of his calculations, without incurring the least danger of his predictions being upset.

Very different is the Episcopal reasoning. "*This young girl,*" says the bishop, "*saw and heard a being calling itself Immaculate Conception,—a being invested with the human form, but neither seen nor heard by any of the crowds of spectators who were present. It was, therefore, a supernatural being.*" Now the chief test by which the illusions of the imagination are distinguished from the objects of sense is their being shared in by one only, or by more. If every one in the crowd had seen the Virgin, undoubtedly that would have gone far to establish her objective reality; but the fact that nobody saw or heard anything, except Bernadette Soubirous, is as good evidence as could be wished that there was nothing to be seen or heard. She stated that she spoke to the Vision in a loud voice; but she did not, for not a sound escaped from her. If, therefore, she was

wrong in saying that she heard herself, it is rather too much to pretend that she is an authority on the question of hearing what no other person heard. The subjective character of the vision is shown by other two circumstances, of which M. Lasserre does not perceive the importance. Several other girls saw the Virgin, or, rather let us say, the same vision as Bernadette. M. Lasserre tells us they were girls of high character, but he names only one, Marie Courrière. Nothing more likely. Afterwards, some others, less satisfactory to the priests, asserted that they also were partakers of the blessed privilege, and at one moment there threatened a perfect epidemic of saints; but the curé spoke to them very sternly, and the imitators ceased from troubling. We cannot help thinking that a little application of the same severity would have nipped the Lourdes miracles in the bud; but that severity was not applied. It was only when the visions were becoming a scandal that the voice of authority was exerted. As miracles go, those of Lourdes are very respectable; but however much they may disturb the serenity of a creed fixed in unstable equilibrium, they are to science what the Welsh fasting girl was,—a melancholy evidence of human ignorance and credulity.—*London Examiner*.

(Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by F. E. ARNOT, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.)

PAUL GOWER.

A NATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PORCUPINE.

"The *Weekly Porcupine*"—as the New York newsboys (who love a good, mouth-filling cry) preferred to style it—was at first so successful that its publisher and proprietor devoted a large portion of his time to going about asking people to drink, bragging of its circulation and merits, and conversationally discounting the immense fortune and reputation which he and all persons concerned in the enterprise were "bound to realize" from it. The contributors were punctually paid on the Saturday after the appearance of their articles in print; the artists got their money when they brought in their drawings on wood (and in some instances before); the engravers were cheerful and confident countenances; and the job-printers never had to wait for the settlement of their weekly bills. The newspapers, and especially the hebdomadal ones, in which the new periodical had been liberally advertised, gave it very favorable notices, congratulating their readers on the establishment of a genuine "American Punch," capable of supplying that desideratum in comic journalism, the lack of which was so universally admitted, as former attempts in the same direction sufficiently demonstrated. Mr. Brough, they went on to say, besides being one of the most accomplished and versatile of actors, was, likewise, a gentleman of acknowledged wit and literary ability, and therefore preëminently qualified for the post of editor; Mr. Woodruff had acquired ample experience as a publisher in connection with that amusing little sheet, the *Pepperpot* (which the plan of the *Porcupine* would, in no respect, conflict with); while the names of their talented artists and contributors offered a satisfactory guarantee for the variety and excellence of their productions. Under which stimulants, and the judicious "bidding" of the town with huge posters, representing a magnified version of Sabin's cover, printed in staring colors; and also such indirect puffs as could be inserted in the "New York Correspondence" of distant papers,—the public bought so freely of the *Porcupine* in its inception, that Mr. Woodruff's exultation was, perhaps, not to be wondered at. Unfortunately both cause and effect were alike evanescent. In the sequel the periodical proved to be only the latest chapter of a long history of failures, which have rendered the idea of a successful imitation of the famous London *Charivari* something of a joke in the Empire City. As a choice sample of these many miscarriages—one which really attained a much more protracted existence than either its unlucky predecessors or followers, and was, besides, the means of introducing our young Englishmen to the world of New York journalism,—the *Porcupine* claims a few pages of description.

Of course it copied the shape, size, and general appearance of *Punch*; nor would it have been difficult to detect, in its pages, attempts at the various forms of wit, irony, satire, and burlesque popularized by the British model; and to which the Fleet Street jester owed his original success and celebrity. Of course, it had "big cuts," "socials," and initials; and addressed itself to politics (of which more hereafter), the follies of the day, and things in general. Equally, of course, its small fry made very small fun of that last refuge for the jocularly-destitute—advertisements. All this, and more, may be taken for granted in a comic paper. It was a sort of intellectual hot-house, entrance-fee six cents, wherein miserable, little, unoffending newspaper-paragraphs were forced to blow into crops of abortive puns; where awkwardly-lain trains of words were constructed with painful premeditation, in order to explode dismal jokes, heretofore concealed, in malice prepenne, within them. It was a literary "Nigger Minstrel," in which the *corps* of writers and artists performed ground and lofty tumblings, and, as some of them would have said, "knocked things around" promiscuously. It was a hospital for halting verses; the misbegotten bantlings of small poetsasters who found the epigrams they ended with in bar-rooms; and of amateur effusions by ladies of more or less smartness or silliness, over alliterative signatures. It

contained a great deal of trash, some wit, more cleverness, and a little humor. If the unpremeditated is alone truly complete, as Carlyle informs us, perhaps when a number of individuals enter into serious responsibilities to be funny once a week, in cold blood, unrelieved by occasional gravity, they inevitably condemn themselves to dullness; the cream of intellect must become milk-and-water under such periodical skimmings; the champagne of inspiration ought to prove flat and mawkish when always on draught at three-pence a glassful. But I must attempt still further to discriminate the *Porcupine* by an account of the literary peculiarities of its principal contributors.

Mr. Brough wrote as he talked, only, perhaps, more grandiloquently. As an actor and an Irishman he had illimitable faith in flowing sentences, fine-sounding words, and long-tailed verbs and adjectives; amidst which, if an occasional drollery struggled to the surface, it was always half smothered in periphrasis. He possessed, in perfection, that particular form of language denominated by his countrymen *blather-skit*. His notion of fun mainly consisted in the application of splendid and redundant phraseology to ludicrous or commonplace occurrences. A most prolific dramatist, he had written plays which bore the same relation to comedy that a mask does to a living face; melodramas of such fearful and wonderful construction that not even the author retained any idea of their plot, after the first two or three scenes; farces in which rodomontade and rigmarole passed muster for broad humor; and some really good burlesques. These productions, and a volume or so of stories, in imitation of Carleton and Lover, and various contributions to periodical literature, combined with his unquestionable merits as an actor, had given him a factitious reputation, and induced Messrs. Ritchings and Woodruff—the first of whom was an ex-tailor and vendor of a patent medicine, the second nothing in particular—to offer him the editorship of the *Porcupine*. In fact, nearly everybody liked the jolly manager, including his company, who were playing on half-salaries to more than half-empty houses; his creditors, who spoke of him with a kind of affectionate desperation; and his first wife, who had been divorced from him and was married again. "Mr. Brough," she said, "was one of the most delightful of men, only there was no living with him." His rhymes and parodies were the only things worth mentioning of his contributions to the *Porcupine*.

Mr. O'Byrne's characteristics as an author have been sufficiently described already. He supplied poems à la Ingoldsby, stories and social sketches, and a great variety of articles in as many styles, being, in all of them, extremely flippant and fashionable, and sometimes amusing. He was terribly severe on rich people, depicting them as invariably wicked, frivolous, and contemptible; their wives as fools, their daughters idiots, their sons rakes, and themselves as "plutocrats," "mammonites," and upstarts. In a similar spirit, he fell foul of Mr. Brown, of Grace Church, a personage whom New Yorkers recognize as "an institution" of their city, being not only sexton of that edifice, but also grand arbiter and manager of all the balls of "upper-tendom," his peculiar functions including the introduction of eligible young men to such entertainments, and to "society" in general. It was said that Mr. Brown had originally performed this office for Mr. O'Byrne; but whether the shrewd upholsterer, after taking him up, had seen reason for putting him down again, did not appear; however, it is certain that the young Irishman, besides attacking him in the *Porcupine*, pursued him through several similar publications. Mr. O'Byrne assumed an air of lofty condescension towards all persons connected with the paper, abused it anonymously in the *Timeserver*, and, where he thought he could do so with impunity, claimed to be its editor.

Of a different quality than the productions just described, were those of George Golding, who, though he seldom took pride or pains in prose authorship, or scrupled at scribbling off any kind of rubbish which commanded a ready sale, and scoring it afterwards, was wont to boast that he never composed verse "unless he felt like it;" and the result bore witness to the truth of the assertion. To be sure, the best of his poems—lyrics exhibiting an exquisitely sensitive appreciation of Nature in her brighter or sadder aspects, a most delicate fancy, and a capacity for charming equally with mirth and melancholy—reached the public through other mediums than the poorly-paying *Porcupine*; still, his natural faculty was such, that he rarely fell to rhyming without giving evidence of a higher order of merit than is common in such periodicals. He was not very deep, perhaps, or highly imaginative, but always pleasant, and generally delightful; and united the happiest fluency of versification with a knack of inventing new combinations of it—and this without playing tricks with syntax, putting words on the rack, or otherwise impairing the apparent spontaneity of his style. He had no literary affectations, seldom imitated anybody, and was never betrayed into turgidity of epithet by the desire of saying fine things. How, with his detestable cynical philosophy, he contrived to keep the divine afflatus so fresh and (mostly) so pure, God knows! but he did, even to the last; nor is the anomaly unprecedented. Perhaps it involves the unconscious recognition of a higher moral standard than such natures pretend to, an instinctive homage to the sacred gift of poetry. Unquestionably, the *Porcupine* owed much of its early success to Golding's writings, and Dick Sabin's illustrations.

There were but two or three exceptions to the average uniformity of the rest of the contributors, as described in a previous chapter, who may be dismissed with but brief notice. One was Maury's, the kindest of inveterate punsters, whose vein of peculiar, genuine humor had once afforded the town a really original and entertaining series of papers, published in that fine old magazine, the *Jawbreaker*, the editor

of which, Jolly Vampire, Esquire, paid their author (and everybody else) in puffs and flattery, instead of dollars, which might have been the reason why he had subsequently devoted himself to the more profitable employment of writing advertisements for an eminent "capillarist," as he called himself, or professor of the art of developing hair upon the human cranium and countenance. (Maury's, by the way, was rather bald himself, which looked as if he didn't believe in his patron.) Another was Neatherd, the poet, nicknamed "Daisy" by his friends and acquaintances, after the example of Steerforth, in *David Copperfield*, and likewise in compliment to the freshness and innocence of his appearance, who, possessing a deep voice, strove to intensify it by talking like a stage-ruffian, his verses being as tragic as his speech; though he was socially of a decidedly convivial turn, and would go direct from the completion of stanzas of a perfectly suicidal tendency to unlimited "whiskey-skins" and tobacco. A third and last contributor may be instanced in George Washington Makeweight, who only did paragraphs, jests, and conundrums; who was chronically impecunious, and whose literary capital lay chiefly in his animal spirits. He would say, gravely: "I must make a joke to-day—I want lunch!" or having, as he termed it, "got off" a good thing at Crook and Duff's, would rush round to Fulton Street, dispose of it, return, and spend the proceeds in treating the company—or, anathematizing Woodruff for "not seeing it," as the chance might happen. For the *Porcupine* paid ready money for such light merchandise, at the rate of from twenty-five to fifty cents per item—in the days of its prosperity.

Admitted to this fraternity in virtue of a few pictorial contributions which had sufficient merit to please Messrs. Brough and Woodruff, Paul soon began to try his hand at scribbling, succeeding, in fact, better with his pen than his pencil, for he could never attain the facility and effectiveness of his friend, who speedily became artist-in-chief to the paper, producing such a variety of illustrations of all kinds that there would have been no need of other draughtsmen, but for his good-nature, and occasional fits of indolence. Paul was too nervous, of too anxious a temperament, to excel as an artist; he worked painfully, often spolling his conceptions by over-elaboration—not being able to let well alone—a fault especially fatal to comic drawing, which should always look sketchy, and, as it were, jauntily correct, as the late John Leech understood to perfection, and which but few of his successors seem to have any idea of; for they either give us pre-Raphaelite crudity, or German literalness—as if art had no higher pretensions than mere photography. But in writing, though he was, at first, haunted with an embarrassing sense of the responsibility of appearing in print, he soon began to feel more at his ease, and commonly found plenty to say. His affection for books has been mentioned already; in his boyhood he had devoured all the volumes of fiction and light literature which he was able to get at, with an avidity sharpened by the rarity of the indulgence; and subsequently increased his store of desultory reading until it afforded a fair amount of capital to draw upon in the way of reference and illustration; while his letters to Kate Sabin and Harry Franklin had supplied an average apprenticeship in composition. Arriving in the United States with his eyes and ears open, a keen appreciation of the novelty of all about him, and a lively capacity for enjoyment and observation, it was impossible that he should want subjects. So he went to work with a great deal of zeal and enthusiasm, being delighted to see himself in type, and inordinately proud and happy in his new employment. Probably he believed in the *Porcupine* more than the rest of the contributors, and would have thought it an excellent paper—but for its politics.

These were pro-slavery, in deference to the predominant tone of public opinion in New York City—which then, as now, carried its political conscience in its breeches-pocket. Actors are seldom, if ever, reformers; they depend too much on popular favor not to side with the majority, and gravitate naturally towards wealth and privilege; and Mr. Brough's nationality, as well as his profession, biased him in the same direction; while Mr. Woodruff also belonged to the "Democracy;" hence, probably without much concerted arrangement, the *Porcupine* swam with the stream. That being the case, the reader may infer that, in a business point of view, its conductors were acting shrewdly; but a little reflection will convince him of their error. Not to mention the obvious advantages of having such a subject for attack as the monstrous anomaly of slavery in a republican country—involving, in its thousand and one phases, an altogether inexhaustible fund for the honest employment of wit, satire, irony, and ridicule—the *Porcupine*, in taking an opposite course, inevitably committed itself to dullness and mediocrity. Though the experiment has often been tried, wit and humor have rarely been successfully prostituted to base ends; they are the play of intellect, and, naturally, ally themselves with justice and humanity, and, perverted, lose half their force; as, according to Homer, Jove deprives a man who becomes a slave of half of his soul. It was difficult to be funny or amusing on the side of the great national iniquity, which was, even then, growing towards a bloody solution; and, besides stultifying itself in attempting to do so, the *Porcupine* fought against the moral sense and intelligence of the community, in which only—let them be in never so much a minority—such an enterprise must find permanent countenance and support. The Democracy didn't want a comic paper—such mirth as they required was supplied by the *Emerald* and its contemporaries,—the Republicans despised it; wherefore, after its first burst of success, the *Porcupine* languished. Indeed, it very nearly came to an end in the third month of its existence, when a crisis occurred which ought to have finished it, instead of being the

prelude to a new lease of life of rather peculiar character.

This originated in the sudden secession of Mr. Woodruff, who, in popular phrase, unexpectedly "sloped," leaving the paper on the hands of Mr. Brough, who was already more than sufficiently embarrassed by his theatrical difficulties. There were a variety of scandals afloat in explanation of the publisher's conduct, including debt, gambling, and the payment of his addresses, simultaneously, to no less than three young ladies; one of whom, discovering his perfidy, had attempted to shoot him, and to "cowhide" her rivals—but we need trouble ourselves with nothing further than the fact of his departure, nobody knew whither. He left behind him, in Fulton Street, a handsome new ledger, containing his accounts, in the shape of exactly three entries—two of "Cash in the draw," and one of "Sundries." Mr. Woodruff was not an educated man, and his business capacities may be estimated by the circumstance that the Wizard of the North-East actually sent in a hundred-dollar bill in payment for a "big cut" puffing him, twelve months after its appearance in the *Porcupine*, he having visited the antipodes during the interval, and the debt been forgotten. It is, therefore, extremely probable that apprehensions of a financial collapse, as well as the realization of a social one, had their influence in determining Mr. Woodruff's summary means of extricating himself from both kinds of responsibility.

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

We do not envy the man's candor or Christianity who can read, from beginning to end, the hundred pages just published of "Proceedings of the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association, held in Boston, May 29 and 30, 1873," and rise from it with only a sneer on his face, or a shrug of easy indifference in his shoulders. To find so many men of high intelligence, broad culture, poetic genius, and pure character, laying the most elaborate studies in religion upon the altar of freedom and truth, is a phenomenon of the rarest interest, and the gravest significance. We complain that physics and commerce have drawn all the finest talent out of the service of religion; that men of genius and taste have become indifferent to piety; that faith, and awe, and aspiration are departed! Here is a plain refutation of the slander. So much severe, earnest, honest thought about religion as is contained in this pamphlet, so much vital interest and concern for its themes, so much evidence of profound sincerity, are not to be easily found, in any equal space, in any religious literature of any time.

The severest thinker may find himself tasked to follow Mr. Samuel Johnson through his profound and comprehensive study of "Freedom in Religion." Mr. W. C. Gannett answers "the main objection which *Liberals* in religion bring against *Radicals* in religion," in a speech as full of penetration, instruction, and severe fidelity to conviction, as it is of sweetness and piety. Mr. Robert Dale Owen furnishes a remarkable paper on Spiritualism, which is enriched by a quotation from Mr. Alfred Wallace, of the highest value, and the rarest scientific courage. Mr. Higginson, whose speculations on religion always seem to us the least valuable of his writings, and whose arrogance shows itself very disagreeably in the contemptuous way in which he *goodies* men, at least his peers, furnishes a very readable paper—for who can escape the charm of his style, let his subject be what it will?

Mr. John Weiss gives us the antithesis of Mr. Johnson's theme, in an essay on "Religion in Freedom," a very remarkable paper, brimful of thought, and sparkling with metaphor, but charged with a Rabalais humor, which does not always escape the suspicion of malice and scorn. But the great suggestiveness, the genuine originality, the real insight, shown on every page, make us grateful for the attempt to explore and lay open what is a sort of *terra incognita* to most religious inquirers. Mr. Samuel Longfellow cannot speak without winning respect, confidence, and love; and, in his paper, simple, genuine, unambitious, and yet profound, he says things as likely to commend Free Religion to the forbearance of its enemies as anything in the whole report. Mr. I. S. Thomson's speech, as coming from one who has passed from the bluest Calvinism through Methodism into Free Religion, is of lively interest and real value, and his testimony in regard to the inside condition of Orthodox Christianity is very fresh and instructive.

Mr. F. E. Abbot gives altogether the least destructive, nay, the most constructive, contribution his crystal clearness of thought, and cold, dry intellect have ever furnished to the theme of religion, since he made his break with Christianity. Mrs. Mott ends all with a calm, elevated speech, in which she shows how serene a soul can be in the possession of inward light, after the Christian faith has lost historic authority, even though death be near, and the future unknown.

Altogether, the temper and spirit of these "proceedings" is so different from what would be expected from people denying the name of Christians, and many of them not shrinking from theoretic atheism, that we cannot but feel that the phenomenon presented is one of the most serious and tender kind, which it would be a sort of irreligion to treat with levity or disrespect.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that the open quarrel with Christian faith, which the Free Religious Association represents, is chiefly a quarrel of religious men claiming to have a higher and holier religion, of a wholly uninstituted form, with what they pronounce to be an effete, incredible, and now demoralizing, religion, honored by the rest of the world as Christianity. The religion they have is natural religion scientifically demonstrated, or received only as far as it is demonstrated; and the religion they disown is Christianity, received by most of us as a birthright by inheritance and tradition, an historical faith, which, so far as it contradicts demonstrated or scientific natural religion, we know few liberal Christians who would be willing to be held by, or who would acknowledge that any such contradiction was possible otherwise than through erroneous ideas of what Christianity is, or erroneous ideas of what natural religion is.

But this kind of Christianity is precisely what Mr. Abbot, in especial, will not allow to be Christianity at all. Christianity, he insists, is not anything in itself—it is only what the Church has said it was, and specially, if we understand him, what the Roman Church has said and made it—the most permanent, consistent, and coherent of all the institutional and historical forms of Christianity. Go back into your logical fortress and home, is the spirit of his critique in *THE INDEX*, if you pretend to be Christians, and defend it, and we will respect you; but Protestantism and this thin, ghostly Unitarianism, which claims all the freedom of Free Religion itself, and all the advantages of faith in historic Christianity, we do not find a foe worthy of our spear.

If Christianity, we beg leave to say, were not alive and growing, if it were not a life which providentially organized itself in humanity, capable of assimilating whatever in human experience and history was congenial to it, and capable also of casting out its own dying or dead matter, then we should not undertake to defend it. Considered as a finished and completed thing, a mechanical and not a dynamic thing, a thing only of the past, or capable of being defined perfectly at any one era for all other eras, we repudiate it just as we repudiate the binding power of any previous interpretations of the Scriptures, always open to fresh glories as new lights appear. What is permanent is the life that entered into the world in the person, character, and spirit of Jesus Christ. That life organized in freedom a body which is visibly the Church, or, better, Christendom, for we include the secular and the worshipful elements and influences in Christianity in our idea of the Church; and this Church or this Christendom are the natural home of the faiths and graces which honor humanity and predict its destiny. In this home these Free Religionists have been reared, and from it they have derived their moral and spiritual life. They are themselves, in spite of their protest, a branch or offshoot of the Christian body, and we do not doubt will, in due time, be felt to be a part of Christ's life and fruit. They boast of including him and all that is good in the Church in their larger sweep. But it will, in due time, appear whether "they bear the root or the root them." We shall see whether Christianity is not more expansive, deeper and farther reaching than they are; whether the Christian Church, visible and invisible, which they reject, is not able to hold its own against all that science, philosophy, and Free Religion can bring to overthrow or supersede it.

In our judgment, Christ and Christianity are the chief animators of science, philosophy, and freedom, the main sources of moral and spiritual life. Christianity shows itself capable of accepting, assimilating, digesting, and growing upon all that science and philosophy furnish that is new and true, while science and philosophy are yet unable to digest or assimilate her. Which is the most alive and the most universal, Christianity or science? Science makes discoveries by the hands of a few men of extraordinary insight and genius, and Christianity in due time proceeds to convert these discoveries into means for blessing and building up the moral and spiritual life of millions. The Church as an institution of worship may be tardy and conservative and cautious, but Christianity always has disciples of a non-ecclesiastical order, who do her work when the Church neglects it, or is engaged in holding on to the root instead of pruning and tending the tree of life. Free Religion may suppose that it is doing a greater work than the Church and Christians. But it is deceived by its critical spirit and narrow estimate of life. Christianity is not critical, is not scientific, is not philosophical. It accepts aid from all these. But it is intensely human and intensely divine, full of hope, faith, and love; and with its Christ and his spirit it makes even the dry bones of old statements do more for human welfare, for art, poetry, and moral and spiritual life than all the scientists and philosophers and Free Religionists can accomplish when they put all their gifts together. It is well enough to talk as Mr. Weiss does about missionaries of science going into dark alleys and lanes and tenant-houses and giving a salvation from typhus, as the real gospel, but almost the only people that do go into these places for any good purpose are these despised Christians; and they go moved by the gospel which Christ was and taught.

We dare say that the Free Religionists think the late Evangelical Alliance in New York, whose meeting they have so soon followed up with one of their own, was engaged in a very belated and even foolish sort of work, which science and philosophy and Free Religion can well afford to ridicule or scorn. We know very well how some of them—not all—must think of it, from Mr. Weiss's and Mr. Thomson's papers. But we make bold to say that when Free Religion, or even liberal Christianity, can give as vital proofs of Christian power and warm, palpitating life, full of efficiency and fruits, as the faith and spirit that prevailed there, or show as much vital faith in God and humanity, we shall be glad to herald it abroad; and this, in spite of bad theories of its own working, in spite of sentimental catch-words and dogmas and superstitions which we wholly discard and which shut us out of its assemblies. But the river of God, which is full of water, is also full of floating things, drift and sand, and strange birds and beasts. It is a navigable and mighty stream, and it alone never fails, so that the great interests of society are always near its banks and all things that thirst frequent it. To have the main stream of gospel work and power as free from all disorderly freshets and repulsive admixtures as the

artificial streams that men can dam and embank is not possible. The working Church is never wholly up with the science and philosophy of the time; it has to stay behind, so far as intellectual progress goes, with the people and wait for them. It has those "fictions" Mr. Gannett speaks of—honest fictions, which are like the foolish-wise stories with which mothers beguile their sick children. But who can look upon the tenderness and devotion with which either Catholic priests or Protestant Orthodox ministers wait on the spiritual wants of the common people, and sacrifice their own intellectual culture, and scientific growth, and even some measure of their liberty, in the disinterested service of humble and only partially grown souls, without gratitude and reverence and some self-suspicion, whether the self-culture we hear so much of as religion's last word furnishes as sweet and holy an impulse?

We rejoice ourselves to represent another portion of the Christian Church whose mission is just opening, in which more light and more culture are to be made consistent with equal faith and a like devotion to the life and inspiration of Jesus Christ. We have thrown off, or Christianity has thrown off in us, a great amount of dogmatic tissue which would not serve it longer in our age or sphere of work. But we abide by the historic Church and the faith once delivered to the saints. We do not expect Orthodoxy to fellowship us. It is far better we should only desire to fellowship her, for she would not allow us to look on our Free Religious friends with either hope or sympathy. But as Christianity is not orthodox, we take her leave to welcome our Free Religious friends with a frank avowal of our distaste for, and distrust of, their main position so far as it is non-Christian, but with a sincere respect for their ends, their rights, and their personal characters, and without any fear of their doings or any fear of being mistaken in our attitude towards them.—*Liberal Christian*.

A CHALLENGE TO PRAYER.

[The appended article, by William R. Hooper, in the *Boston Congregationalist*, is one of the very few strictly candid replies to the now famous "prayer-gauge" proposition, which have been made by Evangelical writers. Most of them cover up their own reluctant scepticism as well as they can; this writer has enough "faith" to accept the test proposed.—Ed.]

Professor Tyndall has lately sent to the *Contemporary Review* a letter from a friend for whom he vouches, proposing that the efficacy of prayer be tested by comparison between the patients of two wards or hospitals, for one of which, in addition to its medical practice, prayer shall be made by all the body of the faithful; while in the other, medical science is alone to be depended upon. As far as I am aware, the religious press has unanimously declined the proposition on the grounds that prayer is not to be weighed in balances; that Professor Tyndall and his friends have misunderstood the nature of God's promises and the belief of the Church therein; that in answer to a similar proposition nearly two thousand years ago, Christ declined to show signs, or to come down from the cross; and that if the trial were made and decided in favor of prayer, the irreligious scientific world would still find some other way of evading the result.

But the test named by Professor Tyndall is not a new thing; it is one that had been previously selected by God himself. Writing nearly a generation after Christ, and therefore under the Christian dispensation, and for all Christians who should come after him, the Apostle James gives the following precept: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him; . . . and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." No doubt is even intimated; there are neither limitations nor conditions to this potency of prayer. A more positive promise is not to be found in the Bible. "The prayer of faith shall save him." "The Lord shall raise him up." Professor Tyndall's friend has selected the only test concerning which we have God's positive assurance. It will not do to decline this challenge because Christ refused to give a sign, or to come down from the cross. Professor Tyndall and the scientists of Great Britain are not persecutors nor mockers,—they are simply unbelievers. They are gentlemen of character and study, of great intellectual ability, who employ that ability in the search for material truth, though with a strong bias toward infidelity. Doubtless they prefer to find truths that will confirm them in their dark collapse of faith; they send forth this challenge with an undoubted expectation of a victory over God's people. But God in answer to effectual fervent prayer can confound them as easily as he confounded Pharaoh or Balaam. These gentlemen are the leading scholars in material studies, of the leading Protestant nations of the world. They are of great influence in the domain of thought, and have proposed a test of the power of prayer, the mere declining of which will give them the victory they desire to win. To fear this test, to decline this challenge, except upon grounds which a disinterested party should acknowledge to be sufficient, is to admit that Christians dare not take God at his word. The effect on the irreligious mind of the world will undoubtedly be a confirmation of existing scepticism, as well as a creation of new.

In the dispensations before Christ the motive why God should answer prayer was that "it may be known this day that thou art God in Israel." Moses pleaded with God not to disinherit his people, lest the Egyptians should hear of it and they should tell the Canaanites, and these latter should say that God was not able to bring them into their land. God would be honored by idolatrous Egyptians who perse-

cut, and by Philistines who warred against, his people; and he claims a similar honor from the scientists of to-day. When Elijah performed his great miracle of the fiery consumption of the stones and dust of the altar, after twelve barrels of water had been poured over them, he accomplished it by pleading with God "that it may be known this day that thou art God in Israel." Miracles were performed, not so much because of their first result towards man, as because they set forth God's glory. Throughout all the history of the Jewish or the Christian Church, I find no instance where any one relied on God and was disappointed. Submission was as much an element then as now; yet no faithful prayer was ever refused. The irreligious world to-day denies the existence of God; or claims that if he does exist, he lives and moves so far away that he is unable to control the powers of Nature. This is the real secret of this last offer. A strong believer in the material chain of cause and effect, the maker thinks that not even God can break one of the links of that chain. He therefore proposes a test substantially the same as that inspiration had previously penned. God made the first offer of this test, and infidelity has accepted it.

The glory of God maintains the same prominence in the Christian dispensation that it did in the Jewish and the Abrahamic. All these dispensations agree in the ascription of successful answers to prayer, when the leading element of that prayer is his glory. The miracles of Elijah and Daniel, who preceded Christ, are no greater violation of the laws of Nature than those of Peter and Paul who succeeded him; while the promises to faith in the New Testament are as much more numerous and clear than those of the Old, as the lights of modern science are than those of the times of Aristotle and Esculapius.

The miracles of all dispensations are recorded for our encouragement. In one of the most remarkable of all limitations of natural laws—when rain was withheld from a guilty land for three years and six months—we are expressly told by James that it was in answer to prayer; and he adds for our encouragement and in anticipation of the modern objection that God would hear Elijah more quickly than ourselves, that this prayer was offered by "a man subject to like passions as we are." God's promises of answer to prayer are in such bold terms that no uninspired man would have dared to invent them. It is against the laws of gravity that we should be able to say to a mountain, "Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea;" but we have the promise of it. It is against the law of medical science that prayer should cure the sick; but the Lord has promised to raise him up. And if "the great body of the faithful" to whom Professor Tyndall's friend addresses himself, or "the elders" whom James expressly clothes with this miraculous power, unite in prayer that God, for his own glory and for the confounding of scepticism, should cure the sick of a certain ward or hospital, I can see no doubt of a favorable result; that is, if any dependence be placed on God's promises. Whatever we ask for, we are to receive. Certain irreligious persons among the most learned of the earth's population, deny all power to prayer, all interference by God with the laws of Nature. They challenge the world to a material test already named in the Bible. If that challenge is accepted and that prayer heard, it will be as much to the glory of God as the march of the Israelites through the Red Sea, or the withholding of rain for over three years. It will put an end to scientific infidelity for more than one generation. But if that challenge is not accepted, the irreligious mind of the world is confirmed in scepticism. Students of every land will be pointed to a crucial test which Christianity dared not accept. Oh, Christians, "be not afraid, but only believe." If prayer is offered for specific answer and to God's glory, there can be no doubt of the result. From the time of Adam to our own, no one was ever yet brought to confusion by too much trust in God.

THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF TEMPORAL POWER.

I wish to communicate to you to-day some positive information with regard to the vast plans of the Jesuits, already set on foot, for the re-establishment of the temporal power. . . . The Catholic Church, whose spirit is now to be found in the catacombs of believing and generous hearts, but whose visible body has been changed into an immense party, purely political, has been admirably organized by the fathers; it has become an innumerable "Landwehr," trained by an iron discipline, and accustomed to a blind obedience. This stupendous organization, which is the greatest sacrilege, the most abominable violence, that the order of Loyola has perpetrated upon the mystical Spouse of Christ, perverting its aim, its doctrine, and its nature, is now an accomplished fact. The sanctuary of the soul has been invaded, the right of judgment has been taken by assault, conscience terrorized over and trampled under foot, individuality destroyed, the fold of Christ has become the *seruum pecus* of Horace—the army of darkness, of slavery, of death; a procession of pale Jesuits, as it were, marches against liberty, civilization, light,—against the Gospel itself. The pilgrimages, the mysterious signal for which was given from the impenetrable abysses of the sect, are the mobilization of the army of the Church, corrupted and degraded.

The pilgrimages of the present day are inspired not by love, but by hatred against a Christian nation, and the heart of the God-man is sacrilegiously taken as the masonic emblem of that hatred. The mystic flames of that heart symbolize the inextinguishable wrath, and the ferocious vengeance that are burning in the hearts of a people who are weeping over their lost power, and the kingdom of this world that has been taken from them.

But these pilgrimages, which signify something foreign to the spirit of Christianity, something monstrous, are not vain and platonic demonstrations of those who cannot otherwise express the rancor, the envy, and the rage that are consuming them. On the contrary, they have an aim eminently political; they are preparatory exercises, the schooling, the theatrical rehearsals of the future crusade against Italy.

Trained by these marches and countermarches, the pilgrims will understand their business perfectly by the opening of the Holy Year.

On January 1, 1874, if God gives him life and strength, Pius IX. will proclaim the Great Jubilee, anticipating it by a year. At the signal of the Vatican, Italy and Rome will become the object of all the pilgrimages hitherto directed to local sanctuaries. A countless number of pilgrims, more numerous than those who in 1093 cried, "It is the will of God," will pour down upon the Peninsula. Caravans of five, ten, or fifteen thousand pilgrims, chanting sacred hymns, will enter into the Holy City. Every band will carry the national banner, and the standard of France will float in every direction. M. Fournier and M. de Courcelles will know how to protect their pilgrims; the representatives of the other Powers before the Holy See will loudly demand liberty for those who are discharging a religious duty. Among those will be the Zouaves of Charette, and all the fanatics of Paray-le-Monial. It will be impossible to prevent collisions between the pilgrims and the people. A conflict will be inevitable, and the crusaders, if they are able, will try a tentative blow with the arms supplied from the Vatican. To repress them, the police will not be sufficient; the troops will have to act. Blood will flow in the streets of Rome. Then what is called the Catholic world will cry, "Murder!"—the Italians will be proclaimed the butchers of the martyrs of Christ. The conflict between Charette's Zouaves, dressed as pilgrims, will be the signal for the intervention of France.

Behind the French troops will be the cosmopolitan army of the universal reaction. The shout will be raised, "Death to Italy!"

Then the astonished world will perceive that the "sacred heart," the flaming effigy on the banner of the pilgrims—that to which M. Belcastel dedicated France, to which Archbishop Manning dedicates the work in England—was only an incendiary bomb-shell.

I believe that in this terrible and final attempt, liberty and civilization and justice will triumph with Italy over the false and lying gods. I believe that the bastard Catholicism that now reigns will succumb as Paganism did at the Milvian Bridge before the Labarum of new-born Christianity. But if the Catholic of Paray-le-Monial, the monstrous offspring of Jesuitism and of the old age of Pius IX., were to triumph for a few years, he would only have to blame himself afterwards for finding a huge heap of ruins on the spot where the superb dome of Michael Angelo was raised; he would have to impute to none but himself the vanity of the efforts to find again among the fragments and ashes of the Vatican the charred bones of the prisoners and the Cross of Christ buried for centuries beneath the Catholic victory—beneath the hecatombs of Italy.—*Roman Correspondence of the Gazzetta d'Italia.*

POSTMASTER BILLINGS, of Santa Clara, has received the following letter. It tells its own sad story:

"To the Postmaster of Santa Clara:

"Will you be so kind as to inquire if there is such a man as George Ray in your city; or where he is if he has left Santa Clara? He is about thirty-seven years old, dark eyes and hair, not very tall, and is a carpenter by trade. He is my dear father, and we have not heard a word from him for more than two years. Ma is left with five children, and I am the oldest, and am fourteen years old. Sometimes ma thinks he is dead; but I dreamed the other night that he came home to us, and it has made me think so much about him that I cannot help writing to you, for I cannot give up all hopes. Oh, dear Mr. Postmaster! will you do this favor for a poor, homeless girl? and you shall have many warm thanks. If you can see him, or hear where he is, will you be so good as to send him this letter? Will you please answer? Yours truly,"

"My Dear, Dear Pa: How can I tell you how sad my heart is while I write to you, not knowing whether you are dead or alive. Do you love us any more? Why is it that we don't hear from you any more? If you are sick and discouraged, we will try and help you to come home, and then we will work and take care of you. Oh, how hard it is to live as we do, now that the children are all separated! Willie is at the State Reform School in Lancaster, in this State, and ma does not have to pay his board; a man in Berlin has adopted Frankie as his daughter, and a rich farmer in the country has Libbie as his child, and Henry is at Fredericksburg. I am working for wages in a small family in Massillon. Ma has learned the dressmaker's trade and sews by the day in this city, and helps me all she can. She has been working in Fulton for the last two weeks, and will be there some time. It is hard to have no home, no pa to love us—and oh, pa, do take pity on us, and come back! We will all receive you with open arms. And how happy we will be to have you with us, as you have been once! Oh, pa, do write and tell us if you love us still. Your sorrowful daughter,"

"EMMA A. RAY.

"MASSILLON, Stark Co., O."

WHEN MEN have once acquiesced in untrue opinions, and registered them as authenticated records in their minds, it is no less impossible to speak intelligibly to such men than to write legibly on a paper already scribbled over.—*Hobbes.*

Poetry.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

SWEET FERN LEAVES.

A quick, new growth, since August rains,
Restored the withering earth;
This tender stem more living seems
Than even a fresh spring-birth.

Like carven stone each perfect leaf,
And yet they spring and curve
So lovingly about the stem
One almost sees them swerve.

And tinged with red is every leaf,
As though a crimson tide
Were coursing through their slender veins,
Such as through mine doth glide.

How can they be so beautiful
In color and in form,
Beyond a sculptor's, painter's art,
With living currents warm,—

And not be fashioned by a mind,
And quickened by a heart,
As far beyond the human
As is Nature beyond Art?

How can they be so beautiful
And not enkindle joy
In the Artist who created them,—
A bliss without alloy?

Oh, sweet fern leaves, my burning bush,
My sermon and my kirk,
I feel your happy Maker near,
Rejoicing in His work!

M. B. W.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern,	New York City,	One share, \$100
Richard B. Westbrook,	Sonman, Pa.	" " 100
R. C. Spencer,	Milwaukee, Wis.	Two " 200
R. W. Howe,	Boston, Mass.	One " 100
Chas. W. Story,	Boston, Mass.	" " 100
E. W. Meddaugh,	Detroit, Mich.	Five " 500
Jacob Hoffman,	Cumminsville, O.	One " 100
John Welsa,	Boston, Mass.	" " 100
W. C. Russell,	Ithaca, N. Y.	" " 100
A. W. Leggett,	Detroit, Mich.	" " 100
B. F. Dyer,	Boston, Mass.	" " 100
James Purinton,	Lynn, Mass.	" " 100
F. A. Nichols,	Lowell, Mass.	" " 100
J. S. Palmer,	Portland, Me.	" " 100
Robt. Ormiston,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	" " 100

CASH RECEIPTS.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 12.

Smith Wright, \$3; J. P. Smith, \$3; Charles W. Story, \$3; William H. Wheat, \$3; Della C. Hutchinson, 75 cents; E. E. Clough, \$2.50; Daniel F. Child, \$100; J. L. Righter, \$3; Richard Burke, \$1.50; J. W. Higgins, \$3; E. T. Peters, \$3; J. C. Smith, \$3; H. Muzzey, \$3; W. D. Brewer, \$3; Jonathan W. Hastings, \$3; Charles N. Norris, \$3; Matilda Goddard, \$3; William W. Palmer, \$3; W. H. Young, 50 cents; Sarah F. Earle, \$4.75; Jonathan W. Sullings, \$3; Hudson Tattle, \$2; James Beveridge, 40 cents; W. H. Boughton, \$10; G. C. Winchester, \$3; John Bank, 50 cents; M. V. Sims, 10 cents; David Porter, 25 cents; H. C. DeLong, \$1; George Houghton, 40 cents; George H. Foster, 45 cents; E. A. Kingsbury, 10 cents.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

N. B.—Postage on THE INDEX is five cents per quarter, dating from receipt of the first number, payable in advance at the place of delivery.

N. B.—Please remit by post-office money-order, by registered letter, or by draft on Boston or New York. Checks on interior banks are liable to discount, and the term of subscription will be proportionally shortened in the credit.

N. B.—Orders for Tracts or single numbers of THE INDEX which are not on hand will, if of small amount, be otherwise filled to the same amount without further notice.

N. B.—When writing about a former remittance, always give the date of such remittance as exactly as possible.

N. B.—Please examine the ADDRESS and DATE on your INDEX mail-tag, and report at once any error in either.

RECEIVED.

Books.

THE STORY OF GÖTTE'S LIFE. By George Henry Lawes. Abridged from his *Life and Works of Goethe*. Boston: James B. Osgood & Co. 1873. (Price \$1.50.)

Pamphlets and Periodicals.

"ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN." On the Deity of Jesus of Nazareth. Part II. A Comparison between the Fourth Gospel and the Three Synoptics. By the Wife of a Beneficed Clergyman. Edited and Prefaced by Rev. Charles Voysey, B.A.

FIVE LETTERS ON A CONVERSION TO ROMAN CATHOLICISM. By Robert Rodolph Suffield. ORTHODOXY FROM THE HEBREW POINT OF VIEW. By Rev. Thomas F. Kirkman, M.A., F.R.S., Rector of Croft, near Warrington.

AN ADDRESS TO ALL EARNEST CHRISTIANS. By T. Lumisden Strange, late Judge of the High Court of Madras, etc. [The above all published by Thomas Scott, Esq., No. 11, The Terrace, Farquhar Road, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE Fifth Meeting of the International College of Surgeons Association, held in Cincinnati, Ohio, June 10, 11, 12, 13, 1873. Milwaukee: Cramer, Alkns & Cramer. 1873.

IOWA SCHOOL JOURNAL for September. Des Moines: C. M. Greene.

MATERIALISM: Its History and Influence on Society. By Dr. L. Blücher. Translated by Alexander Loos, A.M. New York: A. K. Butts & Co. LECTURE ON HUNDRETH NINTHISM. By Prof. Max Müller. New York: A. K. Butts & Co. [Reprint.]

New Music.

THE RIVER OF LIFE. For Sunday-schools. By H. S. Perkins and W. W. Bentley. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Also, by the same, ROSE-LOVE'S REQUIA—FANCY—EASY SONATINES—La Fille de Madame Angot—Two Melodies—Toward a Mazurka.

The Index.

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THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B.—No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, Editor.
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VOYSEY (England), Prof. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England),
REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY (England), Editorial Contributors.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 23, 1873.

NOTICE.

On and after September 1, the publication office of THE INDEX will be at No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston. All letters, papers, and other communications should be henceforth addressed to "THE INDEX, 1 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass."

Correspondents and Exchanges will please take notice.

GLIMPSSES.

IT IS FUNNY enough to see a prominent Boston paper praising up "every good Evangelical of the old school, of the school of John Bunyan and William Ellery Channing"! It cannot sneak into the good graces of Evangelicals by quoting an arch-heretic as one of their number.

THE POPE has written to Emperor William that, having been baptized, the latter is the former's subject. The Emperor bluntly denies the soft impeachment, and declares he has "no Mediator but Christ." He would have come nearer the truth if he had said he had no Mediator at all.

"THE RULERS of the Roman Church," said the Rev. Matteo Prochet, of Italy, to the Evangelical Alliance, "have the women through the confessional and the children through the schools; and then they make the nation theirs." Shall America learn no wisdom from Italy's experience? Let her at least save the children both from Romanism and Evangelicalism, by making the schools thoroughly secular.

WE TRUST nobody will suppose that the reports of our paper on "The Cost to Christendom of the Foreign Mission System," as published in the New York dailies, were either full or accurate. Especially as to statistics, the reporters made the wildest work of our statements. The paper will be published in THE INDEX by-and-by in its turn. Meanwhile critics will do well to "look before they leap."

THERE ARE TWO ways of fighting your enemy. One is to meet him face to face, and grapple him in deadly earnest. The other is to slink up behind his back, stick a pin into his calf, and then incontinently take to your heels. The *Liberal Christian* adopts the former; the *Christian Register* adopts the latter. But as the pin happens to be pointless, what is the use of running away, good neighbor? THE INDEX wars neither on women nor children.

REV. DR. GEORGE F. POTTER, of Pompey, N. Y., presented a resolution favoring the taxation of church property to a Democratic county convention. For this honorable action the Syracuse Radical Club has with great propriety passed a vote of thanks to Dr. Potter. It is hardly to be expected that many clergymen will favor a policy which is plainly inimical to their own interests; but there is all the more reason for expressing respect for those who do.

REFERRING to the questions raised by Darwinism, the *Morning Star*, published in Dover, N. H., by the Freewill Baptist denomination, says: "They are such as do not vitally affect Christianity either way, so far as we can judge." Will the *Star* be honest enough to say explicitly that Christianity can dispense with the doctrine that all men are now under the condemnation of God by reason of Adam's Fall? Darwinism dispenses with Adam; can Christianity do so? Please give a sincere, straightforward answer to this question, good *Star*!

AN ARTICLE by Rev. James Freeman Clarke in the

Christian Union defends the right of "bolting" whenever the majority of a party resolve to do what is wrong. "We argue," he says, "that the interests of the party are best served by letting it be defeated when it nominates bad candidates or indorses bad measures. The righteous voter smites it for its benefit. But if the party is incorrigible and refuses to go the right way, then the righteous voter makes his bolt perpetual and leaves it." Dr. Clarke gives good doctrine. We thank him for justifying our course a few years ago in "bolting" from his own denomination, when it "refused to go the right way."

THE *Liberal Christian* thinks we are self-deceived in holding that the work of THE INDEX is affirmative, not negative, and points us for proof to our articles on "Agitation" in its issue of Sept. 4. What was the whole object of those articles? To kindle a generous enthusiasm for the more perfect development of American ideas—that is all. If the *Independent* or the *Liberal Christian* can find anything more "affirmative" than the affirmation that freedom, natural morality, and equality of human rights should be made the basis of all private and public life in a far higher sense than ever before, we shall be very glad to know what it is. The "Demands of Liberalism" are the most comprehensive and positive programme that can be offered for the more thorough Americanization of America. If not, why not?

THE CONGRESS of Mexico, according to the New York *Herald*, has decreed the following additions or amendments to the constitution of the republic:—

1. The Church and State are to be separate.
2. Congress cannot make laws prohibiting or establishing any religion.
3. Matrimony is to be a civil contract.
4. Religious institutions cannot possess property.
5. A simple promise to speak the truth, complying with obligations contracted, with penalties in case of violation, is substituted for the religious oath.
6. Nobody is obliged to give his or her services without just compensation.
7. No contract is to be permitted which aims at the sacrifice of the liberty of man in the matter of work, education, and religious vows. (The laws thus do not recognize monastic orders, nor permit their establishment by any denomination or under any pretence.)
8. And no contract will be allowed to be made among persons consenting to their own proscription or banishment.

"THE ONLY MEANS or machinery existing on the earth for the salvation of men is the Baptist church." So said Rev. J. D. Fulton, D.D., at the recent Bible Union anniversary; for which utterance he is severely taken to task by the *Morning Star* (Freewill Baptist). Its rebuke "reminds us of a little story," as Mr. Lincoln would remark. A company of Irishmen came to a well one moonlight evening, and, mistaking the reflection of the moon in the water for a fine cheese, formed a nice plan to secure the prize. The first man grasped the curbstone firmly with his hands, the second man hung down the well by grasping the first man's feet, and so on, till a chain was formed by which the last man was confidently descending, when suddenly the first, being nearly exhausted by the strain, exclaimed—"Howld on till I spit on me hands!" Whereupon they all went down together to pick up the cheese. When the *Morning Star* lets go of the doctrine of salvation through "immersion" alone, spectators conclude it has stopped to "spit on its hands." We peer pensively over the edge of the well as it and its dependents get "immersed" more thoroughly than they expected, and tender our respectful regrets that it falls, after all, to secure the cheese of "salvation" it went for.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH lectured in Boston, at Music Hall, October 17, to a great audience. On the platform were Wendell Phillips (who introduced the orator of the evening in the most complimentary manner), William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner, and others. The address was one of the most powerful, eloquent, impassioned appeals that we ever listened to; and it was clear that, from the first sentence, Mr. Bradlaugh carried his audience by storm. Nothing could have been more manly, modest, and dignified,—nothing more free from intemperate rant, or the tricks of the demagogue. His subject was "The Republican Movement in England;" and the massive physique of the man grew luminous with the light of moral enthusiasm, as he set forth the wrongs of the "mob, but a mob with wives and children,"—the "mob" that sympathized with the North in its great struggle for universal freedom,—the "mob" that was only the oppressed common people of England, hungering and thirsting for the true republic that should give them a chance to "live" and not merely "exist." Mr. Bradlaugh is strong of brain and staunch of heart,—nobody can doubt it who hears him, and is not himself either weak of the one or rotten of the

other. A great and noble future is before him, in the work to which he has given himself; and we wish him a success that shall prove to be England's redemption from all oppression. If we have caught the spirit of the man, he himself hopes for no other.

THE GROWING UNREST of the Orthodox sects at the spread of liberal opinions and practices is very marked. The St. Louis *Dispatch* of September 23 states that a formal Alliance has just been formed by the Evangelical ministers of that city to prevent the "desecration of the Sabbath." A meeting was held at Centenary Church, Rev. Dr. Brooks presiding, at which the following agreement was adopted: "The undersigned, ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, hereby solemnly covenant with God and with each other that we will unite as a band of Christian brethren in seeking to arrest the appalling desecrations of the Lord's day, now so prevalent in our midst, and to stay, with the help of the Almighty, other alarming evils growing out of it, or connected with it, that not only assail our common Christianity, but threaten the foundations of social order. We pledge our mutual aid, sympathy, and prayers in the work entrusted to our care; and, for the sake of manifesting our oneness in Christ, we declare our belief in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; in the divine inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments; in the fall and ruin of man by sin; in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus upon the cross as the only ground upon which salvation is offered to all and received by the believer; in regeneration by the Spirit, and in practical holiness as the fruit of vital union with our risen Lord. We cordially invite the co-operation of Christians of every name, who can meet upon the foregoing basis, to assist in carrying out the purposes of this organization." Dr. Campbell and others called attention to the notorious desecrations of the Sabbath in St. Louis—companies with banners and music marching through the streets; saloons and places of business open all day; and the exodus of thousands on each Sunday into the country in quest of pleasure, instead of going to church. They maintained that an alliance of ministers could successfully fight this growing evil. A meeting of the Alliance is to be held every Monday afternoon at the Centenary Church. It remains to be seen what course of action they will adopt.

THEY ARE DISCOVERING now-a-days all sorts of proofs of Noah's flood. Dr. Schliemann has dug up evidence in the site of ancient Troy that Homer was a first-class reporter, and ought to have been "Special Correspondent of the *Athens Gazette* from the Seat of War." But his exploits are thrown into the shade by George Smith, "an accomplished archaeologist attached to the British Museum," who has raked up on the banks of the Tigris a fragment of a slab containing the orders given to Noah for his embarkation by the Assyrian god Hea (not the Hebrew god Jehovah!), and also "important information in reference to the creation of the world." That is just what we want, as it will confound the naughty fellows who dare to dispute Genesis. How this discovery is going to help Orthodoxy, however, when it seems to reduce the story of the Noachian deluge to an Assyrian myth, is not clear to our purblind vision; yet great are the rejoicings over the revelations now made, as if such would be their effect. The Boston *Globe* continues as follows: "The old collection of Assyrian inscriptions in the British Museum contained the instruction of God to Noah to warn the world because of the wickedness of the people. The subsequent predictions of the Deity and His command for embarkation are as follows in the fragment of baked clay secured by the representative of the *Daily Telegraph*, which are of the highest interest to students of Biblical history: 'On the coming of the flood which I shall send, thou shalt enter into the ship, and the door of it thy ship turn; thou shalt send into the midst of it thy corn, thy furniture and goods, thy gold and silver, and thy female slaves, the sons of the army, the beasts of the field, the animals of the field; all that thou hearest thou shalt do. . . . They shall spread and they shall guard the door of the ship. Sisit attended and opened his mouth, and spake, and said to the god, Hea, his Lord.' This is followed by five lines of the speech of Sisit, which, in consequence of mutilation, cannot be exactly translated, and in his answer the Assyrian Noah describes the difficulties in the way of the work. Of course, there are differences between this account and that given in Genesis, but the resemblances are much more remarkable. The beasts mentioned as going into the ark are not the representative pairs of all living creatures, but animals for food and agricultural purposes, while the escaping household possessed corn, slaves, gold and silver."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The following rule has been adopted with reference to subscriptions to **THE INDEX**, and will be observed on and after December 1, 1873: **THE INDEX** will be discontinued to each subscriber immediately on the expiration of his term of subscription as marked by the printed mail-tag, unless the subscription is renewed in advance, or unless direct notice is received that the subscriber intends soon to renew it. But a bill will be sent to each subscriber a few weeks previous to the expiration of his term, in order that he may have an opportunity of renewing without suffering any interruption in the receipt of his papers.

The purpose of the above rule is simply to meet the case of subscribers who do not wish to renew their subscriptions, but are not considerate enough to notify us of the fact. All subscriptions are properly payable in advance, and we are greatly obliged to those who renew at or before the expiration of their terms; but it is not intended to insist unreasonably on advance payment when, as sometimes happens, subscribers wish to renew but find it burdensome to do so at any particular time. Our wish is to accommodate our subscribers as much as is possible without endangering the safety of the paper; and we hope that all will be satisfied with the rule now adopted. Of course, all who are entitled to an extension of time, as recently explained, but who are indisposed to waive it for the sake of helping the paper, have only to notify us, and the proper extension will be made. Several hundreds of bills have just been sent out from this office, which we hope will be promptly honored; and if each subscriber will only take the trouble to send us the name of another new one, the kindness will be gratefully appreciated.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

The recent convention of the Free Religious Association in New York was quite as successful as could be expected, considering the unpopular character of the movement that gave it birth. The sessions of the Evangelical Alliance during the previous week had been crowded to overflowing; and, compared with these, our meetings were of course inferior in point of numbers. Yet the great hall of the Cooper Institute was nearly filled at the evening sessions by large audiences, which manifested their sympathy by frequent and hearty applause; and the full reports given in the New York dailies, especially in the *Tribune*, multiplied them in fact immensely. To give in **THE INDEX** a report of these various meetings, covering the three evening and two morning sessions, would be impossible, and we shall not attempt it; but several of the papers read will be published in these columns, beginning with next week. One of the most brilliant and effective of them, an essay on the "Taxation of Church Property," by Mr. James Parton, will probably soon be issued in tract form by the Association; and it ought to have the widest possible circulation, being exactly such a treatment of the subject as is best calculated to arouse interest among those not specially interested in it heretofore.

So far as our comrades are concerned, we never heard better speaking on the platform of the Free Religious Association. The topics chosen were practical and timely, and nothing could have been more evident than that the Association has a "sufficient reason for being," notwithstanding the *World's* labored scepticism on this point. That there should be an efficient religious association without a definite creed seems incredible to the *World*, although hundreds of business and political and scientific associations are in active and successful operation all about it; nor have we ever noticed that the *World* was particularly puzzled or befogged over the fact. Yet why is a creedless religious association any more anomalous than a creedless manufacturing or banking association? Provided there is a definite object in view, any association has a bond of union; and a creed is necessary only to such associations as make the propagation of it their direct practical object. A creed would be as absurd in the Free Religious Association as it would be in a banking company. Our object is the increase of intelligence with reference to religion, the increase of pure and rational efforts for the well-being of man, the increase of a generous and catholic fellowship among men and women of all beliefs; and inasmuch as creeds tend directly to prevent these objects, it would be as ridiculous for the Free Religious Association as for a Life Insurance Company to lay down a creed for its members. It is singular how much pains some people take to misunderstand us;

and when the *World* flounders helplessly about over the very intelligible position of the Association, it is enough to raise a smile on a bust of the "weeping philosopher." However it suits these self-obscurated cetaceans of the press to lash wildly about with their tails, and to spout furiously over the absurdity of other fishes in daring to be born, the Free Religious Association finds quite as good a reason for inhabiting the great deep of humanity as any one of the demonstrative monsters that wax so late over its audacity in venturing to swim the same seas with themselves.

CHRISTIANITY DEFINED ONCE MORE.

A venerable Southern gentleman who has strongly interested himself in the work of **THE INDEX**, and signified in many ways his warm sympathy with the objects which its editors and supporters have at heart, suggests that "thou explain frequently, if not keep a standing definition, of what thou meanest by the term 'Christian' or 'Christianity.'" By common usage, he says, these terms "include everything in man's nature and conduct that is good, true, beautiful, lovely, and pure, and nothing to the contrary of these. And when thou opposeth 'Christianity,' places thyself 'outside of Christianity,' or objects to 'Christian' morality, thou art misunderstood by the general reader, greatly to thy disadvantage, as being opposed to those valued qualities just enumerated, when, if I understand thee, thy opposition is only to the restricted Evangelical or Ecclesiastical sense of the word, which includes a belief in the natural depravity of the human race through Adam's transgression; in salvation being attained only through the blood of Jesus, shed on Mount Calvary by the Jews; in the infallibility of the Scriptures; and in the eternal punishment of all who do not accept these dogmas, which includes a large and constantly increasing number. The desire that **THE INDEX** may not contain weapons that can be used by its opponents against thee and it, as also against the real facts of the case, is what prompts me to make this suggestion, which I trust thou wilt excuse."

So far from finding anything to "excuse" in so wise and kind a suggestion, we have nothing but sincere thanks to express to our friend for making it. However often we may explain what we mean by the terms in question, our meaning is very frequently misrepresented, sometimes ignorantly, sometimes carelessly, sometimes (we fear) maliciously.

Once more, then, we would say that Christianity is the religion taught by the Christian Church; that its most fundamental or essential doctrines are those in which all branches of the Christian Church unite; and that its spirit, character, and tendency must be learned from the history of the Church, and not from any individual's speculations as to what Christianity, the Church, or the history of either, ought to be. Instead, therefore, of identifying Christianity with Roman Catholicism alone, or Calvinism alone, or Unitarianism alone, or with any one branch of the Church alone, we hold that the history of the Church in all its forms, Roman, Greek, and Protestant, must be studied together, in order to discover the real doctrine and spirit of Christianity and its real influence on the development of civilization.

When so studied, it appears that all Christian theology clusters about the doctrine that "Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ of God," that is, the Divinely appointed King, Redeemer, and Savior of the world. This one doctrine is the cornerstone of all other Christian doctrines, and has never been questioned by any branch of the Church that calls itself Christian. Give up this, and Christianity is given up. One may cleave devotedly to what is "good, true, beautiful, lovely, and pure," and yet be either a Christian or an anti-Christian; for these qualities belong to humanity, not to Christianity. But no one can be a Christian who does not cleave to the "Christ of God." Whoever discards him and yet claims the Christian name, deceives both himself and others by it. The loose identification of Christianity with all goodness and truth in general is born of confusion of thought, and tends to make it still more confused. As incidental to the transitional stage of the modern world, however, such confusion is natural, and perhaps necessary, at least until men shall have come to a clear consciousness of their own position as affected by modern science.

"JAMES JENKINS," said a schoolmaster to his pupil, "what is an average?"
"A thing, sir," answered the scholar, promptly, "that hens lay eggs upon."
"Why do you say that, you silly boy?" asked the pedagogue.
"Because, sir," said the youth, "I heard a gentleman say the other day as a hen would lay, on an average, a hundred and twenty eggs a year."

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

THE SIN OF USURY.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Oct. 10, 1873.

EDITOR OF **THE INDEX**—

I ask a little space in which to point out the fallacies which I think I see in your reply to the question of Mr. Heberling—"Is Interest-taking Unjust?" Permit me to follow your own notation, and pardon me if I change the order.

(1.) The sins of livery-stable keepers must not be allowed to serve as a shield for those of usurers. The real question at issue, I take it, is not whether this class or that class take more than cost, but whether taking more than cost is morally right. To quote Adam Smith in this connection is of no avail. The first two paragraphs of the fifth chapter of his *Wealth of Nations* contain a statement of principles which the profit-making system directly violates, and which is, in fact, a clear and complete refutation of all the rest of his book. He says: "The real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it. What everything is really worth to the man who has acquired it, and who wants to dispose of it, or exchange it for something else, is the toil and trouble which it can save to himself, and which it can impose upon other people." This plainly conflicts with the profit-idea.

(5.) After basing, in (1.), the right to take interest on the justice of profit and rent, you now turn about, and base the latter on the former. Reasoning in a circle would not be surprising in one who, like myself, is comparatively unaccustomed to controversy; but from the pen of one who prides himself that "his logic is seldom caught napping" (I quote from memory), it is hardly to be expected. The average rate of interest at any time is regulated by the average necessity of the borrowing class, which is just as cruel as to base it in any individual case upon individual necessity. But education, you say, is the proper remedy for poverty. To put the cart before the horse is anything but conducive to progress. People can't obtain education until they have something to buy it with. Any system which educates my neighbor's children at my expense, bears injustice on its very face.

(2.) We should exchange equal burdens, not equal benefits. If I possess an article which cost me only one day's labor, and which would be of great benefit to my neighbor, and he has another which he was a year in producing, and which would be of equal benefit to me, am I justified in making the exchange? In accordance with what code of morals can I justly claim one year of his time in return for one day of mine? To lose control over one's own labor is to become a slave. By what right may I subject him to three hundred and sixty-four days of slavery? The right of might, and that alone.

(3.) This paragraph is mainly true, although, in the case of the factory-children, the system serves to keep breath in their bodies, and is in that sense a benefit to them.

(4.) That compensation for risk is strictly equitable is certainly true, but that it forms any part of the ground on which interest strictly defined is based, is certainly not true. Webster defines interest as the "premium paid for the use of money." Pray, what has use to do with risk? Finally, you defend interest on the ground that a man has a right to charge for foregoing any use which he may have for the money he lends, whether that use be legitimate or illegitimate. O tempora! O mores! What could be more barbarous than this? To commit highway robbery by means of a revolver is an illegitimate use to which to put that article, but, by such a principle as yours, the possessor of the revolver has a moral right to charge, when lending it, for sacrificing an opportunity of committing that crime. If this be Free Religion, put me down as a slave to the religion of the Bible, which, however tyrannical in its pretensions, intolerant in its dogmas, and inhuman in its precepts, possesses at least this one redeeming virtue—that it does not justify human beings in owning more than they earn.

Yours truly, BENJ. R. TUCKER.

[We follow the order which Mr. Tucker has adopted above.]

(1.) The practice of livery-stable keepers in charging for the use of their horses and vehicles was not quoted to shield anybody's sins, nor was it considered as a sin in itself. Mr. Heberling himself apparently approved the practice in question, and we simply argued that, if the liveryman was right, so was the man who charged a moderate interest for the use of his money, since the principle involved was the same in both cases. Mr. Tucker is quite mistaken as to the "question at issue." It was not "whether taking more than cost is morally right," but whether all interest-taking is morally wrong. We cannot turn aside at present to discuss irrelevant issues.

(5.) The "reasoning in a circle" which Mr. Tucker imagines he has detected cannot be found in our article. Having misconceived the subject under discus-

sion, it is not surprising that he avoids the dreaded "circle" by shooting off at a tangent. We pointed out the *strict analogy* between interest and profit or rent, but did not base the *justice* of either on that of the other; as Mr. Tucker will perceive at a glance, if he will take the trouble to read carefully the article he has criticized. The justice of taking interest, of charging profit, of levying rent, and of demanding wages, depends on the answer to be given to a deeper question than Mr. Tucker appears yet to have considered, namely,—*has anybody a right to say he owns anything?* Did he ever reflect that to challenge the right to make a reasonable profit is at bottom to challenge the right to own property of any sort? By what right does the seller charge even cost to the purchaser? Why is not all property common to all? Why was not Proudhon right when he declared that all property is robbery? Mr. Tucker does not seem to be aware that, when he denies all right to take interest, he logically denies all right to demand wages or even to charge original cost; for he is in fact denying the right to property itself, and should plant himself on the most ultra communism. He either goes too far, or not half far enough.

As to the hasty and ill-advised phrase "quoted from memory," we can only say that we regret it as one of the too frequent lapses of an over-busy pen. Let it pass into forgetfulness: we are sorry ever to have said so unjust a thing, for it does less than justice to our real desire. The pride of logic is a poor substitute for the love of truth.

Does Mr. Tucker oppose the public school system? It would seem so; but we hope not. If nobody is to be educated till he can pay for it himself,—if radicals are to count it "unjust" to be called on to bear their share of the burden of educating the wretched children of the street,—farewell to all possibility of a true republic on this earth.

(2.) If Mr. Tucker and his neighbor are equally desirous of an exchange, and equally derive benefit from it, it takes a clearer head or a keener conscience than ours to discern any wrong in the transaction. There is no "right of might" in the case; it is a voluntary and advantageous barter on both sides.

(4.) Our indignant young correspondent would have written this paragraph quite differently, if he had not been so swift to draw wild inferences from a plain statement of fact. But the indignation comes from a generous heart; and, though it has elsewhere found vent in vehement and pointed personal criticism, we forget the causelessness in the generosity of it. Better a wholesome wrath with suspected wrong than a cold and bloodless complacency in the existence of wrong known to be real. Mr. Tucker has our sincere respect, and we hope he will take our reply good-naturedly, as not by any means intended to encourage the "illegitimate use" of "revolvers."—Ed.]

THE FUTURE LIFE—"WHICH NO ONE KNOWS" OF.

In the "Notes and Comments" of THE INDEX for October 9 is a word of criticism on Bishop Stevens' late sermon at the confirmation of a new Bishop of Massachusetts, in which the preacher said a bishop's work "had this advantage over secular occupations, that he worked for eternity."

Of this it is remarked by Mr. Stevens: "Nobody has any right to snub this life, or anything belonging to it, out of deference to another, which is problematical, and which no one knows anything about."

I would quite agree with THE INDEX in the folly and false spiritual pride of depreciating this life, that the priestly vocation may be unduly elevated; but is it not a singular assumption to say that no one "knows anything about a future life"?

I have equal right to say, and do say, that I know of a future life, by evidence patent to my senses as well as to my reason and intuition—the one testing and confirming the other. And what I say a host of men and women would say, and among them scientists, scholars, jurists, practical men of business, and royal thinkers, whose names the world will not let die. I look over the list of INDEX stockholders, and am glad to see there large contributors who would say they know of the life beyond; and it seems absurd and uncourteous to tell them they do not know. Is there not a little free dogmatism in this assertion?

I am glad to hold close to the value of this life, and the glory of our work here,—and, as the only way to make our ripper and later days on earth the richest and best is to do well and truly the duties of youth and middle age, so the only way, whereby that future life shall be still richer and better than even the golden ripeness that makes a wise and harmonious old age so beautiful here, is by the noblest and best living, through our to-day on earth, that shall open to a nobler and better to-morrow in a higher-life.

But I do not wish to give my own views so much as to suggest that it is hardly in accord with the free religious spirit, as I understand it, to tell "all the world and the rest of mankind" what they do not know!

How well-timed and fortunate that your Free Religious Convention in New York comes just after the great meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, where the

ministers left the bars down and laid themselves very open to most damaging criticism.

I trust the significance, and the good and ill, of that meeting of the Alliance may receive due attention in your meeting, and that your doings may appear in THE INDEX, and in pamphlet form as well.

Especially I hope you will protest against, and stoutly resist, their efforts to "evangelize" our free State by "God in the Constitution"—and all like sectarian and belittling desires. Cordially and frankly yours,

G. B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 11, 1873.

[I am very sorry that my friend Stebbins thinks me discourteous and dogmatic in regard to believers in a future life, when it was far from my intention to be either. Perhaps all that I meant to say, in the "Note" referred to by him, was this—that, so far as I know, no one knows anything about the future life. I am aware that there are those who claim to know a great deal about it; but the burden is on them to prove that they know what they claim to. Thus far I remain unconvinced that any one has any more knowledge of the future life than I have myself; and I confess—not gladly—that I have none. Until I receive demonstration of the soundness of other people's knowledge, I trust it will not be deemed discourteous in me to say that I think they do not know.—A. W. S.]

JESUS AND NATURAL RELIGION.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

It is gratifying to see how fully Gerrit Smith recognizes the supreme authority of natural religion, as he does in his letter published lately in THE INDEX. I cannot help thinking that he lays undue stress upon the importance of the name *Christian*. Jesus is set down as the model man. At the same time it is admitted that the only fair test of truth, in morals and religion, is an appeal to Nature. Yet Jesus taught supernaturalism, and seemed to believe in them. He believed, for example, in the existence of angels and devils; and, to be logical, if it is assumed that he was right in so doing, it must be high time to inquire whether any naturalist has made successful researches as to the whereabouts of such creatures, and as to their genesis, structure, and habits. If such or any other supposed facts are entirely beyond the reach of inquirers, and no evidence bearing upon them is accessible, then it seems very clear that they are no part of natural religion.

Natural law remaining always the same, natural religion must depend on that. Anything which is really a part of natural religion must be capable of being verified by it; and anything which is a part of natural religion cannot be so because Jesus or any other person may have taught it, unless the natural law was made by such teaching; which would be quite absurd. In the nature of things Nature's law must always be open to observation, if the proper means of observation are used; and the spuriousness of anything that is pretended to be a part of natural religion, and is not, may be detected at any time.

In the letter mentioned, Jesus is spoken of as having had a mission on earth, and it is said that he was the supreme expositor of natural religion. If Jesus is really to be taken as the supreme expositor of natural religion, the fact or principle that he is such must itself be a part of natural law. Then, of course, anything that Jesus says becomes by force of natural law a dogma of natural religion,—a thing, by the way, which it is a good deal to assert, and hard to prove. Well, supposing it to be assumed, if Jesus asserts anything which would seem to be supernatural, we must conclude that the thing asserted is perfectly natural after all. If we should really admit this, I am not sure that some of us would not appear almost as fanciful as do those Unitarian doctors of divinity who avow a sober faith in all the miracles related in the New Testament, while they deny that there is anything supernatural in them. Here is a kind of faithful resignation that some people would deprecate. It does not even deserve the charity sometimes due to misguided zeal. Though the judgment of him who is a strong partisan, or who is carried away by an indiscriminate admiration, may be open to suspicion or distrust, there is more hope of honest error of opinion than of the timidity and dishonesty which sets aside the dictates of common sense.

It is not easy to see that all difficulty is removed by saying that myth is to be rejected. Where supremacy is admitted, authority follows, which terminates all capacity to draw the line between myth and truth. Not only can no such line be drawn where authority is admitted, but it is then only by some subterfuge that anything mythic can be rejected. For, by way of analogy to the rule that "law is silent where armed force prevails," judgment must sleep where authority prescribes. Then all honest and clear interpretation ceases, and hypocrisy and confusion of thought and conscience become the prime, essential virtues of the Christian. And it is not a very desirable state of things where, while one man, whose reason cannot be quite trampled out, raises at times some little ferment, a much larger number, through want of thought, or through love of peace, or fashionable indolence, accept the strangest fictions, or let them pass without question.

Thus what is natural becomes overborne by what is fanciful, or mixed up with it. In view of such necessity, it is no more than charitable to say that perhaps not all that is asserted by Jesus and his Evangelist biographers, whose statements are involved with

his, is true, and that some things, which he is represented as having said or done may not fall in with natural fitness. Then, lest things should be left at loose ends, various questions here and there may be supposed to arise. In the letter mentioned, he is said to have departed very widely from his true nature who sells the drunkard's drink, or who grows the materials for it; and it may be asked—was it right for Jesus to drink wine, to speak without disapproval of the proper method of preserving wine which had undergone a strong fermentation, to be actually engaged in making wine, as he was said to have been at the marriage in Cana of Galilee,—as to the manner of the making of which, by the way, the domestics might have been much mistaken? Could it have been wine that was made there, or was it an imitation of it, supposing that after all Jesus was really there, if not on the third day, then on some other day, and that there was some sort of foundation for the story? Did not Jesus show his good sense in recognizing the healthfulness and the invigorating power of wine, when properly used?

Are not rich men as likely to be good men as poor men are to be so? Was Jesus right in setting down all rich men as quite incapable of salvation or redemption? Is it not a great piece of liberality for rich men to have a very high opinion of Jesus, who had no bad opinion of all rich men? Yes, he did have a bad opinion of them. Although he said, "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy," he had no mercy for the rich. He says it is easier for a cable to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven. Cable must be the word; and it is said to be found in some copies. Some bungling transcriber has got into the narration the letter *eta* instead of the letter *iota*, which makes all the difference in Greek between camel and cable. Surely, if Jesus, carpenter as he was, had sense enough to put timbers together to make a house, he never would have used so absurdly incongruous a comparison as that of a camel going through the eye of a needle. Perhaps, aside from such want of probability, the change is not important: and a camel might be as likely to get through as a cable. But now, although it was beyond the reach of the imagination of the disciples, it may be an interesting problem to some who deal in lore celestial to tell how great a stretch of omnipotence would be required to squeeze a cable through the eye of a needle. Not only is there no salvation for rich men, but there is no redemption. When they get into a bad predicament, they can never hope to get out. Evidence of this is the extravagant allegory about the rich man and the beggar at his gate, hell and Abraham's bosom. Such sentiments cannot seem very natural or reasonable to most people, though they were quite so to Jesus; who, it appears, belonged to a sect which thought there was a sublime virtue in poverty.

No fear need be entertained of being cut off from all privilege of prayer by ceasing to be called Christian. Prayer is not exclusively Christian; and men's notions of it will differ with their prevailing sentiments and aspirations. To set up one's idea of its legitimate use and nature as a rule for another's conscience might be an office as delicate as that of the blind man, who should claim to be a judge of colors. Yet some things concerning it would seem, aside from prevention wrought by superstitious teaching to commend themselves to natural reason. A modest and steadfast reliance upon the power and wisdom of the Almighty, in view of his law as beneficent and unchangeable, must ever be, to the conscientious Theist, as cheering and consoling as it is natural and necessary. But the Christian or other person who should undertake to move a mountain, or even a small stone heap, by prayer, would incur no little ridicule. To avoid this it is likely that those who make parade of wordy petitions let them apply to subjects in glaring the inefficiency of prayer is not so obvious and glaring. If Jesus or anybody else ever assured people that prayer could remove a mountain, and cast it into the sea, the assurance was, of course, sufficiently ridiculous. But the examples of prayer, which he is reported to have set, are not all open to such objection. Witness the beautiful, sublime, and comprehensive system of practical philosophy embraced in what is called the "Lord's prayer;" as to which it may not be impertinent to mention some things implied, if not fully expressed. "Our Father who art in heaven;" that is, a recognition of God as common father of all mankind, who are therefore to be looked upon as brethren. "Hallowed be thy name;" that is, let the real God of Nature be adored, and let all the false gods of history and fable be repudiated. "Thy kingdom come;" let God be recognized as the only king and ruler, whose moral law is that of natural justice. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" let the universal peace and harmony, the necessary consequence of general practical recognition of that law, prevail between man and man, which find place in the motions of the heavenly bodies, and in the other great operations of Nature. "Give us this day our daily bread;" what is necessary is to be desired, not what is superfluous, and the struggle for useless wealth is a kind of madness. "And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us;" that is, God is on the side of justice, including courtesy and charity, which we will not rebut modes of justice, and that which we will not rebut to others cannot be claimed, or seriously asked for ourselves. "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory;" that is, all human rights are given by natural law, which rights being secured, there is no occasion for devotion to petty despots, or greater tyrants; and to reach after wide dominion, or to encourage others in doing so, is rebellion against the law of Nature.

In all this there is nothing superstitious, and nothing necessarily outside of natural religion. These sentiments are entertained by very many persons who

accept no living man as master, and the reported sayings of no dead man as a finality.

The word Christianity may be applied to various things. If it is claimed that moral law and true natural religion should be so called, the obvious answer is that such things can be exclusively appropriated by no man or party. They are in their nature fixed and eternal, and are to some extent mistaken, or irreverently treated, when they are helped out by any special teaching, or identified with it. And if Christianity contains nothing beyond them, it cannot supply their place, or answer a useful purpose, which they do not answer. If it does contain anything beyond them, it must be objectionable for that reason, and is as bad in substance as it is useless in name. If, in the sense before mentioned, Confucius and Socrates were, as some persons seem to think, better Christians than Jesus himself, even that is no good reason for calling good men Confucians or Socraticists.

Words are to be taken as generally understood. Christianity stands before the world as a cumbrous piece of machinery of fabulous traditions and superstitious observances, the object of which is supposed to be to save the soul in a world to come. While it has a little that is moral, incidentally connected with it, as all religions have, it contains much that is selfish, wicked, and demoralizing. It is not safe for naturalists in religion to call themselves Christians. The broad humanity of such men as Gerrit Smith may well be trusted; but when the seed is widely scattered, the danger is that, in a different soil, it may spring up into a harvest of mischief. Faith receives no check or correction from Nature, which it makes a virtue of ignoring, and the religious zeal which waits upon it may seek, in its own vindication, to sanctify the wickedest animosity and to justify the most horrid cruelty and persecution. The despotic temper of ecclesiasticism is not softened by any recollection of the natural piety of Jesus, whose name it sometimes dishonors, while that natural piety may operate to give it, in the estimation of superficial observers, an air of respectability.

If highest health and comeliness of moral constitution are his whose existence is enlivened by some generous purpose, then a sorry invalid is he whose life is spent in a mean and selfish study to secure his own salvation, at the hands of a stingy, jealous, and malignant Deity whose existence he has had the misfortune to assume. If it is allowable to apply to those called spiritual the wisdom of an old saying, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," such person may safely dismiss all apprehension as to the welfare, in a world to come, of all the soul he will have left to save.

CHARLES COLLINS.

NORTHERLAND, Pa., Sept., 1873.
P. S.—Accipiamus quam nobis exprobat Julia sententiam, facilius sapientior quam consilio benignior—"Delenda est Christianitas." Aut delenda est Christianitas, aut, divinitus data, sola ipsius Dei legis interpretes (si revera quis sit Deus), ratio libera et naturalis rejicienda. C.

SIMPLICITY OF THE GOSPEL.

In the daily prayer-meetings of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association great stress is laid on the "simplicity of the gospel;" its eminent adaptation to commonplace people, people with no special ability, or cultivation, or intelligence. The exhorters in those meetings quote, with great satisfaction, the Scriptural phrases that "not many wise are called," and that God "has hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes"—it being assumed as unquestionable that the speakers and their proselytes are the "babes." As most of the persons newly persuaded to attend those meetings belong, unmistakably, to the class unintelligent and uncultivated, there is a sort of serpentine wisdom in this representation of ignorance as spiritually advantageous; but a little sifting of the theological assumptions there set forth as "the gospel" will show that they are as destitute of "simplicity" as they are of truth and reason.

In the meetings above referred to, it is assumed as unquestionably true that whatever is prayed for in faith will be granted. In justification of this belief, they quote this saying, attributed by Matthew to Jesus: "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." They assume that Jesus really said this; that this promise is made to all believers now, just as much as to those to whom it was first spoken; and that true faith is shown by receiving this promise literally, with child-like confidence, and acting upon it as if it meant just what it says. This very morning (Monday, October 6th), the need of such faith was insisted on, and the certainty of its efficacy set forth in the following relation, represented by the speaker as actual fact:—

The father of a family, who had long been an infidel, before going six miles from home on business, urged his wife and daughter not to attend a revival meeting which was going on four miles away, in the opposite direction. They, however, went, and the daughter was immediately converted. As she remained on her knees after the meeting was closed, the officiating minister went to her, and repeated to her such texts of Scripture as he judged suitable to instruct and encourage her. When the text from Matthew above quoted was uttered, she asked in astonishment if those words were the minister's own, or quoted from the Bible. On being assured that they were Bible words, she continued three-quarters of an hour fervently uttering this petition: "Oh Lord, send my father here! Oh Lord, send my father here!" At the end of that time, to the astonishment of all, her father arrived, and inquired what was wanted of him. The daughter then prayed, with still greater urgency, for three-quarters of an hour more: "Oh Lord, convert my father! Oh Lord, convert my father!" At the end of that time he was converted!

And then he informed them that, while at a place of business ten miles away, he had heard a voice authoritatively directing him to go immediately home. Closing his business in haste, he drove home as fast as possible. Immediately on arriving, he again heard an articulate voice, directing him to go at once to the meeting. Going there, four miles further, he found his daughter praying for his arrival; and in three-quarters of an hour more his conversion was granted in answer to her second petition. All this was seriously related in the Young Men's Christian Association meeting, not only as unquestionable fact (a minister having told it to the narrator), but as clearly an answer to prayer, and clearly, also, proof that fulfillment of the Scriptural promise above quoted was now, and always, to be expected. And so, evidently, the majority of those present received it.

Two or three mornings previously, prayers had been earnestly requested for these two things: First, that brother T.'s two sons might be converted that very day; next, that the considerable sum of money so much needed by brother McK. might, that very day, be sent him. Prayer to this effect being made with unusual fervor by one of the brethren, with accompanying exclamations of "Amen" and "Glory" by other brethren, seeming to show that they heartily joined in the request, I thought the case a good one for accurate observation. So, after the meeting, I asked the brother who had prayed whether, among his various petitions, he could distinguish, at the time of making them, which was "the prayer of faith." Considering a moment, he answered that he thought he could. I then inquired whether the prayer he had just uttered was made in faith. He said it was. Undoubtedly so? Undoubtedly so. Then I said that, as the two requests and the prayer were offered in faith for the accomplishment of certain things to-day, we should probably hear to-morrow that brother T.'s two sons had been converted, and that brother McK. had got his four hundred dollars. The praying brother replied, as he left me, "We must remember that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years."

This is a specimen of the simplicity of the gospel, under the manipulation of these brethren.

Take another instance:—
Upon the desk in the prayer-room of the Association lie copies of the blank here following:—

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.
DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS.

To the Leader of this Meeting:—

Will you please fill the blanks at the bottom of this sheet, stating the general feeling of the meeting, under the head of "Remarks," and leave at the Librarian's desk.
E. E. Cook, Chairman Committee.

Number of persons who asked prayers for themselves, that they may become Christians:

Number of persons requesting prayers for others:

Number of conversions reported at this meeting and not before:

REMARKS.

After the close of the morning meeting of Tuesday, October 7th, observing that the leader of the meeting was going away without complying with the above request, I called his attention to it. He decided, however, that it was best to make no record, either in reply to the statistical questions, or under the head of "remarks," and left the paper blank. A truthful record would have read as follows:—

Persons asking prayers for themselves, None.

Persons asking prayers for others, None.

Number of conversions reported, None.

REMARKS.

Meeting began half an hour late, with three persons present; and closed at the usual time with five present.

There was but one prayer besides the official introductory prayer of the leader, no other person seeming inclined to pray.

There was no exhortation except by the leader, no other person seeming to have anything to say.

There was no singing at all, not even a closing doxology.

A large part of the half hour was spent in embarrassed silence, and much of the leader's exhortation and prayer was mumbled unintelligibly to those present, being evidently uttered only on account of his official obligation to carry on the meeting.

The Boston Young Men's Christian Association, by importunate solicitation, raise thousands of dollars from the community every year to sustain their operations and pay the salaries of their officials; and they do this on the ground, first, of great spiritual service, salvation to the souls of those who follow their counsel, and, next, of subsidiary works of beneficence. Both these classes of achievement are set forth in statistical detail in their annual reports. The question is, how much those statistics are "cooked" or "doctored," by leaving out unsatisfactory facts, and reporting satisfactory ones on insufficient evidence.

For instance: Prayers are offered there, in answer to verbal and written requests for an immense number and variety of things: for the salvation of individual souls, for the restoration of back-sliders, for destruction of the influence of Universalists, Spiritualists, and other persons there classed as "infidels;" for fresh faith and zeal to languid believers, that A. may be prepared to die, that B. may be restored to health, that C. may attend the camp-meeting, that D. may be led to establish family prayer, that E. may realize the danger of trusting to his own works, that F. may be brought down low in the dust before God, that G. may succeed in finding employment, that H. may be prospered in his business, that J. may be led from Nature's darkness into the light of the gospel, that K., L., and M. may this very hour give themselves to Jesus, that N., O., and P. may be fully saved and saved now, &c., &c., &c., &c.

Of the granting of the great majority of these re-

quests there is no evidence whatever, and of many it is perfectly manifest that they are not granted. Yet, not only is the admission never made of the failure of any one of these requests, but whenever any event occurs more or less resembling one of the things asked for, that is immediately paraded as an undoubted answer to prayer, and also as proof that *whatever* is asked in faith will certainly be granted. In short, there is much reason to believe that in the annual reports, and other published documents, as well as in the daily meetings of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, it is customary to suppress or ignore all facts (as well as all ideas) inconsistent with the theories of the group of churches, self-styled "evangelical," to which they belong.

Is it worth while for the community to pay the thousands of dollars annually asked for by this Association without scrutiny into the matters above hinted at? and especially without considering whether souls are saved by a system of operations like the above? and whether people are to be paid for saving them by the use of such means? C. K. W.

A QUESTION TO MR. HEBERLING,

WHO ARGUES THAT "TO TAKE INTEREST ON MONEY IS WRONG."

EDITOR INDEX:—

Suppose that Mr. Heberling, after working hard all his life, found his health so poor that he could work no longer, but, having laid by a little surplus of earnings, invested it so that the interest would just support himself and family, while the principal would not be sufficient to carry them through life without suffering want: under these circumstances, would it be right or wrong for Mr. Heberling to refuse to take the interest? Suppose that the merchant who borrows his money makes a profit of equal amount by his sagacious use of the capital, thus securing enough to support himself and his own family: would it be right or wrong to refuse to take the profit? Will Mr. Heberling please answer through THE INDEX?

Respectfully, CARL H. HORSCH.

DOVER, N. H., Oct. 13, 1873.

JOHN STUART MILL'S ATHEISM.

He seemed to me quite different from any other man I have ever seen. He was in no sense a negationist or a destructive as to the character of his mind; he never approached any person or any dogma with bow and spear; he never sought to make captures. He dealt in affirmations, uttered his truths in a luminous, genial way, and if he offered an opinion fatal to your prejudices, it was as if he offered you the rarest flower from his garden. Such tenderness! There was something pathetic in his treatment even of wrongs, as if there were written in his breast the motto of the Eastern king, "Act as if you watched over an infant." Such humility! "Buddha sat down on the grass, and the grass became a jeweled throne." He took the lowest seat, and published therefrom eternal laws. Never shall I forget the sensation produced here, during the second great canvass in which he stood for Parliament, by his outburst of horror at the image which Mansel had set up as the Christian God, in contending that the highest human morality must be altogether different from the morality of an Infinite Being. "I will," said Mr. Mill (whom I must here quote from memory)—"I will call no being good who is not good in the same sense as I mean when I apply that term to my fellow-men. And if there be any such being, there is one thing which, however powerful, he cannot make me do—he cannot make me worship him. And if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go." This sentence was dragged out at the election, and placarded the walls as a specimen of "Mill's atheism"! Canon Kingsley, preaching at the time in the Chapel Royal, quoted the words, and said, "To my mind these words express the most exalted Christianity." And another said, "The religious world owes a great debt to this man it has distrusted, who, when a blow was aimed at the moral majesty of God, upheld the shield." They who had best studied and pondered Mr. Mill's works—still more they who knew him personally, and could witness his life and conversation—required no such vindications. They would not be at any loss to see in this outbreak of feeling in the midst of a philosophical essay an instance and expression of the depth and strength of its author's religious feeling. And it is probable that if Mr. Mill's intimate friends were one and all asked to-day what they considered the profoundest element in their great friend's character, each would reply: his essential religiousness.—M. D. Conway, in Harper's Magazine.

SOMEbody tells this nice little story of the Sage of Concord. He was one evening discussing, amid a group of admirers, some one of those little questions of philosophy, ethics, and religion with which he is so delightfully at home, when an orthodox young man present ventured to interrupt him with a damaging Scripture text, prefacing it with, "But, Mr. Emerson, Job says"—The sage turned his cold wise eyes on him, and with sublime self-complacency replied, "It is immaterial to me, sir, what Job says." This was doubtless intended for immediate effect upon the gentleman from Andover, rather than as a permanent estimate of the gentleman of Uz.—Golden Age.

IN A REAL property case before a French judge, at an early period of the Revolution, the defendant, whose title was contested, proved that the estate had been in his family for more than two hundred years. "Well," said the judge, "it is now full time for another family to have a turn."

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On August 8, 1872, I contracted for the two best advertising pages of THE INDEX for the current year. "No advertisements objectionable to the editor to be taken." For terms apply to

ASA K. BUTTS, 38 Day St., New York.

No improper advertisements, no advertisements of patent medicines, and no advertisements known to be fraudulent or unjust to any one, will be hereafter admitted into THE INDEX. All advertisements accepted before this date will be allowed to run their time. No cuts admitted.

THE INDEX must not be held responsible for any statement made by advertisers.
FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.
TOLEDO O., June 21, 1873.

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By Francis E. Abbot.

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It contains full proceedings of the meeting, including Essays by Samuel Johnson on "FREEDOM IN RELIGION," and by John Wels on "RELIGION IN FREEDOM." Speeches by O. B. Frothingham, W. C. Gannett, Robert Dale Owen, T. W. Higginson, S. Longfellow, J. S. Thomson, F. E. Abbot, Lucetta Mott, and the Annual Report of the Executive Committee.

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5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformable to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

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Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

THEREFORE, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

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- ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.
- ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.
- ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.
- ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.
- ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

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Boston, Sept. 1, 1873.

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SIR SAMUEL BAKER and wife have returned to England from Africa; but Dr. Livingston seems unable or unwilling to tear himself away from his dark-hued brethren.

AT THE semi-annual meeting of the American Oriental Society, recently held, Prof. Whitney read an elaborate paper on "The Han-lin, or Chinese Academy," which, the essay said, "has an age of many centuries."

PROF. TYNDALL has dedicated the profits of his lecturing tour in this country—some thirteen thousand dollars—to a project for "encouraging and aiding students of science, who devote themselves to original investigation."

MR. EMERSON thinks that Boston will now wish to annex Concord, since that noble old town has established so fine a Public Library. Meaning no disparagement of the Library, we should say that Mr. Emerson himself is the prize that would make annexation desirable.

THE FIRST RADICAL CLUB of Boston, met at the house of Mr. John T. Sargent, Monday A. M., Oct. 30. Rev. John Weiss read a paper on "Portia," which is one of a series that he has recently prepared on "Shakespeare's Women." Among the array of distinguished men and women present were Charles Sumner and Charles Bradlaugh.

THERE IS A "Flower Mission" in this city, which, we believe, originated with Rev. G. L. Chaney's (Unitarian) Society, in Hollis Street. The object of the "Mission" is to distribute flowers to the sick, the poor, the lonely, and suffering. Rides into the country have also been afforded to such as these. This is a noble and humane work, and we heartily wish it good speed.

WE DO NOT know much about finance, our experience with money never having been very extensive; but we venture to hope that chief among the results of the late panic will be the resumption of specie payments. We believe we have no prejudice against bank-bills, but we dislike to think that every one we have is a lie,—promising something it does not pretend to perform.

NEW YORK MINISTERS seem to delight in flourishing the editorial "we." Dr. Bellows is editor of the *Liberal Christian* (and a good one he is, too), Rev. Messrs. Tyng and Hepworth edit the *Working Church*, Mr. Beecher the *Christian Union*, Dr. Talmage the *Christian at Work*, Dr. Deems the *Christian Age*, and Dr. Fulton has a personal organ in the *Christian in the World*.

SOME of the members of the Evangelical Alliance went to see Gen. Grant. After they had arrived in the "Blue Parlor," and before they were introduced, the Dean of Canterbury made a "fervent prayer." They then made speeches, and shook hands all round. When the Indians meet to have "a talk," instead of a prayer they first take a smoke. It is only a difference of customs.

THOSE CATHOLICS who cannot make actual pilgrimages are "allowed" by the Pope to make "spiritual" ones. That is, they stay at home and imagine themselves going to

this or that shrine, and think about the saints, and make prayers. As a cultivation of the imagination this is very good; and if, in addition, it shall make the "spiritual" pilgrims "hate sin and esteem virtue"—as the Archbishop of Dublin says it will—we shall be glad.

M. D. CONWAY, writing from London, says that several English lady artists, failing last year to sell their pictures under their own names, undertook to do so under feigned masculine names, and succeeded. We believe that ladies generally are not unwilling to assume masculine names; nevertheless, in every case where they prefer to keep their own, we deprecate any prejudice which stands in the way of their most deserved success.

THE ARMY CHAPLAIN made the following speech to Captain Jack and his fellow-murderers, just before they were hung: "I have to tell you all, that the great father in Washington has decided that to-morrow you must all die for your sins; and the Great Spirit tells you that, if you repent and show sorrow for the crimes you have committed, you will go to the happy land." Well, if those Indians were fit to go so straight to heaven, on repentance, why were they not fit to live with us poor sinners here? If the Great Spirit finds them worthy to be forgiven, how could we refuse to grant them pardon?

FREE SPEECH is one of the most precious jewels which a republic can cherish. There is no true radical but will always advocate it. Only a coward towards truth and true morality will, under any circumstances, be afraid of it. If any views be false and pernicious, nothing will so soon demonstrate this as unrestricted liberty to utter them. If a reformer advocate a bad cause, the public can be made aware of this in no way so well as by allowing him to appear before it with the free explanation of his aims and methods. With fair play all round, the truth can be trusted to win; if it cannot win with fair play, then it ought not to win at all. Let FREE SPEECH prevail!

"THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE only met together and talked," says the *Independent*; "it made no record of decrees, formulated no doctrine, and even recommended nothing." And yet, says the *Independent*, "such meeting and talking means a great deal. . . . Meeting—it is more than a proclamation, it is a realization, of unity. . . . And talking—it is the only force that moves the world. . . . Henceforth no scoffer, be he Romanist or atheist, can honestly prate of the divisions of Protestantism. Evangelical Protestantism is not an aggregate of segregates; it is a stout oak, vitally one." Very good. And yet the Free Religious Association has often been scoffed at, by Evangelical and other Christians, because its members "only met together and talked." "They believe nothing, they propose nothing, they do nothing, they have no common ground of union," has been said of them, time and again. But, according to the *Independent*, they are amply justified, even if they meet "only to talk," to compare notes, and "recommend nothing." At last, wisdom shall be justified of her children!

THE ADDRESS delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, by its retiring President, J. L. Smith, at the session of that body, in Portland, Me., last August, seems to us, in some respects, to have been anything but a scientific address. Mr. Smith speaks contemptuously of those who "talk of reconciling science and religion, as if they have ever been unreconciled." "Science and religion," he thinks, have "never quarrelled." In the next breath he says: "I firmly believe that there is less connection between science and religion than there is between jurisprudence and astronomy,"—which means that there is none at all. If there is no connection between them, how then are they reconciled? "Religion," he says, "is based upon revelation as given to us in a book," and "is made so plain by the light of faith, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein." Science, he would have us to understand, has only to do with the physical and material; it fails to mind its own business when it interferes with faith; it travels towards truth by a "very different road" from that which religion takes. The existence of God, he says, "reason cannot prove, while it cannot disprove;" yet he thinks that both "religionists and scientists will one day see Him as He is, and they will see Him the sooner by keeping separate roads." It seems to us highly becoming, that Mr. Smith should have been allowed to retire.

The Religious Outlook in America.

OPENING ADDRESS

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM,

At the Convention of the Free Religious Association,
New York, Oct. 14, 1873.

The Free Religious Association presents itself for the first time in New York, but by no means for the first time in the cities of America. Six years of existence entitle it to recognition as one of the organizations that exert an influence on the religious condition of the country. By frequent public conventions, by numerous printed reports, essays, addresses, it has endeavored faithfully to make its purposes and spirit understood. If there are any who do not understand, we trust that these meetings will enlighten them. We trust that all who attend will bear witness to our sincerity of conviction, our directness of aim, our clearness of perception, our generosity of spirit. It will be seen and acknowledged that we are not a company of speculative philosophers debating matters of no immediate or practical concern to mankind, or a band of dreamers anusing ourselves with the contemplation of certain inaccessible castles in Spain, or a clique of sentimentalists who mistake emotions for ideas, and feelings for facts, or a small army of iconoclasts, men without faith themselves, who are bent on destroying the faith of their neighbors—a group of godless "Materialists," "disciples of Voltaire," "followers of Volney or Paine," who, destitute of religion themselves, are anxious that religion should be banished from society. We hope to show that we are practical men, whose aim is to effect reform in the fashions of religion, in order that it may be more intelligently received. We are a religious, not an irreligious, association. We advance no false claims; we make no false pretences; we simply wish that our work should justify itself.

By general admission, the religious question is still foremost in modern society. It is debated in the highest places; it is the concern of empires: the gravest affairs of State hang upon it. It is the question which, at present, agitates Germany, convulses Italy, perplexes France, troubles England, threatens perpetual disturbance in America. It may be said, with entire truth, to lie beneath the political controversies that vex the Old World no less than the New; the social questions that are under debate all involve it, and imply some kind of answer to it. Science keeps it in view; literature betrays a consciousness of it, even in its highest productions; philosophy cannot escape from the consideration of it. More books are written about it still than are written about any other single subject. With the multitudes of people religion is yet the great theme of discussion, the great subject of interest, the great practical concern of life. With the few who are trained and cultivated, it is deeply interesting in the problems it brings forward, and the promises it holds out. No subject, therefore, ought to be more interesting to thoughtful people than the subject I propose to speak on—The Religious Outlook in America.

The religious sentiment of the race finds expression in several great religions, each of which covers a vast region of the planet, and is professed by millions of human beings.

The most primitive worship of all, known as Fetichism, Satanism, Chamanism, the lowest or most literal Nature-worship, is professed by more than 100,000,000. The religion of Zoroaster and Confucius 40,000,000. Brahmanism, the original faith of India 80,000,000. Buddhism, the reformed faith 170,000,000. Mohammedanism 90,000,000. Judaism 4,500,000. The Greek Church 65,000,000. The Roman Church 130,000,000. The sects of Protestantism 60,000,000.

These numbers profess to be approximations merely. They make no pretension to exactness. That is unattainable, except in small and compact sects: hardly in these. But they exhibit the proportionate distributions of belief. By these figures it may be seen that by far the larger part of the human race has not entered within the lines of Christianity. Christianity counts fewer adherents than Buddhism alone, and becomes almost insignificant when compared with all the rest together. None of the primitive cults have disappeared from the stage of history: star-worship survives; pure fetichism endures in Africa, notwithstanding the assaults of Mohammedanism on the one hand and of Christianity on the other. Tribes of men in Arabia, Africa, the islands of the Pacific, still cling to their puerile, grotesque, hideous idols, and annually propitiate them with human sacrifices. The strange incarnations of Brahmanism, its odd practices, its cruel or degrading institutions abide with the people who first cherished them, as masses of ice and snow abide in April in shady coverts, resisting the force of the vernal sun. Wild is the hope that either of these religions will conquer or expel the rest, and exercise sole sway over the modern world. Vain apparently is the expectation that either will so far prevail as to alter materially the proportions they now maintain in regard to one another. Christianity, in spite of the zeal of its missionaries, and the energy of its organizations for spreading its faith, makes no such impression on the outside religious world as to encourage the belief in its own ultimate supremacy. Religion is so much a matter of race and climate that, until these change, religion remains very much the same. And these do not change. Race holds its own, in spite of all. It may shift its dwelling places, may mingle its currents, but its character continues unaffected, and with its character its faith endures.

CHRISTIANITY ONLY TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT.

It is urged that considerations of this kind are out of

place? In discussing the religious outlook in America, no religion but Christianity need be taken into account. Of Nature-worship, either in the lofty form of the ancient star-gazers, or the gross style of adoration paid to obscene beasts and reptiles, there is none. There are multitudes "whose God is their belly," but they are not organized into sects, and the places where they worship are not called temples. The disciples of Zoroaster are too few to count. The followers of the dignified Confucius might all be collected in a small room. Brahmanism is unknown here. Buddhism is confined to seventy thousand or eighty thousand Chinese, for the most part poor, humble strangers, the outscouring of the Celestial Empire. Mohammedanism has no mosque. The cry of the Muezzin is never heard. Judaism builds noble temples in our chief cities, and perpetuates the superb ritual of the Fathers. It is rich, and carries its head aloft in the New World, drawing crowds of curious people by the antique charm of its associations. But Judaism stands on its dignity, is careless of making proselytes, and is content to be a grand anomaly in a generation that seeks ever for new things. She looks for no dominion in the United States, throws down no challenge to her haughty child, but has a grimly serene satisfaction in letting her child see that her eye is not yet dim, nor her natural strength abated. In a survey of the religious field, that grand Oriental form cannot be overlooked; but she is not among the combatants in the arena. The faith that has survived the Middle Ages is not likely to die; having survived the persecutions of Europe, she will hardly perish in the promise of America. But neither can we think she is destined to any supremacy there. Her mission is rather the preservation of a simple, pure theism, amid the fascinating seductions to idolatry which the new ages hold out. Once more she will make her protest against the modern worship of Baal and Ashtar, but she will drop little by little the old Hebrew peculiarities—will lose something every decade of her Oriental costume, and will merge in the great current of rational thought, which is bearing the dividing barriers of faith away. The Greek Church has no power, and apparently no ambition with us. Indeed, its presence would not be known were it not for the occasional visit of a Russian dignitary, whom etiquette requires to worship after the manner of his country.

Religion in America finds expression in the Church of Rome and the sects of Protestantism. According to the Census of 1870, religion in the United States is organized as follows:—

Total population of the United States, 1870.....	38,558,371
Total religious enrollment.....	21,265,062
Total number of churches.....	63,082
<i>Churches. Settings.</i>	
Methodists.....	21,337.....5,528,209
Baptists (all kinds).....	13,962.....4,360,135
Presbyterians.....	7,071.....2,698,244
Roman Catholics.....	3,806.....1,990,514
Congregationalists.....	2,716.....1,117,212
Episcopal Protestant.....	2,601.....981,651
Lutheran.....	2,770.....977,332
Reformed German.....	1,145.....431,700
"Christians".....	2,822.....865,602
United Brethren.....	937.....265,025
Reformed Dutch.....	468.....227,228
Friends.....	682.....224,664
Universalists.....	602.....210,884
Evangelical Associations.....	641.....193,790
Unitarians.....	510.....156,471
Mormons.....	171.....87,838

These figures do not tell the exact truth, nor do they pretend to tell it. The exact truth cannot be discovered; but they claim to be the nearest practicable approach to it. If the sects were as jealous of their efficiency as of their appearance of efficiency, there would be less uneasiness in regard to numbers. Spiritual power does not go with numbers; nor do numbers express it. The bulkiest sect may be the weakest. If size had been a measure of strength, there would never have been any Protestantism at all, for three hundred or four hundred years ago Rome was Christendom in the West.

The only people who have a right to complain of the above estimate are the people who are not mentioned in it: the rationalists, who are for the most part unorganized, but who possess a great force of intellectual power, and wield an extensive influence through literature and social intercourse; and the "Come Outers," as they used to be called, who, as their name imports, have abandoned the churches altogether, and formed associations more or less compact on the basis of mutual service and brotherly love. These cannot be counted, but any estimate of religion in America that omits these is defective. Mormonism makes a loud noise, but is a phenomenon of no moment. Rationalism makes no noise whatever, but exerts a subtle, deep, and mighty influence.

The religious strength of America is shared, then, we may say, among three divisions—the Catholics of the Church of Rome, the Protestant sects, including the Episcopalians at one extreme and the Unitarians at the other, and the Rationalists of all schools. The inquiry, then, limits itself to the question: Which of these, if either, is likely to command the future of religion in the United States? Let us weigh a few general probabilities.

The Church of Rome in America is very strong, and is destined probably to be stronger still. Its numbers increase. Its churches are handsome, its congregations are large, its priests are active, its pastors devoted. It has flourishing seminaries and colleges for men and women, religious houses in abundance, well placed, well endowed, well administered. It watches its opportunities, and improves them with admirable adroitness and courage. It has wealth and authority, the support of a massive though crude public opinion, the advantage of antiquity and traditions of empire.

THE POWER OF ROMANISM.

It is perfectly organized and officered. Romanism is a unit of force, compact and vital. Rome is an empire.

The Church is a dominion, a country, a fatherland. Catholicism is, in fact, in a very literal sense and to a very considerable extent the believer's country, even more so than is the land of his birth. It is conceivable that Romanism should quite destroy the love of country, for it is a distinct power, having worldly means at its command, and continually demanding concessions and privileges from the State. This is less the case here than in Europe, but it is still, to a certain extent, the case here. The Catholic is taught to look to Rome as the source of all his light and life. More than once already we have been made uneasy by the dread of political interference from the Roman hierarchy; indeed, we are perpetually uneasy on that score, and the contingency may come at any moment that will display the formidable power of the religion which has more than once endangered the peace of Europe.

It is now familiar information that the Catholic Church in America has received and does annually receive large endowments from the State. It has been described as the established church of America, a title which, if undeserved now, it is predicted will be deserved at no distant day. And why may not such a prediction come true? Why may not Romanism supplant Protestantism or conquer it piecemeal, reduce the smaller sects to insignificance, and become the prevailing faith of America?

Some will say, Because the Roman Catholic religion is incompatible with republican institutions. But in this there must be some confusion of thought. It can scarcely be said that the Catholic religion as a religion, as a form of faith, is incompatible with republican institutions. Why should it be, any more than the Protestant religion, any more than the Jewish religion, than the religion of theism? Religion as such has nothing to do with political institutions or forms of government. A polytheist may be as good a republican as a monotheist, an idolator as a spiritualist, a pantheist as a theist. Religion expresses the relation of the individual soul to the universal soul. Conceive of that relation as you will, civil affairs remain unaffected. Cannot a republican worship the Virgin, supplicate the saints, consult guardian angels, honor the sacrifice of the mass, confess his sins to a priest, avow the consecrated wafer? Where is the connection between faith in the Roman Church as the Body of Christ, and faith in men's ability to manage their own civil affairs? The Catholic religion inculcates devoutness, humility, gratitude, modesty, meekness, charity, aspiration, saintliness. Are such graces incompatible with republicanism? Must the republican be self-willed, rude, violent, unscrupulous? A republic composed of devout Catholics, men such as the Catholic religion has produced again and again in history, would be such a republic as we must wait long to see; a model republic in which all rule because all serve.

Nor is there force in the objection that Romanism cannot exist in an intellectual community. Were the Catholic communities of Italy, in the palm days of the Church, unintellectual? Were the great Catholics of Florence, Pisa, Padua, Cologne, unintellectual? The greatest universities of the modern world have been Catholic. Some of the greatest minds of the modern world have been Catholic; and then it is assuming a good deal to take for granted the intellectualty of the people of America. Quick-witted they are certainly, swift in apprehension, versatile, sympathetic; but they are fanciful and mercurial, impatient of toil or dullness, easily tired, indisposed to reflection, incapable of severe thought, disinclined to profound, speculative studies, content with superficial impressions, satisfied to let sentiments pass for ideas. They are knowing rather than thoughtful. Hence a liability to be suddenly fascinated, seized, carried away by any strong intellectual force, by a powerfully revived tradition, or a brilliant novelty. Knowledge is the only sufficient safeguard against such surprises, and knowledge is possessed by the very few. It would not be wonderful, therefore, if a religion possessing such singular attractions as the Catholic religion certainly has—in many respects so impressive, in many so winning, in many so beautiful, in many so genial and reasonable—a religion so adroitly administered, so skillfully expounded, so delicately applied—were to steal out of the shadow of its antiquity and carry captive the pleasure-seeking minds and undefended hearts of multitudes. Stranger things have happened. An able English writer remarks: "As the speculation of the age drifts further and further away from the too narrow contents of the ancient formularies, those who cling to those formularies cling to them all the more tightly, and interpret them all the more superstitiously. Twenty years ago you could not have found five hundred men in English orders to petition for auricular confession. To-day we have an eminent dignitary thanking the Almighty that priests by thousands are teaching and preaching it. The old-fashioned moderation of doctrine is changed into enthusiasm and excess, and our age of science is also the age of deepening superstition and sacerdotalism."

For an illustration of this point the prodigious growth of Spiritualism may be cited. Who, twenty years ago, could have supposed that now hundreds of thousands of people would be living on the faith of an intimate conscious connection between the visible and the invisible worlds?

We speak of the spirit of the age as being opposed to the religion of Rome. So it is. The powers of Rome confess it. The Pope himself admits it. But the spirit of this age will not, of necessity, be the spirit of the next. The ages fluctuate like the tides, ebbing and flowing according to uncontrolled laws. Progress moves in circles, not in straight lines. It is subject to action and reaction. A hundred years ago it seemed as if France was destined to be rationalist. Now, it is Catholic again. Then, the great names were Voltaire and Rousseau; now those names are rarely spoken.

The tendency of the age toward materialism, love of the things of this life, the making of money, outward show, luxury, pleasure, is no more inconsistent with Romanism than with Protestantism. It is inconsistent with all spiritual religion, and is sure to be followed, if pushed too far, by powerful reactions which swing men far backward. Why not as far as to Rome? What are we witnessing now in France but a tremendous revival of the Catholic religion, under the same impulse precisely that produces revivals of Protestant religion? The Romish priests watch their opportunity as closely as the Protestant pastors watch theirs, and like causes produce like effects.

ROMANISM ANTAGONISTIC TO THE REPUBLIC.

Why, then, may not Romanism ultimately become the religion of the American people? For several reasons, these among others:—

1. In the first place, having once held all but supreme sway in Christendom, it lost it three hundred years ago, and has never been able to regain it even in its own subject lands. No power ever succeeds in ruling the globe twice.

2. In the next place, Rome is not a religion so much as an empire, a dominion, a State. The head of the Church is the king of kings; his subordinates are princes; the members are subjects; the cardinals are statesmen; the priests are politicians. Rome claims authority to rule in temporal affairs, to control the education of the people. She treats with foreign States on terms of equality, as their peer, even their superior; would share their counsels, dictate their policy. Her passion for supremacy is boundless. She is imperial. By a fatal instinct her sympathies are with monarchies. A fatal logic leads her to strengthen her centre more and more, and to make all power converge thither. When she does not rule, she declares herself persecuted. It is easy to see that such a pretension is wholly incompatible with republicanism. Republicanism means self-reliance, self-assertion, the kingship and priesthood of the individual, common education, equality of privilege, self-government, liberty of conscience, freedom of belief and worship, the Church independent of the State. Against all these things Rome, as a power, protests. Republicanism is utterly irreconcilable with a State Church—a Church that claims the right to interfere with public affairs, or demands support from the secular arm. In a republic, religion must confine itself to spiritualities. In a word, it must be purely and simply religion.

I am well aware that the alleged necessary complicity of Rome with despotism is denied, and on high authority. It is asserted that the alliance between Catholicism and tyranny is an accident arising out of the peculiar circumstances of European politics. Catholicism, it is declared, simply loves order, and is quite indifferent whether it finds order under a monarchy or under a republic. In Europe, republicanism means socialism and anarchy, which the Church detests. In America, it means no such thing. In America, it is associated with obedience to social rules and respect for institutions. In America, therefore, the old traditional connection, being serviceable no longer, is disregarded. The Romanist is sincerely a republican—loves the republic, and never wishes to change it. This may be true, but we in America have not discovered it. It is a simple fact that republicans in America do dread the Catholic Church, and not without cause.

But what guarantee have we that the republic will endure in America? All the guarantee it is possible that men should have. The devoted attachment of the universal people to republican institutions; an attachment not shown in Fourth of July orations, but in the fearful sacrifices of the most terrible civil war on record, in an expenditure of treasure and life almost fabulous to consider; in a watchful jealousy of its rulers which runs to unreasonable lengths of suspicion; in a morbid dread of Caesarism; in a hatred of assumption, a detestation of monopoly, a self-assertion of the common people, an ambition on the part of the toilers, an aspiration on the part of women that makes all thought of monarchy no less than ridiculous. The monarchists in sentiment among us are of no account whatever, have no influence whatever, and never can have any, for they belong to the *dilettante* portion of the community, the show portion who would be too idle to exert influence, if they were not too weak. Republicanism decline in the United States! You might as well talk of its spread in Persia! Hitherto, Rome has appeared chiefly as a religion in the United States, and her aspect is alluring. Let her show herself as a dominion, and she will look a monster. And as a dominion, she must show herself a dominion spiritual, if not temporal. Catholicism, if not an empire, is a church. Romanism is a religion of authority. The liberty she grants is liberty to profess the true religion, which is her own. She professes to hold lawful dominion over souls—to hold the keys of the kingdom, to dispense the grace of God. The pretension is inconsistent, with that rational freedom of thought, that full emancipation of intellect, which republicanism demands in her adherents. A free State without a free mind is a thing inconceivable. Free education, free judiciary, free press, free criticism of institutions, free modification of social usages in accordance with enlightened or altered convictions, suppose a reason emancipated from control of authority. And this the Romanist cannot allow; he claims authority over conscience; but as conscience enters into everything, his authority extends to everything, and the sway that calls itself spiritual insensibly is extended over temporal affairs.

3. But there is still another reason why Romanism cannot be the religion of America. It is the religion of a race, and America is the land of many races. The Latin races, as they are called, are Catholic—the Italians, Spaniards, French. The Celts are Catholic always, without a significant exception. The English

are Protestant. The mighty Germanic race which is coming up, which has made such prodigious strides in the last ten years, and is destined to rule in the immediate future, is Protestant. Rome can no more rule St. Petersburg than St. Petersburg can rule Rome. That England should ever become Catholic is an impossibility. Her conversion, could it be effected, would be nominal merely. Beneath the surface, the people would be Protestant. Fancy England submitting to the Pope!

The strength of Rome in America lies in the descendants of the Latin ancestors and the number of the Celtic populations. Its ranks were enormously swelled by the annexation of New Mexico; but that cannot be done again. Its hope is in the Irish emigration; but that is already matched by the German, and will soon be surpassed.

DIVISIONS OF PROTESTANTISM.

Dismissing, then, the claims of Romanism, the claims of Protestantism present themselves—meaning by Protestantism the actually organized sects. They need not detain us long. Protestantism is a group of sects, some of them very powerful, some of them very weak; but the strongest unable to annihilate, conquer, or absorb the weakest. Their proportions do not materially change from generation to generation. Of course, they make reprisals one on another, a few scores of people go annually from one camp into the opposite; but neither camp experiences any considerable difference from the defections or acquisitions. For the most part it is merely a change of uniform, the adoption of a new button. Of interior conversion there is little. The Methodist calls himself a Unitarian, but is a Methodist still. The Unitarian joins the Episcopal Church, but remains, except as to a few externals, as good a Unitarian as he was before. He holds the same creed, but lays emphasis on a different word. The born Calvinist will still be a Calvinist in spite of his passing over to the Liberal ranks. "Blood is stronger than water." The sects describe classes of mind, and have as many sincere members as they have sympathetic natures. The flaming-hearted are Evangelical; the cool, proper, moralizing are Unitarians; the sentimental are Universalists; the formal are Episcopalians; the theological are Presbyterians. It is quite out of the question that the emotional people should carry the day over all the rest; that the formalists should gather the vast multitude into their communion. The rational will always be the few. The sects grow as the population grows. They preserve their relative proportions because the population preserves its relative proportions. But no one can dream for a moment of Methodism or Congregationalism as the destined religion of America.

But why may not the sects combine in an alliance, offensive and defensive, and so throw their united power against their adversaries? Why should they not drop non-essentials and fall back on essentials? Why should they not accept the differences of uniform, but affirm the substance of doctrine? And is not this precisely what they are doing—seeking unity, breaking down barriers, obliterating dividing lines, shaking hands across the bloody gulf? What is the meaning of the Christian Unions but this? What, if not this, is the significance of the Evangelical Alliance? But how many can they combine, and how sincere is the combination? The union does not embrace all Protestants. The famous Alliance which has been more than twenty-five years a-forming, is still a very imperfect league, chiefly among Methodists and Presbyterians. Great sects like the Episcopalians, Baptists, Campbellites, Christians, are represented partially, if at all. The Moravians have more than their share. The Mennonites do not come in. The Swedenborgians do not participate. The Universalists and Unitarians are excluded. The Friends are uninvited. The show is imposing but illusive. The same troops reappear again and again, as on the stage of a theatre. The Hindu, with his bronze face and his white turban, is a Scotch Presbyterian in disguise. The diversity is not brought in and reconciled; it is left out.

In abolishing sectarianism, Protestantism abolishes its peculiarity; heretofore it has lived and flourished on its diversities. The jarring of its parties has been its life; the incessant ferment, the fever of controversy, the zeal for doctrine, the enthusiasm of faith, the missionary spirit with its peril, the theological hates of rivalries, the alternating paroxysms of fear and hope, kept up the energies of the Protestant world. They were Protestants; discourage all that, rebuke it, allow the theological fervor to cool, bid controversy cease, change the polemics into ironics, and what remains? The experience of sin and grace, the mystical union of the soul with its Redeemer, which substitutes sentiment for idea, heart for head, and converts the grand army of reformers into a band of mystics.

DECLINE OF PROTESTANTISM CONFESSED.

The Evangelical Alliance, partial as it was, dared not enunciate the Evangelical creed. It began by doing that, but made no point of it since the commencement of its existence. The proposition to do so would lead to endless discussion, which would break up the body. No definition of terms could be agreed on. Every article would be a hidden rock on which the ship might go to pieces. It was proposed to adopt the Nicene creed, but how many Protestants could fervently recite it? The only creed recited was the Apostles' creed, which may mean much or nothing. One member of the Conference gravely asked wherein lay the difficulty of reconciling Darwinism with Christianity, and then suggested that the unity should be enlarged by admitting all who were willing to accept the test of Jesus—love of God and love of men. But under such modifications Protestantism dies; for Protestantism is a doctrine, and if the doctrine is given up, Protestantism, as a power, is ended;

its triumph, under these circumstances, would not be the triumph of Protestantism at all, but of something very different. It would be the triumph of intellectual liberty. Calvin, Luther, Wesley will be mere names, no more. The truth is, Protestantism is not a unit, either in doctrine or organization. It is a unit only in sentiment. But the religion of America must be intellectual. Its basis must be thought. If the thought crumbles, the building falls. The Evangelical Alliance is a confession that Protestantism is declining; that its foes—Romanism on the one hand and Rationalism on the other—are pressing it hard, and that special effort must be made to meet them. That is a confession of weakness. A more signal confession is this, that when the tribes assemble they are told to disarm; that they shall best conquer the enemy by throwing down their weapons, and resorting to exhortation and prayer. If the Alliance had rung out a trumpet call like Luther's, had boldly proclaimed its ancient faith, had emblazoned on its banner the stern confession of the Fathers, had reaffirmed the cardinal ideas of its theology, had vindicated them in the light of science and philosophy, had claimed their harmony with the wants of humanity and the needs of the hour, had shown or tried to show their indispensableness to human society, had rallied its lukewarm confederates to the flag of the old gospel, it would have at least evinced courage if not wisdom. In declining to do this, in putting forth cloudy generalities in place of sharp dogmas, it admitted its feebleness, and fell in with the most fatal tendency it has to contend against—the tendency to drop theology altogether, and in its place substitute feeling. When it comes to that, the feeling of the natural man will carry the day over the feelings of the "Evangelical" man. And the result will be a gospel of kindness, a religion of humanity, natural philanthropy, social reform, social science, the deification of charity, the worship of culture, reports instead of liturgies, politics in place of prayers. The hopeless decline of the theological spirit shows that the future is not for Protestantism, at least as organized at present.

It were folly to affirm that Protestantism has run its course, lived through its period of usefulness, and must henceforth visibly decline. It has by no means finished its course; its period of usefulness is not ended; its decline is far off. Protestantism is rich and influential; its churches are numerous, its constituencies large, its sects ambitious, its preachers eloquent, its appliances admirable, its traditions noble, its aims high, its hopes confident. But the future is long; the country grows fast; the American mind is elastic, and it would be foolishness to overlook the forces that are working against it. Both Romanism and Protestantism have done glorious work, and will do much more before they are dismissed to their reward. But the work that religion requires to be done in America we cannot believe will be done by either of them.

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS PECULIARITIES.

Religion in America embraces a vast number of people who are neither Romanists nor Protestants, nor Christians of any defined name, but who, in business, politics, society, literature, journalism, represent the intellectual force of the American mind. First of all must be mentioned the Spiritualists. Spiritualism is rapidly becoming a distinct form of religion. It is not all of a piece. There are different schools of it—a school of Necromancy and a school that is devoted to Truth. It has different philosophies—a philosophy of instinct, which legitimates passion, sanctifies appetite, and encourages the low kind of individualism that seeks development through the generous indulgence of what it calls nature; and a philosophy of faith which lays great stress on the moral and spiritual intuitions, and indulges the brightest hopes for man, on the ground of culture and charity. The lower school, though loud and vehement, is rapidly sinking in esteem, and declining in influence. The higher is gaining in strength and in dignity. The older Spiritualism grows the calmer, the more intellectual it becomes, the clearer its view, the loftier its range of aspirations. As scholars, thinkers, teachers, come to profess it, it takes on a noble character, and exerts a wide influence through the upper classes of society statistics. Its existence as a fact in the religious world, and a fact of vast moment, is unquestionable. In his private journal of the year 1866, Theodore Parker, an impartial and keen observer of the signs of the times, wrote: "It seems now more likely that Spiritualism will become the religion of America than in 156 it did that Christianity would become the religion of the Roman Empire, or in 856 that Mohammedanism would be that of the Arabian populations. 1. It has more evidence for its wonders than any historic form of religion hitherto. 2. It is throughout democratic, with no hierarchy, but inspiration open to all. 3. It does not claim to be a finality; it is not a *punctum stans*, but a *punctum fluens*. 4. It admits all the truths of morality and religion in all the world's sects."

That is strong testimony from one who was not himself technically a Spiritualist. By the truths of religion and morality, Parker meant the essential truths, the divine rule of the world, the immortal development of man, the supremacy of moral law, and the moral oneness of the human race. That prophecy was made nearly twenty years ago. Mark what twenty years have done toward its fulfillment.

Now, Spiritualism has nothing in common with either Romanism or Protestantism, in any recognized form. The Christian theology it rejects entirely, whether its doctrines be taken as a system, or singly, one by one. The scheme of salvation it has no concern with; the drama of redemption it never attends. It has a horror of priests and priestcraft; the idea of a church as a depository of the divine life and the source of inspiration is utterly foreign to its modes of

thought. It discards the authority of the Bible, sinks the claims of Jesus to the level of plain humanity, is indifferent to the accepted version of Christian history, distrusts the records of ecclesiastical pens, believes in development as opposed to fall, in progress as opposed to conversion, in character as opposed to regeneration, in human sufficiency as against human depravity, in natural goodness as against supernatural grace, in universal reason as against partial inspiration, in ultimate beatitude for all as against ultimate beatitude for a few. In a word, it takes a new departure and follows a new path toward a new goal.

And this it does necessarily in obedience to its first principle, in accordance with its inevitable logic. This it does for all who receive it, whether they have left the churches or not, by whatever names they still call themselves, whatever they may still persist in thinking themselves. This it does within the bosom of Christian communions innumerable.

For the peculiarity of Spiritualism is that it has broken down the wall of separation between this world and the next. In so doing it has made both worlds cordially one; it has called into view one spiritual universe; it has revealed the fact that peace between earth and heaven, the mortal and the immortal, the human and the divine, the creature and the Creator, the sinner and the saint, is not something to be effected, but something already made, something established in the constitution of things, established from the beginning. This revelation revolutionizes religious faith, effects a complete transformation in the character of religious ideas—in fact, makes religion in every sense a new thing. Religion hitherto has been and still is regarded as a device for reconciling the here and the hereafter—for making communication between heaven and earth possible. Now, the first word spoken by Spiritualism declares that the unity never was broken, and consequently that all devices for restoring it may be dropped as unnecessary. The priest is an impertinence; the Church is an institution without an object; the Bible is a noble collection of human literature, not the record of a special revelation; creeds and confessions take their place with other party manifestoes. Mediation of every kind is dispensed with, summarily, as being outworn machinery that cumbars the engine-room.

SPIRITUALISM OUTSIDE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Thus Spiritualism is not another form of Christianity. It is another thing. It has nothing in common with Christianity. It has no connection with it. The two systems do not understand one another. They may seem to co-exist in the minds of many unsuspecting people who are church members, and they fancy perhaps, all the devout church members for the new and beautiful faith they cherish, but the intrinsic incompatibility of the two schemes becomes manifest the moment account is made of the mind's contents. Spiritualism is perpetually taking people out of the churches. We do not hear of its bringing any in. It has already demoralized orthodox Protestantism beyond repair. If it has exerted less effect on Romanism, it is merely because Romanism does allow intercourse between this world and the other, and therefore seems to grant all that Spiritualists desire; namely, evidence of personal immortality. But when it is understood, as it must be soon and ought to be immediately, that Romanism does not grant in any degree what Spiritualists desire; that it concedes no cordial sympathy between the two worlds, but leaves the moral gulf between them as wide as ever, and as hopeless of overcoming except by the Mediator's help; when it comes to be felt that the intercourse Rome allows is an intercourse purely of condescension, patronage, pity, and grace—a privilege accorded to the saints below by the saints above—that the wall is not broken down, but overlapped by the celestial angels for certain ecclesiastical purposes,—Spiritualism will effect the same demoralization in the religion of the Romanist that it has effected in the religion of the Protestant.

Spiritualism lets the soul of man out of a cage. The freed bird, unaccustomed by long confinement to the use of its wings, flutters feebly at first, and perhaps drops helpless to the ground. The air and space bewilder it; but the wings in a little time will recover their strength, and then the creature will revel in the width that appeals it, and fly toward the sun it fears.

POWERS IN LEAGUE WITH SPIRITUALISM.

In unavowed league with the general purpose and drift of Spiritualism are other powers less conscious of their mission, less compact in their array, but in their tendency no less significant, to which a word must be given.

The first in importance is literature, which, in its different forms, gives expression to the mind of the age. Whether literature be the power it is reputed to be, we need not undertake to judge; but as a demonstration of the actually existing state of thought it is of vast significance. It is a popular confession of faith which, if it could be interpreted, as of course it cannot be clearly, would be decisive of the people's faith. One thing literature attests by its very existence, and that is faith in the capacity of the human mind. Where this faith does not exist, literature is impossible. There have been ages when there was no literature, when no books were written but books of piety, which constitute a small department of literature, but which taken by themselves would not deserve the name. Literature in the modern sense of the term is not a Christian product. The revival of letters was Greek and Roman, not Catholic or Protestant. The models of literature are pagan; the spirit of literature is pagan. Its soul is the soul of liberty. In an atmosphere that is not of liberty it cannot breathe. Literature brooks no restriction, endures no dictation, resents the inspection of authority, demands the right to print and speak its full thought.

This faith in the natural human mind assumes the

validity of the mind's passport to all the realms of thought. Literature acknowledges no privileged classes, admits no specially inspired books, disregards the warning high boards that are set up over the gates of theological systems, but walks with bold step in the ways which faith alone once trod.

Is it any marvel, then, that both Romanism and Protestantism contemplate with no great favor the increasing dominion of literature? It certainly is not on their side, and the essential spirit of it is in antagonism with theirs. Literature bears no distinctively religious character; it merely reflects the minds that make it. If they are religious, it is; if they are unreligious, so is it. But whether religious, unreligious, or irreligious, it asserts its own validity as a product of the human mind. If unreligious, it makes no apology; if irreligious, it goes into no humiliation; if religious, it accepts no bonds and confesses no allegiance. That literature has departed from Orthodoxy is evident. Its faith is in freedom. Above all it dislikes tradition. Its laws are not clerical or priestly. No doubt certain great beliefs underlie all literature properly so called. It may not be easy to say what they are; but it is easy to say what they are not. They are not beliefs in special revelations that put it in a subordinate position, in the depravity of the natural heart, or the inadequacy of the natural reason, or the less than worthlessness of the sentiment, fancy, imagination, inventiveness, which are the staple of its own resources. It does not believe in the fact of a fall or the need of a regeneration. Its sympathies are entirely with that species of philosophy which eulogizes mankind, takes it as it is, and believes that all this in it is worth coming out. It is well enough to talk as Dr. Simpson of Derby did before the Evangelical Alliance of the importance of converting literature into an instrumentality for promoting the Gospel; but literature itself is a stubborn protest against such conversion. Literature is at present the more tremendous fact of the two, and if either is to be converted by the other, it is the Gospel that is likely to be converted to literature; and in a singular fashion, too, if such books as "Gates Ajar" and the "Prince of the House of David" are samples.

Were literature simply to voice the gospel it would lose its character as literature, for its voices are multitudinous. Technically, Dickens was not a Christian, Thackeray was not a Christian, though both were great lights in literature. If Dr. Simpson's prayer were granted, literature would be forced to abandon the only principle that gives it existence; namely, faith in the human mind, that principle which is the ground of a philosophy, and the substance of a faith at the same time. To destroy it would be to destroy the central belief of the modern world, a belief that has hardly yet begun its course. That literature is not, in many respects, what it is desirable it should be, is owing to the condition in which the human mind at present is. But that condition will be improved only when the faith in it becomes nobler; certainly not when it declines altogether. The contribution that literature makes to the religion of the future may be small enough; but it at all events makes this one in book, magazine, newspaper, work of history, work of philosophy, work of fiction, in poem, essay, letter, which the reading world devours.

SCIENCE AND THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

Another factor in the religion of the future is science. Not that the results of scientific investigation are yet widely diffused or firmly established; not that scientific doctrines are popularly received, or scientific books generally studied—scientific men wish they were—not that the professed teachers of science are so numerous, or so highly revered. Science is as yet in its infancy, and has no system to put forward as distinctively its own. Scientific men disagree among themselves, and dispute among themselves, as vehemently as the unscientific do. There is no church or creed of science, but there is a feeling abroad that the method of science is the true method, and it is felt that the method of science is opposed to the method of theology; that while theology starts with the assumption of truth, science seeks truth in the region of fact; and from this feeling arises an uneasy spirit of scepticism which makes people who know nothing about science distrustful of religion. The scepticism is in the air, an intangible thing, many-colored, many-shaped, but for that very reason all the more pervading and powerful. Science prevails thus far rather by the apprehension it causes than by the blow it strikes.

Science by its method is directly opposed to theology. Its primary assumptions are fatal to theology's usual pretensions. The "Christian" theology starts with the position that Nature is crooked, distorted, evil. Science starts with the position that Nature is the solid work of truth, and must be studied in order to find truth. The Protestant theology lays down with emphasis that the mind that studies Nature is not an adequate organ. Science lays down with equal emphasis that the mind which studies Nature is a perfect organ, the appointed organ—in fact, the only organ conceivable. On these very opposite foundations similar structures cannot be built. The religion of science must be a very different thing from the religion of either Romanism or Protestantism.

Then outside of Spiritualism, outside of literature, outside of science, is an immense mass of active mind, wholly unorganized as yet, which is groping about after faith, but not groping in the direction of professed Christianity, groping rather in every other direction, in order to avoid that. It may not be religious, but certainly it is not Christian, and it is not conceivable that anything short of a convulsion of Nature will make it so. It proposes the wildest vagaries of faith, but its effort is to reconcile the facts of the world with faith of any kind. It is loosely fancied that Christendom, with its various communications, covers modern society. But not two-thirds of

the people of the United States profess any religion whatever. And of these two-thirds a very large proportion is composed of people who merely profess, who, for one or another reason, call themselves by a religious name, but are at heart of no creed and no character. If Christendom were sifted, and only wheat gathered into the barns, it would be very apparent that whatever the religion of America might be, it was not that.

CONCLUSION.

The religious outlook in America is therefore uncertain and dim; but from what has been said, a few points may be presented as clear:—

1. Religion in America will be neither Romanist nor Protestant. It will not be "Christian" in any recognized sense of the term.
2. The religion of America will be scientific—that is, will rest on a foundation of solid fact, not on a foundation of tradition.
3. Religion in America will be unsectarian, undogmatical, unecclasiastical; not a matter of denomination or party any more, but a matter of free opinion, vindicating itself by its intrinsic worth.
4. Religion in America will be practical, not merely in the ordinary sense of doing good, but in the grander sense of being humane, being a part of human society, a constituent element in the community's daily welfare.

5. Again, and above all, religion in America will be free. Its spirit will be the spirit of liberty. It will consecrate the human mind to its high uses of discovering the truth, and will count as fellow-workers all truth-seekers, in any and every field—literary, scientific, philosophical—careless how they call themselves, incurious as to what name they are baptized in; admitting, welcoming, claiming the utmost liberty of discussion and definition; knowing no distinction of persons, professions, or races; hospitable to Greek, Roman, Persian, Hindu, Mussulman, Jew; hospitable also to the professors of no faith whatever, only asking that the mind shall be set toward what is sincerely regarded as true. This spirit of liberty will be in the new religion what the spirit of faith was in the old. Liberty is the very soul of religion. Religion is liberty, the freedom of the soul, the mind's emancipation from narrow thoughts. It is a help toward this condition of liberty that the Free Religious Association has been organized. It illustrates the liberty as well as it can; it institutes it as well as it is able.

That man will be less religious as he grows older I cannot believe. That he will be less religious under liberty seems to my mind impossible. As the human mind enlarges, its ideas multiply and expand, its hopes gain in grandeur, its vision becomes transcendent. Knowledge broadens the world, intelligence reveals the laws by which it is conducted, culture extends the relationships of being and multiplies the bonds of sympathy. The better creation is understood, the clearer its divinity is recognized, the more faithfully is its order venerated, the more profoundly are its beauty and goodness adored. The perfectly free, that is, the perfectly enlightened, the perfectly normal man will worship in a temple of thought as much grander than St. Peter's, as St. Peter's is grander than a Methodist chapel. He will lift up an aspiration that makes the Litany of the Church seem cold and broken. He will bend before a Deity as much superior to that of Christendom, as that is to a Pacific Islander's idol. The larger the mind, the larger the Deity, the sweeter the hope. The poet said: "An honest man's the noblest work of God." The philosopher replies: "An honest God's the noblest work of man." Give us, then, the honest man, and we will have the honest Deity. Give us the man of integrity, the whole man round and complete, and his worship will also be full and adequate, a worship as glorious in spirit as it is clear in truth.—*New York Tribune*.

THE FACT is that scientific education, as the phrase is usually employed, has been rather overdone than neglected; we do not mean in colleges simply, but in society at large. We have been devoting ourselves too much to the extraction of comfort from natural laws to the neglect of our social relations; and the consequence has been a decline in the art of government, which begins already to inflict paralysis on our material industry. Scientists are very valuable, but they are neither jurists nor administrators; and jurists and administrators are not made by laboratories or museums, but by the diligent study of man, both past and present. Far from occupying themselves too much with what "dead men" have said and done, colleges do not, in our opinion, occupy themselves nearly enough. If they do not manage to put our young men more thoroughly in possession of the efforts, failures, and successes of our forefathers, in all fields of human activity, we shall find our scientific achievements at the present day taking more and more of the character of Dead Sea fruit, and shall ourselves more and more sink into the position of well-fed operatives, superintended and paid by luxurious sharpers. It is well to know how the orbit of the planets was discovered, how the binomial theorem was worked out, and how the constitution of the sun was revealed; but all this is useless, or will prove so before long, unless we know also by what struggles and devices and labors we, "the heirs of all the ages," have come to be what we are; by what arts nations have been built up and maintained; by what passions, and hopes, and fears, and aspirations, and temptations the generations that have gone before us have been sustained or harassed in their brief march through the sunlight.—*Nation*.

THE DEATH of John Stuart Mill brings up the anecdote of the Philadelphia publisher who advertised certain new books, as follows: "Mill on Political Economy; Ditto on the Floss."

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by
P. E. ANNOT, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at
Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A NATIONALISTIC STORY

OF
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXIV. (Concluded.)

For the space of about twenty-four hours it seemed dubious whether the *Porcupine* would survive the bereavement; or, in the words of Mr. Brough, "whether the d-d animal was worth his keep." There was a great deal of talk about "rallying round Jim" on the part of the artists and contributors—which they certainly did at Crook and Duff's—an inquiry into existing liabilities, which only amounted to three hundred dollars, and a consultation with Dr. Ritchings; who, engrossed in the *Pepperpot*, would have nothing to do with the *Porcupine*, but thought it might be made to pay, if properly conducted. Ultimately, in a sort of jovial desperation, Mr. Brough resolved on continuing it, at his own risk, and announced that intention in a ten-minute speech to as many gentlemen as could crowd into the office, the rest standing on the stairs, and all cheering vociferously towards the conclusion. Forthwith a reduced scale of prices for articles and drawings was agreed upon, a new and much larger office taken, and a sub-editor installed therein; which personage, both on account of his idiosyncrasies and manner of conducting the paper, merits a special and particular description.

He was an Englishman of whom there existed a curious tradition in the ranks of New York journalism; namely, that he had involuntarily set Mr. Dickens for the portrait of Wilkins Micawber, or rather supplied the raw material for that immortal character; which belief his appearance, antecedents, and personal peculiarities seemed in many respects to justify; though we always declared (and, as Mr. Forster's biography has since informed us, at least half truthfully) that the novelist had drawn upon his own family, and though it was evident, if the presumption were founded in fact, that the wonderful humanity and mirthfulness of our great storyteller had so refined upon his model as to render the character as original a creation as it is irresistible. For Mr. Bowles (people said he had altered his name to that, from Bowells, for personal reasons) was, emphatically, a bad version of his illustrious prototype. But the reader shall, generally, be left to make his own comparison.

Mr. Bowles, then, was a corpulent, burly man of fifty, with an oval head, bald in the fore part, and fleshy about the double chin and jaw; he ordinarily carried it in advance of his body, and slightly bowed, as if in jocular propitiation of everybody. His countenance was not prepossessing, being too large, too red, and decidedly vulgar, besides expressive of assurance and cunning, overlaid with oily familiarity. It looked treacherous, also, and as if it might easily become truculent whenever he wanted to bully you. His speech possessed a kind of oratorical unctuousness, which, taken in conjunction with his extreme volubility, and a trick he had of becoming very confidential on small or no provocation, was certainly suggestive of the friend and companion of the youth of David Copperfield. Then he was dirty—decidedly so—and shabby, and loved punch—indeed, all kinds of fermented liquors. His habits and characteristics, however, afforded still stronger points of distorted resemblance.

For instance, he had a perfect mania for writing letters, even to people in the same room—to Mr. Brough on the other side of the table—for no adequate reason, and requiring no reply. That gentleman also deposed that on visiting Mr. Bowles, one Sunday afternoon, at Brooklyn, he had discovered that his domestic economy was of an eminently Micawberish description. He found his sub-editor in a genteel undress of jacket and trousers (but no shirt), at work amid an extraordinary litter of defunct periodicals with which he had been connected, in an otherwise almost totally unfurnished back-parlor, while Mrs. Bowles was frying steak in a warming-pan, and her baby lay encradled in a coal-scuttle. Being pressed to stay and dine, Mr. Brough likewise remarked that his host used a razor for the purpose of carving, drank porter out of a hyacinth-glass, and subsequently compounded a very excellent bowl of whiskey-punch in a soup-tureen, over which he became vastly chatty, convivial, and amusing, firing off a great many puns, good, bad, and atrocious, telling stories, scandalizing his friends and acquaintances, and perpetually rallying Mrs. Bowles—who unquestionably reminded the guest of the inestimable woman who, in spite of misfortune, would "never desert Mr. Micawber." It appeared, too, that she was related to a deceased poet-laureate, which seemed to suggest an additional meaning to the allusions to "her family." Altogether, there existed quite enough facts to make out a case; the pity was that the male characters were not more identical.

For, engaged upon the *Porcupine*, and virtually obtaining the control of it, in consequence of Mr. Brough's infrequent attendance, Mr. Bowles soon proved himself the shiftest of mortals, the artfullest of artful dodgers, the trickiest, most unscrupulous, and most impracticable of debtors. He never paid anybody as long as he could avoid it, and then only in part, resorting to all kinds of devices, schemes, and stratagems to stave off creditors. At first, like a skillful general, he availed himself of existing circumstances; "Mr. Woodruff's departure had left things at sixes and sevens—he really didn't know how the paper stood—gentlemen must give him time

—would they be kind enough to hand in their accounts?"—which they did, again and again; their perseverance in that respect being only eclipsed by his own in neglecting them. Such documents always had an unfortunate tendency to get lost while in Mr. Bowles' possession. This pretext he actually extended over many weeks, before taking refuge in others. Then all settlements required the editor's signature—when he was out of the way. Then advertisers and newspaper agents were behindhand with their payments; and he appealed to your gentlemanly feeling and regard for Brough—"the best fellow in the world, you know, but bothered to death with that d-d theatre, but he'll come out of it all right yet!"—not to press your demand. His feints and expedients in avoidance of dues were extraordinary, and apparently inexhaustible. If he could not talk a creditor over, or browbeat him, or joke or "chaff" him out of his purpose—and he was, by turns, friendly, important, or insulting, as the emergency seemed to require—he would promise *ad infinitum*, make and break no end of appointments, being always ready with some new excuse or palliation; or ask you out to drink and, suddenly seeing a friend in the street or bar-room, dart away and so escape for that time. He had been known to get rid of an importunate contributor by giving him an order on a perfect stranger, in no pecuniary relations whatever to the *Porcupine*, or an hypothetical news agent; to leave another in the office, "while he stepped out and got a bill cashed," and, of course, didn't return; to "do" a third by pretending to collect a bill at a shop and decamping by its back door, the victim meanwhile cooling his heels in the street. There never was such an old rogue, such an inveterate, unmitigated, incurable, dyed-in-the-grain old humbug and impostor. When detected, he made a joke of everything.

It soon became evident that his ruling idea was to take care of Tom Bowles—to get as much as he could out of the *Porcupine* for himself and his family. (He had a large one—another point of resemblance to Mr. Micawber.) This he contrived to do with positively superfluous ingenuity; for, as it is said that a man may go to heaven with half the pains which it costs him to purchase hell, so half the ability which old Bowles expended in indirect tricks and devices would certainly have sufficed to procure him an honorable maintenance—but he liked stratagem for its own sake. Lacking contributions, which naturally fell off under his management, he "wrote up" two-thirds of the paper himself, inserted anything that was sent in gratuitously, or supplied what was wanting from the deceased comic journals which Mr. Brough had seen at Brooklyn, altering and adapting his thefts to suit modern occasions. Also, he revamped celebrated jokes by Charles Lamb, Sydney Smith, and Hood, damaged their points, and attributed them to prominent New Yorkers. What sort of a paper the *Porcupine* presently became under such editorship, the reader may imagine. Mr. Bowles' style of composition was windy and verbose in the extreme—to use a slangy but expressive epithet, "baggy." Having really little or nothing to say, he wobbled into endless digressions, wretched, inevitable puns, cumbrous familiarities, old stories and Joe Millerisms, which he repeated again and again, *ad nauseam*. When he wished to be forcible, he was simply blackguardly and abusive—and, by the way, devoted much of this kind of writing to the late Mr. Charles Dickens, whom he not only traduced and maligned through a score of obscure publications, but also slandered indirectly after his death. Finally—and herein lay the secret of his peculiar mode of subsistence—in almost all that he produced he contrived to insert numerous puffs and advertisements of New York tradesmen and shopkeepers; *always obtaining an equivalent from them, either in money or in kind*. He would call in at the stores of his victims, brag about the *Porcupine's* prosperity and influence, exhibit his "notices," and depart in triumph with a hat, a new pair of boots, a leg of mutton, or a load of coals or potatoes, for Brooklyn. It was said that he had clothed his eldest boy (perhaps the original of Wilkins Junior) from head to foot, by means of a copy of verses coaxed out of Golding, when drunk, at Mataran's, and subsequently discharged the bill for dinner by a dexterous puff of the restaurant, conveyed in the words to a cut of Dick Sabin's. Also, that he had raised a loan by a dolorous account of his youngest but one having dislocated his ankle, while his poor mother was down with the fever and ague, and in urgent need of medical attendance; being met, next day, in the Hoboken Elysian Fields, in company with both wife and child, in the best of health and spirits. The artists were the only persons among the corps of contributors whom he felt obliged to conciliate—he could not "run" the paper without some original illustrations. In Mr. Bowles' hands, for the present, I leave it, having devoted sufficient space to a characteristic, if ludicrous, phase of American journalism.

NO CHURCH can wholly protect itself from fools who, while professing its principles, outrage its spirit. The English church is afflicted with one of these, who edits the *Church Herald*, and who says of the late Mr. Mill:

"His 'philosophy,' so called, was thoroughly anti-Christian; his sentiments daringly mischievous and outrageously wild. As a member of Parliament he was a signal failure, and his insolence to, and contempt for, the great Conservative party was well known. His death is no loss to anybody, for he was a rank but amiable infidel, and a most dangerous person. The sooner those 'lights of thought' who agree with him go to the same place, the better will it be for both Church and State. We can well spare the whole crew of them, and shall hear of their departure, whether one by one, or in a body, with calm satisfaction."

Poetry.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

MY BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Dear heart! the world holds splendid things;
I like the diamond's trembling light,
The mystic opal's changing glow,
The ruby flashing warm and bright,—
And milk-white pearls in crusted gold,
And (dearer still) the sapphire blue,
That speaks to me of blessed eyes
Whose every glance is kind and true,—
The lustrous sheen of India's looms,
The foamy loveliness of lace,
And 'brodered robes and curling plumes,
And velvet's softly royal grace,—
And statues, fair as frozen dreams,
And flowers that hold the Southland's glow,—
The world is full of splendid things,
And hearts that ache for love, I know!
So, if you searched through all the land
With gold-filled hands, you could not see
One gift so rich, so priceless, Dear,
As this which you have given to me.
I feel it on my forehead still;
It fills my soul with trustful bliss;
And I am richer than a queen,
Because I wear my True Love's kiss.

EMILY H. LELAND.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern,	New York City,	One share, \$100
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The following rule has been adopted with reference to subscriptions to THE INDEX, and will be observed on and after December 1, 1873:

THE INDEX will be discontinued to each subscriber immediately on the expiration of his term of subscription as marked by the printed mail-tag, unless the subscription is renewed in advance, or unless direct notice is received that the subscriber intends soon to renew it. But a bill will be sent to each subscriber a few weeks previous to the expiration of his term, in order that he may have an opportunity of renewing without suffering any interruption in the receipt of his papers.

CASH RECEIPTS.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 25.

James S. Rogers, \$3; R. P. Johnson, \$3; H. E. Parsons, \$3; Geo. A. Dudley, \$3; Rimbberger, \$3; Herbert Fletcher, \$1.50; W. H. Rumpf, \$3; J. H. Howland, \$3; Worthy Putnam, \$1; A. D. Newcomb, \$3; J. B. Chesney, \$3; R. F. Halliwell, \$3; Rachel Campbell, 50 cents; Wm. U. Dame, 10 cents; Phoebe L. White, 10 cents; Milton Dimmock, 25 cents; Elias T. Talbot, \$2.50; M. E. Bagg, \$1; 25 cents; Lewis Snyder, \$3; Geo. Graham, \$1.50; M. E. Zakrzewski, \$1.50; Wm. R. Grow, \$3; Louise Dietrich, \$2.25; Marcus T. Jones, \$3; B. B. Smith, \$4; R. D. Israel, \$4.25; Edward Flynn, \$3; Thos. G. Barnard, \$3; David E. Cronin, \$3; Thos. Slade, \$3; E. F. Hill, \$3; Wm. P. Thornton, \$2.50; Fred Reising, \$3; B. Gardner, \$3; W. L. Heberling, 75 cents; W. H. Colcord, \$3; C. M. Lawler, 25 cents; S. T. Gilmore, 25 cents; —, \$1.50.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

N. B.—Postage on THE INDEX is five cents per quarter, dating from receipt of the first number, payable in advance at the place of delivery.

N. B.—Please examine the ADDRESS and DATE on your INDEX mail-tag, and report at once any error in either.

RECEIVED.

Books.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL JUDGMENTS. By W. R. Greg. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873. [Price \$2.00.]
SEX IN EDUCATION; or, A Fair Chance for the Girls. By Edward H. Clarke, M.D., Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873. [Price \$1.25.]

BY AND BY: An Historical Romance of the Future. By Edward Maitland, Author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine," "Higher Law," etc. New York: G. F. Putnam's Sons. 1873.

RECORDS OF A QUIET LIFE. By Augustus J. C. Hare, Author of "Walks in Rome," etc. Revised for American Readers by William L. Gage. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

SONGS OF THE SUN-LANDS. By Joaquin Miller, Author of "Songs of the Sierras." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

PAMPHLETS AND PERIODICALS.
MODERN IDOLATRY. A Sermon by O. B. Frothingham, preached in Lyric Hall, September 28, 1873. New York: D. G. Francis, 17 Astor Place. 1873.

OLD AND NEW. November, 1873. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

HERALD OF HEALTH. November, 1873. New York: Wood & Lothrop.

THE SANATARIAN. November, 1873. New York: A. S. Barnes.

New Music.

FROM OLIVER DITTON & CO.—Give—Carnival Scenes—La Danza—Bohemian Girl—Polonaise—Night in Venice.

The Index.

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THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B.—No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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BOSTON, OCTOBER 30, 1873.

NOTICE.

On and after September 1, the publication office of THE INDEX will be at No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston. All letters, papers, and other communications should be henceforth addressed to "THE INDEX, 1 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass."

Correspondents and Exchanges will please take notice.

GLIMPSES.

JAY COOKE, says Rev. Mr. Talmage, is "one of God's picked men." Is the encomiast aware that he satirizes the Almighty's taste?

REV. MR. HEPWORTH says in the *Independent*: "We [ministers] tire of our own voices sometimes." Laymen can be found who are tired of his.

"THAT MARROW-BONE confession of Dr. Holland's from *Scribner's Monthly*," says a bright correspondent, "should be re-named, *Impeachment of Christianity No. 2*."

A KEEN CORRESPONDENT inquires: "How do you reconcile so many of those sickle-edged 'Notes and Comments' with the innocent notice to everybody in the advertising columns, 'No cuts admitted'?"

WHY DID THE Evangelical Alliance fawn upon the Emperor William, though convened in a land of republican ideas? Because monarchical ideas are stronger than republican ideas in Christianity itself.

THERE ARE "thirty Roman Catholic parochial schools in Brooklyn, all established to withdraw the children of Romanists from our public schools." For this statement the New York *Methodist* is responsible.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL COMMISSION of Michigan has submitted to the people an amendment prohibiting the exemption of church property from taxation. This fairly opens the question in that State. We trust the wise recommendation of the Commission will be adopted.

BISHOP DUPANLOUP, of Paris, has charged the curé of his diocese to pray for the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy. It would be hard to pick out a better sample of Bourbonism than the bishop's charge. But his curés will not seriously modify the course of events.

THE BROOKLYN *Argus*, referring to Rev. Dr. Fulton, after declaring that "his tongue is the most unruly member connected with the Hanson Place Church," adds: "There are acres of prejudices coiled under his hat, but not a bit of humbug." What a lovely metaphor! How would those coiled acres look, if the Doctor should braid them into a chignon?

THOSE of our readers who believe that it is wicked to take interest will relish the following epitaph, which the Oxford *Press* says will some day adorn a Westchester cemetery:—

"Here lies old thirty-five per cent,
The more he made, the more he lent;
The more he got, the more he craved;
The more he made, the more he shaved;
Great God! can such a soul be saved?"

THE NEW YORK *Independent*, referring to her paper on missions at the late convention in that city, says: "The main point made by him was the expensiveness of missions." Not at all. Our main point was the impossibility of accomplishing a task imposed upon Christians by command of their acknowledged Master; and the exposure of the "expensive-

ness of missions" was subsidiary to this. The task of Sisyphus was child's-play compared with that laid upon Christendom by the supposed command of God. Is the *Independent* too blind or too discreet to draw the necessary inference?

AT A REGULAR meeting of the Lone Star Lodge, No. 28, of the American Protestant Association, held in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the evening of September 28, 1873, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Seeing that the first blow has been struck, not only at the foundation of our society, but that of all social and religious liberty,

Resolved, That we, as a body, composed of English, Irish, American, and German Protestants, will not vote for any man at the coming election who will not support, uphold, and sustain the Bible, not only in our common schools, but in every place of public trust. Furthermore, it is

Resolved, That we will not send our children to any school where the Bible is not read, and we trust that all who love the Bible will form the same resolution.

Signed, A. P. A.

Yet thousands of liberals are incredulous as to the revival of bigotry now going on all over the country.

"THE SALOON-KEEPERS of Madison, Wis., have suggested to the Mayor that they appoint a committee of twenty to enforce all Sunday laws against livery stables, stages, and steamboats, as well as saloons. The Mayor promises to commission them, and says the temperance and religious societies will also assist. Let the good work go on, and the saloon-keepers will get more than they bargained for." Here lies the special objection to Sunday temperance laws. They are based, after all, on Sabbath observance; and the same principle, if carried out, must require the closing of livery stables, railway stations, public libraries, public gardens, and public parks. If it is right to close liquor saloons by law on Sunday, it is equally right to close them on Saturday. To pursue any other policy, even for the sake of temperance, is to countenance the whole system of Sabbath legislation.

T. W. H.

THIS is what Father McDonald, of Williamsburgh, N. Y., says on the school question: "You must not send your children to godless schools, to those schools into which a priest never enters, and where the name of God is never uttered. Rome had thus spoken, and Catholics would hearken to its voice. It is in vain for governments to oppose them. It is in vain that our rulers cut off the supplies given to Catholic institutions in the hope to close their doors. The people say to the tyrants, we will not submit. We demand that civil and religious liberty for which our fathers shed their blood. We deny the right of any man or body of men to rob our children of their faith." That is, the Catholics are determined to get the "supplies" for "Catholic institutions" from "our rulers,"—in other words, the public treasury,—and at the same time to tolerate no schools in which Catholic priests cannot teach Catholicism. Such outspoken words indicate a settled policy on the part of the Church.

AT THE LAST meeting of the Unitarian "New York and Hudson River Conference," Rev. Henry Powers, of Brooklyn, as reported in the *Liberal Christian*, referred very generously to the recent convention of the Free Religious Association in New York: "Without uncharitableness, Mr. Powers said he felt it his duty to say that of the two important religious congresses held recently in New York, the Free Religious Association, however open to criticism many of its utterances might be, had manifested the more substantial faith, for, practically, the Evangelical Alliance had only renewed its vows of everlasting fidelity to certain ancient theological propositions, while the Free Religious Association stood for uncompromising fidelity to the whole truth of to-day, always and everywhere, without regard to consequences." Whether this is a "more substantial faith" than that of the Evangelical Alliance, or not, we cannot say; for we doubt not the intensity, sincerity, or depth of the faith cherished by the Alliance. But Mr. Powers does no more than justice to the Association in his statement of what it stands for; and experience has taught us to be grateful to every one who does the Association simple justice.

THE CHICAGO *Post* has a fling at the Free Religious Association: "The Free Religionists, now in session in New York, seem decided in the faith that nobody is free to controvert their views except at his own expense—a clergyman who yesterday asked leave to reply to some attack on the Evangelicals being informed that they had hired the hall to express therein their own views, and did not propose to listen to arguments from anybody else. The gentleman thereupon took his seat, and sharp criticism of the Evangelicals for their illiberality was resumed." The

reasons for not yielding the platform to the gentleman referred to are very inaccurately reported. But if the *Post* thinks they included any unwillingness to hear Orthodox objections, or to let them be heard, it is mightily mistaken. For proof, we invite attention to some Orthodox articles among our "Communications" of this week, as well as to multitudes of similar articles in former issues. Our chief disappointment in editing THE INDEX has come from the impossibility of getting Orthodox writers to face in our own columns the points we make. Nothing would be more welcome to us than articles of real ability opposing Free Religion.

PEOPLE WHO THINK it preposterous to suppose that the Catholics can seriously intend to make war on our public schools are invited to read carefully the following despatch, which is copied from the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, of October 18:—

A CATHOLIC ATTACK ON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—St. Louis, October 17. In the Irish Benevolent Societies' convention to-day the following resolution, among others, was introduced:—

Resolved, That the present system of public schools, ignoring all supernatural authority, and making God, the first knowledge, the last thing to be learned, is a curse to our country, and a floodgate of atheism and sensuality, and a cause of civil, social, and national corruption.

A long, spirited, and somewhat acrimonious, debate ensued on the resolution.

Mr. Kelley, of Virginia, thought the resolution should be recommitted with instruction to modify it. He was, by virtue of his office as Mayor of Richmond, President of the Board of Public Schools. He had been elected Mayor by a constituency which was about eighty per cent. Protestant. The Bible was not read in the schools in Richmond, and he had the assurance of the board that no religious instruction was taught in them. He was not in sympathy with the resolution, nor could he vote for it without stultifying himself, which he did not propose to do.

Father Phelan, of St. Louis, defended the resolution and said: "We have nothing to do with Richmond or its schools. If religious instruction was excluded from them, as Mr. Kelley said, they were the most objectionable of all schools. The public men of America were educated in public schools, and were exponents of the system, and they were the most corrupt and dishonest of any country in the world. Men can steal in this country with impunity, provided the amount is large enough. That the children of the country go heels over head to the devil must be attributed to the education they receive in the public schools, which does not fit them to resist the temptations of the world. In these schools men of science are honored and eulogized, but the name of Jesus Christ is not allowed to be mentioned with reverence. These children turn out to be learned horse-thieves, scholastic counterfeiters, and well posted in all schemes of devilry."

Mr. Harley said that Catholics had gained a great victory in driving the Bible out of the public schools.

Father Graham interrupted, saying that the church did not drive the Bible out of the schools; the purpose was to put in them the correct version of the Bible—the Catholic catechism.

Mr. Harley: "Exactly. Now I ask you is it just or right that we should introduce our Catholic catechism among Protestants, when we will not allow Protestants, who are in the majority, to use the Bible in the public schools?"

Mr. Chance, of Delaware, thought this was a fling in the wrong direction. They might favor Catholic schools, but they should not denounce Protestant schools.

Father Phelan frankly confessed that Catholics stood before the country as enemies of the public schools, and the reason, therefore, should be stated. He considered those reasons were embodied in the resolution.

They must say they would as soon send their children into a pest-house or bury them as let them go to the public schools. They were assured they would lose the faith. They were afraid the children who left home in the morning would come back with something in their hearts as black as hell.

Father Maguire said the public school system is a nuisance. The words in the resolution are none too strong.

Mr. Chance moved to submit the resolution, with instructions to report one favoring Catholic schools, which was carried by about a two-thirds vote.

The committee finally presented the following resolution as a substitute for the last one of the series reported by the committee:—

Resolved, That the system of State education now established in most of the States, by its failure to provide proper religious instructions for the young, and its enlightening the head to the entire neglect of heart culture, meets with our unqualified reprobation; that it unjustly taxes a large class of our people who cannot, without danger to the faith and morality of their offspring, avail themselves of its advantages.

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

The attempt to force the Catholic catechism into the public schools cannot be opposed without absurdity by those who keep the Protestant Bible there. Throw out catechism and Bible both, that the nation may plant itself on the principle of SECULAR EDUCATION. When the Catholic Church dares to attack that principle, on which the welfare and very existence of the republic rest, she does it at her own peril!

A CAPITAL OFFER.

To any NEW Subscriber who shall send us \$3.00 at any time between now and New Year, THE INDEX shall be sent for one year, beginning January 1, 1874, thus giving a premium of three months' subscription to those who avail themselves of the offer immediately. Will not our earnest friends use this excellent opportunity of doubling THE INDEX mail-list?

THE WIDENING BREACH.

Perhaps there is no more striking characteristic of the times, in a religious point of view, than the general decay of interest in "theology." It has become very difficult to get a hearing, even in the churches themselves, on what are called "doctrinal" subjects. The great bulk of the laity, as a class, are exceedingly impatient of any preaching that is not predominantly "practical," and the most popular preachers of the day are those who lay their chief emphasis on religion as a means of moral culture or spiritual edification, of private improvement or social reform. The great scholars and theologians of the various denominations still command a measure of respectful attention, when they mount the pulpit and expound the framework of doctrine which constitutes the bone and gristle of the Christian faith; but this is by reason of their individual ability or acquirement rather than of a wide-spread interest in the topics of which they treat.

This did not use to be so. Time was when, especially in New England, there were multitudes in the pews who took a keen delight in doctrinal discussions, and were themselves adepts in polemical theology. Many a prolonged debate on—

"Fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute!"—

and all the tough old nuts of dogmatism which were so useful in whetting the tusks of controversy, has taken place in the shoe-shops and farm-houses of New England, even within the memory of the middle-aged people of to-day. But the time-honored doctrines no longer do much, if we can judge by our own observation and reading, in stimulating the intellectual life of the period. Men turn away with distaste and ennui from the subjects which filled the minds of their fathers and grandfathers. It is doubtful whether a controversy like that of fifty years ago between the Trinitarians and Unitarians, which turned on the right interpretation of the Scriptures, will ever again divide whole communities into hostile factions, or become a topic of general conversation among neighbors. The day for such disputations over "theological points" is passing, if not passed. Not that intellect is dying out; far from it. Intellect was never more keenly alive than now. But the discussion has taken a wide range; and it is felt instinctively that, instead of the special doctrines of Christianity, it is Christianity itself that is now under examination. On the one hand is an increasing interest in the "struggle for existence" through which theology is passing; on the other hand is an increasing disrelish for all theological discussion whatever. The laity are coming to look upon the churches as of use only in maintaining and fostering the moral life of society. The clergy alone perceive how closely the power of the churches to do this depends on maintaining and fostering the "fundamental doctrines of Christianity."

It is from this point of view that the late meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York has possessed its chief interest in our eyes. A marked divergence of tendencies on the part of the laity and of the clergy has struck us as increasingly evident.

On the one hand, the secular press, which fairly enough represents the average mind of the laity, whether in or out of the churches, has criticised the Alliance and its proceedings in a very independent sort of way, and pointed out the superior importance of practice as compared with belief,—of direct reformatory influence as compared with the maintenance of theological tenets. This manner of contemplating the great Orthodox Protestant Congress and its doings appears, for instance, in the following comments of the New York Sun: "The writers and speakers evidently have much more solicitude about what they and their fellow-men shall believe, than what they shall do. The Alliance itself, in defining its fundamental principles, mentions a long string of dogmas, such as those respecting the trinity, total depravity, justification by faith alone, the resurrection of the body, and the like—but not one word does it say about personal obedience to the divine laws and uprightness of individual conduct. And in the same manner the

drift of its labors has been how to establish certain abstract theological propositions, and not at all how to build up the true kingdom of God. In the meanwhile the world is suffering and groaning under evils of all kinds, which professedly evangelical people aid in perpetuating quite as much as their heretical brethren." This is a quite superficial manner of judging the Alliance, though it appeals powerfully to the sympathies of the average layman. Nothing could be in fact more unjust than to suppose that the members of the Alliance were really indifferent to the practical advancement of personal righteousness or social welfare; but the great predominance of the clerical element in the Alliance brought out strikingly the divergence of which we have spoken above.

Hence, while the secular press has rather "snubbed" the Alliance for not giving more attention to practical measures of reform, the Alliance itself, true to the clerical instinct of its leaders, gave its first and chief attention to the defence of the theological interests of Protestant Christianity. They have enough insight to perceive what the secular press overlooks,—namely, the fact that the reformatory power of the Church as an institution depends on the unimpaired sway of its doctrines. No practical measures of reform (that is, such reform as the Church favors) can be carried out in the face of a deep and rapidly developing distrust of these vital doctrines. The motives to which the Church appeals lose their hold of human hearts in proportion as the doctrines that rouse them to activity lose their hold of human minds. Hope of heaven and fear of hell, love of the Lord Jesus Christ and hatred of all Antichrists (whether Romish or Rationalistic), are the motives employed by Protestant Christianity in redeeming the individual and the world from sin; and these motives become congealed in the presence of scepticism. With great fidelity to the logic of Christianity, therefore, and, judged by their own law, with great practical wisdom, the Alliance expended its strength in attempts to fortify Orthodoxy against the attacks of its enemies. This can be done in no way but by stirring up a renewed devotion to Orthodox tenets. The clerical instinct was unerring, when it led the leaders of the Alliance to give their chief attention to strengthening the intellectual or theological defences of their faith. What the secular press complains of as a defect was the chief proof of sagacity given by the Alliance. If salvation is what the world needs to rescue it from all evils, temporal and eternal,—if salvation depends on faith in Christ and the Christian gospel,—then nothing could be more "practical," in the Christian sense of the word, than to seek to protect this faith against the assaults of unbelief. The complaint of the secular press is itself a new proof of the deep-seated disease under which the Church is laboring; since the clamor for "practical" measures in the secular sense of the word (and of course the secular press employs it in no other sense) shows how little reliance is in fact placed on "faith" as the true panacea for the evils under which the world groans. The press, speaking for the majority of the laity, wants no more doctrines or "abstract theological propositions," because itself and its constituency have lost confidence in faith as the cure-all of humanity's distresses; but the Alliance, speaking for the clergy and the great body of church-members, wants the old doctrines re-invigorated because they have confidence in nothing else. So the breach between the Church and the world widens day by day, as is proved afresh by this last great gathering of Christian believers.

LINE UPON LINE.

The attention paid by the press of New York to the meetings of the Free Religious Association and the long notices of its last Annual Report, while showing an increased appreciation of the influence of the Association, show also a most remarkable want of ability to appreciate the significance of the movement it indicates. This is certainly not due to any want of explicitness, or emphasis, or iteration, on our part. This very iteration, and reiteration, is complained of as tedious, and is regarded as evidence of the deplorable poverty of our minds. Why will our friends in the camp of Free Religion, says one merry penman, talk so everlastingly about freedom, more air and light, the privilege of living out of doors? Why can't they give the word Liberty a short vacation, and send the overworked noun-substantive to pasture for a space, and refresh our mental vision with a new hobby-horse?

We answer, precisely because his points are not duly estimated. We are as tired of enunciating the word freedom as our neighbors are of hearing it—as tired as Garrison and his friends were of repeating the

same word twenty years ago, and as the Southern slave-holders were of hearing it; but, like him, we shall use the word till it is more threadbare than it is now, a good deal, and shall not desist so long as there is any doubt of its meaning left. It is a good word, of old and honored lineage. There is excellent stuff in it yet, spite of the hard usage it has been submitted to; and, when we have done with it, others will take it up, speak it as if it had never been spoken before, and leave it fresh as when it was born. FREEDOM. That is our word,—our catch-word, if you will, friends,—our watch-word, as we will.

But freedom is only a condition, sapientia suggests. Freedom is not a law, a principle, a truth, an idea. We never said it was. It is for our intellectual neighbors and superior critics to insist always on principles and ideas. We, more modest, are content with preliminaries. Freedom, we frankly concede without further admonition from philosophy, is not a law (though St. Paul said it was), or a principle, or an idea, or a truth, or a sentiment, or a doctrine, or a postulate in theology, or a datum in science, or an entity in metaphysics; add any other specifications you please, and we will grant it is neither of them. It is simply a condition. But it happens to be a condition indispensable to movement, and, therefore, we venture to call attention to it; as Dr. Brown-Séquard might call attention to the atmospheric conditions which were injurious to the nervous system of his patient living in a particular locality. Freedom is simply a condition. So is air simply a condition of vitality, not the breathing apparatus, but the condition of its healthful play. So is light a condition of walking in the streets—not legs or motor nerves, not eye-sight or power of perspective,—only a condition, but a condition so vital that without it nerves and muscles would be of small service. The prisoner whose manacles are struck off, and whose prison gates are opened, merely changes his condition. He acquires no new limbs or physical powers; the conformation of his feet is not altered; in all visible respects he is the same individual. But the immediate result of the change in his condition is that he gets up, walks out into the day, greets his fellow-creatures, engages, if his "brother Christians" will let him, in useful occupation, rejoins his family, and becomes once more a live member of society.

Freedom does not create mind, but it is the condition of its existence. Language makes "breath" synonymous with "soul." An apostle makes "spirit" almost synonymous with "liberty." There is no intelligence out of liberty. Under liberty we are pretty sure of making available all the intelligence there is, and of indirectly stimulating more. Apathy and restriction go together. No doubt, the prisoner, just released from his bonds, finds walking painful; he stumbles, totters, reels, perhaps falls, and is incapable of lifting himself up. He had learned to shuffle pretty well; he must now learn to walk. The emancipation of mind will lead, by the same necessity, to development of mind. The breaking down of sectarian walls, the obliteration of dogmatical lines, would release thousands of intellects from cliques and denominations. For mind, as mind, is inherently active. Give it room, and it makes its way towards knowledge, as the plant towards light. The plant cannot go wrong; mind cannot go wrong. Men talk of the aberrations of reason; it is a contradiction in terms: reason is subject to no aberrations; they are caused by the paralysis of reason. Error is the fruit of thoughtlessness, not of thought; and thoughtlessness is due to the limitations of one sort and another, organic or artificial, which interfere with the exercise of intelligence. The assumption of finality on the part of the dogmatists of every school, liberal and "orthodox" alike, pens up in ecclesiastical sheep-folds many hundreds of cultivated, trained, accomplished minds, capable of ascending mountain-heights, and exploring new regions of thought, but new so wanted to the little round of their church-yards that they even dread the suggestion of fresh fields and pastures new.

That intelligence needs culture, education, knowledge, acquaintance with ideas, is true enough; but first of all it needs liberty. To offer truth to a mind in thrall to an institution, is much like inviting a prisoner to take a pleasant walk. That the prisoner does not desire a pleasant walk,—that his stiff legs enjoy his corner,—that his collapsed lungs prefer bad air to good,—is no argument against the superiority of a free social life.

The admirable Mayo, temporarily at Springfield, thinks that people have freedom enough; that the struggle for liberty in religion is closed. This has been his opinion for some years past. It is an opin-

tion that the Paulist Fathers share cordially with him; the members of the Evangelical Alliance are of the same mind. There is a rumor abroad that the opinion is sustained by so high an ecclesiastical authority as the Pope of Rome. But they who live in unventilated houses have a predilection for foul air. If our friends will take a ramble in the woods some pleasant day, they may discover that all the glories are not hanging on their walls, nor all the flowers in their pots. They may be tempted after that, possibly, to open their windows—and make the refreshing discovery that they are more vigorous, more cheerful, and, if that were conceivable, more kindly and sweet-tempered, than they were before. O. B. F.

AN OUTRAGE ON THE JEWS.

A Universalist minister of Dumfermline, Scotland, the Rev. James U. Mitchell, preached a sermon in Boston, Sunday, October 10, on future rewards and punishments, taking a tough text for Universalists to handle—"Then shall he say also unto them on his left hand, depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." The speaker declared that Universalists are "not of those who believe in one part of the Scriptures and reject another;" therefore he was bound to make his text square with his dogma, even if he had to treat it like a mad dog and amputate its tail just behind the ears. How did he get over one of the plainest texts in the Bible? Why, he made the "cursed" mean the Jews, and nobody else, adding:—

"The curse which was then pronounced on that stiff-necked nation has clung to them to this day; they were once the favored people of God, and now they are outcasts, for they abused the privileges granted to them, and 'to whom much is given much shall be required.' What matters it that they are rich in this world's goods; what matters it that a stroke of a Rothschild's pen can let loose the warhorse, and plunge nations into a deluge of blood; the race is a down-trodden one, and the name Jew is a synonyme for cringing meanness, and the stigma of that curse will remain forever. It has stuck to them upwards of eighteen hundred years, and will hang over them, like a pall, as long as the race exists; and this is the everlasting fire to which they have been condemned. They were promised an eternal priesthood in Melchisedec, but that did not last more than two centuries; and shall we hesitate to call that everlasting which has existed more than eighteen?"

Such bibliolatry and bigotry deserve to be lashed with a whip of scorpions. Here is a "minister of Christ," preaching the "religion of love," and doing his utmost to perpetuate a false, hateful, cruel, and damnable prejudice against the Jews! To save the reputation of an infallible Bible, he utters the vilest wholesale slanders against a long persecuted race to which the world's debt is immense, thus adding to the shame of falsehood the shame of the blackest ingratitude. It is false that "the name Jew is a synonyme of cringing meanness;" it is false that "the stigma of that curse will remain forever." Here in America the beneficent genius of freedom and universal fellowship is wiping out the curse hurled against a whole nation by tyrannical and self-righteous Christendom; here, the spirit of republican institutions, so much nobler and more merciful than the spirit of Christianity, teaches that the Jews are our brothers, to be welcomed as brothers ought to be welcomed, and to be treated as those ought to be treated whose race has in all ages rendered such signal services to humanity. Thanks to free thought and free government, the "curse" fulminated against the Jews is coming to an end, church or no church, Bible or no Bible; henceforth they stand as free and equal citizens before the law, the peers of the best and more than the peers of the insolent clergy who defame them. The day will come when the name of Jew and the name of Christian will be alike sunk in the grander name of MAN; but till that day has dawned, let no more Old-World hatreds cross the ocean to taint the air of these free shores!

A NEGRO minister widower, who married rather sooner than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows: "My dear brethren and sisters, my grief was greater than I could bear. I turned every way for peace and comfort, but none came. I searched the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations, and found plenty of promises to the widder, but nary one to the widderer. And so I took it that the Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort himself; and, having a first-rate chance to marry in the Lord, I did so again. Besides, brethren, I considered that poor Betsey was just as dead as she ever would be."

A COUNTRYMAN in Savannah observed a gang of negroes at work in the streets, each wearing a ball and chain. He asked one why that ball was chained to his leg. "To keep people from stealing it," said the darkey. "Heap of thieves about here."

Literary Notices.

SAXE HOLM'S STORIES.

It is good news—the announcement that this remarkable series of stories will be reprinted, in a volume, from *Scribner's Monthly*. It is not merely that the volume will be welcome, but it is an encouraging thing that the public should demand it. It shows that we are not wholly given over to the "Danbury Man," and to General Wallace's "Fair God." When a man sees the burst of applause with which this last-named novel has been received—not merely by the *New York Ledger* and the *Ladies' Book*, but by the *Literary World* and the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, it makes him tremble for the future of his country. It makes him ask if our literary stock-market is no securer than that in Wall Street. It even makes him grateful for the existence of the *New York Nation*, and that is saying a great deal. It makes him, at any rate, grateful that such a series of stories as those of Saxe Holm—so simple, so quiet, so passionate, so profound, so delicately touched—should actually find readers and be popular.

It is now some three years since the first of these stories, bearing a name then utterly unknown, appeared in *Scribner*. The name remains as mysterious now as then. Nobody doubts that it is a pseudonyme; and the appearance of the name of Norman Holm, attached to another story in *Scribner*, threw no light on it. If Norman Holm be a member of the same family, there must be a great variation in the family gifts. Be this as it may, the instinct of all readers has recognized Saxe Holm as a woman; and the wonder is that a woman of such rare power should remain unknown. It is hard to identify her with any of our well-known writers. Whatever qualities American women carry into literature, they are almost all wanting in the air of thorough training, the careful literary finish exhibited by Saxe Holm. Mrs. Stowe and Miss Alcott are singularly wanting in it; Miss Phelps' execution is uneven; Mrs. Spofford has power enough for anything except quiet simplicity; Mrs. Moulton does not analyze deeply enough. Rose Terry is far beyond all these in sustained literary execution, but her stories have always a more rustic air, and she never sounds such depths. "H. H." has the same careful literary execution in her prose, and some of Saxe Holm's poems are exquisite enough for the author of "Verses"—but "H. H." has never shown any tendency toward fiction, and, moreover, would hardly need a duplicate *nom de plume*. Nor is there anything that reminds us of Celia Thaxter's graceful beach-birds and light-houses. It would seem, therefore, that if Saxe Holm be a woman, she manifests a new power, differing in kind from that of any one of her sex yet known in our literature.

And when she is compared with American men who write short stories, to whom shall we liken her? Bret Harte has written a few stories that are immortal; but he has shown no "staying-power": he now only repeats himself, and whenever he attempts to depict the thoughts and feelings of cultivated or even civilized minds, he fails absolutely. Hale's stories have a certain cleverness and activity, but they are hasty, crude, and at last tiresome. Aldrich's few trifles are ingenious and graceful; but, after all, they offer us only piquant confectionery, not solid food. Not one of these has produced a study of character which can be compared for originality, strength, delicacy, and fidelity of tracing, to Saxe Holm's "Draxy Miller." Not one of them has sounded such depths of human emotion as in "Esther Wynne's Love-Letters." And these depths are sounded, be it observed, without sentimentalism, or spasms, or gush, or weakness; the same quiet, assured touch shows itself through all. The profound, subtle analysis of a strange experience in "Whose Wife was She?"—the noble, elevated wisdom of "How one Wife Kept her Husband;" the grace and ingenuity of "The One-legged Dancers,"—it is not too much to say that the whole conception and execution of these stories may rank their author with George Eliot. And though in the earlier pages the quality of humor seemed wanting to complete the likeness,—yet in "The Elder's Wife" this also is manifested; and there are in it admirable touches of New England village character and life.

To those who read stories only for incident, Saxe Holm may be less palatable than the last "Dime Novel," but to those who read for the study of character, her stories will be worth more than almost any American fiction; while their style affords another illustration of what Lady Pollock has lately proclaimed in the *Contemporary Review*, that there is more attention paid to careful literary execution by the best American writers than by the English. Holding this opinion of these remarkable stories, it may be well to express it, in advance of their republication; and this not in the interest of the unknown author, nor of the known publisher; but in the interest of the reading public and of good letters.

X. Y. Z.

THE "SPIRITUAL" DELUSION: Its Methods, Teachings, and Effects. The Philosophy and Phenomena Critically Examined. By Dyer D. Lum, Author of *The Early Social Life of Man*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

This is a very thoughtful and well-written book of 252 pages, the object of which is "to give reasons for believing that spirits of the dead are not concerned in any of these various phenomena [of Spiritualism]." The dedication is striking: "To the memory of my brother and sister this attempt to rescue the names of our loved ones beyond the silent river, and the tender memories associated with them treasured in the secret recesses of our hearts, from profanation by strolling jugglers and their credulous dupes, these pages are

affectionately dedicated." Part I. is devoted to the "philosophy," and Part II. to the "phenomena," of what the author calls "Spiritism." Under the first head he considers in successive chapters the subjects of "Modern Spiritualism Unscientific in its Methods," "Modern Spiritualism Unphilosophical in its Teachings," and "Modern Spiritualism Unnatural in its Effects." Under the second head he considers "Mental Exaltation," "Obsession," "Unconscious Action of the Brain," "What Phenomena Occur?" and "Physical Manifestations." Altogether, Mr. Lum has made a complete and wide survey of his subject, to which he has devoted much study and personal observation; and he manifests considerable acquaintance with modern scientific research in the difficult field of neurology. Although formerly a believer in "spirit-communion," continued investigation, evidently conducted with intelligence and conscientiousness, has made him arrive at the conclusions indicated above; and he fortifies them by reasoning which ought not to be overlooked by any candid "investigator." I recommend the book very strongly to all who are interested in the topic of which it treats, and who, whether believers or unbelievers, are candid enough to desire to learn what unbelievers have to say for themselves. Mr. Lum has frequently contributed to the pages of THE INDEX, and many of its readers will be anxious to know what so ingenious and fair-minded a man has to report concerning his own reflections and "investigations." F. K. A.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them, but hereafter no space will be spared to errata.

N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

ANOTHER DEFINITION OF RELIGION.

EDITOR INDEX:—

I have been deeply interested in studying the various definitions of religion in THE INDEX. Yours seems to me high enough, but not low enough. Does not this definition include a larger truth? Religion is man's desire to obey the law of his own nature. Is not this inherent vital desire the root or germ from which all religions have grown? Is it not the active principle of all his "efforts to perfect himself"? Is it not the "attraction of Mind finite to Mind infinite"? Is there any way for one to perfect oneself except through obedience to the laws of one's nature? Then does not this include all other definitions, while reaching still lower down? A religion that essays to be universal must include the germ as well as the stalk and fruit. It must take hold of a man with his first taste of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. His desire to obey comes of his experience of the evil of disobedience. This is the beginning of his religious experience. Some of this knowledge of evil he may gain from others. There are two sets of laws governing each person, the universal and the special. He may learn of the first from others; the second he must learn for himself. Wishing to make a platform big enough for all the good, John Wesley made the only condition of joining his societies "a desire to flee the wrath to come." Surely scientific religion should be as broad, and include all that have a desire to obey the laws of their own nature. Some would say religion is obedience to the laws of one's own nature. But this is not comprehensive enough. The desire must precede the act as the stimulus to the nerve of motion precedes the motion. Scientific religion must include the whole phenomena; and what phenomena are there that have not grown out of man's desire to obey these laws, and partake of the fruit of the tree of life?

Will you, Mr. Editor, be so kind as to give me your opinion of this definition?

Yours truly, RELIGION.

[The above modest little article is a real contribution to the discussion on which it touches. Our correspondent, instead of seeking to narrow our own definition of religion, seeks to broaden it still further; and his queries are full of suggestion. "Perfection" and "obedience to the laws of one's own nature" are substantially the same thing; and so far the two definitions are at one. But while we have made the effort to become perfect the distinctive mark of religion, our correspondent would go still farther back, and find it in the simple desire to become perfect. This attempt to discover a still more universal characteristic of religion than the one we have emphasized is in the right direction; and we trust it will not pass unheeded by those interested in the subject.]

Now this was the thought that determined us to emphasize effort rather than desire as the essential fact to be defined. To adopt language in harmony with the law of evolution, DESIRE IS THE PRE-NATAL LIFE OF RELIGION, WHILE EFFORT IS ITS ACTUAL BIRTH. It is perfectly true that desire must precede effort; but not all desire becomes effort. Many a noble desire perishes before birth into action; and then it seems to be the unfructified germ, the nipped bud, of religion, rather than religion itself. But no noble effort is made without antecedent desire, and there-

fore pre-supposes it. For this reason, we originally framed our brief definition so as to bring out the *fact of effort*, leaving the prior *fact of desire* to be naturally inferred; and on the whole we think that this is better than to adopt a definition which would fail to express the cardinal truth that religion is noble life rather than noble sentiment alone.—Ed.]

ORTHODOX EXPOSTULATION.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT:

My Brother Man,—Before you go any farther in the work that you are pursuing, read these words. I have written them in the "fear of God," and in accordance with that Book out of which you and I must be judged—the Bible:—

"I, the Lord, do keep it. I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it. I will keep it night and day." These words are found in the book of Isaiah, xxvii., 3, and no man has read history aright until he has read it in the light of this promise. "Behold," says the prophet, "I have created the waster to destroy." Why, then, how absolutely they are subject unto him! And so the declaration continues: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." How necessarily this conclusion follows: God creates the waster for his own work. Oh, are you, my brother, to be one of the tools of divine wrath? Stop one moment—look around, and see. The end for you may come sooner than you expect it. Do you choose a liberal hell? Your feet are certainly on the threshold of it. Do you think that God will permit you to work against his own designs? Shall the instrument which he has formed be permitted to turn its edge against his own Church, for which he died? No, it shall not, says the Book of God. No, it has not, says the book of history. And now, claiming this promise (only one of the many with which God's Bible abounds), I ask you, brother, can you point out the weapon through all the annals of ages which has been formed against his Church and prospered? Unnumbered times have weapons been formed against it,—been raised; but have they prospered? No! they have been turned aside, or the sinews of the arm that dealt the blow have been palsied. And now dare you, a man, try to measure arms with the Almighty? I tell you, in the fear of God, it is a fearful thing to fall into his hands. Oh, how with a breath he could grind you into dust, or annihilate your soul! Are you bold enough to brave him? You will come down at the bar before which you and I will stand; and, unless you turn from your wicked purpose, you will howl with damned souls through all eternity. Oh, brother, what a stupendous work you have dared to take into your hands! This Church of the living God, founded in the Councils of Eternity, kept by its power, ransomed by his blood,—oh, have you a part therein? You may have all else; but if you have not this, you are miserably poor. You read over the conquests of the great ones of earth,—and as you tell the story of Cyrus, and Alexander, and the world's mightiest heroes, a still small voice is always sounding in your ears:—

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

MRS. HUMPHREY.

FROSTBURG, Md.

AN ORTHODOX CHALLENGE.

EDITOR INDEX:—

Your paper circulates here, and for good or for ill is exerting an influence among our people. I believe for ill; doubtless, you think for good, for I do not impugn any one's motives. Let me ask a serious question, to which I hope you will give a candid answer. When you have destroyed all sense of religion, all ideas of the existence of a Supreme Being, what will be left to give stability to public virtue, or, indeed, to inspire virtue at all? The nation has just been shocked at the exposure of corruption in its officials occupying high positions. Can we afford, at such a time, to take away another prop from the temple of virtue? If Wilson—the two Wilsons,—Colfax, Ames, Garfield, Brooks, Carpenter, Harlan, and the whole ring of swindlers, had been members of the Church and honestly religious, do you suppose it would have been possible for these corruptions to have been committed? Do you suppose that, if Morton was a good Methodist, or Presbyterian, or a member of some other Orthodox Church, he would have the reputation all over the United States of being a lecher? If Oglesby had been religious, would he have violated the Constitution of his State, which he had sworn to support, in order to go to the United States Senate? Do you imagine that Pomeroy, or Caldwell, who went there by bribery, are religious men? I know nothing of the professions of these fellows. Some of them may pretend to be religious. So might Satan. But if you will take the trouble to inquire into their professions, you will find the majority of them either infidels, or (what is about the same) affecting the religion of some of the so-called liberal churches.

If, after you have examined into the facts, you will report them in your paper, you will furnish a practical argument for religion that will refute many of your fine-spun metaphysical speculations. Oh, my dear sir, if your paper could manfully wheel into line, and give its force and influence to the cause of truth, you might have reason to rejoice for the change.

I have heard a great deal said about your being a fair and candid man; but I am afraid you will not dare to put your theories to so practical a test as to publish this. W. H. S.

ITHACA, N. Y.

[It cannot be denied that W. H. S. (who is not our editorial contributor of the same initials) is one of the

boldest men on the continent. He challenges investigation into the religious professions of the leaders of the Crédit Mobilier, as if all who took part in that eminent swindle were "infidels" or "liberal" churchmen. In reply we say: Henry Wilson is a member of the Orthodox Congregationalist denomination,—Harlan is a Methodist church-member,—Colfax and Patterson are members of Evangelical sects,—and we believe that others of the same "ring" are similarly connected. As to the rest we know nothing in this respect. Whether such facts will cause Free Religion or Christianity to wince, the reader may judge.—Ed.]

THE INDEX "FOUND WANTING."

SALINA, Kan., Oct. 15, 1873.

MR. F. E. ABBOT:

Dear Sir,—It is possible you may fully realize the conclusion now forming in the minds of those who have watched with interest the outspoken course heretofore pursued by THE INDEX. It promised fair at the outset to lead the van on every question of social and religious rationalism, and at once appealed to the support and sympathy of those who hoped to find in it the bold and fearless advocate now demanded in the present return of thought to first principles of common sense. THE INDEX is found wanting.

Your silence on the infamous treatment of a woman whom you now regard as having been the "dupe of her own imagination" has clearly defined your position. No radical need mistake it. There is a conservatism about your treatment of Mrs. Woodhull that merits for THE INDEX no more consideration than is likely to be bestowed on the *Independent*, or the *Liberal Christian*. "The instincts of a generous nature" that conflict with the disrobing of recognized hypocrisy can never be productive of much good. Austin Kent falls of the mark when he is unwilling to justify or condemn Mr. Beecher. It is not necessary with the facts in the case for logical minds to conclude that the charges are still unproved. Either personal pique or astounding ignorance must be offered as an excuse by those who can "afford to wait." Intolerance and bigotry will scarcely tremble on such a platform. However trivial and devoid of attractions you may regard the Beecher-Tilton-Comstock conspiracy, it is nevertheless a fact to be deplored that THE INDEX, from which we had reason to hope much, is now in danger of consummating so little. Most respectfully,

D. G. CHITTENDEN.

[Mr. Chittenden is entirely welcome to his opinion of THE INDEX, and to a full expression of it in THE INDEX itself. He is also welcome to explain our course by "personal pique" or "astounding ignorance," by "conservatism," or cowardice, or malice, or whatever he considers just. But that any large number of radicals should be so narrow as to make their own opinion on a mere question of facts the criterion of radical principles, or to condemn everybody as "conservative" who governs his course by his own sense of right rather than theirs, is what we shall not believe except on stronger evidence than any hitherto offered. So long as THE INDEX is conducted with honesty, sincerity, and fairness, it will be supported by the really liberal public; and when these things are disregarded, we do not care how soon it dies.—Ed.]

CAN THE HOPES OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE BE REALIZED?

TO THE INDEX:—

The New York Tribune is laying before its thousands of readers an account of the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance now holding its sessions and discussions in New York city. Here are assembled, from nearly all parts of the Christian world, the learned, the profound and dignified representatives of all the Christian sects, for the purpose of taking steps towards arresting the decline and preventing the fall of Christianity—whatever they *all* mean by that word.

In our day, it is difficult to know with any certainty what is meant by the word "Christianity," the "Christian Religion," and such expressions; for, the Protestant will not accept the definition of the Catholic, nor will that of the Catholic or Protestant be accepted by the Greek or Russian. Then the Protestant Episcopal Church will not accept the definition furnished by any one of the "dissenting" churches or "sects"; and these "sects," again, all disagree on this point one with the other. What then is Christianity? What is the Christian Religion?

I think I have discovered a point on which all the churches and sects will at once cordially agree. It is this: the Christian Religion is that which was held and taught by Jesus Christ and the apostles. Now while I am trying to construct a homely common-sense argument here, it is not in the least necessary that the reader and I should know *what* they taught; they taught something; they taught a religion; and no minister of the Christianity of to-day can expect a better effect on the world from the working of his or his neighbor's Christianity than has been produced by that Christianity which, whatever it really was, was preached by Christ and his apostles.

While, then, the Evangelical Alliance is saying such fine things of its not yet defined religion, and of the wondrous great things it is going to do in the future, is it not proper to ask them if they expect it to do better than the pure and powerful Christianity that came immediately from the hands of Christ and the apostles?

And if that Christianity, at the fountain head, failed,—if it disappointed the lofty hopes of priests and prophets,—where is the ground for the sublime expectations of the Alliance respecting the Christianity of to-day, to a definition of which its professors cannot agree, and the elementary, self-denying precepts of which they and their lordly step-brothers of the Catholic Church have practically departed from?

Now how has the Christianity of the apostolic age fared? According to the expressed mind of the Catholic Church, it has fared splendidly. But what say the grave men of the Alliance? That it *very soon* became corrupt, and went on corrupting, spreading falsehoods and abominations by forgery and fraud, until it became a colossal tyrant over the whole Christian world. Such was the state of affairs that, with respect to it, the early Church of England (see its Homilies and Articles of Faith) approved the following description of it:—

"All sects and degrees of men, women, and children of whole Christendom were at once drowned in abominable idolatry, detested of God and damnable to man, and that for the space of eight hundred years and more." (Previous to the Reformation, of course.)

The picture of the middle ages which the most impartial history presents is enough to make one shudder, and it is such men as now compose this Evangelical Alliance that have made us acquainted with that history. How, then, can this Alliance hope for the success of its evangelical efforts where the religion of the apostles has, according to them, so signally failed?

I quote from one of the speeches of the Alliance, made by the Rev. H. H. Jessup, D.D., of Beirut, Syria:—

"It is one of the marvels of Christian history that, after the lapse of nearly two thousand years, the birth-place of Christianity is missionary ground. The encampments of the Prince of Darkness, like the black tents of the Bedouins, cover the lands where prophets and apostles preached, and where He appeared who is himself the Truth and the Life."

Here is a full confession of complete and signal failure on the part of what the speaker believes to have been genuine, unadulterated Christianity. How singular that in a fair fight between the "Prince of Darkness" and God himself, the latter should be worsted and routed, and the former come forth from the strife with the laurel of victory on his brow! But the military metaphors are all bosh. The great Eastern Christian farm became worthless by bad management, and the shiftless owners left and "went West," where they reduced another fine farm to absolute sterility, and are now puzzled to know what to do!

Genuine, united, apostolic Christianity, then, has failed. Can the apocryphal and divided Christianity of the Evangelical Alliance hope for better results in our day, when Reason is unfettered, when the right of all to progressive education is practically recognized, and when science declares of this religion of the far past that it is *not true*?

J. T. BLAKENEY.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1873.

EXTRACTS FROM PLOTINUS.

NEVADA, Missouri, Oct. 14, 1873.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

In Plotinus' work *Against the Gnostics* I find several passages which may interest the readers of THE INDEX. The passages evidently refer not only to the founder of Christianity, but also to the Christians of the third century. I may add that everything that Plotinus says is applicable to the Christians of the nineteenth century:—

"Farther still, they do not honor this sensible fabrication of things, nor this visible earth, but they say that there is a new earth produced for them, into which they are to ascend from hence."

"But stupid men are persuaded when they suddenly hear such sounds as these: 'You are better, not only than all other men, but also than the gods.' For there is much arrogance among men of the present time. And he who prior to this was humble, and modest, and a man of no consequence, becomes exalted beyond measure when he is told, 'You are the son of God; but other men whom you formerly admired, are not the sons of God; as neither are these beings which men honor conformably to the rites of their ancestors.' It may be shown, however, without any labor, that you are more excellent than the heavens themselves." Others, also, vociferate the same things."

The Neo-Platonists are generally stigmatized as rationalists by ecclesiastics. This is the kind of mental pabulum that the thinker needs.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS M. JOHNSON.

FARMER DRENNIDGE (meeting his rector at the Royal Academy Exhibition.)—"Have you noticed this beautiful picture," sir, No. 988, by Mr. Wee Prinsep, o' the evil spirits that entered the herd o' swine, and they rushed violently down the precipice, and perished in the sea? Tha's the picture I'd like to hev, sir. But there's one p'int about that 'straordinary ewent, sir, as has allus weighed on my mind, and I've often thought o' astin' o' you—"Rector—"Oh, I shall be most happy, Mr. Drennidg, at any time to explain—"Farmer Drennidg—"Well, it's this 'ere, sir." (In a serious whisper.) "Whew paid for them drowned pigs, sir?"—Punch.

A MARRIAGE between a Christian gentleman and a Jewish lady, not long since, exercised the minds of some of their friends. "Pooh! pooh!" said a gentleman, "why in the world make such a fuss about it. After all, they will only be bound together like the Old and New Testament!"

Advertisements.

GENERAL NOTICE.

On August 8, 1873, I contracted for the two best advertising pages of THE INDEX for the current year. No advertisements objectionable to the editor to be taken. For terms apply to

ASA K. BUTTS, 36 DEY ST., New York.

No improper advertisements, no advertisements of patent medicines, and no advertisements known to be fraudulent or unjust to any one, will be hereafter admitted into THE INDEX. All advertisements accepted before this date will be allowed to run their time. No cuts admitted.

THE INDEX must not be held responsible for any statement made by advertisers.
FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.
TOLEDO O., June 21, 1873.

THE INSIDE HISTORY
OF THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

By Francis E. Abbot.

This is a handsomely printed pamphlet of 64 pages, containing the full explanation of the recent "INDEX troubles," which was submitted to the stockholders of the Index Association at their Second Annual Meeting, June 7, 1873. It is hoped that every one who has read the statements of the other side will in fairness read this also. Price, post-paid, 25 cents. Address the Author, No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Report, in pamphlet form, of the Annual Meeting of the Free Religion Association for 1873 will be published Sept. 1st.

It contains full proceedings of the meeting, including Essays by Samuel Johnson on "FREEDOM IN RELIGION," and by John Weiss on "RELIGION IN FREEDOM." Speeches by O. B. Frothingham, W. C. Gannett, Robert Dale Owen, T. W. Higginson, S. Longfellow, J. S. Thomson, F. E. Abbot, Lucius Mott, and the Annual Report of the Executive Committee.

Price, 35 cents a copy; in packages of four or more, 25 cents each. It can be obtained by addressing the undersigned at New Bedford, Mass., or, in Boston, of A. Williams & Co., and at Long's
WM. J. POTTER, Sec. F. R. A.

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VOLUME 4.

BOSTON, MASS., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1873.

WHOLE No. 202.

ORGANIZE!

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformable to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

A FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

- ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF ———.
- ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in ———. Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.
- ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.
- ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.
- ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.
- ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.
- ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

So far as I am concerned, the above is the platform of THE INDEX. I believe in it without reserve; I believe that it will yet be accepted universally by the American people, as the only platform consistent with religious liberty. A Liberal League ought to be formed to carry out its principles wherever half a dozen earnest and resolute Liberals can be got together. Being convinced that the movement to secure compliance with these just "Demands" must surely, even if slowly, spread, I hope to make THE INDEX a means of furthering it; and I ask the assistance and active co-operation of every man and every woman who believes in it. Multiply Liberal Leagues everywhere, and report promptly the names of their Presidents and Secretaries. Intolerance and bigotry will tremble in proportion as that list grows. If freedom, justice, and reason are right, let their organized voice be heard like the sound of many waters.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, *Editor*.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1873.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY A. W. S.

ANNA DICKINSON believes that ladies should have the right to ride horseback in the most convenient way.

"TWO HUNDRED and odd millions" is the number claimed of "faithful subjects throughout the world" to Pius IX.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE was very liberal, but it wasn't liberal enough to receive the delegation sent to it by the Universalists.

WE FIND IT reliably recorded that the aggregate of capital invested in railroads, in this country, will foot up nearly four thousand millions of dollars.

WE ARE GLAD that Howard University, in Washington, has at least one thorough radical on its educational staff, in the person of Prof. F. W. Clarke, late of this city.

W. C. GANNETT read an essay, full of interest and beauty, before the Second Radical Club, Monday evening, Oct. 27. The next meeting of the Club will be on the evening of Nov. 10.

MRS. E. D. CHENEY, one of the editorial contributors to THE INDEX, is travelling in the West. She occupied a pulpit in Chicago, one Sunday, and, as might be supposed, preached most acceptably.

DR. STRAUSS, author of the *Life of Jesus*, says that he has a disease "which the physicians have declared incurable," and that he is "without the hope" of ever being able to resume his literary labors.

THE PRESIDENT every now and then pardons a Ku-Klux criminal. Why not? "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." But this applies to a red man as much as to a white.

"WE BELIEVE that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved,"—this, as stated in the closing address of Rev. Dr. Woolsey, President of the Evangelical Alliance, is the one plank upon which all Christians can unite.

NEWS FROM Washington hints that we, the people, are next year to have the privilege of paying a larger tax for our government than we now pay. Well, we shouldn't object to paying more, if what we got were better worth our money.

PRESIDENT GRANT has decreed that the 27th day of November shall be, this year, the nation's day for "thanksgiving and prayer." His excellency has occasion himself to be thankful for that extra twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

GEN. SICKLES, our minister to Spain, has had a sword presented to him by the Spanish government. Did the general, when he received that Toledo blade, remember that the Scripture saith, "They who take the sword shall perish by the sword"? If all the Scripture must be fulfilled, let him look out for himself!

IN HIS RECENT Concord address, Mr. Emerson says: "If you sprain your foot, you will presently come to think that Nature has sprained here, everything begins to look so slow and inaccessible; and when you sprain your mind by gloomy reflections on your evils and vexations, you come to have a bad opinion of life."

THOMAS HOLLIS, who was an Englishman, but a notable benefactor to Harvard College, has no monument over

his grave. "When he died," says M. D. Conway, "he required, in his will, that his body should be quietly buried ten feet below the surface in one of his green fields, and the spot ploughed over and sowed with grain."

MR. JOHN FISKE says: "What matters it whether we are pleased with the notion of a monkey ancestry or not? The end of scientific research is the discovery of truth, and not the satisfaction of our whims or fancies. A scientific inquirer has no business to have preferences." That hits the nail on the head, and is as applicable to religious inquirers and thinkers as to scientific.

THE POPE and Emperor William have recently had an interesting correspondence about their mutual little difficulty. The pope says he thinks the emperor doesn't mean to do wrong, and the emperor says he thinks the pope will do right now that he is "told of the truth." In the meantime, the German State and the Romish Church still stand in hostile attitude towards each other.

"MIRACLES" persist in recurring. A Methodist woman, in New Hampshire, who had been sick for a long time, lately beheld "her Savior" enter her room, who "breathed upon her and vanished." She immediately got well. Is she absolutely sure that the "appearance" which she saw was "her Savior," and why doesn't this same "Savior" go about curing every sick person? It is hardly fair in him to be so partial.

MISS FRANCES POWER CORRE recently preached in the pulpit of one of the Unitarian missions in London—her first appearance in the clerical capacity. Miss Cobbe was an intimate friend and warm admirer of Theodore Parker; her theological position is extra-Christian, being that of simple theism. Mr. Conway says she was "flattered with interest," but he thinks that she does better as a writer than she will do as a preacher.

THE BROOKLYN *Eagle* says that "In 1815, when the Unitarian denomination took its name, the liberal churches in Boston numbered one more than the Evangelical; but, in 1873, the latter are nearly three times as many as the former." There was a time when this statement would have caused us some chagrin; but now we recognize in it the fitness of things. Unitarianism is no longer consistent with itself, no longer faithful to its first principles; therefore it is not increasing but diminishing.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* says that, "even as appliances to intellectual culture, books are greatly over-estimated." What books to read and what not it requires rare judgment to know. One ought not to read voraciously any more than to eat so; the mind can become dyspeptic as well as the body. A good general rule in reading is to select those books produced only by the master minds,—such as stand the test of time, and, though old, are ever new. But with all the aid of the very best books, no one can become wise who does not studiously learn by observation of life and Nature.

REV. ANTONINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL read a paper on "Woman's Office Outside of the House" before the recent Women's Congress in New York, which would seem to have been both sensible and able. She pleaded for less drudgery for women, and more culture,—especially for that large class of housekeeping women. She said: "There must be a reconstruction in woman's household duties. Every housewife should find no less than three hours each day that she can call her own. Let the husband help his wife; many hands make light work, and the heart will be lightened proportionally." Husbands will please take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

THE ORTHODOXY of Rev. Mr. Murray's horseology seems to be well nigh as much questioned as that of his theology. He is quoted as having said, in his lately published book on *The Perfect Horse*, that a horse with a flat forehead will be a surly, ugly beast; but a writer in the *Boston Globe* says that "that is exactly opposite to my belief and experience." All the baulky vicious horses which he has ever seen, he says, "had full round foreheads, and an experienced and sagacious horseman at my elbow exactly agrees with me." We suppose that the perfect horse has no more been found than the perfect man. Whether, when he comes, he will have a flat head or a round one, remains to be seen; but the perfect man will probably have his head level.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

The Ecclesiastical Foes of Rational Faith.

AN ESSAY

READ AT THE CONVENTION OF THE
FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION

In New York, Oct. 15, 1873.

BY WM. J. POTTER.

Religion, in its historical career, has had many and bitter foes. It has had to meet the spirit of denial and scepticism. It has been tormented by the hosts of infidelity. It has contended against the cold criticisms of philosophy. It has been compelled to make war upon the material and animal propensities of mankind,—or, in the old Evangelical phrase, "fight the world, the flesh, and the devil." It has had to encounter every form of malevolence, wrong, wickedness, sin, and misery with which the human race has been burdened. And yet, notwithstanding this picture of conflict with its natural enemies beyond its own lines, religion has had no enemies more hostile, more bitter, more persistent in their antagonism, than the foes which it has found in its own citadel—the Church. Its hardest foes, after all, have been "they of its own household;" as witness the bloody persecutions which mark but too clearly the trail of advancing truth in religious history,—the murder of Luther by Philip, of Spain, the massacre of Huguenots in Paris, the reciprocal slaughter of contending factions in earlier Christian history as one or the other had the temporal power, the imprisonment and hanging of religious dissenters in later times by those who had once been dissenters themselves, the long and honored roll of martyrs to their faith put to death by the bigoted devotees of a different faith; or outside of Christendom, the fierce contests for power between the crescent and the cross, the cruel expulsion of Buddhism by the earlier religion of India, the wars—with carnal weapons and with every form of cruelty, carnage, and misery—of faith against faith, which have everywhere blotted the pages of history. These are witnesses that show unimpeachably that religion has had no severer foes than the enemies in its own household. The Church itself, though the self-instituted guardian of religion, has always been more or less in conflict with the religious spirit which it was meant to protect and defend.

Surprising, however, as the fact may seem that religion should have thus found some of its greatest enemies within its own domain, yet we have not to look far for the cause. Religious institutions, which in their aggregate of organization and power we call the Church, are necessarily the result of religious beliefs and feelings that had their origin in a past epoch. They are the deposit of an inspiration, or sentiment, that has been, and are necessarily shaped by the mental and moral intelligence within which that inspiration had its limiting conditions. They were moulded by the exigencies, faith, thought, emotions of an era necessarily gone by; otherwise there would have been no opportunity for them to have grown and hardened into the consistency of institutions. Hence, naturally, religious institutions, or the Church, will always strive to conserve the beliefs and feelings of this past era out of which they came. On traditions they stand, and to traditions they will cling.

But religion, on the other hand, has its source, not in traditions, but in the present vitality of the human soul itself. Religion must necessarily have a present life, a present power. It springs from a source that is always teeming with the terms of fresh productions. Whatever affiliations it may have with the past, it must have affiliations also with the new knowledge and the new forms of human activity that mark the present era. Instead of permitting itself to be shaped wholly by the limiting exigencies of a past epoch, it will itself demand a shaping influence over the institutions that are to be. So far from submitting to the dominion of past beliefs and faiths, it claims to be their creator. And since it is the vitalizing spirit of all religious history, before it institutions, churches, forms of faith, creeds, sacraments, worship, are all fluid, to be moulded, under the progressive conditions of new thought and intelligence, to the spiritual exigencies of every new era.

This civil conflict, therefore, of religion with foes in its domain is always the conflict between the opening and widening religious faith which at any present time exists—opening and widening under the improved conditions of human intelligence—and the religious faith that took shape and form under the narrower conditions of a past intelligence. In a word, it is a conflict between the Church that has been and the Church that is to be. It is not, as it is sometimes expressed, a conflict between faith and reason, or between religion and science, but it is the more enlightened reason of any present era battling against the less developed reason of the past; it is religion in the light of science against the religion when there was little or no science; it is to-day's thought against yesterday's thought; or, since there is no faith which is not in some way connected with and dependent upon thought, it is the larger faith of one generation contending against the narrower faith of a preceding generation.

But in such a conflict it would seem as if the strength would all be on the side of the new thought, the new reason, the new faith; and, if this be the nature of it, how, it may be asked, can there be such vigor and persistency in the struggle? Would not the less enlightened reason of yesterday have to yield at once to the more enlightened reason of to-day? Can last century's thought stand up in battle against this century's? Or a narrower faith hold the field against a broader? Looking at the strength of the contestants alone, we should have to answer, "Impossible;

there can be no contest." And, ultimately, it is true that the greater strength always lies with the new thought, the larger reason, the larger faith; and in the end the victory must be there. But then it is to be remembered that the old thought and faith always have the advantage of possession. They hold the field which is to be won. They have the seat of government, they fill all the offices, they are the accepted authority in the spiritual realm. They have the prestige of antiquity and of being the regular rulers. All the mechanism of spiritual government, the organization, forces, treasury, material of war, are theirs. And from all this they derive an immense advantage, and enter the contest with resources that are ample for maintaining a long and vigorous struggle, and even for winning temporary victories. The new thought and new faith, on the other hand, are always in the attitude of reformers and revolutionists. They have no resources except of their own extemporaneous provision; and their strength lies solely in their own genuineness, and in the moral earnestness which animates the hearts of their devotees,—in these, and in the law, grounded in the natural order of human development, that genuine revolutions, however resisted and retarded, never go backward. Hence, as we have seen, this contest has been persistent, bitter, and often bloody.

Less bitter, and certainly much less bloody in our age, yet the contest still goes on. The form of it may have changed, yet it is an "irrepressible conflict,"—since it is a conflict between some narrow thought of yesterday, which is organized, and to-day's larger thought, which is free. The Church still harbors and supports some of the direst foes which religion has to meet.

For what is religion in its essence? Is it not the earnest devotion, in purpose, thought, deed, of each individual soul to the highest and best that is revealed to that soul? To the highest and best, stretching off to unseen heights, and connecting itself somewhere to a purpose and plan that are of infinite comprehension, and aim at universal good? And though such devotion as this finds enemies enough in the world,—finds them, as we might naturally expect, in the temptations of appetite, and in all the allurements of selfish ambition, avarice, and low, material living which are continually dragging human beings down from the goal of their purest aspirations and best endeavors,—yet it finds abundant enemies also, where at first view we should not expect to find them, in the limits of the Church itself. It finds them in that repression of thought which the ecclesiastical authorities are summoned to exercise, unless the thought shall agree with established dogmas. It finds them in the ecclesiastical denial of reason as a usurper against the alleged authority of what is termed revelation,—as if reason were not a manifestation of the creative spirit as much as any revelation could be, or were not the only possible agency through which infinite thought could be revealed to the finite. It finds them in the upholding of certain doctrines and rites as of supreme importance, and acceptance of them as a saving act for the soul, though reason may pronounce them irrational, and science condemn them as the surviving superstitions of a past epoch. It finds them in the fruitless contests of sect with sect over dogmas and ceremonies that seem alike unreasonable and of small significance, while the interests of human welfare are neglected, and mankind are suffering untold calamities from social wrong and degradation. It finds them, in a word, in the persistent opposition of organized religion to any change,—in the consequent opposition of the Church, in the main, to free thought, to social reform, to any efforts for the elevation and progress of man, unless those efforts shall in some way hinge on her own specific dogmas of salvation. Religion is devotion to the seeking and practicing of the highest truth,—truth in science, truth in morals, truth in society, truths of character; and truth in its revelation must necessarily be progressive to the finite mind. Yet religion finds the Church, the instituted guardian of its interests, so intent on conserving past discovery in the realm of moral and spiritual truth, that it shuts its doors against the truth that is coming to earnest minds and hearts to-day.

And these ecclesiastical foes to rational, progressive and practical religion may be readily and conveniently classified. First, there is the spirit of dogmatism; next, as growing directly out of dogmatism, the spirit of sectarianism; and third, superstition. A few words on the still prevailing power of each.

1. The spirit of dogmatism,—what is it? How shall we define it? It is the spirit that makes belief of more importance than character. More than this, it is the spirit that regards belief in certain ecclesiastically authorized dogmas—or what is called sound belief—as having a saving efficacy to the soul of the believer, the absence of such belief as a peril to the soul to be by all means shunned. When very strong, this spirit not only limits religious fellowship, but even social fellowship, and fellowship for humanitarian and philanthropic objects, by the barriers of a doctrinal confession. It is the spirit that says, Believe this like me, and you are saved; disbelieve it, and you are damned. It is the spirit that says, What my church believes is orthodox, true, genuine; what yours believes is false and leads to perdition: what my church teaches is a direct revelation from God, for through it runs the line of communication with him; what yours teaches is the product of carnal reason and the instigation of Satanic power.

Now this spirit, it must be admitted, has become very much mollified in these latter days. It does not exhibit itself in such fierceness and cruelty of antagonism as once it did. Yet it is the same spirit from which have sprung all the bitter persecutions that have dishonored the Church,—the spirit which once said, "This man does not believe as I do, and I must therefore make him believe by force, so as either to save his soul; or, if that be impossible, to save other

souls by the warning of his suffering and perdition." It may have dropped some of its old methods, but it still exists, and finds many ways for exercising its power. Practically, it is the Pharisaical "I-am-better-than-thou" spirit which attaches itself to certain theological systems. Essentially, it is a form of spiritual conceit, arrogantly claiming an access to Divine knowledge which it assumes is denied to people holding different beliefs. Philosophically stated, it is an attempt to urge the acceptance of a proposition, not by showing the reasons on which it may be based, but by the sheer force of authority,—either the authority of one's own individual assertion, or the authority of ecclesiastical decrees and power. In enforcing its power, it has given up the thumb-screw, the rack, the dungeon and stake; but it still haunts all the ways and by-ways of the Church, appealing to motives which, in the mass of men, are hardly less potent than was the fear of these tortures. It appeals to people's fears concerning the future life, to the prudent feeling that would be on the safe side, rather than to the manly sentiment of being on the side of truth whatever happens. It operates upon the natural sentiment of remorse for wrong-doing, and lashes it into a morbid activity. It dexterously weaves in its demands among the most sacred associations and tender memories of pious souls, and threatens them with the loss of all, if its demands are not complied with. It threatens, moreover, loss of reputation, of position and influence, of ecclesiastical honor and advancement,—aye, even the loss of business and the means of daily bread, if its requisitions are not conceded. Formerly, the spirit of dogmatism did its fiercest work in the dungeon and the sword. Now, when bittens, it accomplishes its objects by the milder method which we may call ecclesiastical black-mailing.

But let me bring some facts to show that the spirit of dogmatism still exists, and is active. A young man in the West has just been practically ostracized from the Orthodox ministry and accepted a position as preacher to a Unitarian society, because, as he says, "The Unitarian church is the only one I know of in which the fundamental idea and principle of Protestantism is not practically denied. In other words, it is the only church in which the right of private judgment and freedom of thought and speech is permitted." His ability, his moral character, his religious zeal and earnestness, have not been questioned. But he was forced to the step, evidently because he could not retain Orthodox fellowship except by suppressing his honest convictions. But will he find that perfect freedom, as he now thinks, among Unitarians? I trust so, and, locally, perhaps, he will. But it is only a year ago that a young minister, of fine character and aspirations, a good preacher and a faithful worker among his people, was deprived of a Unitarian pulpit, for only going a little farther in the utterance of liberal opinions than has now gone his Orthodox brother in the West; and this, too, was the pulpit that was founded by Priestley in Pennsylvania, where that famous philosopher and theologian, escaping from the religious persecutions of his native land, hoped to establish a church that should be an asylum of religious liberty. Nor is this an exceptional instance among Unitarians! A gentleman, now on this platform, could tell you of a contest which he had with Unitarian dogmatists a few years ago in New Hampshire. And another, who it was hoped would be here as one of our speakers, might tell a story of Universalist dogmatism, as it exhibited itself some half dozen years ago in Boston, in its treatment of him for joining the Free Religious movement. This spirit of dogmatism, therefore, is not the exclusive possession of any one sect. We find exhibitions of it in the so-called liberal sects, though we find it, of course, oftener and stronger in the sects that are older, and possess more of ecclesiastical authority, and professedly lay more stress upon doctrinal distinctions. A curious and rather ludicrous illustration of it has lately been furnished by the chaplain of the State's Prison at Charlestown, who is so jealous for the orthodoxy of the convicts who make his parish that he takes away from them Unitarian books and tracts, which a philanthropic lady had left with them. He finally, however, yielded, so far as to allow James Freeman Clarke's *Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy*—a book which he said was "enough to unsettle any mind"—to be read by one of the worst of the convicts, a prisoner for life, because it was not of much consequence what he read. Now this chaplain is doubtless a good man, and may have some excellent qualifications for his office. He is, it is to be presumed, a philanthropist. Yet he is so much under the control of the spirit of dogmatism that he forgets the common courtesies that are due from one philanthropist to another, and forgets also, as the editor of a religious newspaper well puts it, that "even convicts have some rights which a chaplain is bound to respect," and that, as an officer of the State, with a salary which comes from taxing all the people of the State, he has no just nor legal right to confine the religious instruction of the inmates of the prison within the limitations of his own theology. This, I believe, is a specimen of Methodist dogmatism. But all through Christendom, and to some extent in all the sects, we may see proofs of the same spirit,—ministers restrained from uttering their real convictions from fear of losing their pulpits, and the means of supporting their families; school teachers, professors in colleges, newspaper editors and writers, public lecturers, condemned to keep their religious opinions silent, or lose their positions and the popular favor; even business men made to feel by many of their patrons that, if they want business, they must subscribe to, or at least not oppose, certain theological beliefs. There are men of public reputation in this city of New York who will not dare to speak on the platform of this Free Religious Convention, though their convictions and sympathies are here, because, if they do, they know it will be at the sacrifice of their public

influence in their special spheres of labor. It would not be right to charge them all with moral cowardice (though it is to be feared there is too much of this), for they may not think it worth while to give up a life-career, in which they may accomplish much public good, for the sake of an hour's expression of their opinions on religious themes, so long as they have not a special mission for the propagation of these opinions. But the fact that they do abstain from this expression of their religious views, because they see it will be at the cost of their public usefulness in their chosen careers, tells volumes against the character and power of the ecclesiastical dogmatism that still rules in Christendom. That learned, cultivated, philanthropic, and noble men should thus be silenced in respect to the utterance of their religious views, or else be compelled to vacate their places of general public usefulness, is proof that even in this country there prevails a spiritual despotism, the machinery of which, though less external and material than formerly, is still potent to accomplish its ends. Dogmatism is simply despotism in religion; and it prevails wherever effort is made to maintain or to extend religious beliefs by any other processes or appeals than by arguments addressed to reason. This is the essence of dogmatism. And the practical bane of it is, that it reckons ecclesiastical conformity of belief as of more importance than sound thinking or true living.

II. Turn now to *sectarianism*, a kindred evil. Sectarism, indeed, is only one of the phases of dogmatism. Sectarism is dogmatism organized; dogmatism in its working-dress. Dogmatism is the root from which the sectarian feeling springs. We can hardly conceive that there would be sects in religion, did not men think that certain religious beliefs are all-important, and that it is necessary to convert all mankind to the acceptance of them. Did people simply wish to come together for spiritual incitement and elevation, for moral culture, and for doing philanthropic work, sects could not flourish. It is when these moral, spiritual, and philanthropic objects are subordinated to, or are regarded as involved in, belief in some theological dogma that the sectarian spirit arises. Then the main object of religious association is not moral, spiritual, philanthropic, but *doctrinal*, and all those who believe in the doctrine must be organized to work together to defend and propagate it. Thus a sect is built up. First, a doctrine,—and a doctrine conceived as all-important, and necessary to be believed by all men,—and then the sect as the guardian of the doctrine. The guardian becomes, therefore, as important as the doctrine, and the associated believers give themselves, heart and soul, to building up the guardian-sect. They have no philanthropic interests apart from that. They look at humanity only through the eyes of sect. They see no hope for mankind save in that little section of the religious world where their congregation worships. They endeavor to shape the forces of education and learning so as to hold them to their own ecclesiastical uses. No grist goes by, from whatever source it comes, that they do not endeavor to turn it to their mill.

But, it may be said, the fact of the existence of sects, whether of the great sects that divide the faith of the world, or of the smaller sects into which the religions divide, is not wholly an evil fact. And this is true. Sects, like religions, grow out of certain natural causes, and are adapted to certain natural, historical exigencies. Moreover, they indicate a certain mental activity, and mark, by the order of their development, pretty accurately the line of the progress of thought in religion. And if this were all, there were little or no evil to complain of. But a distinction has to be made between what we may call *sect*, and *sectarianism*. A sect may be a very harmless—nay, a very necessary, thing. When it comes as an organized band of protesters against some harmful dogma, or superstition, or, still better, as a band of affirmers of some new spiritual truth, and of workers for humane ends on some higher and broader platform than the old Church has allowed, then a sect may do a very useful and noble service. But such a movement, if true to its own impelling spirit, can hardly fall into *sectarianism*. A religious organization becomes sectarian only when it endeavors to draw a line in respect to theological opinion, so as to exclude somebody, or some thought, from its fellowship. Then, it assumes that some doctrine has been found that is better than the spirit of truth-seeking, and it sets itself to propagate that doctrine, and to build itself up for that purpose rather than for the broader purpose of human welfare. And this is the spirit and the evil of *sectarianism*; it is the putting of denominational views and objects before the interests of truth and humanity,—the putting of a belief which has the little stamp of some church upon it before the broad truth which carries upon it the free stamp of rational thought—the only authentic seal of Infinite Intelligence to the finite.

And who can honestly say that this evil of sectarianism does not still largely prevail, in Christendom and elsewhere? Modified and mollified from what it once was, there is still but too abundant evidence of its existence. Such movements as that represented in the Evangelical Alliance are pointed out as proof that the sectarian spirit is decaying. And among the denominations represented in that Alliance, in their relations to each other, this may have some truth. But then these denominations hold, substantially, the same theological system of belief,—the Protestant Evangelical interpretation of Christianity. And one of the avowed objects of their union is to defend their common Protestant view of Christianity against the power of the Roman Catholic church on the one hand, and their common Evangelical view of it against the inroads of Rationalism on the other. In other words, the signs are that they have come together for self-defence, and perhaps, also, for a more effective, offensive warfare, rather than that the

sectarian spirit has died out among them. Towards the world outside of their lines they are as sectarian as ever. So also of the smaller and more local exhibitions of fellowship among these same sects. They seem to be rather an alliance for a stronger common defence of the dogmas on which they all stand, than an ascent to an unsectarian platform. What is more sectarian in their general management and spirit than the Young Men's Christian Associations in this country, the constitutions of which make a *quote* of membership, by admitting as "active" members—that is, members who are permitted to have anything to do with the election of officers and management of business—only such as are of Evangelical doctrine? And how much this sectarian spirit mingles with benevolent enterprises everywhere, and interferes with their successful working, the lover of humanity knows but too well.

People who believe in the same objects of charity are kept apart and weak because of sectarian differences and jealousies, when they might be so strong in good works, if they would only stand together.

The sects do, it must be allowed, as sects, no inconsiderable amount of charitable work. But the drawback to such charity is that there is always danger of its being subordinated to some ecclesiastical purpose. The Roman Catholic church does not institute its many charities so much for the sake of the welfare of those who are to be helped, as for the sake of the Lord; and this "for the sake of the Lord" is too apt to mean for the sake of a certain dogma about the Lord, or for the sake of a church where he is supposed to be best served. When any charity is established by a sect, and its management put designedly and exclusively into the hands of a sect, it is almost inevitable that it should be so conducted as to promote the interests of a sect. And this end, though it may not be avowed, is yet doubtless the real intention; else, why the carefulness to keep the management in the hands of the sect?

Now, if the benevolent sentiment which is thus harnessed to sectarian objects indirectly, and if the zeal for human welfare, the moral earnestness, the consecration of purpose, the learning, the talent, the property, which are now spent directly on promoting sectarian dogmas and sectarian interests, could be emancipated from these uses, and put to service in some rational, broad, well-considered way, in harmony with the enlightened methods of the nineteenth century, for the improvement of human society, what a power would be wielded for the good of mankind! When the churches forsake their sectarian strifes, their disputes about dogma, and ritual, and tradition, and band their forces together for the simple promotion of truth and righteousness, then the great problems of social misery and crime, which now perplex and darken society, will be more than half solved. Then we shall have a church in which science and philanthropy can join hands with faith, not so much to point men away from their ills and sorrows to a future heaven, as to help make for them a heaven here and now on earth.

III. But there is another foe, also within the limits of the Church itself, with which rational religion has to contend,—*superstition*. This is a more subtle enemy, quite as common, but not so easy to define. It has its source close by the primal fountain of religion itself. For religion, dealing with those relations that connect the finite intelligence with things that are infinite and beyond comprehension, necessarily shades off from solid and palpable truths to the region of mysteries. Hence, it is safe to say, that there has never been a religion which did not have its superstitions; and not only have them, but cherish and defend them as among its valuable traditions; nor is it always easy to distinguish the real faith from the superstition. Verbally, we may define superstition as faith resting on no solid basis, either of intuition or experience; it is faith up in the air,—faith that runs into fancy, into mere imagination, and chimeras. It is the spirit of excessive credulity in religion. Religion has had to contend in its career with the spirit that believes too little,—the spirit of denial and scepticism; but it has also had to contend with the spirit that believes too much,—which is superstition. And this foe within its own borders has done it quite as much harm as the more open foe of infidelity without. It is because religion has been compromised by the prevalence of superstitious beliefs and practices in the churches, that it has now fallen to such an extent out of harmony with the enlightened mind of the age. While ecclesiastical authorities have been nursing the superstitions, under the delusion that they were a protection of faith, these superstitions have really been sucking the life out of faith, so far as the churches are concerned, since genuine faith must always be in vital union with some living thought. And hence a rational faith, which must of necessity adjust itself continually to the demands of new thought, finds itself continually in conflict with this disposition of the Church to let superstitions alone, and even to cherish and defend them.

And we have no need to look far to find the proofs that superstition is still a present power in the Church. The Roman Catholic church, itself a mass of superstitions from foundation to top, has just given, in the pilgrimage to the French shrine of St. Marie Alacoque, to the world a new illustration of the ease with which the devotees of that church will respond to any demand upon their credulity; and the *American Catholic Review*, in an article encouraging Americans to organize a similar pilgrimage, frankly says all the minor details of the plan are easy of settlement "as soon as it is evident that a sufficient number" will join in showing to the world, what we are all, on this side of the Atlantic, so well aware of, that American Catholics are just as superstitious and just as medieval as their European brethren, and no more so." But Protestants, though they may not so frankly avow it, have their superstitions too, and cannot

throw many stones at the Catholics on this point. A few months ago, at the time of heavy rains in England, a special prayer was prepared for the use of the clergy of the Established Church, petitioning the Almighty for a cessation of the floods. The prayers were begun, or were about to begin, when some farmers, alarmed for their future prosperity, petitioned the authorities of the Church that the prayers might cease and the rains go on, because, though the rain had been abundant, it had not yet sufficiently drenched the soil so as to reach all the springs and make up for the severe drought of previous years. The farmers, in this case, had the advantage of the clergy in their better understanding of the actual earthly conditions of the problem; but both alike appear to have believed that the prayers, if offered, would be potent to change the natural laws of the universe. In Boston there is a hospital, under Protestant Evangelical auspices, the managers of which affirm that it is supported wholly by prayer to God, never by appeals for aid from man. And how many people there are who would reject such a belief as this as a superstition not to be credited for a moment, who yet like to think that Nature's laws may sometimes be turned aside, either by their solicitation or by some special favor of the Almighty, so as to bring exemption to themselves or their households from some threatening peril by accident or disease! Then there are the superstitions concerning the Bible, and Sunday, and so-called sacred edifices, often preventing the best human use of them all, because it is thought they are in some way the Lord's, as other books and days and houses are not. And must we not begin to call a superstition that central and still powerful doctrine of Evangelical faith, by which it is believed that a man's sin to-day is washed away by the blood of a holy man who died in Judea near two thousand years ago? In the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance the other day, a converted Brahmin from India said that he was first turned toward Christianity by his reason beginning to question the possibility of many of the legends and traditions he had accepted for truth; and then he went on to laud the Bible and its plan of salvation by Calvary as the one authentic revelation of God in which he now implicitly trusted. I could not help asking, as I read his speech, how his reason should not equally question the stories of the sun standing still, of a man ascending in a fiery chariot to heaven, of water turned to wine, and the dead raised miraculously to life, which make a part of his present accepted Revelation. He had thrown off one superstition, and made some advance, but clearly had not risen above all superstition by coming out of Brahminism into Christianity. And so it is with all religious faith that does not keep the full companionship of reason. The faith that fastens yesterday's crude knowledge on its elbows will inevitably find superstition clinging to its skirts to-morrow. It is only by keeping pace with advancing thought that faith can keep itself clean from superstition. Superstition—to use a rather homely comparison—is faith's cast-off skin. Many people pick up the skin, and appear to think that they have the faith, forgetting that the sloughed garment only indicates that a new spring has come, and that the life has passed on in fresher form.

We see, then, what formidable opposition rational religion has to meet in the limits of the Church itself. In treating such a topic it has been necessary, of course, to speak chiefly in the line of criticism and negation. It will fall to others, before these meetings close, to show more of the positive and constructive side of the Free Religious movement. For they greatly mistake who suppose that this Free Religious movement is only denial and destruction. It destroys and it constructs; and it only destroys that it may construct. And so important do I deem it that we should bear this other side in mind that I am loth to conclude without briefly indicating how even this topic comes to its natural terminus, not in negations, but in the most positive assertion of a constructive power. For what, in human history, has been more constructive than religion? And what, again, in human history, and in human society to-day, is more constructive than rational thought or reason? Will they be less constructive when put together? And this, the putting of religion and reason together, is the point I have aimed at in this address; and it is the point towards which the Free Religious movement aims. Those who are engaged in this movement, looking behind and around them, find indeed much to criticise and oppose; but looking within and before them, they hardly know what the words, destruction and negation mean; and if their work ends without bringing into themselves, and into human society, a positively constructive force, they will greatly miss their goal. They profess to hold a form of faith which does not harbor these intestine foes of which I have spoken; a faith that is open on all sides to reason,—that does not fear but courts the advance of science,—that is ready to join hands for the promotion of truth and right with all earnest souls of whatever creed or race; a faith that cares for no dogma so much as it cares for personal integrity of character, for no book or tradition so much as for true thought, for no church so much as for humanity; a faith that expects no boon of salvation other than that which is found in the wholeness of a pure heart and a good life. They, then, of all men, are under obligation to show their faith by their works. They profess to have no other dependence than right living,—right living and those eternal laws of beneficence by which right living brings felicity as its natural product. They must see to it, then, that they set their own lives, and, so far as depends on them, the life of society, into line with these laws. The faith of others may be allowed to speak of human righteousness as "filthy rags;" but they must clothe themselves with that righteousness as the only garment that will admit them to heaven. Others may look for a heaven purchased for them through the toil and sacrifice of an-

other being; they can look for no heaven, here or hereafter, save that which they themselves create through the pure purposes of their own hearts and the resolute uprightness of their own deeds, and the aid of that Power—call it Person or call it Force—which works in and through all genuine human work.

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PAUL GOWER.

A NATIONALISTIC STORY

OF
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN WHICH PAUL GOWER AND RICHARD SABIN AMUSE THEMSELVES.

Having provided both Paul and his friend with employment—which, if not of a very high order, yet served as a stepping-stone to better work—I shall pass over some months of their existence with no more detail than their every-day character seems to demand. It must be an exceptional career, nowadays, which has not its intervals of routine and monotony: Gil Blas in the nineteenth century would be next to an impossibility; and our friends' lives were oftentimes as commonplace as those of other people; though, indeed, their labors on the *Porcupine* necessarily involved a certain amount of amusement and novelty to themselves, if not to the public. But anything pursued as a business inevitably partakes of the nature of work; and fun-makers by profession are generally rather more serious individuals than the rest of the community.

It was, however, by no means an unpleasant life that the two young men began to lead in New York City. We may be sure that their devotion to pen and pencil was not of such an engrossing nature as to prevent them from availing themselves of the many opportunities for improving their acquaintance with men and things in that metropolis. If they worked hard—as, to do them justice, they sometimes did—they knew how to play, also. Sabin's capacity for social enjoyment has already been mentioned; while Paul owed himself such an amount of arrears in pleasure and self-assertion that, with the means at command and nobody to check him, the wonder perhaps was that he did not turn out a rake and a reprobate. With a youth of less thoughtful and sensitive disposition, this had been a very natural transformation; but though his appetite for amusement occasionally led him into queer places, and very promiscuous company, it never was rank enough to batten upon garbage, and seldom brought worse cause for repentance than could be relieved with soda-water. Very likely he might have yielded to temptation, if it had come in more inviting shapes than it did, but never having succumbed, he found resistance the less difficult: it is the first step that costs, always. A modest, ingenious youth, of no more than average animalism, is often as shamefaced as a girl, and has an unspeakable repugnance towards conscious, deliberate sin. Besides, he was in love: and without endorsing the hyperbole of George Sand—"Les anges ne sont plus sur es que le cœur d'un jeune homme qui aime en vérité"—I think it must be admitted that one of the best conservators of youthful morality is an honest, romantic passion, let it be never so unwise or irrationally bestowed. The reflection, What would she think or say? is a far better curb than, What should I think of myself afterwards? in thousands of instances.

The friends, then, took their share of town pleasures, like other young men, delighting to explore the various phases of life in New York, very much as George Warrington and Arthur Pendennis are described as doing in London, in the history of the latter. Their connection with the *Porcupine*, and the acquaintances it brought them, supplied an open sesame to all sorts of experiences on the free-and-easy side of American existence, which are never more accessible than to gentlemen of the press, even of such moderate pretensions as those attaching to a shifty comic paper: indeed, journalism in the United States is a kind of free-masonry, having its lodges in every town, recognized everywhere, and entitling the initiated to innumerable good offices and social privileges. Thus, though not very important persons, either in their own conceit, or the opinion of the community, they were admitted as belonging to the rank and file of the fourth estate, which is nowhere so omnipotent, whether for good or evil, as in this republic. They had the run of a great many newspaper offices, knew the editors, critics, and reporters, were hail-fellow-well-met with the rising generation of artists, took drinks and exchanged nods with actors, hobnobbed with local politicians (always the most affable of men), and established an extensive intimacy with the proprietors of various bar-rooms, taverns, and restaurants. They frequented the theatres, concert-saloons, and German lager-beer gardens, visited sailors' dance houses, and, in company with the police, made the rounds of the Five Points, Cow Bay, and the Fourth Ward, finding, indeed, more of wretchedness, squalor, and poverty than "character" in all but the last; for the old diabolic saturnalia of the first—once a veritable New York *cour des miracles*—are, happily, long obsolete. They devoted a night, under the pilotage of a friend, to the gaming-houses, including not only the stylish faro-palaces on Broadway, but the more ignoble haunts of the "tiger," the "tin-pot" establishments of Chatham Street and the Bowery—where Dick ventured fifty cents and, in the course of half an hour, actually won twenty-six dollars, which he sub-

sequently spent on a supper at Florence's. They saw a terrier kill his hundred rats in eight minutes, thirty-eight seconds, at Harry Jennings', in White Street, and several dog-fights. In accordance with an invitation from a waiter at Sweeney's, they attended a cock-pit where the illegal "sports" were, of course, conducted privately. They witnessed a sparring-exhibition in the rear of a tavern in Broome Street, and, going under the protection of a gentleman attached to the *Ripper* newspaper, neither had their pockets picked, nor were personally maltreated. They went out nocturnally with the harbor-police, coasting the piers and wharves of the two rivers, and taking nothing by their enterprise but a wetting, as the weather proved too bad for amphibious rascality to be stirring. They shared in a week's cruise down the bay, and about the shores of Staten and Long Islands, in a yacht owned by a jolly engraver, or, as he preferred to call himself, a "woodpecker," who now contracted for the *Porcupine* work, the whilom obscurers of the office-windows being superseded. In a three-days' ramble they explored the rocky Palisades of the glorious Hudson, a delightful excursion, involving much climbing, sketching, and general vagabondizing; also, I regret to say, the stealing of a roadside turkey, which Sabin knocked over with his stick, and which was subsequently cooked and eaten by our friends, before retiring to a hayloft, wherein they passed the night: also a narrow escape from a sudden Nemesis in the shape of a copperhead snake, in an attempt to scale the cliffs immediately opposite Yonkers. In short, omitting further details, they improved their time so thoroughly that Paul, at least, beheld more of American manners and customs during his first three months' sojourn in New York than he had of his own countryfolks in thrice that number of years in London.

While he was thus showing his sense of the value of his father's advice about getting on in life—of course justifying himself by the assumed necessity for seeing it in his new calling—certain events were transpiring at his boarding-house, or in connection with a young lady there resident, which, though comparatively insignificant in themselves, were yet destined to influence the course of this history. Some of them are so much a sequel to what has gone before that they might be anticipated without any great stretch of ingenuity on the part of the reader.

In the first place, within a couple of weeks after the departure of Mr. Fox for Baltimore—whither he went very unwillingly, as distrusting what was in store for him—Miss Livingston chose to break with her admirer, in as off-hand and unceremonious a manner as she had contracted the engagement—if it deserved the name. The epistolary abilities upon which he had prided himself only served to accelerate his fate, for he wrote such long letters, both to the girl and her mother—flowery, verbose compositions, abounding with the egotistic personal pronoun—that the recipients found it too much trouble to answer them, especially as Miss Lizzie spelt very badly and her mamma liked to use her tongue better than her pen, though she kept an idiotic diary, mainly devoted to the idolization of Rebecca Livingston. So poor Charley's letters were generally neglected, after being read aloud for the amusement of his late fellow-boarders. Then he telegraphed to know the reason why, and offended Miss Lizzie by directing his message to "Mrs. Charles Fox," and by ornamenting his envelopes with sealing-wax "kisses," which she called putting all the sentiment outside. Also she affected resentment at being made love to through the medium of her mother—an accusation really justified by her suit-or's correspondence—and advised him to transfer his addresses to "Widow Livingston," with which suggestion all intercourse terminated. "Any stick," the adage informs us, "is good enough to beat a dog;" the little coquette was tired of her admirer, and, lacking the stimulant of personal propitiation, determined to be rid of him; she had begun in caprice and ended in wilfulness. And from the circumstance that, in less than a month afterwards, Paul got a lively letter from Mr. Fox containing self-congratulations on "his escape," and also an enthusiastic description of the charms of a certain widow, "who owned no end of niggers and a cotton plantation in South Carolina," and whom the writer proposed to adore, henceforth and eternally,—it may be inferred that his throwing over didn't hurt him much, and that he consoled himself as speedily as he had on a former disappointment, according to his own confession.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WE ARE OFTEN told of the "good old times" when religion was in its palmy days and infidelity scarce. But we are thankful that we didn't live then and print the *Investigator*, or we might have been served like the poor friar mentioned in the following paragraph:—

Bill for Hanging and Boiling a Friar.—"Tadpole" writes as follows to the *Kentish Observer*:—"In the present age of religious tolerance and high price of labor, the following may not be uninteresting. It is extracted from an old magazine, and is an authentic copy of a document of the date: 'Account of the hanging and parboiling of Friar Stone at Canterbury in 1539. Paid for half a ton of timber to make a pair of gallows for to hang Friar Stone, 2s. 6d.; to a carpenter for making the same gallows, and the dray, 1s. 4d.; to a laborer that digged the holes, 3d.; other expenses of setting up the same, and carriage of the timber from Stablegate to the dungeon, 1s.; for a hurdle, 6d.; for a load of wood, and for a horse to draw him to the dungeon, 2s. 3d.; paid two men that sat at the kettle and parboiled him, 1s.; to three men that carried his quarters to the gates and sat them up, 1s.; for halsters to hang him, and Sandwich cord, and for screws, 1s.; for a woman that scowered the kettle, 2d.; to him that did execution, 3s. 8d.; total, 14s. 8d.'—*Investigator*."

AN EXPLANATION.

[From the *Christian Register*, Nov. 1.]

In the *Register* of last Saturday, a correspondent quotes from a telegraphic report of the recent Convention of the Free Religious Association, in New York, the incident in which a gentleman in the audience, who desired to oppose some of the opinions by the chairman, and then asks, "Have the spirit and methods of the Evangelical Alliance captured the Free Religious Association?" The reporter who thought it worth while to send that fact over the wires, ought to have thought it worth while to send the chairman's explanation, made at the same session a few moments later. He said, in substance, as follows: "We have not, in arranging this Convention, provided for, or advertised, a general discussion, to be participated in miscellaneously by any persons who may chance to be present. We have selected certain topics which we wished to present to the public, and engaged certain speakers to present them. Those speakers are here to meet their engagements. To give up the time to others would be to break our engagements with them, and with the audiences that have come here in response to our advertisements; and would probably prevent our carrying out our advertised programme. Were we in the majority, our principles might require, and we should think it but fair, to give up some portion of our time to the opinions of the minority. But the majority have been stating their opinions for three hundred years and more; they have almost all the churches and newspapers at their command; they have just held possession of New York for ten days, and all the papers in the country have been reporting their views, with not a word on the other side. Now we have hired this hall, and rescued these few hours from other duties, for the purpose of presenting this other side, which gets such a meagre representation anywhere else. I put it, therefore, to the common sense and the common fairness of people, whether we can be charged with illiberality if we do not give up any portion of these hours to the use of our opponents."

The audience evidently, from their applause, approved of this decision. Some of us on the platform would, perhaps, have decided differently, willing to give an opponent even more than he had any just right to ask; but when we afterwards learned how many persons in the audience had sent up to the chairman requests to be allowed to speak, we all, I believe, were ready to pronounce it, at least, a wise, practical decision. Had the privilege been accorded in one case, it could hardly have been denied in another.

Certainly, neither the principle of free speech, nor a free platform, requires that the time of a Convention shall be given up to such chance discussion as may arise in a public assembly. And the Convention Committee of the Free Religious Association, it is hoped, will never do so foolish a thing as to hire a central and costly hall in a large city for a public meeting, and then abandon the meeting to whatever speakers may choose or chance to come there to utter their views. Nor is there any antagonism between this position and what your correspondent quotes from our "First Annual Report," as he will, perhaps, himself see if he looks into it a little further. The Association still "invites people of all religious names, and of no religious name, to come together as equal brothers, and confer with one another on the highest interests of mankind,"—though, as a score or more of letters in my possession testify, it has found great difficulty in securing *Orthodox* representatives at such conferences, and has latterly, in consequence, nearly abandoned the attempt as a waste of effort.

Yours truly, W. J. POTTER,
Sec'y F. R. A.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

For sometime past our citizens have been called upon by children with a subscription paper headed "Paul Had a Dream." Several thousands have been induced to give small sums of money to help what seemed to be a good object, several Sabbath-school superintendents having unfortunately given the subscription papers their sanction under a mistaken impression. It was supposed that the money was to assist the American Bible Society, when, to the regret of the contributors, it was found that the money went to the American Bible Union, a sectarian Bible organization. The County Bible Society took measures to enlighten the public on the subject, and issued a circular, signed by the President of the Society and the pastors of sixteen of the churches of the city, as follows:—

The friends of the Bible Cause, and members of the Albany County Bible Society, have learned that the representative of a new Baptist society, called the "American Bible Union," is in this vicinity, and, through the agency of children in our Sabbath-schools, appeals to the public for funds to aid in circulating their new sectarian version. For more than sixty years the Albany County Bible Society has been employed in the distribution of the Bible, and the American Bible Society, to which it is an auxiliary, receives aid through our organization to circulate the same Scriptures wherever destitution exists, both in this country and in distant lands. In view of the denominational nature of the new movement, and of the book circulated by them, and the fact that many of the solicitors, as well as contributors to its funds, are not aware of its sectarian nature, we feel called upon, as friends of the Bible Cause and of all honorable means to circulate the Word, to discourage the means employed by a sectarian union to supplant the work of the American Bible Society, which is composed of all Evangelical Christians, by whatever name they are known.

The accompanying communication from the Gen-

eral Secretary of the American Bible Society will furnish important information upon the subject:—

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, May 13, 1873.
Your favor of the 12th has been received. The "American Bible Union" is an organization made up of that portion of the Baptist denomination which has undertaken the revision by themselves of the Bible. The peculiarities of that version, I presume you understand, are such as to confine it very much to that denomination, or rather that portion of it having the work in hand, which is said to be less than one-half of their own people. It is said that over half a million dollars have been expended upon the revision thus far, and only a portion of the Bible has been put in circulation. Of course, our society does not co-operate in the work in any way, and has no interest in or sympathy with it, and there are some annoying things about it, one of which is that to which you refer—to allow on their part that Society or its work to become identified with our Society and work in many places, by merely presenting the Bible Cause, without reference to their denomination, or the peculiarities of the version by which that Association is known. We have had letters before of inquiry from other places, and in reference to the very person you mention, I think, and his plan for raising money for Bible distribution in the South, etc., and he may in such cases distribute the old version so far as I know. But what I have said will inform you as to what the "Union" was organized for, and the version they circulate, and from this you can judge with what favor to regard their representative man in Albany.

Since writing, one of our Agents from the West has just come in, and says that the "Union" circulate only their own version of the Scriptures.

Yours, very truly,

C. F. Rowz, Gen. Sec. A. B. S.

The officers and teachers of the Hudson avenue Methodist Sunday-school directed their superintendent to pay the moneys collected to the agent of the American Bible Society, in order that they might not be diverted from the object intended by the donors, and the Quarterly Conference at the recent session approved the action of the teachers, by a vote of their number nearly unanimous.

Mr. Barnitz, the reputed agent of this movement, has been in Troy during the past month, and taken considerable money from that city.

The Philadelphians publish in the papers of that city the following:—

CAUTION EXTRAORDINARY!

For the benefit of Methodist Sabbath-schools, and others whom it may concern, the Preachers' Meeting of Philadelphia, after careful inquiry by committee, request the publication of the following, which sufficiently explains itself:—

1st. That the American Bible Union is composed chiefly, perhaps wholly, of persons of the Baptist faith and order.

2d. That its object is a new translation of the Holy Scriptures in which the words "immerse, immersion," &c., are substituted for the words "baptize, baptism," &c.

3d. That Rev. W. R. Barnitz seems to be an authorized representative of this Association, subscribing himself "Sunday-school Secretary of the American Bible Union."

4th. That Rev. Mr. Barnitz, avoiding the pastors and proper church authorities, has obtained access to several of our Sabbath-schools, and by representing that the American Bible Union embraces Christians of every denomination, has, through the children, obtained money for the ostensible purpose of sending Bible primers to the freedmen of the South.

5th. That two members of a committee appointed had personal interviews with Mr. Barnitz, expressing to him freely their convictions of the impropriety of his course; that he attempted justification, and declared his purpose to continue therein; that he made two appointments to meet the committee, but failed in both.

6th. That failing to meet the committee, he addressed to them a communication accompanied with sundry documents, to which, on the third of September, the committee returned answer, stating clearly the objections to the course pursued, and demanding that the money thus collected from Methodist schools be returned to the schools from which it was collected, and that he should discontinue this form of his agency among us.

To this, up to December 10th, no reply has been received.

The committee, therefore, recommended, and the Preachers' Meeting ordered, that the essential facts above stated should be published for the protection of other schools and churches against similar operations.—*Albany Express*, June 16.

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

In an interesting letter from India to the *Syracuse Courier*, a correspondent signing the initials "N. F. G." says: "You have all heard of the Parsees. They are the Jews of Bombay. They are a race that were excluded from Persia as the Jew have been from many countries. Here they located. They are very industrious, and are a peculiar people. They are the traders. They buy and sell the cotton. They are the brokers, the money-lenders, and shavers. They never mingle with others. They have their own schools, and in their way are highly educated. They take care of their own poor. They have great wealth, and have elegant villas on Malober Hill, the most fashionable part of the city. They drive splendid horses and ride in elegant carriages. If the ladies and children appear on the street, they are dressed in silk. I never saw children so elegantly dressed anywhere else. Many of the young ladies are very beautiful, but are

never allowed to receive visits from any but their own race. They are fond of amusements, and have a theatre of their own. They are fire-worshippers. When the labors of the day are over, they are seen along the shores of the sea, facing the setting sun, with their hands clasped, repeating their prayers. They have very peculiar notions of life, but their cemetery is more peculiar still. It is different from all others. We made a visit to their cemetery, not knowing at the time that no one was admitted. It is a large tract on the best part of Malober Hill. It is very valuable now, but was purchased many years ago. We made application at the gate for admission, and were refused. We appealed to a young Parsee, who happened to be passing. He was dressed in silk, and very gentlemanly in appearance. He said that no Europeans were admitted. We told him that we were not Europeans but Americans. He said he would be very happy to oblige Americans, but could not; but did consent that we should go up the road outside the inner wall, and have a view of the city and bay. The sentinel took us along the winding road, and a rupee given to him acted like a charm. It opened all the gates and passed the police. There were no Parsees in sight to stand in our way, and we entered the prohibited inclosures. These grounds are surrounded by a wall twenty feet high, and have been used for a great many years by this strange people. There are no monuments in the cemetery. There are three round towers about fifty feet in diameter, and fifty to sixty feet high. On the top of these towers there is an iron grate. The dead are brought to the gate and delivered to the priests, and the friends depart. The priests prepare the corpse and lay it on the grate, and it is devoured by the vultures, and the bones drop through the grate into the charnel house below. These towers or vaults are called the "Towers of Silens." We saw hundreds of vultures sitting on these towers, and the sentinel told us that they would take all the flesh from the bones of a corpse in an hour. We asked why these towers? The sentinel, pointing to one, said, "Parsee with plenty of money put there;" to another, "Parsee with but little money put there;" and the other, "Parsee with no money put there." The sentinel said when a corpse is placed on the grate, the strife and the noise of the vultures is frightful, and could be heard for a long distance. We saw those "Towers of Silens," and do not care ever to be any nearer.

THE NEW MILFORD SOCIETY.

[We have received a copy of the following circular.—Ed.]

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS, we recognize that man is a progressive being, and that a higher standard of morality and religion than that set up by any of the popular systems of theology is imperiously demanded by the present advanced state of knowledge, and that a constant effort to attain to a higher development of all his faculties is a necessity of man's nature:

Therefore, we, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT:

ARTICLE 1st.—The name of this Association shall be the Free Religious Association of New Milford.

ARTICLE 2d.—The object of this Association shall be to give encouragement to free thought and expression on all moral and religious questions, and to promote the highest moral and religious welfare of its members and the community.

ARTICLE 3d.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ARTICLE 4th.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for this Association as its members shall from time to time see fit to adopt by their vote.

ARTICLE 5th.—Any person may become a member of this Association by subscribing his or her name to this agreement, and by contributing to its support; but membership in this Association shall leave each individual responsible for his or her own opinions alone, and affect in no degree his or her relations to other associations; and nothing in the name or constitution of this Association shall ever be construed as limiting membership by any test of speculative opinion or belief, or as defining the position of this Association, collectively considered, with reference to any such opinion or belief, or as interfering in any other way with that absolute freedom of thought and expression which is the natural right of every rational being.

ARTICLE 6th.—The officers of this Association shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee, consisting of five members, who shall be elected by a majority vote of this Association, and hold their offices for one year, or until others are elected to succeed them, and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to those offices. The President and the Secretary shall be *ex officio* members of the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE 7th.—These Articles may be amended at any meeting of this Association, by a majority vote of the members present, provided public notice of the Amendment has been given with the call for the meeting.

The movement which grew into this Association took place October 19, 1871. The foregoing articles were adopted September 23, 1873. The following ladies and gentlemen were elected officers, October 5, 1873, for the third year: Elliot Aldrich, President; Benjamin Sabins, Vice-President; Cyrus Barlow, Secretary; Richard Hart, Treasurer; Executive Committee: George W. Weed, Mrs. Harvey Grinnell, D. W. Rice, Mrs. Aaron Aldrich, Robert Shoemaker.

Poetry.

THE SECRET.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

On sacred leaf it is not writ,
Nor priest nor prophet telleth it;
The monastery's faded tome
Is silent as the catacomb.
From Judah's seers the secret's hid,
In vain we search the pyramid;
Yea, parchment scroll, and chiselled stone,
And tongue inspired, must leave unknown
The mystery that shall outlast
The future, and out-dates the past.
The voice of centuries proclaims,
Through birth and death-throes of great names,
'Mid crumbling of earth's altar-stones,
And powdering of martyrs' bones,
That Time hath not, nor man, divined
The mystic Unity of Mind.
Nor shall one soul to other show
How Godhead doth through Nature go,
Intelligent in earth and sea,
The brain and heart enshrined in thee.
Though Plato think and Jesus feel
Delight that neither may conceal,
Yet nor by this nor that can be
Made known his source of joy to me.
But straight to me, though earth be dumb,
The streaming Life down full doth come;
Yet none can tell when, how begun,
Or tend I, with the Eternal One.
O secret mine! thy depth allures,
But prying heart of faith abjures.
'Tis not in trust, but direful need,
That souls make fast to settled creed.
Yet not for all of Bible-lore,
And all that churchmen ponder o'er,
Would soul of mine this peace exchange,
That's born of mystery so strange.
Not all the written word can match
The promises and hope I catch
As often as I do desecry
Some sign of present Deity.

Religion man may ne'er define,
But ever taste its sweets divine.

J. H. C.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern,	New York City,	One share, \$100
Richard B. Westbrook,	Somman, Pa.	" " 100
R. C. Spencer,	Milwaukee, Wis.	Two " 200
R. W. Rowz,	Boston, Mass.	One " 100
Chas. W. Story,	Boston, Mass.	" " 100
E. W. Meddagh,	Detroit, Mich.	Five " 500
Jacob Hoffner,	Cumminsville, O.	One " 100
John Weiss,	Boston, Mass.	" " 100
W. C. Russell,	Rhaca, N. Y.	" " 100
A. W. Leggett,	Detroit, Mich.	" " 100
B. F. Dyer,	Boston, Mass.	" " 100
James Furinton,	Lynn, Mass.	" " 100
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J. S. Palmer,	Portland, Me.	" " 100
Robt. Ormiston,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	" " 100
Mrs. C. B. Richmond,	Lowell, Mass.	" " 100

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The following rule has been adopted with reference to subscriptions to THE INDEX, and will be observed on and after December 1, 1873:

THE INDEX will be discontinued to each subscriber immediately on the expiration of his term of subscription as marked by the printed mail-tag, unless the subscription is renewed in advance, or unless direct notice is received that the subscriber intends soon to renew it. But a bill will be sent to each subscriber a few weeks previous to the expiration of his term, in order that he may have an opportunity of renewing without suffering any interruption in the receipt of his papers.

CASH RECEIPTS.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 1.

Godfrey Gundrum, \$3; D. C. Clover, \$1; Alex. R. Wyeth, \$1.50; Danl. G. Crandon, \$3; George F. Mayhew, \$3; J. S. Dodge, \$3; Delano Patrick, \$3; S. B. Ring, \$3; S. J. Leavens, 30 cents; Saml. D. Bardwell, \$3; Geo. Lewis, \$2; A. Folsom, \$3; E. G. Titus, \$4; C. H. Lee, \$3; J. F. Ruggles, \$3; H. E. Stevenson, \$3; Carl Schünhof, \$3; W. Wallace, \$3; Wm. H. Hunt, \$4; J. M. McKimstry, \$3; Jno. P. Bronson, \$3; Reese E. Price, \$3; E. W. Weir, \$30; C. L. Flint, \$1.25; Geo. Dyer, \$3; Marx Frank, \$3; P. S. Crowell, \$3; S. N. Walker, \$1; A. Von Brakle, \$2; Geo. H. Ford, \$2; Fred Miller, \$3; Wm. H. Dwight, 75 cents; D. S. Courtenay, Jr., 75 cts; T. Lees, \$1; J. K. Sutton, \$10; S. L. Hill, \$100; W. R. Boughton, \$20; S. G. Rogers, \$10; Saml. R. Honey, 10 cts; J. B. Clapp, 75 cents; H. W. Metcalf, 75 cents; Wm. F. Perkins, 10 cents; B. Skinner, 15 cents; D. S. Furguson, 10 cents; J. R. Walker, 25 cents; G. H. Foster, 65 cents; Hugo Andriessen, \$1; John Wade, \$3; Allen Lewis, \$3; Caroline Wellington, \$4; Wm. S. Prentiss, \$1.50; Reuben Tomlinson, \$3; R. M. Watson, 60 cents; Eliza Hall, 75 cents; J. R. Hawley, \$4.80; Geo. O. Smith, \$3; Darius Lyman, \$4; R. G. Magill, \$4; N. C. Jones, \$2; Henry T. Wright, \$2; J. W. Atkins, 75 cents; Danl. Ayers, \$10; L. O. Bass, \$10; C. B. Richmond, \$20; Chas. Collins, \$3; Geo. Lee, 50 cents; Geo. Sawyer, 35 cents.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

N. B.—Please remit by post-office money-order, by registered letter, or by draft on Boston or New York. Checks on interior banks are liable to discount, and the term of subscription will be proportionally shortened in the credit.

N. B.—Orders for Tracts or single numbers of THE INDEX which are not on hand will, if of small amount, be otherwise filled to the same amount without further notice.

N. B.—Postage on THE INDEX is five cents per quarter, dating from receipt of the first number, payable in advance at the place of delivery.

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THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B.—No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, Editor.
ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS, Associate Editor.
OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, WILLIAM J. POTTER, RICHARD P. HALLOWELL, WILLIAM H. SPENCER, MRS. E. D. CRESNEY, REV. CHARLES VOYSEY (England), Prof. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England), Rev. MONCURE D. CONWAY (England), Editorial Contributors.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 6, 1873.

PREMIUM OFFER.

To every NEW Subscriber who shall send us \$3.00 at any time between now and New Year, signifying his wish to avail himself of the offer, THE INDEX shall be sent for one year beginning January 1, 1874; thus giving a premium of two months' subscription to those who remit immediately. Will not our earnest friends use this excellent opportunity of doubling THE INDEX mail-list?

GLIMPSES.

WHAT IS the difference? The Radicals believe in the "Perfect Man;" the Orthodox believe in the "Perfect Horse."

ALL EXCOMMUNICATED parties will please receive our congratulations. They will discover how comfortable it is to be "outside."

A WIDOW LADY in needy circumstances wishes to know if she can get employment as an agent in selling stereoscopes and stereoscopic views. Can any one name to us a reliable house engaged in that line of business? If so, we shall be obliged by receiving the information.

HOW CHARMINGLY INNOCENT is the *Christian Register's* conceit that all paragraph-writing was originally suggested by its own "Brevities"! Did it not furnish some useful hints at the creation? We are fully alive to the compliment it pays when it styles THE INDEX its "doubly imitative neighbor;" but modesty and truth both compel us to decline it. The pointlessness of the *Register's* "pious" is absolutely inimitable.

WHEN THE DEMAND is made by "infidels" that the "Free Religionists" declare "what they do or do not believe," we reply, Yankee-fashion: "What do 'infidels' believe?" Some of them are spiritualists and others materialists; some are deists, some pantheists, some atheists; and some hold opinions hard to classify. When the *Investigator* can tell us what all "infidels" believe, we can probably tell the *Investigator* what all "Free Religionists" believe. Let us be reasonable.

"WHAT WILL BE our religion in 1999?" inquires Florence Nightingale in *Fraser's Magazine*. She anticipates great political and ecclesiastical wars meanwhile, and notes the vast apparent reaction in favor of Catholicism in France and elsewhere; and she seems to be in no little doubt as to the future religion of the civilized world. But there is no ground for uneasiness. So long as the love of truth survives, the knowledge of truth cannot but increase; and no temporary retreat of the waves of progress will prevent the incoming of the tide.

LAST JUNE a singular case of Evangelical "sharp practice" (a severer term might be not unjustly used) came to light, involving the "American Bible Union" in a disreputable manner. As illustrating one of the most odious tendencies of sectarianism, it ought not to be overlooked. It is well known that the Baptists have been revising the Bible in the interest of their peculiar doctrine of "baptism by immersion;" but it is not so well known that the American Bible Union, composed mainly if not wholly of Baptists, for the sake of circulating their doctored translation of the Scriptures, have sent out agents who seek to introduce it surreptitiously, even to the extent of getting money under false pretences. These agents, without giving notice that their version of the Bible substitutes for the words "baptize, baptism," etc., the words "immerse, immersion," etc., collect money from Metho-

dist and other Evangelical quarters as if for the "unsectarian" version, and refuse to refund it on the fraud becoming known! An article in another column from the *Albany Express* will give fuller information respecting this curious business.

IN A VERY appreciative letter on the New York Convention of the Free Religious Association, "H. P." writes to the *Christian Register* thus: "Another thing, too, was noticeable in all their speeches and papers; namely, that the Christianity which they dissected and condemned was the Christianity of Calvin, and not of Jesus." Not so. The doctrine of everlasting punishment, which was so pointedly referred to by Col. Higginson, was taught as explicitly by Jesus as by Calvin,—at least, if the gospels are credible. We wish that the austere fidelity of Calvin, who refused to be "wise above what is written," might be better followed by those who also profess to accept the New Testament as their guide. Either obey the "Master" and believe his teachings without mutilation, or else cease to keep up the hollow show of a discipleship which is only nominal.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S "recommendation" to the people of the United States to "meet in their respective places of worship," etc., etc., on Thursday, November 27, would be simply an impertinence, if made as a private individual. But when issued in the form of an official proclamation, signed by himself as President, and countersigned by Mr. Fish as Secretary of State, it becomes a violation of official duty, a usurpation of authority in things spiritual in flagrant disregard of the spirit of the United States Constitution. Much as we like the habit of "Thanksgiving" festivities, endeared as they are to every New Englander, at least, by tender memories of forms and faces no longer present, we look upon its official adoption by the United States government as a dangerous and pernicious precedent. If Thanksgiving Day is worth anything to the people, it will be spontaneously observed; if not, it ought to fall into desuetude. But President Grant is doing his best to throw the good old day into something worse than desuetude, by making it a patent reminder that Church and State are not wholly separated yet, as they ought to be. It is to be hoped that the government will keep its hands off Christmas.

THE NEW YORK *Freeman's Journal* (Roman Catholic) speaks out unequivocally in commenting on the St. Louis Convention of the Irish Benevolent Societies, an account of which we published last week. It says bluntly and pointedly: "'Heart culture' is a cant phrase of schools detestable to Catholic doctrine. But to say that State-Schoolism is capable of 'enlightening the intellect,' is to flatter present delusions at the cost of most certain fact. The human intellect is not enlightened, and cannot be, in regard to all those matters most necessary for it to learn—and without which all else it may gather up is but the chattering of idiots—without that Revelation of God to his creature, man, that tells the latter what he needs to believe, and what he needs to do, to attain the end for which God created him. Catholics do not want to put the Holy Scriptures into the hands of their children, or of the children of others, in schools. The Holy Scriptures are of Divine Inspiration, and are to be used as the Holy Catholic Church prescribes. Father Phelan put to the Convention a resolution, forked in its wording, but containing neither more nor less than the dogmatic teachings of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. For those that wilfully despise these teachings, there is no salvation. They who examine whether the Catholic Church tells truth or falsehood are not Catholics—they are, in terms, Protestants."

WE ARE VERY SORRY that the editor of the *Investigator* and his intelligent New York correspondent should feel hurt by anything said at the late Convention of the Free Religious Association. No one of the speakers there had the least intention, we are confident, of "giving the cold shoulder to Voltaire, Volney, Paine, and Materialists generally." Surely Mr. Frothingham's eloquent defence of these men, in his *Beliefs of the Unbelievers*, should set all doubts at rest so far as he is concerned. But even if individual speakers had really intended thus to abandon the cardinal principles of the Association, by which persons of all beliefs are welcome to its fellowship without any impertinent inquiries as to the nature of those beliefs, it should never be forgotten that no individual speaker is spokesman for the Association, which speaks for itself. In response to the request of "M. A." for an authoritative declaration of what the Association does and does not believe, we quote Article II. of its Constitution: "*Membership in this Association shall leave each individual responsible for his own*

opinions alone, and affect in no degree his relations to other associations; and nothing in the name or Constitution of the Association shall ever be construed as limiting membership by any test of speculative opinion or belief,—or as defining the position of the Association, collectively considered, with reference to any such opinion or belief,—or as interfering in any other way with that absolute freedom of thought and expression which is the natural right of every rational being." That is the only "creed" of the Free Religious Association. It proclaims absolute freedom of thought and speech for all its members. It admits "godless materialists" just as cordially as godly Christians. It prescribes no condition of membership but the "desire to cooperate with the Association," and the annual payment of one dollar to the Treasury. It leaves each member to make his own creed as his own reason shall dictate, whether that creed be the creed of Athanasius, or of Paine, or of Charles Bradlaugh. Is not that intelligible? If not, we say with emphasis that the Association which is not broad enough to admit Charles Bradlaugh, Horace Seaver, or "M. A.," is not broad enough for us; and we believe the same would be said by Mr. Frothingham, Mr. Higginson, Mr. Potter, and every other member of the Free Religious Association.

THE "PARKER MEMORIAL MEETING HOUSE" was erected by the "Parker Memorial Meeting House Association," an incorporated body distinct from the "Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society" and the "Parker Fraternity," which again are distinct from each other. The "Association" is composed of individuals who united to form a stock company for the express purpose of providing a place of public meeting for the "Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society," which by the terms of the deed has exclusive and perpetual use of the main Hall on Sundays. The "Parker Fraternity" has likewise perpetual use of the lower Hall and adjacent rooms. The "Fraternity" holds stock, as such, in the "Association," and the "Society" proposes to invest the proceeds of its late Fair in the same manner. But the control of the main Hall, except on Sundays, is at present in the hands of the "Building Committee" of the "Association," who rent it for use by such parties as they see fit. The recent "dedication services," by which the Hall was devoted to free thought and free speech, were held by the "Society," and not by the "Association" or its "Building Committee;" and of course the dedication of the Hall by the "Society" to free thought and free speech could only be valid for such time as the "Society" controls it; namely, on Sundays. The "Association" has not so dedicated it, and is not bound by the "Society's" dedication; neither is the "Society" responsible for the "Association's" action. Many persons, however, are members of both at the same time, and the relations of the two are necessarily complicated. Such is the information we have acquired in answer to inquiries which were prompted by the recent refusal of the "Building Committee" to rent the main Hall to Mrs. Woodhull, for the purpose of speaking on "Labor Reform." It appears that the proprietors of the Hall organized for the sole object of giving a permanent home to Parker's Society, as the best memorial they could raise to Parker himself; and it would be unfair to judge their action as if they had promised to provide and maintain a free platform for all comers. Such a free platform ought to be found in every city and town of the country, open to any and every applicant who is pecuniarily responsible, without so much as asking what he or she desires to say; and we regret to see it stated that Mrs. Woodhull cannot find such a platform in Boston. We have very little sympathy with what Mrs. Woodhull inculcates, and still less with her reported manner of inculcating it; but we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of that policy which abolishes every conceivable restriction on free speech. Grant that you consider the principles advocated to be vile, immoral, and pernicious,—grant that the mode of advocating them is indecent, vulgar, and disgusting; none the less it is the surest way to put down such principles to let their defenders themselves talk them down. No committee can decide what the public ought to hear. If a speaker utters folly or worse, the public will find it out; but the right of free speech is so precious that neither prudential nor other considerations should stand in its way. It would probably be a very poor business investment to build a hall the renting of which should be absolutely irrespective of the sentiments to be uttered on its platform. No matter for that. Such a hall is needed everywhere, and it is with chagrin we learn that no such hall can be found in Boston.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Inquiries having been made whether the proceedings of the recent Convention, in New York, of the Free Religious Association will be published in pamphlet form, notice is hereby given that the Association does not propose to publish such a pamphlet. The essays read before the Convention are to be published in successive issues of *THE INDEX*, beginning last week with Mr. Frothingham's; and several of them will be printed there from the revised manuscripts of the authors. Mr. Parton's essay, on "The Taxation of Church Property," is also to be issued by the Association as a Tract; and possibly one or two others may be put into Tract form. But, beyond this, the proceedings will not be published by the Association. The pamphlet advertised in another column, containing a portion of the essays read at the Convention as reprinted from the valuable but incomplete report of the *New York Tribune*, is not authorized by the Association.

W. J. POTTER,
Sec'y F. R. A.

A CONFLICT OF CRITICISMS.

Both the Unitarian newspapers, the *Liberal Christian* and the *Christian Register*, in their issues of Saturday, October 18, have an extended notice of the Sixth Annual Report of the Free Religious Association, published several weeks ago. The notice in the *Liberal Christian* is a leading editorial article, more than two columns in length, and evidently written by Dr. Bellows. That in the *Christian Register* is in the department of Book-Reviews, but occupies a column and quarter in finer print. Both articles take up the pamphlet in detail, and are elaborate criticisms rather than mere general notices.

But there is a very marked conflict of judgment between the critics as to the intellectual merits of the contents of the pamphlet. The editorial in the *Liberal Christian* begins, for instance, as follows:—

"We do not envy the man's candor or Christianity who can read from beginning to end the hundred pages just published of 'Proceedings of the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association, held in Boston, May 29 and 30, 1873,' and rise from it with only a sneer on his face or a shrug of easy indifference in his shoulders. To find so many men of high intelligence, broad culture, poetic genius, and pure character, laying the most elaborate studies in religion upon the altar of freedom and truth is a phenomenon of the rarest interest and the gravest significance. We complain that physics and commerce have drawn all the finest talent out of the service of religion; that men of genius and taste have become indifferent to piety; that faith and awe and aspiration are departed! Here is a plain refutation of the slander. So much severe, earnest, honest thought about religion as is contained in this pamphlet, so much vital interest and concern for its themes, so much evidence of profound sincerity, are not to be easily found in any equal space in any religious literature of any time."

This is certainly very appreciative criticism of the intellectual ability manifested in the "Proceedings" as a whole; and the writer follows it up, in speaking of the addresses in detail, with saying something in high commendation of each, while objecting, only partially, to two of them for exhibiting a spirit somewhat too "contemptuous," and for a "Rabelais humor, which does not always escape the suspicion of malice and scorn." In fact, so far as regards sincerity of conviction, moral earnestness, talent for thinking and for expressing thought, profound interest and careful research in the vital themes of religion, those who took part in this Free Religious Convention could hardly ask for a more appreciative judgment, or for more generous praise than the writer of this article accords. A friend could scarcely praise more; from an opponent it comes as a handsome tribute not to be passed by without an equally just and generous recognition.

But very different is the judgment of the *Christian Register* critic. Speaking of the addresses as a whole, this is what he says:—

"Except those of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Longfellow, they don't strike us as especially able or interesting. Indeed, we must honestly say that, considering the occasion, they seem to us poor, and to add little or nothing to thought already commonplace upon their prevailing theme."

To this general disparaging opinion is subjoined a criticism in special disparagement of most of the addresses; and throughout the article, with the exception of what is said of two speakers, there is a tone very different from that cordial recognition of sincere aims and earnest thinking which marks the *Liberal Christian* leader. In fact, the *Register* writer seems to have risen from reading the Report in that spirit which the Editor of the *Liberal Christian* condemns,—namely, "with only a sneer on his face or a shrug of easy indifference in his shoulders." This, at least, well expresses what has been the general attitude of

the *Register* towards the Free Religious Association. And this general spirit greatly detracts from the force of any of its special criticisms of the Association's proceedings,—renders them, indeed, nearly valueless. Criticism, of course, we do not deprecate. We criticize, and we expect to be criticised. But we have a right to ask that criticism be respectful and fair.

It is hardly necessary to add that the *Liberal Christian* does not approve of the main position of the Free Religious Association more than does the *Register*; and it closes its article (which the *Register* does not) with a critique of that position. On this point something may be said in another article. This week it is sufficient to call attention to the different tone and judgment of the two criticisms; and in such a conflict of the critics, the best practical advice probably is, that all who have any interest in the matter shall get the Report and judge for themselves which is right.

W. J. P.

MR. BRADLAUGH AND THE "DAILY ADVERTISER."

The applause that followed Mr. Bradlaugh's reply to the *Daily Advertiser*, last Saturday evening, was a fitting rebuke to the course pursued by that respectable journal toward this eminent exponent and representative of English Republicanism. Before Mr. Bradlaugh came here, the *Advertiser* was careful to warn the people of Boston of the dangerous character of the orator who was presently to address them, and we were advised to snub him with a cold reception. Of course, everybody took the hint, and, on the occasion of Mr. Bradlaugh's first appearance, Music Hall was filled by an audience that only the *Advertiser* could summon. Every one wished to see and to hear this "author of blasphemous parodies," this "worst type of the English demagogue," so much dreaded by our motherly old journal. How Mr. Bradlaugh disappointed us is well known. His ability and eloquence, and especially his fairness and moderation, won for him a welcome rarely given by a Boston audience. His success was complete.

In despair, the *Advertiser* cast about for some means of escape from its humiliation, and, with its accustomed dexterity, pleaded an excuse for its folly that there are "two Bradlaughs." "Of Bradlaugh the communist, the leader of rioters in Hyde Park, the author and declaimer of burlesque litanies, the promoter of strife among the poor, the sympathetic audience of Music Hall saw nothing. There, he was no revolutionist, but simply a reformer."

Now Mr. Bradlaugh is not a man to be assailed with impunity, and in his own time he took occasion to deny these gratuitous slanders, and to challenge proof. Once more our virtuous journal tries its hand, and again it gasps, and flounders, and fails. "The personal allusions made to him," it says, "rested upon the authority of truthful witnesses, who are entirely familiar with his history, and of leading English journals in which his movements, during the last eight or ten years, have been recorded."

Such a flimsy justification of a savage personal attack is simply a disgrace to journalism. Until the "truthful witnesses" come forward with their evidence, Mr. Bradlaugh will claim, and the public will believe, that they exist only in the imagination of the discomfited editor. The reliance of Mr. Bradlaugh's reviewer, upon "leading English journals" to sustain his case, is singularly unfortunate. Very likely Mr. Bradlaugh's career for the last eight or ten years, as recorded by them, has been as bad as the *Advertiser* would desire to make it; but it is notorious that the policy of these same leading English journals, towards republicanism and its champions in England, has been that of persistent misrepresentation and abuse. Even the *Advertiser* admits that "many of them have reported him sometimes unfairly." Unfair treatment of unpopular movements, and their advocates, is notably a characteristic of "leading journals" on both sides of the Atlantic. No man of sane mind to-day would seriously consult the leading American journals (including the *Boston Daily Advertiser*), of twenty years ago, for trustworthy information concerning the anti-slavery movement, or the character of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Garrison, and other prominent abolitionists. Evidence from such a source would be utterly worthless; yet no more so than that upon which the *Advertiser* relies in its arraignment of Mr. Bradlaugh.

It may be that an instinctive hatred of Radicalism tempted Boston's usually careful and precise leading journal to make this unjustifiable assault upon the distinguished guest whom Boston delights to honor; but however this may be, the only escape from its present unenviable position is through a straightforward and manly retraction.

K. P. H.

PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT.

If the kindly-intentioned critics of the Free Religious Association fail so signally to understand its drift, it is too much to expect that the unkindly-disposed will understand it better. Nothing could more thoroughly establish the necessity of the task the Association has undertaken than the comments of the "Evangelical" press on its recent Convention. The tone of sneering and vilification, the misrepresentation of arguments, the plump misstatements of fact, the perversion of reasoning, the gratuitous imputation of bad motives, and the travesty of opinions and sentiments, are worthy of the sectarian spirit in its worst days, and cause a fear that no power of good sense or good feeling will avail to put an end to its bigotry. As one reads the criticisms of the Orthodox organs, the task the Association has set for itself looks utterly desperate.

Mr. Beecher in the *Christian Union*—we conjecture that it is Mr. Beecher—means to do us justice; but he, though refraining from abuse, makes an objection which shows that he is as far as anybody from guessing what the aim of the Association is. If the Association, he says, would justify its existence, it must cease its warfare upon theological dogmas and ecclesiastical institutions, and show a new and better way of removing social evils! This is very much like objecting to the Peace Society that it does not reform the civil service, or to the Woman Suffrage Society that it does not procure cheaper postage, or to the Temperance Society that it does not hasten the return of specie payments, or to the Free Trade League that it does not supply better dwellings for the poor, or to the "Evangelical Alliance" that it suggests no plan for preventing yellow fever. Pray, when has the Free Religious Association professed to be a society for social reform? a new society for the cure of the ruptured and crippled, or for the prevention of cruelty to animals? If it had made such a profession, it is hardly fair to expect so much from it in so short a time. Seeing that Christianity has not reformed society in any single respect, or in any single locality, in two thousand years—during a great part of which time it has held undisputed sway—it is hard that a small company of innovators should be compelled to produce a new Eden in six years, and that in the teeth of all Christendom, with all the wealth, social influence, instituted power, there is!

But when did the Association ever profess to do, or to aim at doing, anything of the sort? For the one thousandth time it is asserted that the sole and single purpose of the Association is to assail sectarianism, superstition, ecclesiasticism and dogmatism, to weaken and break down, if possible, the barriers that divide parties, sects, cliques. In religion, to destroy the power of spiritual monopolies, to uncrown Romanist and Protestant popes, to disprove the pretensions of infallibility, to establish the essential identity of all religions, to show that religion, everywhere and always, is made of one stuff, to promote spiritual fellowship and brotherhood by exhibiting a deeper ground of union; in a word, to emancipate the soul of man from its bondage to the priestly, churchly, clerical, formal, and whatever other spirit it may be that produces narrowness, bigotry, and odium.

That is the purpose, and that is all the purpose. It is surely definite enough, and large enough, to justify a score of organizations. If this purpose could be accomplished, the Association would disband, though every evil that afflicts society—intemperance, pauperism, licentiousness, and the rest—instead of diminishing, were on the increase; just as the Anti-Slavery Society dissolved before the suffrage was gained for women, or the labor problem was solved.

We are not a social reform body. As individuals, we are interested in special reforms—all the special reforms. But, as members of the Free Religious Association, we are interested in one single reform—the spiritual anti-slavery reform.

Having said so much, as intelligibly as our limited vocabulary will allow, we will run the risk of confusing the minds of our critics by introducing another idea. It is this: that the business of reforming society, by abolishing its evils, had better be the soonest possible taken out of the hands of associations professing a religious aim, and transferred to other hands more competent to deal with it. If there is one thing that religious men, and particularly religious associations of men, have managed badly, it is social reform. They have succeeded in the course of time in so mixing and muddling every question connected with it, that the task of statufg it is all but hopeless. They have not only removed no evils, and pointed out no way of removing evils, and suggested no philosophy explaining the principle on which evils might be re-

moved, but they have upset all reasonable plans, and made every element of the problem in general and in particular harder to get at than it would have been had they never touched it. The Free Religious Association has no special facilities for dealing with social questions: it is not a college of experts, and it would feel no shame at leaving undone the work that none but experts are competent to do.

Henceforth, social questions, of all sorts, must be treated scientifically, with knowledge; that is, not sentimentally, by feeling and faith. All our hope in this direction, so far as method is concerned, is from social science, in its most mature and comprehensive sense. Religion has its part to perform as an animating, inspiring, cheering, consoling power; but knowledge must supply the method. This is a great question, on which there is much to say; and to raise it at all is perhaps an impertinence in this connection. We do it merely to make more emphatic the declaration which we took up pen to make,—namely this,—that the Free Religious Association is not a social reform society; that that is not its business at all; that it could not attend to it without abandoning its main intention; that it could not attend to it with any hope of doing it well, or better than any other religious associations, who have done it so badly as to make it doubtful whether it ever can be done well. Is this plain? O. B. F.

OUR CRITICS.

Miss Martineau points out, in her *History of England*, that the pioneers of a reform always move in it differently from the way their friends would have them; and they usually show in the end that they understand their own business best. This was never better illustrated than in the criticisms offered by the more liberal Evangelical journals on the late Free Religious Convention in New York. The selection of the time—just after the Evangelical Alliance—especially disturbs these critics; whereas, to us who are most concerned, the time seems to have been admirably chosen, and the success of the meetings unquestionable. We are consoled with, because our hastily improvised gathering did not surpass or equal in numbers the Alliance of the dozen most powerful Protestant sects in America; whereas we have been honestly rejoicing that, out of our scanty resources, we accomplished what we did. If we had possessed the money and the worldly popularity of the Evangelical Alliance, we should not have been slow to use them. What we wished to show was that, even without these, we could bear our testimony and make our mark by the power of truth alone; and we did it.

Success must be judged according to your point of view. When Mrs. Fanny Kemble first came to America, as a young girl, she could not get over her amazement that Americans should have built a monument to celebrate the battle of Bunker Hill, which she had always heard claimed as an English victory. Where a new force measures itself against an old one, the important circumstance does not lie in the numbers, but in the fact that the new levies have taken the field and have stood fire. The Evangelical Alliance gathered greater numbers in New York, did it? Large as it was, it was probably outnumbered by the Roman Catholic congregations of New York on any ordinary Sunday. But the thing that affords us of the Free Religious Association delight, is that our little, undisciplined force should have ventured to show itself in that city at all.

There is something almost amusingly daring in the phenomenon of a mere handful of men and women, —without money, or wide-spread reputation, or a single foreign celebrity to exhibit, or a single great sect to draw upon,—organizing, at a few weeks' notice, a meeting which should throw down the gauntlet to the vast Evangelical Alliance, which had all the wealth, and all the energies, and all the celebrities of all the great Protestant sects to sustain it. David against Goliath was nothing to it. "The shot heard round the world," when a few farmers at Concord joined battle with the British nation, was hardly a better evidence of pluck. While our half-way friends are condoling with us for being outnumbered, we are exchanging delighted congratulations at having, at last, put an army into the field.

It so happens that I know something of the antecedents of that great meeting of the Evangelical Alliance. Sixteen months before it assembled, I happened to meet at breakfast, in London, a member of Parliament, very prominent in an Evangelical sect. He was, even then, in correspondence with the American Committee of Arrangements, in regard to these meetings, and was full of enthusiasm—not over the spiritual elevation shown by his correspondents, but

over the liberality with which they were offering money. There was not another country in the world, he said, where money would be so lavished on a public meeting. He was to procure there certain speakers, whose expenses were to be paid from the day of their departure to their return. It seemed to him that all the wealth of Wall Street must flow into the channels of the Evangelical Alliance! He was right; for a liberal share of it undoubtedly did.

I, for one, have helped to get up too many great conventions in my day not to know that it is very much a matter of machinery. Suppose those eminent saints of the money market, Daniel Drew and Jay Cooke, could have spared us, too, a few thousand dollars, that we, too, might import our foreign lions, —Darwin, let us say, and Huxley, and a few turbaned Brahmins, and unconverted Mohammedans from London,—does any one doubt that we could have filled the two largest halls in New York with simultaneous meetings? Even then, of course, we should have had all the pulpits in America against us, but the pulpits would not have been needed to advertise our gathering. As it was, we had only our own few speakers, a few dollars,—and a fewness of everything but purposes and ideas. They who deride these things, and estimate success only by money and numbers, must have very little recollection of the early history of the Christianity they profess. T. W. H.

Literary Notices.

BED-TIME STORIES. By Louise Chandler Moulton. With Illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Bostop: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

Mrs. Moulton, who has long been known as one of the most sprightly and graceful correspondents of the *New York Tribune*, *Independent*, &c., has made a book of very pretty stories for children. The "morals" of them are unexceptionable, according to accepted standards. But "Coals of Fire," telling the common story of the boy who would not return a blow given by his schoolmate, endured the taunts of cowardice, and by-and-by signalized his bravery in the eyes of the assembled school by rescuing his assailant's sister from drowning at a picnic, is a little too much tinctured with "non-resistance" to suit the character of the "natural human boy," as Wordsworth styles him. Why teach children that self-defence is wrong, when mature life must unlearn the lesson? I confess to a hearty admiration of the boy who, never guilty of bullying or hectoring his playmates, especially the smaller ones, knows how to give a good black eye to the bully that strikes him in the face without provocation; and not all the hackneyed encomiums passed on the "moral hero" who puts his hands in his pockets, and goes home to his mother to tell the story of his Christian forbearance, can wipe out the fact that the rough-and-tumble experience of the boy who, when hit, hits back again, makes a manlier fellow in the end than all the Christian morality of the churches. The instinct of self-defence is a healthy one, pagan though it be; and I am glad that the virile gospel of the public school proves generally stronger than the too feminine gospel of the "Sabbath School." It hurts the real conscience of boyhood to teach that the blow struck strictly in self-defence is a sin to be repented of. Such teaching will not be obeyed in practice, and it is a harmful thing to cause an artificial pang of remorse for not obeying it. The quick verdict of the boys is not wholly wrong, when they set down the bully's unresisting victim as a milk-sop rather than a hero. Life in the "world" is a sterner thing than the submissive morality of Christianity can ever control; and I believe in dealing honestly with our boys in this matter of "non-resistance." F. E. A.

OLDPORT DAYS. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

"Only a literary man!" says some one. How wide of the truth! Through all these pages a tender humanity, a close and loving observation of Nature, a delicate humor full of geniality, a strain of thoughtfulness marking the reflective mind and cultivated heart, abound to give pleasure to the reader who has appreciation for that which is higher than merely literary skill. The moral purpose and strength imparted by long and faithful service in the school of reform make a solid substratum in these essays for the fine images, the striking pictures, the nervous and artistic use of words, which place Higginson in the front rank of American literati. Hawthorne's famous descriptions of New England character and scenes, especially of the Salem Custom-House, are no more graphic than those in "Oldport Wharves." Poe's weird and fascinating fatalism finds its match in "The Haunted Window." Thoreau's exquisite familiarity with Nature is paralleled in "Footpaths" and "In a Wherry." Parker's profound tenderness and human-heartedness are no more winning than the same traits in "A Shadow." But for pathos and depth of moral meaning the "Artist's Creation" stands alone,—though there is not a word of moralizing in it from beginning to end. A purer and finer lesson was never conveyed in a simpler or more telling manner; and childhood never found an advocate more persuasive in the pleading of its rights by the setting forth of its helplessness, and beauty, and ideal significance. When literature becomes thus enlisted in the cause of all the higher humanities, it

appears as the most eloquent preacher of the coming religion, and shows how little mankind will depend in the future upon the "instituted religion" of the past. F. E. A.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to errata.
N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.
N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.
N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

THE INTEREST QUESTION.

BOSTON, October 22, 1873.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

Before proceeding to answer your reply to my letter of October 10, allow me to thank you for the many words in which it is couched, and to ask your acceptance of my apology for allowing my temper to get the better of my courtesy.

I know of none save the communists (and I think Mr. Heberling does not belong to that class) who oppose interest on any other ground than that it is a violation of the cost principle. If I am correct in this, your statement of the "question at issue" agrees with mine in spirit, if not in letter. If I am incorrect, I acknowledge the force of your criticism. As you say no more about Adam Smith, I conclude that you have abandoned him as an authority. [We did not quote him as such, but still consider his statement correct.—Ed.]

5. Having reconsidered my thought, I fail to see that my interpretation of your language was an unfair one. I have often reflected on the proposition which you mention, but could never believe in it. I am anxious to become acquainted with the logic which says that the denial of one's right to own more than he earns, disestablishes his title to what he does earn.

I do oppose the public school system with all my heart. I oppose it as a communistic institution, and communism I utterly disbelieve in. If true republicanism is based on this institution (and I think it is), then true republicanism is destined and ought to die; and I shall be among the first to bid a most cheerful "farewell" to a system which seems to me the worst, because least responsible, of tyrannies (that of the majority), and which is only valuable as an indication of, and a stepping-stone to, better things to come.

2. If my neighbor was in a position where he must make the exchange or die, then the "right of might" would plainly come in. Most business transactions differ from this only in degree, not in kind.

4. I sincerely appreciate the kindness of the spirit which dictated your last paragraph, but I cannot see the necessity of calling attention to my age. Many good people, to my personal knowledge, think the ideas of a young man not worth looking into, and will pay no attention to his arguments, by which alone he should be judged. Hoping that you will point out my wild inferences,

I remain, yours truly,

BENJAMIN R. TUCKER.

[We cannot go here into any further discussion of this subject, but heartily regret the incidental expression referred to, if it caused any annoyance. Our wish was quite the reverse. Not being one of the "good people," we hope our badness will reinstate us in favor, for we never inquire the age of an argument, but rather its weight.—Ed.]

THE VINELAND LIBERAL LEAGUE.

VINELAND, New Jersey, Oct. 23, 1873.

DEAR MR. ABBOT:—

Our League, after a long summer vacation, has resumed its regular meetings, and revived its interest in liberal questions. At first, most of our attention was given to the theory of organization. The endeavor to harmonize so many and such diverse individual opinions, was, with us, a new and untried experiment, and, at times, it seemed a question of almost doubtful expediency to attempt it. Persons who were in full favor of the "Demands of Liberalism" shrunk from making themselves obnoxious to their Orthodox neighbors by openly advocating these Demands, and asserting their intention to work to "secure practical compliance" with them. The principle involved was just, and a recognition of its justice was allowable; but some of our most intelligent liberals hesitated to identify themselves with any movement which threatened to do away with observances cherished by others, or sanctioned by long continuance. When the League began its work, the 1st and 9th (that part of it relating to amendments to the United States Constitution) Demands were the only ones upon which there was anything like full accord. The others, some thought, did not refer to specific violations of our rights, or, if they did, they were too trivial to get excited over, and it would not pay to embody them in our "Articles of Agreement" as a basis of energetic and practical work. There was also serious objection to your positive expression, "We Demand," it afforded no loophole of escape, and made retreat impossible, and this was to some sufficient reason for expressing their desires in milder terms.

Such diversity in the minds of individuals would have proved an effectual bar to any judicious action, and it seemed well to accept for a time any basis of union, and to give the Demands thorough study and exhaustive discussion. They were taken up separately

ly in the League; objections were stated, and arguments in their favor strenuously urged, and I think we have every reason to be satisfied with the result. Conservatives were educated to be more liberal and individually courageous; and extreme radicals were brought to a sense of the fitness of careful statements and less impulsive methods. These debates were continued until the busy season for Vinelanders commenced, making effective work impossible, and then the League adjourned until October.

But the healthy and new directions given to liberal thought have been most helpful. We have met again with more matured opinions and under better auspices. I judge so because the League began to act at once upon the Demand for the exclusion of the Bible from public schools. Of all, this Bible question had been the most objectionable. The members seem now to recognize its pertinence, and the necessity of agitating it. They begin to see that the New Jersey school system is saturated with open and covert Orthodoxy, and are anxious to be rid of it; and, here at least, the liberal element is so strong that I think we can agitate the matter successfully.

Yours, with much respect,
E. G. BLAISDELL.

WHAT IS "INFIDELITY"?

SYRACUSE, N. Y., October 6, 1873.

EDITOR INDEX:—

Your indispensable paper failed to reach me last week,—probably lingering with the Rabbi, teaching. Perhaps you will allow me to ask its readers a pertinent question. After having eliminated the last vestige of loveliness from the character of Deity, is it not "infidel" to deify an eminent Jewish reformer, bestowing upon him all divine perfection and beauty, and then to pour unmeasured wrath upon all who sincerely prefer the radical's "God of Science" to their human substitute, who once cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" What is "infidelity"?

Fraternally thine,
W. TWITCHELL.

EUTHANASIA.

Pliny the elder has left his opinion on record that "the best thing God has bestowed on man is the power to take his own life," and such would appear also to have been the matured judgment of Solomon; for we read in Ecclesiastes that "Death is better than life." But it has been reserved for the myriads of believers in Christianity, and a future state of personal beatitude, to develop a degree of sentimentalism, in regard to prolonging our present existence, altogether inconsistent with that theory of the future to which they have given in such an uncompromising adhesion.

It might have been expected that Stoics, as well as Epicureans, the ancient Hebrews, as well as the disciples of the Buddha, should have been less willing to resign the joys and sorrows of this life than sincere and devout Christians, who are supposed to look forward, with fervid faith and earnest enthusiasm, to the indescribable felicity awaiting them after death. But inexorable facts demonstrate conclusively that the clinging to life is stronger among most denominations of the Church of Christ than would have been considered decent or honorable among any other religious sect or community of which history makes mention! Contrast the contempt of death which characterizes alike the stern soul of a Cato and the uncultured mind of an American Indian—the serenity of a Socrates, placidly sipping the hemlock as he discourses to his friends and recalls his obligations to creditors, or the ready obedience of a Japanese condemned to commit *hara-kiri*, with the unavailing mental agony which attends the preparation for death in many a Christian bosom,—and who shall say the advantage is not with the philosophical pagan or the illiterate savage?

"Death before dishonor" is the desire of all true men; and the nobility of the sentiment must ever attract the admiration of mankind. We all thrill to the story of the English captain who goes down with his sinking ship rather than go into port as the vanquished captive of a French frigate. In such cases, every one realizes the grandeur of refusing to live. But why may a man be permitted to terminate an existence on account of mental disquietude that he is bound to sustain under the most terrible physical pain? Who believes it would be *right* to prolong life at the expense of becoming a cannibal? Who would hesitate to put a bullet through the heart or brain of mother, wife, sister, or daughter, if by such action they could be saved from horrible torture, and even more fiendish lust, of brutal barbarians or satanic pirates?

Surely, Christians should be willing at least to do unto others as they would have others do unto them. It is scarcely to be expected, however, that the beneficent desire of the advocates of Euthanasia can be made popular or prevalent, until the morbid and superstitious fancies, fostered by the various creeds of Christianity, in relation to personal extinction, are done away with, and their place supplied by more natural and healthy opinions. So long as men shall be made to believe that the very hairs of their heads are carefully registered, so long will it be next to impossible to convince them that any degree of human suffering can be a greater evil to another than death. I say to another, because, not unfrequently, when the question is brought home to *themselves*, they willingly acquiesce in that view of it inculcated by the few sensible men and philosophical thinkers who are now seeking to establish the theory and practice of Euthanasia. Meantime we may expect society to sanction, as at present, the judicial murder of those strong-limbed producers, who violate laws contrived to entrap but not to prevent the perpetrators of certain

crimes; and, in like manner, nation will wage war against nation, until the fair face of Nature blushes again with the blood of brave men slain to gratify the caprice of a conqueror, or the ambition of a demagogue.

ALBERT WARREN KELSEY.
St. Louis, Sept. 21, 1873.

FIFTY QUESTIONS FOR REVIVALISTS.

BY J. S. THOMSON.

1. Revivalism does not exercise such an influence now as it did a few years ago. Is this growing powerlessness of revivalism owing to an increase of knowledge, or to a disbelief in the necessity of religious excitement?

2. Revivalists study and practise their art with as great assiduity as ever, but they seem to be losing the power of frightening people into theologic thralldom. Do not their frequent terrible immoralities create in the public mind a strong prejudice against revivalism?

3. Does a growing disbelief in the horrible dogma of hell, as it is defined in the Orthodox creeds, account for the indifference with which revivalism is now generally treated?

4. Only ignorant boys and girls, and unthinking men and women, are mesmerized by revivalists to prostrate themselves before the God of popular superstition. Is revivalistic salvation provided only for uneducated people—the "babes and sucklings" in Evangelical nurseries?

5. How is it that revivalists cannot reach the educated classes?

6. Is ignorance more acceptable than education to the God of popular theology?

7. The morality of Universalists, Unitarians, and so-called Liberal Christians, is generally of a higher order than the morality of revivalistic sects. Can we account for this by the fact that the Orthodox party lay much greater stress on a belief in the atonement dogma than on purity of life?

8. Why did not Jesus run such revivals as we have seen in this century?

9. Peter is reported to have taken an active part in the Pentecostal revivals; but the New Testament represents him as a coward, a liar, a swearer, an "unlearned and ignorant man," and a hypocrite. Read: Matthew xvi., 35, 56, 58, 69—74; Acts iv., 13; Galatians ii., 11—14. Did Peter possess the requisite qualifications for a revivalist?

10. Paul was educated, but he was not a revivalist, in the sense in which we understand the term; Peter was unlearned, and he seems to have been the founder of the revivalistic school. "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ," says Paul (I. Corinthians xi., 1). Which of these two disciples imitated their Master in the matter of revivalism? Is it orthodox to prefer Peter to Jesus?

11. Why do revivalists represent their God as being more anxious to "save souls" in autumn and winter than in spring and summer?

12. Is it less dangerous to die in an unconverted state during spring and summer?

13. Owing to the wild excitement of revivalistic scenes, many have become insane; and it seems to be impossible to carry on revivals successfully without terrifying many into madness. Why, then, do not revivalists abandon their inhuman profession?

14. Is it not cruel for revivalists publicly and secretly to urge weak-lunged and sickly people to attend "protracted meetings" during inclement nights?

15. Why is it necessary night after night for people to leave their homes and to kneel at the "altar," or to sit on the "anxious bench," before revivalistic conversion can be effected?

16. Paul says, "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace" (I. Corinthians xiv., 33). Does God, in the nineteenth century, approve of the howlings, groanings, shriekings, dancings, writhings, insane gesticulations, and other disgraceful proceedings often witnessed at "protracted meetings"?

17. Is there anything in so-called Paganism more immodest and irrational than revivalistic extravagance?

18. Revivalistic preachers are generally very ignorant. Is clerical ignorance a passport to success in revivalism?

19. It frequently happens that wandering revivalists are great impostors, and that they are very successful in their calling. Are their converts properly initiated into the mysteries of Orthodoxy?

20. Some converts have to go through the process of re-conversion every year. Does the Infallible Spirit do an imperfect work?

21. Would it not be better to devote the time, strength, thought, and money, fanatically and sinfully spent in revivalism, to study, philanthropy, and natural religion?

22. After the revivalistic rage is over, there is generally a "donation" given to the chief mesmerizer. Does he not often work for "filthy lucre" more than for "the Lord's sake"?

23. Do not revivalists act as if they did not believe in their cruel dogmas?

24. Could revivalists eat good dinners, sleep soundly, grow fat, dress well, be jolly, and caress the converted and unconverted belles, if they really believed in the eternal damnation of countless millions?

25. If the Spirit of the Purest pervade revivals, how is it that we can trace so much clerical and lay immorality to them?

26. If there were no revivalists, would not God do right?

27. Revivalists pray, shouting. Is God deaf?

28. Revivalists collect the "seekers" round the "altar" or on the "anxious bench." Is God unable or unwilling to operate in other parts of the building?

29. In rural districts, the revivalist sometimes calls upon the persons he intends to victimize religiously,

for the purpose of praying with them. Does he not insult such persons, by assuming that he is "holier than they," and that they cannot or do not commune with the Ever-Near?

30. Revivalists in their prayers give directions to God. Does He need their directions?

31. Revivalists in their prayers seem to strive desperately to show God the necessity of converting his wayward children. Can they enlighten Him on the subject?

32. Revivalists pray God to fulfil his promises. Are they afraid that He will fail to keep his promises?

33. Can revivalists, by praying, change the Unchangeable?

34. Revivalists accuse God of injustice by saying very often in their prayers, "If thou hadst been just in marking our iniquities," etc. Is this not the coarsest blasphemy?

35. Jesus said, "Use not vain repetitions," etc. A revivalistic prayer is full of tautology and repetition. Are revivalists wiser than their Master?

36. Jesus advised his followers to pray in their closets; but vociferous revivalists, like the ancient Pharisees, pray in public, "that they may be seen of men." Do they not pray more to man than to God?

37. Does not the general conduct of revivalists justify us in saying that they assume to be wiser and more desirous of "saving souls" than God is?

38. Would it not be more modest and humane for revivalists to follow an honest calling than to give lessons to God?

39. Could an educated gentleman be a revivalist, without being conscious of degrading himself?

40. To save souls from hell is the avowed object of revivalists; and a disbelief in the hell dogma, the scare-crow dogma of Christianity, would destroy their profession. Is it not blasphemous to assert that God is the author of a religion that would die without hell-terror?

41. Revivalists assert that God is "angry every day" with many of his children, that He will take "vengeance in his wrath," and that He will "smite the wicked into hell in his fury." Are we to understand from these priestly and vulgar assertions that God is subject to violent fits of passion?

42. Here are the outlines of the "Plan of Salvation," according to revivalism: Jesus was a "just man" and a religious teacher; the Jewish priests hated him on account of his anti-Mosaic doctrines; they plotted together to kill him; Judas, his friend and disciple, betrayed him to them for a small sum; the priests had to hire "false witnesses;" Pilate unjustly sentenced him to be crucified; Peter, his disciple, swore he did not know him; the devil was the prime mover; God could discover no other means of saving a few from hell; and we must believe all this, or be tormented forever. Revivalism, then, presents us with a religion that necessitated the crucifixion of a good man; a false Judas; a swearing Peter; an unjust Pilate; "false witnesses;" an omniscient devil; an angry God; an endless hell; Jewish and Roman cruelty; and a belief in the goodness of divine injustice! Is not revivalism the most horrible blasphemy?

43. If revivalism can thrive only in ignorance, assumption, fear, blasphemy, and sometimes immoral conduct, should not the Christian churches excommunicate the hateful thing?

44. It often happens, at the close of union revivals, that the preachers of the different sects quarrel with one another about the denominational distribution of the converts. Will there be quarrels in heaven on the same subject?

45. Some revivalists pray for the destruction of their opponents. Would Jesus approve of such a prayer? Luke ix., 54—56.

46. If a revivalist "love not his brother, whom he has seen, how can he love God, whom he has not seen"? I John iv., 20.

47. Is it not a fact that, during revivalistic *furor*, many of the "seekers" and new converts become morose, impolite, lazy, malicious?

48. Must a man unnaturalize himself, before he can be religious?

49. Should not parents and guardians protect the young from the immoral tendencies of revivalism?

50. If a "seeker," or a new convert, were to study these questions, what would be the consequences?

THE LATE John Stuart Mill's conjugal attachment was remarkable in one who was considered a passionless and abstracted thinker. He dedicated his essay on "Liberty" to her—"To the beloved and deplorable memory of her who was the inspirer, and, in part, the author of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward." He met his death in the low-lying wet lands about Avignon, which he knew to be unhealthy, but which he chose for his retreat because they were close to the cemetery where his wife was buried fifteen years ago, and in order that he might spend as much of his time as possible near her tomb. The house, moreover, was densely surrounded by trees, which he would not allow to be touched, lest the nightingales abounding in the neighborhood should quit the spot; the avenue, under the shade of which he composed and studied, was filled with these birds. If social profligacy and prurient details of domestic scandal are deemed deserving of the space they occupy in public journals, let not the splendid contrast offered in the domestic life of one of the ablest and purest men of modern times be passed over in silence.—*Woman's Journal*.

THE FOLLOWING advertisement appeared recently in an English paper: "St. James's Church—On Sunday next the afternoon service will commence at half-past three and continue until further notice."

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FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.

TOLEDO O., June 21, 1873.

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By Francis E. Abbot.

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It contains full proceedings of the meeting, including Essays by Samuel Johnson on "FREEDOM IN RELIGION," and by John Weiss on "RELIGION IN FREEDOM." Speeches by O. B. Frothingham, W. C. Gannett, Robert Dale Owen, T. W. Higginson, C. Longfellow, J. S. Thompson, F. E. Abbot, Lucius Mott, and the Annual Report of the Executive Committee.

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VOLUME 4.

BOSTON, MASS., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 203.

ORGANIZE!

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fairs shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

A FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

- ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be **THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF —**.
- ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in —.
- Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.
- ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.
- ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.
- ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.
- ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.
- ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

So far as I am concerned, the above is the platform of **THE INDEX**. I believe in it without reserve; I believe that it will yet be accepted universally by the American people, as the only platform consistent with religious liberty. A Liberal League ought to be formed to carry out its principles wherever half a dozen earnest and resolute Liberals can be got together. Being convinced that the movement to secure compliance with these just "Demands" must surely, even if slowly, spread, I hope to make **THE INDEX** a means of furthering it; and I ask the assistance and active co-operation of every man and every woman who believes in it. Multiply Liberal Leagues everywhere, and report promptly the names of their Presidents and Secretaries. Intolerance and bigotry will tremble in proportion as that list grows. If freedom, justice, and reason are right, let their organized voice be heard like the sound of many waters.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1873.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—M. A. McCord, President; P. A. Lofgreen, L. La Grille, Secretaries.

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BREEDSVILLE, MICH.—A. G. Eastman, President; F. B. Knowles, Secretary.

OSCEOLA, MO.—R. F. Thompson, President; M. Roderick, Secretary.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY A. W. S.

AN EVANGELICAL exchange tells us that "the Alliance has come and gone." Yes, but mostly *gone*.

MR. EMERSON calls books, "these silent wives." Artemus Ward might have pronounced such a remark "slightly sarcastical."

CHARLES BRADLAUGH is writing chatty, newsy, and racy letters from this country to his paper in England—*The National Reformer*.

SEVEN HUNDRED MILLIONS dollars in greenbacks have been issued by our government, and not one of these is a strictly veracious bit of paper.

MR. BRADLAUGH's "Impeachment of the House of Brunswick" is a most scathing review, in particular, of the character of the four Georges.

MR. F. A. HINCKLEY read a thoughtful essay before the Second Radical Club, last Monday evening, upon "Woman—Her Rights and Duties."

DR. COLLIER's "faith-meetings," held in Freeman Place Chapel every Tuesday afternoon at 8 o'clock, are interesting occasions both to believers and "unbelievers."

EX-PRESIDENT WOOLSEY, of Yale College, concludes that "the Constitution of the United States has properly nothing whatever to do with religion."

THE JAPANESE have a daily paper in Yeddo, published by "The Society for the Dispersion of Darkness." It must be a Free Religious organ, we think.

J. J. MURPHY, in a poem on John Stuart Mill, printed in *Every Saturday*, calls Mr. Mill "My fellow-Christian"! Well, one cannot prevent people calling one names, if they will.

THE BROOKLYN Eagle, speaks of the *Christian Union* and the *Independent* as "semi-religious papers." We are curious to know what is the character of the other "semi" of these papers. Is it semi-moral?

AN ARLE theatrical critic, speaking of Edmund Kean, said: "He was the first actor who discovered that heroes were only men." This discovery is likely to be made by most people who become tolerably familiar with "heroes."

"NEXT TO EXCELLENCE itself is the appreciation of it," says Thackeray. Much of truth is contained in this remark. How often one hears another say a good thing, and thinks that he *might* have said it, had he been in season!

THE DOINGS of one ambitious and selfish speculator in Wall Street are sufficient to throw thousands of poor men out of employment, and to demoralize the finances of a nation. This will not be so when labor and capital are rightly related.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER's old church, at Litchfield, Ct., says the *Golden Age*, has been turned into an opera house and dancing hall. Dr. Lyman's son Henry makes his pulpit as lively, and sometimes as grotesque and amusing, as any theatre in the land.

"WHY SHOULD I not rejoice in the Lord?" said a pious farmer, lately, in a Boston prayer-meeting. "He showsers my crops for me, and he blesses and increases my stock." Sure enough! Isn't a man highly satisfied with a bank that pays him good dividends?

DR. RAY PALMER says, in the *Independent*, that

"vastly more of evil lies covered and concealed, than has come to light." Why not more hopefully and cheerfully say that vastly more of *good* lies covered and concealed, than has ever come to light? This would be also a truer statement.

THE *Western Catholic* says: "Woman is made to be under the dominion of her husband." Well, St. Paul says the same; and the Christian Church says that the wife must "obey" the husband. Those who are in favor of woman's rights have, necessarily, to oppose the teachings of the Bible and of the Christian Church.

A WRITER in the *Independent* says: "We wrangle over the reading of the Bible in the public schools, and yet rarely give a thought to the necessity of training our youth to the practical observance of the duties of morality." By all means, let us have morality taught; but let it be a natural morality, not a denominational one.

"I GO ON MY KNEES thirty or forty times a day, and ask God to make me holy," said a man in our hearing, in a religious assembly, a few days ago. This comes pretty near obeying the Apostle's injunction to "pray without ceasing." But, query: can God *make* a man holy? If so, why didn't he make all of us holy, to begin with? And if he did, are we greater than God that we could have unmade what he made?

THE FRENCH are proposing to have a great Military Museum, which shall "contain every kind of arm ever used in war, from the oldest up to the present time." We wish that "every kind of arm" that ever was used, or ever will be, might be put into that Museum and well locked up, and not one allowed ever to be taken out. If mankind could be persuaded to desist from force altogether, for a time, they would then see how really little need there is of any.

THE EMPEROR of Germany lately toasted (not roasted) the emperor of Austria thus: "The friendly sentiments exchanged at Vienna are a pledge of peace for Europe." Why are they? Why should two men decide whether there shall be peace or war between two peoples? But so it is. Most of the bloody wars of history have grown out of personal quarrels. If those who govern others would only govern themselves, we should need none but individual government.

GERRIT SMITH is opposed to "legislating for temperance," but he would "have government class the dram-seller with high criminals, and punish him accordingly." But how could government do this without "legislating for temperance"? We have no law to prevent people eating too much or working too hard; why should we have one to prevent them drinking excessively? It is not a compulsory morality that we want, but a virtue which comes of intelligence and reason.

REV. DR. BELLOW, in the *Liberal Christian*, makes this statement: "Christianity is the name for the main historic cement of moral and spiritual influence in this world, which is traced back to Christ as its historic fountain." And is it possible that, before Christ, there was no "historic cement of moral and spiritual influence in this world"? The doctor's language would seem to imply his disbelief in any worth mentioning; but what, then, *did* hold this world together before Christ came?

THIS WAS the way Anna Dickinson appeared to entranced beholders, when she ascended a peak of the Rocky Mountains. She wore "a plain, closely-fitting corsage, short skirt extending just below the knee, trousers wide at the bottom, a few inches longer, blue stockings with white arrow worked from ankle up, low-quartered shoes like a gentleman's Oxford ties;" and in this dress "Anna made a Government pack-mule feel that life had no further charms, for she rode to the top in the same style as her escort!"

IN THE Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, in New York, not long ago, one "asked prayer for fourteen young people who were seeking the Savior;" two of them had already found him, but the others were "in great trouble and darkness,"—especially one young man "who said his sins were so great that they could not be forgiven." If these people would seek a savior nearer home, they would not have so much trouble in finding him. The one they seek died nearly two thousand years ago, and we are not surprised that the finding him turns out to be very difficult.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

The Cost to Christendom of the Foreign Mission System.

AN ADDRESS AT THE CONVENTION OF THE
FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION
In Cooper Institute, New York, Oct. 15, 1873.

BY FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

Six or eight hundred years ago, all Christendom was hurling itself against the Mohammedans, to rescue from infidel control the Holy Sepulchre, and to extend the empire of the Church in lands utterly hostile to it. These gigantic irruptions of the West into the East, known in history as the Crusades or wars of the Cross against the Crescent, came to disastrous and ignominious failure, after continuing for centuries and exhausting Europe of men and means so completely that general social disorganization and anarchy ensued. Yet great results of a beneficial character followed in the wake of these wild, wasteful, and bloody wars. The feudal system was undermined by them; the burgher or middle class gained immensely in power in consequence of them; the seeds of the great insurrection against the Church of Rome known as the Protestant Reformation were sown by them; in short, the vast influence of Christianity over medieval society was shaken to its foundations by the very means adopted to extend and perpetuate it. The Church began to dig its own grave by seeking to establish a universal and solitary sovereignty over the world.

Within the last two or three hundred years, and especially since the beginning of the present century, the same remarkable phenomenon has been repeating itself. Once more the cry of the Christian crusader resounds in all ears; once more the Christian Church masses her forces against the heathen world, for purposes of conquest and universal dominion. True, she does not wield the sword or spear, as of old; her new weapons are well concealed with the olive branch of peace, and the warfare of "iron and blood" is converted into a cannonade of paper pellets in the shape of tracts, hymn-books, and Bibles. She still pours forth warriors by the thousand and money by the million; but the warriors are missionaries and the money is no longer devoted to supplies and munitions of carnal war. Her aim is still the same—to subdue the nations to the sway of her own Lord, and to set up his kingdom from pole to pole. But her means are more subtle than before, and she seeks now to adapt herself to the times. While throwing herself every year with increasing energy into the work of universal propagandism, she relies now on peaceable persuasion rather than forcible compulsion. She will fall in this new warfare as she failed in the old; but, as indirect benefits that she little dreams of and anathematized when they came proceeded ultimately from her crusading campaigns against the Saracens, so now indirect benefits that she little dreams of and will again anathematize when they come will proceed ultimately from her missionary campaigns against the whole heathen world. The new crusades, like the old, will undoubtedly play their part in promoting the progress of the race; though in ways unsuspected by those most active in them. Foremost and chief among these indirect benefits, I reckon the final emancipation of mankind from the Church herself. Sooner or later all men will perceive that, in attempting to evangelize the whole earth, the Church is undertaking a task that can succeed only by a stupendous miracle, beside which all the other miracles she claims to have been wrought by God in her behalf will be dwarfed into utter insignificance. This I intend to demonstrate before I close. The Church herself must surely, at last, consciously confront the impossibility of ever realizing her own ambition to make her empire coterminous with the globe. But even if she does not, the rest of mankind will; and the fact that she has been commanded by her Lord to accomplish an evident impossibility will exert a tremendous influence in opening men's eyes to the true nature of her claim to teach the only true religion. They will not always accept a religion which imposes impossible tasks upon its votaries.

"But does the Church really aim," it may be asked, "at the object you attribute to her? Does she really aspire and expect to conquer the whole world for Christ, her King?"

I give my answer in the words of Rev. Rufus Anderson, D.D., the venerable Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He says [*Foreign Missions: Their Relations and Claims*, New York, 1870, pages 307 and 309]:—

"There is no political movement in the world that is commensurate with the missionary movement; none that embraces so many nations, none covering so large a portion of the globe. It is the Christian Church going forth, under its Great Captain, for the subjugation of the world. . . . The spiritual war for the conquest of the world has certainly begun, and in a manner never seen in any former age. There is not yet, indeed, a popular enthusiasm in the churches, but that will come. What we most need, just now, is deep, calm, untiring principle; for the contest upon which we have entered is vast, having for its object the reign of Christ over all the earth."

Similar avowals could be collected by the hundred, and with ease.

"But what," you may inquire, "are the reasons and motives that prompt to an undertaking so enormous as the Christianization of the entire world?"

Again I will give my answer in the words of a veteran missionary, Rev. Henry Martyn Scudder, D.D., as published in the *New York Independent* less than a year ago. He says:—

"Is the missionary work one of option, or of duty?"

It is important to decide this. If we can create the sense of obligation, the enterprise of missions will be triumphantly fulfilled; for there is nothing under the heaven that Christ's Church will not undertake to do if the duty thereof be made clear.

"Is there a command? 'Go ye, therefore, and teach [literally, 'make disciples of'] all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"Does this command issue from competent authority? Is it like an unauthorized order from a corporal in an army, which may be revoked by a dozen persons above him? Who gave it? Jesus Christ. We know no higher authority in the universe. He is master; we are his disciples. He is commander-in-chief; we are his soldiers. He is king; we are his subjects. He is creator; we are his creatures. He is redeemer; we are his redeemed ones. The authority cannot be disputed. It is that before which every knee must bow.

"Is the field indicated? The Lord of the enterprise himself has said: 'The field is the world.' The boundaries are so defined that there can be no misapprehension. 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' It could not be made plainer. Disciples, baptize and teach every one. As long as a single creature is left out anywhere, the limit is not reached, the field is not filled, the work that Christ planned is not done.

"Are we the persons to whom the command is addressed? There can be no doubt of it, for Christ spake it to his disciples, and then added, 'Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,' which shows that the command is delivered to the entire succession of his disciples, down to the end of time. When the world and the Church become co-extensive, then the world is at an end, and the Church alone shall exist in millennial glory, and we can all have a good time and enjoy ourselves.

"Behold, then, the command issued from headquarters, the field indicated, the campaign planned, and ourselves the parties commanded. Is it not manifest that we are under obligation to prosecute this work?"

It is, then, as the fulfilment of a sacred duty to obey the injunction of her Lord, that the Church in this nineteenth century has gone forth to evangelize the world. The motives are, first, loyalty to her King; secondly, the "love of souls," that is, the love of all men as potential subjects of her King; and, thirdly, that mixed mass of motives,—pride of sect, thirst of power, and so forth,—that always enter into such vast movements as this. These motives are adequate, as all history shows, to incite men to the most herculean tasks. It cannot be said that the Church is blind to the difficulties of her tremendous undertaking, or expects to succeed without Divine, or supernatural, assistance. She knows the facts; and she relies on faith in the supposed pledge of Omnipotence to give her success at last.

"The Annual Reports of our Societies," says Rev. Edward White, in his *Theory of Missions* [page 73], "do not conceal the fact that at present scarcely anything has been done by modern Christianity for the overthrow of the great Paganisms of the East. There are scattered bands of converts; but China and India, with their 500,000,000 of mankind, are heathen, obstinately heathen, still."

Nevertheless, the Church confidently expects to triumph by superhuman means.

"The certainty of final success," says Rev. John C. Lowrie, D.D., Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions,—"for this the Church relies on the word of God. 'The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' 'All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord, and shall glorify thy name.' 'Until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in; and so all Israel shall be saved.' These are examples of prophetic language concerning the prevalence of the kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. With these predictions in view, no Christian can doubt the final issue of the contest now waging in the world between the powers of darkness and of light. . . . The simple story of the Cross, the preaching of Christ and him crucified, is the main characteristic of the work of missions in modern as in ancient times. All Protestant missionaries 'preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.' The success of this apostolic preaching will become more marked in coming ages, until all nations are converted unto God. We know no other means of success," &c., &c. [*Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church*, 1868, page 14.]

This, then, is the object of the great missionary movement of modern times—the conversion of the whole world to Christ and the universal establishment of his kingdom; the reason and motive of it are loyalty to his commands, and the "love of souls," together with such meaner motives as find entrance even into sanctified hearts; the confident anticipation of success is based on the promises of the Bible and faith in the power of God; and the only means contemplated is the common preaching of the Gospel, which, somehow or other, it is believed, will be more efficient in the future than in the past. No reliance whatever is placed on civilization, which is avowedly not one of the objects specially contemplated. This point I would emphasize, inasmuch as the civilizing tendency of missions is usually urged upon unbelievers as a sufficient justification of the vast expense they cause. Dr. Anderson refers deprecatingly to the tendency to rely on civilization instead of the simple Gospel as a converting agency; he says that it has placed modern missionaries at a great disadvantage, as compared with the apostles; he says that it "has tended to confuse our conceptions of the religion we were to propagate;" and he describes the

failure of the experiment, long since abandoned by the American Board, of "connecting agriculture and the arts with the missionary agencies." [*Foreign Missions*, page 94, et seq.]

In short, he says explicitly:—

"Education, schools, the press, and whatever else goes to make up the working system, are held in strict subordination to the planting and building up of effective working churches." [*Ibid.*, page 113.]

The probable reason of this policy is to be found in such facts as that which he quotes [page 323] from Rev. George Bowen, editor of the *Bombay Guardian*, who said in an article of that paper for March 6, 1869:—

"We were told, the other day, by a gentleman at the head of one of the largest of our mission educational institutions, one where a number of devoted and able missionaries have successively labored, that, during thirty years, there had been from it only two converts, the institution being carried on at an average expense of £1000 a year."

Comment is needless.

Bearing in mind, then, that the single object of the foreign mission system is the conversion of the world to Christ, and the extension of his kingdom over all mankind, it is fair to inquire what progress has been made, what it has cost, what it is likely to cost, to ensure success, and what prospects of success exist. For instance, what has been accomplished by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, by far the largest and most efficient of American missionary societies? I shall in my reply to this question use the latest published Report of the Board, that for the year 1872.

Founded in 1810, the American Board has been in active operation sixty-three years. During the first sixty-two years of its existence, as I find by calculation from the above-mentioned Report, it has received and expended a grand total of \$14,183,248.65, or, on the average, \$229,084.65 a year. Dr. Anderson reported for the year 1868 a total of 25,538 converts (communicants) connected with all the missions of the Board combined. The Annual Report for 1872 gives only a total of 9,019 converts. The great discrepancy is owing to the fact that the Board has recently relinquished all control of the Sandwich Islands mission, which is henceforth to control itself independently. During the year ending August 31, 1872, a total addition of 919 new converts is reported, and a total income of \$428,693.49; while the total income for 1868 was \$535,838.04—a falling off of \$107,145.15 (attributable to the withdrawal of Presbyterian support on the reunion of the Old and New School branches of that great denomination.) If it were fair to estimate the cost of each new convert by dividing the total income for the year by the total number of new converts, the sum would be \$467.56; but for various reasons the average cost of a new convert cannot be so easily estimated. This I shall calculate presently from larger and fuller data. The total number of "laborers connected with the missions," including ordained missionaries, physicians, male and female assistants, native pastors, preachers, catechists, teachers, and helpers of all sorts, is 1,278, or more than one for each new convert gained. The whole number of missions, stations, and out-stations, is 538, and the whole number of mission churches is 173; giving an average of 67 members and 7 "laborers" to each church. The whole number of pupils under training in the mission schools is 17,122; and the whole number of pages printed by the mission presses is 7,947,870. Such is the summary of the Board's operations for 1872, showing a total gain of 919 new converts in return for the total outlay of \$428,693.49, but not showing the loss of old converts by death, excommunication, &c., and consequently not showing the permanent increase made to the total number of converts, which increase must be less than 919. As to this latter total, by the way, authorities differ. Dr. Anderson reported 25,538 for the year 1868; the *Missionary Herald* reported 20,788 for 1870; Dr. Butler reported 23,718 for 1871; the *Missionary World*, a new Cyclopædia of Missions edited in London, reported 23,718 for 1872; while the Board's own Report for 1872, as I have stated, gives 9,019. It is difficult to reconcile these differences; but Dr. Anderson is probably the best authority on this point, whose apparent disagreement with the Report of 1872 is explained by the emancipation of the Sandwich Islands mission.

To go through in detail the Reports of the various missionary societies would be tiresome and profitless, even if I had had access to them all. But fortunately this is not necessary in order to arrive at some very instructive results. With much labor I have collected data and made calculations which throw no little light on the "Cost to Christendom of the Foreign Mission System."

The American Board (to recur to it once more), being founded in 1810, had been 61 years in operation in 1871. For that year, Professor S. C. Bartlett, following Dr. Wm. Butler, reports the total number of its converts as 23,718. Divided by 61, this gives 388 as the average annual gain in new converts for that period. The average annual income of \$220,084 being divided by 388, we arrive at \$568 as the average cost of each permanent increase of one convert during the same period. This sum is larger than the \$467 which would appear to be the cost if we only considered the total receipts and total number of new converts reported for any one year,—the reason being that converts die, or "backslide," or remove, and that the number of new converts reported for a single year is necessarily greater than the permanent increase of church membership. Hence the sum of \$568, obtained by dividing the average annual income for a long term of years by the average permanent gain of each year, is as nearly accurate an estimate of the cost to the American Board of each permanent gain of one convert as can be derived from the data fur-

nished. This sum, I suspect, is much larger than is commonly supposed. It is certainly larger than I was prepared to expect. Yet it is less than half as large as the average cost of each new convert in the permanent increase of membership of all the Protestant missions combined. It is clear that the American Board is more economical or else more efficient than most of its sister societies.

I pass now to consider the general statistics of Christendom on this subject, and ask your indulgence while I explain how I have arrived at some important results; for mere assertions on the subject would very properly be challenged by those interested in the support of the missionary system.

The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, certainly an authority of no slight weight, gives the total numbers of communicants or converts reported by missionary societies for 1857. Adding these various totals together, I find the sum to be 215,192. Dr. Anderson and Dr. Lowrie report the same sum for 1868 as \$251,028. From 1857 to 1868, therefore, there has been a gain of 35,836 converts as the aggregate result of the labors of Protestant Christendom in the missionary field during eleven years, or 3,258 a year. The *Encyclopædia* also gives, as the total amount of money expended for Protestant missions in 1857, the sum of \$600,000; which, at present values, is equivalent to \$3,240,000 in our legal currency. For 1868, Dr. Anderson reports the total expenditure for Protestant missions as \$5,355,698,—an increase of \$2,115,698. That is to say, from 1857 to 1868 the annual receipts for Protestant missions gradually increased from \$3,240,000 to \$5,355,698,—an average annual increase of \$192,336. By the common rules of arithmetical progression, it is easy to calculate approximately the grand total expended for Protestant missions during those eleven years, namely, \$47,276,339.

If we now divide this sum total of receipts by 35,836, the sum total of new and permanent conversions made during the same eleven years, we arrive at \$1,311, as the average cost of a permanent increase of one church member from 1857 to 1868. In other words, it cost Christendom \$1,311 for each one of the 35,836 new converts it gained in foreign missions in that period. It is quite safe to set down that amount as the price paid by Christendom for each and every heathen permanently enrolled in its list of church membership from 1857 to 1868; and there is no reason to suppose that the price is less to-day.

How much money, then, is represented by the entire list of heathen thus far converted by Christendom, as reported in the existing church membership of the missionary societies? This list, according to Dr. Anderson and Dr. Lowrie, amounts in all to 251,028; and the total cost of converting them all, if \$1,311 is the cost of converting each, is the enormous sum of \$329,097,708.

But this list of membership is a mere drop in the bucket, compared with the vast swarms of heathen still to be evangelized; and not only these, but also all Roman Catholics and all members of the great Greek Church are regarded as needing evangelization by Protestant missionaries. Under the name of "nominally Christian lands," Catholic countries and countries inhabited by Greek Christians are classed with China, India, and so on, as all needing to be converted to the true Gospel of Christ. See, then, what a task Protestant Christendom has set for itself! Reckoning the population of the globe at the current estimate, 1,000,000,000, and conceding that 100,000,000 are Protestants not needing further evangelization (a most extravagant hypothesis, if the preachers are to be trusted from Sunday to Sunday here at home), there remain 900,000,000 of human beings to be converted. At an average cost of \$1,311, what will be the total expense of "conquering the world for Christ"? Only the modest sum of \$1,179,900,000,000! The world to be saved does not contain enough money to pay for its own salvation; much less does Christendom contain it. Yet, if things remain as they are,—if God forbears to change the laws under which missionaries and missionary societies have thus far been obliged to act,—the kingdom of Christ, so confidently expected to be established, can be established at no less price than the inconceivably vast sum I have named. So far from steadily increasing, the grand total of Protestant missionary receipts throughout the world decreased from 1868 to 1871 by the sum of \$122,982. It may well be questioned whether the maximum of growth has not been reached, and whether the sources of supply do not begin to feel the inevitable effect of enlarging knowledge respecting missionary propaganda. Be this as it may, there must be a limit somewhere; and it must lie unspeakably short of the vast amount shown to be required for the evangelization of the world. Unless God works a new and most astounding miracle, it is insanity to dream of converting all mankind at all.

Look, again, at the time that must be required. To convert the 900,000,000 of unevangelized and imperfectly evangelized humanity at the rate of 3,258 a year, which I have shown to be the rate from 1857 to 1868, and which is not likely to be increased until the missionary receipts begin again to be increased, would require a period of 276,212 years; by which time it may be gravely doubted whether any "men" will survive on the earth to be converted,—at least, if the law of evolution continues to operate. Yet, to evangelize the world in 276,212 years, at a cost of \$1,179,900,000,000, is the work to be accomplished by Protestant missions, unless God intervenes to hasten the process by some miracle of his omnipotence.

If any are sceptical of my calculations merely because they issue in numbers so enormous, let me cite what Dr. A. C. Osborn states in the *Baptist Weekly*, as quoted in the *Independent* of last week (October 9):—

"In *The Baptist Weekly*, Dr. A. C. Osborn gives

certain statistical items in answer to the question, 'Where does a given sum of money expended for the preaching of the Gospel contribute in fact to the conversion of the largest number of souls?' These statistics are reckoned for the year ending with March, 1873, and are taken from public reports and associational minutes. The results of the investigation are summed up as follows:—

"The cost to the Missionary Union (American Baptist) per convert baptized is \$55; the cost to the Long Island Association is \$44; to the New York Association, \$57; to the Black River Association, \$28; an average of \$50—nearly eight to one in favor of the Union. The largest Asiatic mission costs \$43 per convert baptized; to the largest church in Brooklyn the cost was \$1045; to the largest church in New York, \$840; to the largest church in the Black River Association, \$400; an average of \$761—eighteen to one in favor of the Union. The Asiatic Mission that baptized the largest number cost \$24 per convert baptized; to the church in Brooklyn that baptized the largest number the cost was \$154; to the church in New York, \$110; to the church in the Black River Association, \$101; an average of \$110—nearly five to one in favor of the Union."

"The writer goes on to say, to the credit of the churches whose home work is the most costly, that they are the churches that contribute most largely to the support of the Missionary Union; hence, the work of the Union is in a great degree their work. We need not add that these numbers refer solely to Baptist churches at home and abroad."

Dr. Osborn here makes the cost of a new yearly convert to one church as high as \$1,045; and this seems to show that the average cost of each new permanent convert to Christendom is not incredibly large if put at \$1,311. All the world is, of course, to be permanently converted, if the kingdom of Christ is to be finally established; this conceded, the rest is a mere matter of arithmetic.

What, then, is the spectacle presented by the foreign mission system of Protestant Christendom? More than 2000 ordained missionaries, or some 10,000 "laborers" of various kinds, supported here and there in scattered groups in the midst of vast heathen communities, attempting to convert them all to Christ, but succeeding at a rate which would require over 276,000 years for the realization of their object; while they have to oppose, not only the heathen priests, but also an army of over 5000 rival missionaries of the Church of Rome, whose hostile activity and success are greater than their own. Moreover, an annual expenditure of over \$5,000,000 is required to support this crusading army and provide for the campaign in various ways. The task proposed is hopeless from the start; the object sought is itself a delusion and a mistake; and whatever is poured into this deceptive sieve runs to waste.

But sixteen thousands of men and women, even if devoted to utterly visionary ends, do not seem to be a great loss to Christendom; five millions of money, even if spent for utterly fruitless purposes, do not seem to impoverish its resources. Admitting the folly and blunder of the whole experiment to bring mankind to the feet of Jesus, it would appear at first sight that the cost to Christendom is very slight, after all; and that there is no need of shedding tears or uttering exclamations at this particular proof of human superstition.

Alas, the cost to Christendom is greater than it seems. Even as to the money question, five millions of dollars might do a vast amount of tangible and real good, if wisely expended. The amount is large, if the total outlay of Christendom for charitable objects is taken into the account. What with Bible Societies, and Tract Societies, and Young Men's Christian Associations, and the other countless agencies for Christian propaganda at home and abroad, which are all movements auxiliary to the mission system, the sum total at last attained must be formidable. It should be remembered that only a certain amount of money will ever be available, as surplus above the immediate wants of the community, for investment in philanthropic enterprises; and even a small sum, foolishly appropriated, tends to cripple the wiser humanities. Men will give only about so much; no entreaties will induce them to give indefinitely; and if they give the available amount to objects that are worthless, worthy objects must suffer in proportion. Hence, in the "Cost to Christendom of the Mission System," should be reckoned, not only the positive sinkage of the five millions in a quagmire of superstition, but also the negative loss of the good that might have been accomplished by it if put to better uses.

But, deeply as I regret the loss of so much money to really enlightened charities, I regret far more deeply the loss of the high consecration to duty, the large and uncalculating self-devotion, the pure enthusiasm for an arduous and unselfish service, which prompt the faithful missionary so give up home and friends, and the comforts of civilized life, in order to live a life of hardship and obscure toil among strangers. Many missionaries may go from mixed motives; many, also, I firmly believe, from the very highest and purest. I regret that this fine wine of modern society should be spilled into the sand, when humanity does indeed need all the brain and all the heart of her best and bravest. The enthusiasm of the veritable missionary is one of the noblest exhibitions of human nature; I regret profoundly it should ever be evaporated into nothingness in the propagation of unreal and unenobling doctrines. Here is the real and severest loss to Christendom, after all,—the loss of the high purpose and strong devotion which are squandered on an impossible task, and which humanity can ill spare to the service of delusion. What is wanted is not the drying up of the golden stream that now flows into sandy deserts, but rather its diversion into genuinely irrigating and fertilizing channels,—not the extinction of the missionary spirit, but rather its dedication to freedom, to truth, to the real service of mankind. And I trust that Free Religion will be richly and increasingly blessed with it.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by F. E. ASBURY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXV. (Concluded.)

Whatever Miss Lizzie might pretend afterwards—and she told a great many fibs about the affair, always abusing her late admirer—Dick Sabin's visits to Beach Street had little to do with it; though he called pretty frequently, and it soon became evident that it was his own fault if he did not step into Mr. Fox's vacant place. The girl gave him every encouragement, quite forgiving his past misbehavior, and, indeed, exhibiting unusual patience at his persisting in not committing himself; which, in truth, cost him the more violence to his inclinations the more he haunted her company, for he had strong passions, and was, as we have seen, rather too sensitive to Miss Livingston's attractions. His opinion of her, however, had not altered in the least; he still thought her both a flirt and a vixen, and, apart from his abnormal Bohemian objections to matrimony, would have scouted the idea of making her his wife, while he was by no means so unscrupulous a libertine as to coolly contemplate other possibilities. As he had told Paul Gower, "he wanted to keep out of mischief and to avoid doing any"—though it might be too curious an inquiry to ask how far his conduct was influenced by a mere sense of expediency. As Dick said, he had had his experiences. But why did he not, at once, shun her presence and danger?—why does the moth hover round the candle? The girl was pretty, and had almost persuaded herself that she was in love with the handsome Englishman, whose assumed nonchalance of course rendered her ten times more desirous of his liking and subjugation. And very soon Dick began to find out that trying to effect a compromise between duty and inclination was like to prove a difficult experiment.

He kept on, however, being incapable of denying himself the pleasure of her society; and perhaps deserves credit for holding back as far as he did, especially considering the temptation and how it tried the weak side of his character. For Lizzie Livingston, though selfish, fickle, vain, and capricious—in brief, as arrant a little minx as ever existed—could, when incited by the desire of conquest and admiration (probably her strongest passions), be diabolically fascinating. She had cunning enough to play off her very faults as merits, to make her impulsive approbation pass muster as dashing frankness or naïveté, to hide her affectations under a bizarre pretence of originality—both seemingly in harmony with her disposition and physiognomy—and above all to feign quick sympathy, and thick-and-thin partisanship, with anybody whom she wanted to propitiate. Such a person she petted, and flattered, and coaxed, and wheedled, and caressed, in a hundred and fifty ways, all delicious and very likely half-sincere for the time being; though liable to violent interruptions from her wayward, wilful temper. Like her discarded lover, you might easily have fancied her a little, spoilt beauty, whose luxuriant nature produced only weeds in consequence of its richness and want of cultivation, needing but that to reward the husbandman with a harvest of the goodliest fruition, instead of suspecting a radical defect in the soil—how shallow it was, how incapable of yielding anything but mere garish flowers which almost withered in the gathering. Sabin did not share Mr. Fox's delusion, but he never trusted the whole truth till afterwards. Perhaps no man ever knows how good or how bad a woman can be outside the pale of matrimony—or its sinful substitute.

Of course she imposed on herself more completely than she did on Richard; we are, happily, so constituted as generally to be on good terms with ourselves; and self-deception is almost an indispensable preliminary to victimizing others. Some of her attempts exhibited both shrewdness and daring. She recognized his position and charged it in front, not having patience or skill enough to construct masked batteries. I shall oblige the reader with a specimen of her tactics.

"What did you keep away for?" she asked, one summer evening, as they lingered together on the sloop, or doorstep—a custom derived, like the word, from the Knickerbockers, and very prevalent among modern New Yorkers—after the heat of the day. It was a close, humid night; the parlor windows were wide open, to admit what little air might be stirring; there was the usual amount of chat and flirtation in progress within; and the katydids of St. John's Park were making a continual racket in the trees. Dick had preferred out-of-doors for the sake of his cigar, to which Miss Lizzie was so far from objecting that she had actually lighted it for him, and even taken a whiff or two with her own rosy lips. In fact she could smoke, herself, and did so, occasionally—in private. "What kept you away all that time?" she repeated.

"A burnt child dreads the fire!" he answered, gallantly.

"I guess there's no danger!" and the brown eyes searched his very keenly. "Shall I tell you why? and something about yourself into the bargain?"

"If you please," said Richard, politely.

"Well, then, you wanted to show that you wasn't in love with me, and wasn't going to be. You don't think I'm good enough. I'm too much of a fool, and too much of a flirt, for that."

"My dear Miss Lizzie!"

"Oh, I know! It's no use denying it! We are very polite and pretty-spoken, of course, and quite shocked at hearing it in plain English; but it don't alter facts.

We have a grand opinion of ourself underneath all our secretiveness, and are too proud to throw ourself away on a little ally, like Lizzie Livingston! She does well enough to fool with for a spell, but that's all!"

"I'm too old," said Sabin, rather taken aback by this very plain speaking. "If I were only eighteen, now, instead of—"

"Fiddlestick! As if I cared about boys who are always too much in love with themselves to be in earnest about anybody else. No! it must be a man who wins me!—a great, big, strong fellow, who isn't a fop or a dandy, but a real gentleman, though he does wear old boots and smokes a pipe in the street, like an Irishman. He must be generous, and trust and believe in me above all things—above all the world! And then wouldn't I just love him?" This, as written, reads like a very pretty declaration, but there was a theatricality about all this young lady said or did—even when she was in a passion—which rather impaired its effect. Wherefore Richard found the less difficulty in replying:—

"He will be a very lucky fellow, I'm sure. But—candidly, now—don't you think it might be as well for him to hold his own as long as he could, and never put himself wholly at your mercy? You might tire of him, you know! Look at Mr. Fox."

"Charley Fox, indeed! I never want to hear his name again! Don't mention it, unless you wish to insult me! Dick Sabin!"—and she stamped with her foot and looked desperately melodramatic—"I've always been plagued with fools and puppies until I'm real sick of the whole pack of 'em! Sometimes I think men are all selfish and sensual—that they can't love a woman as she wants to be loved—and then I hate them. When you came it was different—you didn't flatter and compliment, and that was why I liked you, though I could see you thought I was a perfect goose. But don't persist in it, or we shall quarrel!—what a big hand you've got!—but I like big hands in men—it looks as if you could defend a woman, if you cared for her!" And the capricious little creature took it between her own and kissed it, Dick feeling—well, as most young men would feel under the circumstances. Perhaps it was fortunate for his resolution that, just then, Mrs. Livingston and one of the boarders—he of the frills and ruffles—came out of the parlor and joined them at the door, thereby effecting a change of conversation. Such risks were not uncommon; though, to do the young lady justice, she diversified them with episodes of pique and extraneous flirtation—the latter in conjunction with those very admirers of whom she professed to have so bad an opinion. But she had a habit of abusing almost everybody behind their backs—and to everybody—as her humor varied; always with an amount of exaggeration which necessitated the taking nothing for granted but the fact of her own ill-temper. And however seductive she might be, a little reflection, out of the range of the big, brown eyes, invariably confirmed Sabin in the dictates of his colder judgment. He knew he had better keep away altogether, but held on—not careless of, but braving, consequences.

There is very little doubt that the intimacy would have resulted either in a violent quarrel or worse, but for an opportune circumstance which brought it to a conclusion without a catastrophe—for the present. This occurred in the shape of Miss Lizzie's sudden acceptance of an invitation to go South with a lady-friend, who, returning to her Georgian home, was desirous of securing both a companion for herself and a musical-governess for her children. Dissatisfied with her position (she had perpetual squabbles with her mother, and seemed quite incapable of living peaceably with her for three days together—for which, indeed, she was not alone to blame), displeased with Sabin, and perhaps entertaining expectations of making her fortune by a marriage with some wealthy planter—she hinted at each and all of these inducements—the girl eagerly closed with the proposal, and summarily departed; there being at least a score of her admirers present at her embarkation, but neither Dick Sabin nor Paul Gower. It happened during their week's cruise down the bay, before mentioned; and they knew nothing about it till their return, when Miss Lizzie was, in all probability, tossing about off Cape Hatteras.

Richard felt much more disappointment than relief at her going away. He was dull for a week, disposed to be sullen, found the boarding-house in Beach Street intolerable, and introduced Miss Lizzie's face so frequently into his "socials" for the *Porcupine* as to provoke jocular comment from the editor and contributors. Secretly he hoped that she would get married in Georgia—and stay there.

THE TASK TO BE DONE BY MISSIONS.

[From the New York Independent.]

In a geographical point of view, since the revival of Evangelical missionary effort, certain feeble races and scantily-peopled islands have been wholly brought within the domain of Christendom. The negroes of the West Indian Islands have in large numbers accepted Christian instruction. Madagascar, with its monarch, has outwardly adopted the Christian faith. The Sandwich Islanders and the New Zealanders have embraced the Gospel. The Isles of the South Sea are almost wholly Christianized. In various parts of the heathen world Protestant churches have been established, which enroll several hundred thousand members, with many more attendants; and most of them are vigorous and progressive in their spiritual life. But the continental domains of India, China, and Central Asia, are still altogether unevangelized; and Christian missions have but touched the coasts of the great continent of Africa.

In a moral point of view, still greater obstacles remain to be overcome. Of the 700,000,000 human beings yet unevangelized, by far the greater part belong to the three great antagonistic systems of religion—

Mohammedanism, Hinduism, and Buddhism. The first of these alone presents encouraging signs for greater efforts. In Turkey, the Levant, and Persia, a spirit of religious dissatisfaction is visible to an extent unknown before. Here and there, individual inquirers are found who take into consideration the claims and teachings of the Gospel, and, perhaps, secretly place more trust in Christ than in the Prophet. But in India, Mohammedanism abates little, if any, of its bigotry, and among the African tribes it still continues its progress and conquests.

A few years ago, it was thought that Hinduism was tottering to its fall before the power of English education. Those who had enjoyed the light of Christian learning and science were expected to distrust their former faith, and, in many cases, to repudiate it altogether. But now it is found that university graduates publicly take part in its most degrading rites, and ostentatiously enroll themselves as its champions. It holds its followers with a tenacity that seems undiminished, and visits those who forsake it for the Christian faith with most severe persecution. Even in the midst of Christian influences, in the heart of London, we have lately seen how many attendants at their Temple Bar are inflexible Brahmins, and proud of their pagan principles.

Buddhism claims 300,000,000 adherents, among whom the few Christian missions which have been established are apparently lost and of little effect. Its power seems to be waning in Japan; but in Ceylon, where this system has been most successfully assailed, it replies by a vigorous self-defence, in sending out controversial tracts, and in boldly endeavoring to sustain its atheistical philosophy by arguments.

The Church Missionary Society has heretofore been known as the Evangelical body, maintaining principles and advocating measures not shared in or sympathized with by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. But now we are thoroughly glad to see that the latter joins in this proposal, and thus makes recognition before the world of the efficacy of prayer, and of its dependence thereon for success in the world's conversion to Christ.

OLD AND NEW MISSIONARIES.

[From the London Saturday Review.]

Various things have just now been calling special attention to the attempts of Christian missionaries to spread the Christian religion in the heathen and other unbelieving parts of the world. The readers of some of the ecclesiastical papers have been startled by some very hard sayings about modern, at all events about Anglican, missionaries, and the missionaries and their friends have been stirred up to equally vigorous answers. With these things we will not meddle. But, steering in a mean between the accusers, possibly the slanderers, and the defenders of modern missions, we can see the acknowledgment of a truth about which we wish to say something as a matter of history. That is the fact that modern missionaries are not so successful as the missionaries of old time. The same fact stands out proclaimed in the general agreement among all the churches of the Anglican communion to keep a day, not of thanksgiving for success in the missionary work, but rather of humiliation for lack of success. Whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain that whole nations are not now converted to Christianity in the same way that they were at various times from the fourth century to the fourteenth—that is, from the conversion of the Goths to the conversion of the Lithuanians; and, whether the zeal and devotion of modern missionaries be or be not equal to the zeal and devotion of ancient missionaries, we think that it would be a very shallow way of dealing with the fact to seek for it wholly in causes of this kind. It certainly seems at first sight that modern missionaries do not make the same utter self-sacrifice as the missionaries of the days of Columba or of Boniface. But the difference is, we suspect, much more apparent than real. A man who went out into the wilderness then did not give up so much as a man who goes out into the wilderness now. Still there certainly is a difference, which calls for explanation. England is now-a-days thronged with retired colonial bishops. But we do not find that Augustine went back to end his days at Rome, or Boniface to end his days in England. And there is one difference also which we are almost afraid to speak of. Our own early history shows us that a married priest, and even a married bishop, was nothing very wonderful, and certainly no man had need to be ashamed of such a father as the priest Odelarius, the father of the monk Odoer. But somehow we cannot altogether stifle a notion that the conversion of England would hardly have gone on quite so well if Augustine and his companions had been each man accompanied by a wife. The services of the devoted sex played a large part in the conversion of most of the European nations, but they were made use of in another way.

But the difference to our mind is altogether independent of such small causes as these. The circumstances under which men try to convert heathens now are wholly different from the circumstances under which men more successfully tried to convert them then. Christianity, we have said long ago, is the religion of the Roman Empire. Be the cause what it may, that is the fact. Christianity is the religion of those countries which either actually form part of the Roman Empire or else got their civilization as well as their religion from either the Old or the New Rome. Within those limits Christianity is universal. It has assumed various national forms—Roman, Greek, Oriental, and Teutonic—but in one form or another it is universal. In the Asiatic and African provinces of Rome, Christianity has either been utterly swept away or remains the religion only of a down-trodden minority. But this is because those regions were cut off alike from the Empire and from the Church by the conquests of men who represented at once an alien religion and an alien social system. Roman Asia and

Roman Africa were as fully Christianized as Roman Europe. If they are not Christian now, it is because they were cut off from the sway of Christ and Caesar by conquerors who did not, like the conquerors of the European provinces, become disciples as well as conquerors. And, if Christianity is thus universal in the lands which have drawn their civilization from Rome—that is, in Europe and European colonies—it has made hardly any progress beyond those limits. In the fourth century, Christianity made the conquest of the Roman world. Its one conquest beyond the strict limits of the Empire was the border land, often the dependent land, of Armenia. On the rival power of Rome, on the vigorous nationality of the regenerate Persian, it made no impression whatever. In later days, we hear wonderful tales of the progress made by Nestorian missionaries in the far lands of Asia. But they have left no such lasting fruits as the conversion of the Roman, and of his disciples—the Teuton and the Slave. Whatever may be the cause, we repeat that Christianity is the religion of the Roman Empire in the widest sense of those words, and that it is the religion of very little besides. The wonder of wonders, the thing which stamps Christianity as divine, is that it became the religion of the Roman Empire. That point gained, the rest was nothing wonderful. The wonder was when the Roman Caesar bowed to the faith of a persecuted minority of his own subjects. It was not wonderful that the disciples of Rome, not the less her disciples for being her conquerors, embraced the faith of her teacher. The wonder was when Christ supplanted the Jupiter of the Capitol—that done, to supplant Woden and Czernobog followed in due time as a matter of course.

The fact is that there is no part of the world in which Christianity sets itself before heathen nations in exactly the same light as that in which it was set before them in the days when Western Christendom received the Teuton, and Eastern Christendom received the Slave, as half conqueror, half disciple. There was nowhere the same great gulf fixed between the teacher and the learner that there is now. Our missionaries go forth into distant lands to grapple with two states of things, each of them very different from one another, but both of them still more different from the state of things in Europe at any time from the fourth century to the fourteenth. They go out to distant lands—the element of distance is no small one—in which they appear either as utter strangers or as the fellow-countrymen of alien rulers. They either come as civilized men to mere savages, with the greatest possible gap in language, color, habits, and tone of thought; or else they come across ancient and firmly established systems of religion and social order, the votaries of which are perfectly able to turn round and dispute on equal terms with those who try to convert them. Not only the Mohammedan—who, as compared with the absolute heathen, might almost pass as an heretical Christian—but the Brahmin, the Buddhist, the votaries of all the religions of civilized Asia, have a great deal to say for themselves. Trying to convert them is not like trying to convert one who looks up to his teacher as a superior; it is more like disputing against Julian or Libanius. In either case, whether the missionary has to deal with the savage or with the civilized heathen, there is as little common ground as there can well be between two human creatures; and, at all events in the case of the civilized heathen, there is absolutely no wish for instruction. There is either no dissatisfaction with the established system, or, if there is dissatisfaction, it is not of a kind which is likely to lead men to the adoption of a foreign religion. In the conversion of the Teutonic and Slavonic nations all the circumstances were different. There was, first of all, a real community of race among all the European nations, a community which was utterly forgotten, but which still may not have been without an unconscious practical working. It may be said that there is the same community of race between Europeans and the Aryan nations of India. But, widely as the Roman and the Goth, the Greek and the Serb, had parted from one another, they had by no means parted asunder so widely as the modern Englishman and the modern Hindu. The Goth and the Serb were young nations, full of life and vigor, but certainly not given to any deep speculations. The modern Hindus are an old nation who have stiffened for ages in an established system, and who have their books and their philosophy just as much as we have. The modern civilized Asiatic feels no need for a teacher; the ancient Teuton or Slave was just in the state of mind to be taught. The converts made in the early ages, say from the fourth to the eighth century, fall under two classes. The first class came to their teachers, while in the second class their teachers went to them. The Teutonic nations which pressed into the Empire, and which bowed down before its greatness and civilization, naturally adopted its religion along with its laws, habits, and military discipline. The whole thing is set forth in the saying of Ataulf, that the Goth might conquer as he would, but that it was only by the law of Rome that the world could be governed. With the Roman law the Roman religion came as part of it. Some tribes, the West-Goths themselves among them, had begun to embrace Christianity even before they entered the Empire. But it was not till they had had dealings with the Empire both in war and in peace, and had learned to look upon Rome as the mistress and teacher of the world. Oddly enough, most of them had Christianity first set before them, not in its Orthodox, but in its Arian form. But a few generations of dwelling on Roman ground brought them over to the received faith of the Empire. The Burgundian in Gaul, the Lombard in Italy, the Goth in Spain, all became Orthodox. The Goth in Italy was cut off too soon to adopt the faith of his subjects; but if Theodoric never gave the world a lesson of Orthodoxy, he gave it the higher lesson of toleration.

In these cases, the learners came to the teachers;

the learners had a creed of their own, but not a creed which had enough hold on them to bear up against the spell of the new state of things in which they found themselves. In the other class of cases, the teachers came to the learners. Foremost among these learners were our own fathers. But of whom did our fathers consent to learn? They did not stoop to learn of the conquered Briton; they did not stoop to learn of the Frankish Bishop who came with the Frankish Queen; but when Rome spoke they hearkened. Our forefathers, in that world of their own from which Caesar had withdrawn his legions, beyond the reach of Roman authority, still felt the spell of Roman influence. Let us not disparage the share of the Scot in the conversion of England; but the Scot only watered where the Roman had planted. Our forefathers listened to teaching which came recommended by the example of the city to which the world still looked up, and they adopted it because they clearly had no tie to the faith of their forefathers beyond that of mere traditional association. They were not at all like the philosophical Brahmin or Buddhist of our own times. But they did not lack either common sense or a spirit of inquiry. The old Theng at York wished to know what became of man after death; his own religion could not tell him—which looks as if Walhalla was not yet known in Northumberland; if the Romans knew, he would like very much to learn. The layman had wandered thus far into speculation; the mind of the priest Coifi was more worldly-wise. Woden and Thunor had done so little for him that he would have nothing more to say to them; he would try the God of the Kentishman, who might, perhaps, do more. This last argument would seem to be a local one; at least, it is whispered that it has been used in the converse form by a Christian successor of Coifi, who is said to have announced his firm belief in a God "who had been very good to him." Men who accepted a new faith so readily as that could have had no very firm trust in the old one. When we contrast the easy conversion of England with the stiff-necked resistance of Scandinavia, some centuries later, we may be tempted to think that the Woden religion had, in the meanwhile, put on much more of form and substance; that it had become much more of a creed than it had been in the days of Æthelbert. Anyhow, the conversion of the English was wonderfully easy. The King first allows the strangers to preach, without committing himself to their teaching. A few converts, doubtless the most genuine of all, are made; the King himself believes, then the nobles, then the mass of the people. We hear not seldom of relapses, commonly when the successor of the first Christian King falls away; but the relapses are only for a season. In a generation or two, it might be thought that Christianity had always been the religion of the land. Heathenism is easily swept away, and all its relics and monuments are defaced. In Northumberland, Coifi, as soon as he has made up his own mind, hastens to break down the temple where he had just before been the priest. So, at the other end of Europe, as soon as the Russian Vladimir has announced his conversion, the people of Kief set to work merrily to drag their wooden god through the mud, and to throw him into the Dnieper. There is an element of fun in all these early conversions, which marks a people in the full vigor of their first youth.

In the next stage we find the Teutonic nations, who were already converted, setting to work to convert their still unbelieving brethren. From the age of Augustine we pass to the age of Boniface. Now these conversions among kindred nations, where Northumberland follows the lead of Kent, or where heathen Germany follows the lead of England, were made under the most favorable of all circumstances. We have seen that even the Roman was not separated from the Teuton or the Slave by the same wide gap which separates the modern European from either the savage or the civilized heathen of our times. Still less was there any such gap between the Frank and the Kentishman, between the Kentishman and the Northumbrian, between the West-Saxon and the Saxon in his old land. The teacher and the disciple could perfectly understand one another; they were all of kindred race, kindred speech, kindred manners and feelings. The Christian had simply the advantage which he got from his Christianity itself, and from the intercourse with the nations of the older civilization for which his Christianity had opened the way. A Teuton of the eighth century, speaking to another Teuton of the eighth century, was quite unlike a modern gentleman in black speaking to a naked savage—in short, from the man of the nineteenth century after Christ speaking to a man of the nineteenth century before Christ. Closely connected with this point is the extraordinary influence which women have in all these conversions. They play a part which it was easy for them to play in those days, but which would be absolutely impossible in these. In Gaul, in Britain, in Poland, we find the same story. The heathen King asks for the daughter of his Christian neighbor in marriage. She consents only on condition that he should embrace Christianity, or at least allow Christianity to be preached in his dominions. The conversion of the King and his people follows in due order as a matter of course. But this could only happen in a state of things where Christians and heathens were on the same level, the Christian having only so much of advantage as his Christianity gave him. We cannot do the same between nations where every social condition is different. We cannot send European princesses, or European women of any class, to play the part of Æthelburh and Dobrowka either in Japan or in Central Africa. There is all the difference in the world between the spread of a faith over a continuous region, inhabited by nations on pretty much the same level in point of culture, and all of whom looked up, with more or less reverence, to one or two common centres, and its spread over scattered lands of every language and social state, and by whom the civilization from

which the teacher starts is either unknown or despised.

We will stop with the eighth century, because in its later years a new element comes in with the wars of Charles the Great with the Saxons. The conversion of Saxony, of the Slavonic lands to the east of it, of Scandinavia, and above all of Prussia and Livonia, was largely, though not wholly, wrought by the sword. The precept, "Compel them to come in," was carried out literally, in a manner Mohammedan rather than Christian. But, meanwhile, conversions of the old type were going on in Hungary, Poland, and Russia, and the last conversion of all, that of Lithuania, was brought about by an ingenious adaptation of the old method to the new state of things. The heathen Prince still married the Christian Queen; he adopted her faith and brought his own people after him; but this time, unlike any of the earlier cases, Jagello became King of Hedwig's kingdom, and the patriarch of its most illustrious dynasty.

Our argument does not go towards the despising or undervaluing of modern missionary efforts; it goes quite the other way. We believe that modern missionaries have done really great things, considering the circumstances of the case. It is, indeed, only here and there that they have had anything like the successes of old time; but the wonder is that they should have had any successes at all. We will not stop to argue whether the difference is in any way owing to any fault on the part of modern missionaries. Their personal faults or personal merits form so small a part of the case as to be hardly worth thinking of. The difference lies far deeper. The modern missionary has a task far harder than the task of Augustine or Boniface, and he fares accordingly.

MR. ABBOT ON THE HIGH PRICE OF SOULS.

[The appended amusing little tirade, from the St. Paul Evening Journal of Oct. 18, copies from the New York papers many of their mistakes, and introduces original variations of its own. For instance, we quite admire the adroit substitution of \$13.11 for \$1,311, as the cost of a conversion,—it so nicely opens the way for the cigar illustration! The credit of this little change of the figures is entirely due to the Journal.—Ed.]

At the "Free Religious Association" meeting in New York, the other day, Mr. F. E. Abbot read a paper on the Foreign Missionary Service.

Mr. Abbot has been "a-fingering," and he finds that it costs \$13.11 to convert a soul. Mr. Abbot thinks that is too much. The heathen soul isn't worth any \$13.11. It is squandering money to send the Gospel to these Chinese and Japs, at such a fearful cost per head. It is interesting to know what this "Advanced Thinker's" estimate of the human soul is. \$13.11 will buy a very fair box of cigars at wholesale. We are permitted to infer that Mr. Abbot would sooner invest \$13.11 in a box of Habanas than in a Hindu's salvation.

He finds that during the years 1867 and 1868 the whole number of converts made by foreign missionaries was only 3,258. Why does Mr. Abbot go back to these years? Could he not find more recent reports? Why not take '70 and '71, for instance, when the converts by missionaries of the American Board alone amounted to 2,588, to say nothing of other societies in England and America. But Mr. Abbot complains that at this rate it will take 206,212 years to evangelize the world, and the cost of such evangelization, at \$13.11 per soul, would be something appalling.

Poor Mr. Abbot! He will probably not live to see "a nation born in a day." But his philosophy and figures look sorry enough to any one who believes in a brighter future for humanity, or can read human history aright, or discern the signs of the times. Match against his elaborately absurd review of the Missionary Service these two sayings:—

"What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

THE ATHENS GEORGIAN tells the following sensational story: "There is a report prevalent on our streets that a man living near Scull's Shoals, about twenty miles below this city, told his wife last Saturday night to awake him up before 'ole God Almighty woke on Sunday,' as he wanted to catch a mess of fish for breakfast. His wife, in accordance with his instructions, called him before day Sunday morning, and he, taking his fishing-tackle, went to the stream, and, finding a tempting hole, took his seat upon a rock. His wife waited anxiously for his arrival, but he not appearing, toward night she summoned some neighbors, and went in quest of the truant. Going to the stream, she found the missing man seated upon a rock, and, upon the party requesting him to get up and accompany them home, he told them that the Almighty had sent a judgment upon him, and he had become a part of the rock and could not move. His friends, thinking that he was only jesting, took hold of him and attempted to move him, when he commenced screaming at the top of his voice, and asked them for God's sake not to attempt to lift him up as it would murder him. He further informed them that he had been informed by an unseen presence that, as a judgment for his profanity and Sabbath-breaking, he would never be severed from his present seat, but would remain fastened to it all his days, and that he would be made to preach his own funeral. They say he talks quite freely, and is visited by immense crowds from this and adjoining counties. Several parties, we learn, from this place and Winterville went to see him Wednesday, but have not yet returned.

Poetry.

SONNET.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

TO LITTRE.

I launched my bark upon a lonely sea,
Though all I loved lay weeping on the shore,
And set my sail for climes unknown to me,
And bade my hopes farewell for evermore.
No chart had marked the unfrequented way,
Where soon the giddy needle ceased to guide;
While lowering clouds, that darkened all the day,
Burst into storm, and rent the surging tide.
Black rocks, that lurked like foes along the night,
Rose menacing, but still I struggled on,
Till lo! afar a friendly beacon light
Shone o'er the waste, and led me to the morn.
A stranger hand had fed a saving fire!
'Twas thine, O Master! may it never tire!

PARIS, Oct. 1, 1873.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern,	New York City,	One share, \$100
Richard B. Westbrook,	Scranan, Pa.	" " 100
R. C. Spencer,	Milwaukee, Wis.	Two " 200
R. W. Howes,	Boston, Mass.	One " 100
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The following rule has been adopted with reference to subscriptions to THE INDEX, and will be observed on and after December 1, 1873:

THE INDEX will be discontinued to each subscriber immediately on the expiration of his term of subscription as marked by the printed mail-tag, unless the subscription is renewed in advance, or unless direct notice is received that the subscriber intends soon to renew it. But a bill will be sent to each subscriber a few weeks previous to the expiration of his term, in order that he may have an opportunity of renewing without suffering any interruption in the receipt of his papers.

CASH RECEIPTS.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 8.

C. N. Overbaugh, \$1; C. B. Darrow, \$1; Geo. Chas, \$5; L. Fritch, \$3; D. B. Harris, \$3; D. Wilkins, \$1; James Tullis, \$3; Danl. Muncey, 50 cents; Beriah Green, \$2; J. M. Rhodes, \$1.25; Scheuier Schult, \$3; A. S. Brown, \$3; W. J. Hart, 50 cents; O. Crehange, \$2; Wm. Ganshorn, \$1; Robt. Mochrie, \$1.50; Bennett Allen, \$1; C. E. Sprill, \$1; Perry & Morion, \$1; J. Mason Macomber, \$1; J. H. Hartley, 50 cents; Wm. Smith, \$1; Isaac Sherwood, \$3; S. R. Piley, \$3; Moses Loudon, \$3.50; John N. Lyman, \$3; Henry Kato, \$1; ————, \$1; ————, \$1; S. Wolfenstein, \$3; Chas. J. Abbot, \$3; Geo. Allen, \$1; Joseph Wood, \$2; S. P. Taylor, \$3; A. S. Brown, \$10; Jos. Warbasae, \$10; Saml. Warbasae, \$10; Wm. Jones, \$10; Chas. Collins, \$1; Geo. Iles, 25 cents; Geo. Swaenoy, 25 cents; Chas. T. Fowler, 25 cents; H. Spalding, \$1; B. H. Foster, 50 cents; Brown & Faunce, \$3.50; E. L. Saxton, \$1; L. Andrews, 10 cents; S. L. Hill, 50 cents; J. E. D. Laudon, \$1.50; E. Schrantz, 75 cents.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

N. B.—Please remit by post-office money-order, by registered letter, or by draft on Boston or New York. Checks on interior banks are liable to discount, and the term of subscription will be proportionally shortened in the credit.

RECEIVED.

Pamphlets and Periodicals.

THE PENTATEUCH in Contrast with the Science and Moral Sense of our Age. By a Physician. Published by Thomas Scott, Esq., 14, The Terrace, Park Road, Upper Norwood, London, S.E., England, 1873.

IS JESUS GOD? A Sermon preached on Trinity Sunday, at the Free Christian Church, Croydon, near London, by Robert Rodolph Suffield, Minister of the Congregation. Published by Thomas Scott, Esq., London, 1873.

"TALK KINDLY, BUT AVOID ARGUMENT." By "C. K. W.," in THE INDEX. Published by Thomas Scott, Esq., London, 1873.

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL. A Sermon by O. B. Frothingham, in New York, Oct. 5, 1873. New York: D. G. Francis, 1873.

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE. A Sermon by O. B. Frothingham, Oct. 12, 1873. New York: D. G. Francis, 1873.

RELIGION AND A RELIGION. A Sermon by O. B. Frothingham, Oct. 19, 1873. New York: D. G. Francis, 1873.

THE PRESS AND THE PULPIT. A Sermon by Rev. L. K. Washburn, Minneapolis, Oct. 19, 1873. Minneapolis: Times Printing Co., 1873.

THE PENN MONTHLY. November, 1873. Philadelphia: 608 Walnut Street.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR. November, 1873. New York: E. J. Stow.

ST. NICHOLAS: Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys. Vol. I. No. 1. November, 1873. New York: Scribner & Co.

IOWA SCHOOL JOURNAL. Oct. 1873. Des Moines: C. M. Greene.

New Music.

THE DEVOTIONAL CHIMES. A Choice Collection of New and Standard Hymns and Tunes, adapted to All Occasions, &c., &c. By Asa Hull. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Also, by the same, the following pieces of sheet music: "Benedictus Viri Benignus Star"—Sing, sweet Bird—Maiden's Dream—La Fille de Madame Angot—Yachtsman's Song—Munka Valse—Aida Pot-pourri—Marche Romaine—Aftermath—Sea Swallows—The Fortune-Teller—What Shall I Sing?—Kube.

The Index.

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THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B.—No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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BOSTON, NOVEMBER 13, 1873.

GLIMPSES.

THE ST. LOUIS discussion of the Sunday question has been very ably conducted on the liberal side by the two Unitarian ministers in that city, Rev. John C. Learned and Rev. John Snyder.

WHEN, AT A PUBLIC MEETING in England, some representative of the landlord class began to talk of the "surplus of laborers," Joseph Arch got up and put the annihilating question: "Where is the surplus aristocracy?"

LAST SPRING the *Pall Mall Gazette* said that the English State, as such, was more worthy of the sincere homage of all Englishmen than any church whatever. Is the English monarchy any more worthy than the American republic?

THOMAS NAST's lecture in Boston on November 8 was made exceedingly interesting by the illustrations he drew on the spot. One seemed to be admitted into the very studio that gave birth to the famous cartoons by which so much was done to overthrow the Tammany Ring. It is wonderful that any artist should acquire such facility and rapidity of execution.

THE LONDON *Church Times* offends the *Independent* because the former "clumsily calls it 'a leading Congregational journal.'" We are as much astonished as the *Independent* that it should be supposed to "lead" anything. It is a readable paper, but represents no definite idea, and simply reflects the prevailing confusion of thought on religious subjects.

THE BROOKLYN *Catholic Review* speaks of "such irresponsible parties as Mr. Frothingham or Mr. Abbot of THE INDEX." If the *Review* means only "irresponsible" to its own owner, the Pope, we cheerfully accept our share of the compliment. But if it means "irresponsible" to the laws of good breeding recognized by all gentlemen, we as cheerfully decline to accept a compliment to which the *Review* establishes its own exclusive and indubitable right.

"SOME HAVE SAID that I began at the wrong end," said Joseph Arch, referring with hard Anglo-Saxon monosyllables to the objections brought against his efforts for the elevation of his fellow-laborers: "I do not know which end they wanted me to begin at; they did not tell me, and I began at the end I thought best." We are tempted to give these pithy words as the fittest reply we can make to those who think we have "begun at the wrong end" in impeaching Christianity. The "wrong end" for the Church is the right end for humanity.

MR. THOMAS SCOTT, the well-known London gentleman who unselfishly devotes a large part of his income to the publication and dissemination of liberal tracts of a high order, and who is so kind as to keep us well supplied with them as fast as published, has just included in the series one of the articles written for THE INDEX of September 4, by Mr. Charles K. Whipple, with the title "Talk Kindly, but Avoid Argument." We are glad that the work of our esteemed contributor, whose arrows never miss of their mark, finds appreciation in England as well as in America.

FROM DR. T. A. BLAND, of Chicago, editor of the *Scientific Farmer*, we learn that a new radical society was formed in that city on the second of November. The daily papers give reports of Prof. Taylor's sermon, which was a vigorous defence of rationalism. We should be pleased to receive a copy of the constitution of the new society and a list of its officers, with whatever other information throws light upon its

character and objects. Every attempt to form a new organization on radical principles has our hearty sympathy, and we hope to hear good things of the present one in Chicago.

AT LEAST a little wholesome truth got uttered at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance. "But two active organized forces exist, Infidelity and Romanism," said Professor Astié; "Protestantism is dead for all offensive movements." The most powerful organization of what the Professor is pleased to style "Infidelity" is the American Union. The United States Constitution is the most effective "infidel" instrument in existence, as has been discovered by that keen observer of the times, the *Christian Statesman*. It will be well defended against the machinations of all who would Christianize it.

THE SECRETARY of the Syracuse, N. Y., Radical Club, writing in the *Daily Standard*, shows how much property is exempted from taxation in that city: namely, \$250,000 belonging to the members of the National Guard, averaging \$800 apiece; at least \$500,000 belonging to the Methodist College; not less than \$1,000,000 invested in church property; \$1,500 of the salary of every minister and priest; and an immense amount of personal property not reached by the tax assessment regulations. The annual taxes remitted on church property alone foot up some \$25,000. How long is such gross inequality and favoritism to continue?

PREJUDICE DIES HARD.—Mr. Henry E. Hayne, the colored Secretary of State of South Carolina, has entered the Medical School of the State University. The *Charleston News and Courier*, which says it is anxious that the colored people should have every facility for acquiring an education, also says that Mr. Hayne's entrance to the University "marks the beginning of the end of an institution within whose walls some of the purest and ablest men in the State lived during the quiet years of their student life." It doesn't approve of admitting colored students to the State University while there is a University endowed by the State exclusively for their benefit.

Mr. Hayne was well known to me, during the war, as Commissary Sergeant of the First South Carolina Volunteers. He was so white that I myself took him for a white man when he came to enlist; and the various officials with whom he had to deal, outside the regiment, did not suspect him of having negro blood. He never was a slave, and was brought up in South Carolina. Prejudice must die hard, if the mere entrance of such a man into a medical school is so alarming.

T. W. H.

IT WILL BE SEEN by a "Communication" in our present issue, from Rev. J. L. Hatch, of California, that the San José Liberal League is doing an excellent work. It has started a petition for the repeal of the Act of Congress of June 17, 1870, published in full in THE INDEX of August 16, by which churches are now exempted from taxation in the District of Columbia. This is a most timely movement, and we rejoice to see that our California friends manifest so much energy in its initiation. We have had printed several hundred blank forms of petition adapted for general circulation, calling for the repeal of the same Act; and a copy will be mailed to any address on receipt of a three cent postage stamp. If the members of all Liberal Leagues and other radical societies will only unite in pushing this movement vigorously, it is possible that the obnoxious Act may be repealed this very winter. Let every earnest radical send for a blank petition, and at once canvass for names; and let all credit be given to the San José League for leading off in this most righteous movement.

IN AN ARTICLE published in the *Norfolk County Gazette*, Mr. Alfred E. Giles tells some very wholesome truths respecting the Massachusetts prohibition law and the alleged "desecration of the Sabbath" in general. Among other things he says: "The prohibition law debauches public and private virtue; it offers a premium on betrayal of trusts; it gives bribes to informants; wherever its influence extends, its miasma works. It hardens and corrupts the hearts of its administrators. It generates hypocrisy and double-dealing. In the large cities liquor can always be bought. True, the dealer charges a higher price for it, because he has to pay bribes monthly, quarterly, or otherwise, to the constables. In the smaller towns it is not always money or gold watches that the officer receives, but perhaps groceries free, or at a reduced price, or it may be an occasional box of cigars, or a bottle of wine, passed in the evening shades out at the office window, and thence taken by an unseen hand. Their evil deeds are notorious: the same paper that related the doings of 'The Temperance Mass Meeting,' contained in the first column of its third page a paragraph entitled and specifying the 'Disgraceful Conduct of State Constables.' The prohibitory law,

like the 'Black Code' of the former Slave States, soils whatever it touches."

IF ANYWHERE there is a taste for exquisite Shakspearian criticisms, we hope that endeavors will be promptly made to induce Mr. John Weiss to deliver his new course of lectures in that favored place. If there is a Young Men's Christian Association there, by all means let it refuse him its hall, and thus secure him crowded houses every night, as was the case last winter in New York city. This new course is upon "Shakspeare's Women," and the related topics: embracing "Shakspeare's Women," "Portia," "Women and Men," "Macbeth and his Wife," "Blonde Women and Lady Macbeth," "Helena," "Ophelia," etc. Last year's course comprised "Cause of Laughter," "Irony and Humor," "Dagberry, Malvolio, Touchstone, Bottom," "Ajax, Porter in Macbeth, Fool in Lear," "Falstaff," "Hamlet." Of these lectures the press spoke in the highest terms,—and the people all said amen! It was our good fortune to hear Mr. Weiss read his "Portia" at the last meeting of the Radical Club at Mrs. Sargent's; and it was a feast twice eaten—once in the hearing, once in the reminiscence. As Mr. Bradlaugh said at the time, it was "a most beautifully melodious paper." Will it not be possible this winter to organize in many places parlor readings of these bewitching essays? They will be a credit to the taste of any town that honors itself by such an enterprise. Boston has her Mrs. Sargent; if other cities cannot discover theirs, we shall conclude that Boston is, after all, the real "hub of the universe!"

JOSEPH ARCH, the head of the "National Agricultural Laborers' Union," of England, was publicly welcomed to Boston on the evening of November 5 by a great meeting in Faneuil Hall. Wendell Phillips presided. Two years ago Mr. Arch was a day-laborer upon a farm, working for two or three shillings a day; now he is the recognized head of a great laborers' army of nearly one hundred thousand men. The "Union" he helped to form at that time has succeeded in raising the farm-laborer's wages about four shillings a week, from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. more than the former rate; and it has become already a felt power in English politics, as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright have publicly declared. The object of Mr. Arch in coming to America was to "speak out the land," as he says, for the purpose of getting information which might be of use in directing emigration to Canada and the United States. When a member of Parliament told him that "they could afford to throw all England into a deer-park," and when he found that ten millions of acres of arable land were actually withheld from cultivation for the sole purpose of pauperizing the luxury of the great, he determined that, if the aristocracy would not give the poor a chance to cultivate these lands, he would draw off every laborer from England and leave the aristocracy "only the dirt to eat." Hence his visit to our shores. Now he can tell his companions where to go to earn and to save, whether they want to work on farms or gardens or railroads. The result of his mission (which he proposes to renew next spring) will probably be to increase emigration to this country greatly, if not to turn English game-preserved into homes for human beings instead of rabbits and deer. Every philanthropic heart must sympathize with such aims. In person Mr. Arch is heavy-built, with heavy but intelligent features indicative of great power of will. His language is well-chosen and vigorous, sometimes very pithy and telling, as when he declared that "the laborer's sweat shall no longer be the ointment to supple the joints of idleness and pride," or when he said that "the freedom of your schools will be the savior of America and the savior of Canada." It was gratifying to see that he recognized ignorance as the worst foe of the working-man. Of course it was to be expected that his *h's* would get a little mixed, but the substance and style of his address proved him to be a man of great native capacity. If he once or twice showed a little exultation at his present position, as when he said,—"*I* told them that, rather than lay down the sceptre of power I wield over the working-men of England, I would let my head be first taken from my shoulders,"—it should be remembered that he was referring to attempts to bribe or cajole him from fealty to his cause, and that the idea of a popular movement without more or less of personal autocracy is scarcely comprehensible by those to whom he spoke. Such expressions would arouse more jealousy here than in England. On the whole, the impression left on our mind by hearing Mr. Arch was that of an able and incorruptible man, with great concentration and tenacity of purpose, and with an all-absorbing devotion to the welfare of the class for whom he acts.

WHO HAS THE RIGHT TO MARRY?

Having recently been requested by several couples to render the service of uniting them in marriage, we have taken occasion to inquire into the legal qualifications necessary to empower us to render this service. As the question is of a general nature, affecting many ministers who have had the legal right to marry hitherto, but who may doubt their present possession of it on account of having become radicals in their religious opinions, we think it may be worth while to state in *THE INDEX* the result of our inquiries. The qualifications referred to vary in the different States, but the following are the qualifications prescribed by the statute law of Massachusetts:—"Marriages may be solemnized by a justice of the peace in the county for which he is appointed, when either of the parties resides in the same county; and throughout the State by any minister of the gospel ordained according to the usage of his denomination, who resides within the State and continues to perform the functions of his office; but all marriages shall be solemnized in the city or town in which the person solemnizing them resides, or in which one or both of the persons to be married reside." [*Revised Statutes*, 106, §14.]

By these regulations, every minister who is qualified to perform the marriage ceremony must be a "minister of the gospel;" he must have been "ordained according to the usage of" some recognized "denomination;" he must reside "within the State;" and he must continue to "perform the functions of his office" as a "minister of the gospel ordained according to the usage of his denomination."

1. Has any one who no longer considers himself a Christian a right to consider himself a "minister"? There seems to be no reason why all ministers should be Christians. A great many persons to-day believe simply in "natural religion," and not a few of them would decline to profess themselves believers in "Christianity," as that term would undoubtedly be interpreted in the courts. But they have the same desire and the same right as Orthodox church-members to be legally married; and, as things now are, they have the same right to have the marriage service performed by a minister or by a magistrate, as they may elect. Whoever, therefore, is a "minister of natural religion" ought to be as much qualified as a Christian minister to perform this service. The word "minister" means etymologically a "servant," being derived from the Latin *munus*, a hand; it signified originally one who rendered "manual" assistance of any kind, and thus came to be applied to services of other kinds. There is nothing in the derivation of the word to suggest even a remote allusion to Christianity; and a "minister of natural religion" ought to be as well qualified to marry legally as a "minister of the Christian religion," since all religions ought to be on a footing of equality with respect to legal rights. There appears to be no reason why a non-Christian who devotes his life to the service or ministry of natural religion should not be a "minister" in the eye of the law.

2. Has one who no longer considers himself a Christian a right to consider himself a "minister of the gospel"? That depends on what "the gospel" is. In a loose sense one may speak of the "gospel of truth," or the "gospel of humanity;" but there can be little doubt as to what gospel is intended by the statute. The "Christian gospel" alone was originally intended; and that alone would be allowed by the courts (so we are informed on excellent legal authority) to be "the gospel" required by the statute. As if to limit the broad significance of the word "minister," the words "of the gospel" were added on purpose to restrict the right of performing the marriage service to Christian ministers only. Statute law is thus partial to Christianity, as in so many other instances; but the fact of its partiality does not justify a "minister of natural religion" in professing to be a "minister of the gospel." One wrong does not justify another. The statute ought to be reformed; but meanwhile it deprives all ministers of the legal power to marry except such as are willing to call themselves "ministers of the gospel," that is, the Christian gospel. Such was the legal opinion given in reply to our inquiries; and on this ground we felt bound to decline performing the marriage service, as requested, until we had received the commission of justice of the peace, for which, in compliance with an urgent wish, we immediately applied.

3. Does one who has been formerly "ordained according to the usage of his denomination" lose the right to marry by leaving his own denomination, or by stepping outside of all denominations? The mere change of one denomination for another does not deprive him of this right, if he "continues to perform

the functions of his office;" but the stepping outside of all denominations, as we are informed, does deprive him of it. What constitutes a "denomination" is not definitely decided; but it must be a denomination commonly recognized as such. It can hardly be claimed that the believers in natural religion, as distinguished from the Christian religion, are a "denomination;" and consequently the minister of natural religion is doubly disqualified for performing the marriage service, as not being a minister of the gospel, and also as not belonging to any recognized denomination. Thus the law of Massachusetts assumes that every minister who performs this service professes himself not only a Christian, but also a member of some particular Christian denomination or sect.

4. The qualification of "residence" has no special interest in this connection.

5. Does one who was formerly "ordained" as a "minister of the gospel," in strict accordance with the "usage" of some particular "denomination," still retain the right to marry, if he becomes a non-Christian, or leaves all denominations? No. The statute requires that he shall still "continue to perform the functions of his office," that is, as a denominational Christian minister. The right to marry does not inhere in the man, but in the office; and, the office being abandoned or resigned, the right lapses. Although regularly ordained in 1864 as a Unitarian minister by Rev. Dr. J. F. Clarke, Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. T. J. Mumford, and other eminent Unitarian clergymen, we lost the right to marry thus conferred, when we ceased to be a Unitarian Christian minister without becoming attached to some other denomination. By the simple act of performing the marriage service, every minister in Massachusetts professes himself to be a Christian minister, and a member of some Christian denomination; otherwise he does not "continue to perform the functions" of the office by which he acquired the right to perform it, and without which he has no legal right to perform it at all. If he performs the service without being willing to make this profession in open court, he violates the law and renders himself liable to a heavy penalty. But the question whether he shall make this profession or not is left to his own conscience, if he belongs to a denomination which has no recognized tribunal to decide cases of doubtful membership.

While the above sets forth the legal aspect of this subject, an anomaly exists in the case of Jewish rabbis, who undoubtedly perform the marriage service in this State without possessing the prescribed legal qualifications. Probably no one would be disposed to molest them in the exercise of a function which rightfully, if not legally, belongs to them as much as to Christian ministers. But as a matter of fact they are not qualified to marry their own people; and, in order to prevent possible annoyance to them from malicious persons, the statute ought to be amended. Of what nature this amendment should be, we have now no space to discuss. Suffice it to say that, in our opinion, marriage is purely a civil contract so far as the State has any business to meddle with it; and the only thorough reform would be to forbid ministers to exercise any civil function whatever in consequence merely of their clerical position. In other words, no minister as such should have the right to marry; but all marriages should be put on an entirely civil or secular basis, so far as the law is concerned.

SIGNIS OF SUCCESS.

At the close of the late Convention of the Free Religious Association, our reflections were not altogether cheerful. The meetings fell short of our design, and of our expectation. Not that the attendance was less than we looked for; on the whole it was larger. But the display of power on the part of the Association was not so great as we had anticipated, and was much less than we had a fair title to expect. The mental and moral force of the Association did not come out.

But ever since the first days of private meditation, our spirits have been rising, and we have been surprised at the evidences of success that have been forced upon us. They are not the usual evidences, to be sure,—not the favorite or coveted evidences, most certainly; but evidences they are, quite as convincing.

The first is the enemy's rage. It has been amusing in its intensity. A newspaper friend has sent us clippings from the "Christian" (!) journals; and, as we have read them, our admiration at the ingenuities of wrath has overbalanced every emotion. Now, rage attests feeling as well as affection. Both evince strong passion towards a thing; one the passion of fear, the other the passion of love. People show an-

ger at that which hurts them. The loudness of the cry, the violence of the gesticulation, the fury of the blows and curses, demonstrate the extent of the hurt felt. Vituperation is the compliment of hate, as eulogium is the compliment of love. It is inverted flattery, back-handed praise, the honest, spontaneous tribute of terror. Are the Orthodox papers vociferating at a shadow, lampooning a spectre, going into spasms of contumely over an imaginary danger? If they had said nothing about the Convention, but passed it over in silence, we should have felt indeed our insignificance. But now we feel, perhaps unduly though naturally, elated, having wrung such grim and ghastly merriment from our adversaries. "Oh! it was nothing; it did not hurt at all; it was a mere flea-bite," cries the blubbing boy, betraying his agony at a flagellation by his mock-heroic contempt. Henceforth, we shall spare ourselves the exercise of unnecessary self-depreciation. Our foes have given us an estimate of our power such as we had not dared to cherish.

The second sign of success is the employment against us of bad reasoning. The bad cause resorts to bad arguments. Bad arguments betray the bad cause. The delirations of logic are no less significant than the intemperances of feeling. The examples of this are too numerous in the matter under discussion to be mentioned. We choose one from the last issue of the *Christian Register*, the organ of Unitarianism in Boston, published but a few doors from *THE INDEX*—which must beware of the consequences that may ensue from too close a neighborhood! Some may object to our selecting an example from the *Register*, on the ground that the paper has a hereditary taint of bad logic, a logical "depravity," so to speak, which takes its sins in that kind out of the category of faults due to assignable causes. Its sins of reasoning are sins of nature; and sins of nature cannot be accounted for by proximate occasions. Dr. Francis Parkman once drew a nice distinction between "born fools" and "darned fools,"—the former being irresponsible for their witlessness, while the latter, as the qualifying adjective (a corruption of a less becoming word) denotes, are subjects for reprobation. There is force in the objection, but it is weakened by the circumstance that the example we select was only printed in the paper. The editor merely recognized a congenial spirit. It is given below:—

THE EVANGELICAL AND THE ANTI-EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

"For the first time in religious history, not only representatives of differing Christian sects, but people of all religious names and of no religious name are invited to come together as equal brothers, and confer with one another on the highest interests of mankind."—*First Annual Report of Executive Committee of the Free Religious Association* (1868).

"A gentleman in attendance asked to answer Mr. Weiss, but the chairman said they hired the hall for the purpose of expressing their views, and not to listen to persons holding different opinions."—*Report of Convention of Free Religious Association in New York, Advertiser*, Oct. 17, 1873.

Have the spirit and methods of the Evangelical Alliance captured the Free Religious Association?

Religion seems to be about as free and about as sectarian in one body as the other. S. C. B.

The delicious *non sequitur* of this is one of the most perfect things in controversy. It betrays a lack of ratiocination so profound, so utter, so naïve, of such pure unconsciousness, as to merit the description of "childlike." It evinces that complete disappearance of the logical faculty which denotes the final subsidence of mind. To expose it would be to insult the intelligence of our readers, and at the same time to deprive them of the innocent amusement of discovering the little trick. But we cannot help calling their attention to the ingenious assumption of identity between "inviting people to come together as equal brothers" and offering a platform for controversy,—between "conferring with one another on the highest interests of mankind" and debating theological points,—between freedom in religion, and freedom to fight about religion.

If the Free Religious Association had ever claimed that it offered a free platform,—if it had ever pretended to be a debating society,—if it had ever found fault with the Evangelical Alliance for excluding its members from their meetings,—if it had ever accepted the doctrine that a public hall belonged to others than the people who hired it, or that the hirers were not justified in using it for the purposes they designed when they hired it, there might be some ground for criticism on the chairman's villipended decision; though even then there could be no excuse for such atrocious abuse of reasoning. Nothing short of the sectarian spirit will account for that! O. B. F.

Literary Notices.

WANTED--A LITERARY CRITIC.

We Americans are in the habit of saying--and Lady Pollock's late essay in the *Contemporary Review* has encouraged the impression--that in some departments of literary art we surpass England. This claim of superiority includes the Essay, for instance; and it is now maintained that we are producing better short stories. The first-rate poets of England, if we give this name to Tennyson and Browning, surpass ours; but after these names are spoken, there are no secondary English names to equal Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, Whittier, and Lowell. But the department where we clearly fall behind England is that of criticism. Good, or at least careful criticism, is now abundant in the mother country; while with us even careful criticism is very rare. Let us hastily consider its few organs.

The *North American Review* lives on its traditions, and on the solid value of its leading articles. But it is fettered by poverty, and, being unable to pay for good work, must often put up with that of journeymen. It was said of its criticisms, several years ago, that they were "one-part Lowell and nine-parts Sophomore." And now that Lowell is in Europe, the Sophomores have it all their own way.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has always been very unequal in its criticisms, and especially so of late. Mr. Howells has delicacy of perception and expression; but he has no solidity of convictions or attainments, suffers from the want of thorough early training, and is ignorant of many things which a professed critic ought to know. He is whimsical and extravagant in his praises, and often unnecessarily flippant and discourteous in his attacks--as in his allowing Tyndall to be contemptuously set aside by the *Atlantic*, as "such a coxcomb," almost on the day of his arrival in Boston. The excessively sharp criticism which Mr. Howells' poems have received is in part, no doubt, a result of these defects of his own methods.

The other monthly magazines attempt little in the way of criticism; although much of Bret Harte's best literary work was done in that way, in the *Overland*. There are sometimes good critical notices in *Scribner*, and its more elaborate critical articles (as that of Steadman on Landor) are incomparably superior to the corresponding class in the *Atlantic*--as, for instance, Gordon's paper on DeForest's Novels. *Old and New* attempts little by way of criticism, but can always be counted upon for hearty praise of its own editor. Is it not questionable taste, when the current advertisement of *Old and New*, "conducted by Edward E. Hale," asserts, six lines after, that Mr. Hale is "the best writer of short stories on this continent"--a remark sure to be disputed by the admirers of Bret Harte, Aldrich, and "Saxe Holm," to mention no others?

The *Literary World* is most commendable for promptness, activity, and independence, but is deficient in intellectual calibre and training. A critic who lavishes praise on the style of *Ecce Caelum*, and the *Fair God*, cheapens the value of all his praise or censure; and a literary journal which habitually prints French words without their accents and peculiar notations--as in the last number, "*Pate de foie gras*," and "*Ca va sans dire*"--damages itself as irretrievably as a man who eats with his knife at a dinner party. Such things put the *Literary World*, as yet, far below the *Nation*; yet this last paper sometimes contains woefully bad writing, and makes serious blunders. It also subordinates its literary tastes to its personal and political hostilities, and so still leaves room for a purely literary journal of a high tone. During the reign of Justin McCarthy, the literary department of the *New York Independent* came up into just influence. Since his departure, it has grown very unequal, exhibiting some very careful criticisms, but with a preference for theology over science, and for science over literature.

The only daily papers in America that can be said to make a specialty of book-criticism are the *New York Tribune* and the *Springfield Republican*; although the *Boston Globe*, and *Transcript*, and the *New York Evening Post*, make occasional efforts in that direction. Mr. Ripley of the *Tribune* stands by general recognition at the head of his guild; he has ability, training, experience, justice, and discrimination; but of late years he has rested too much on his reputation, and has let his scissors do too much of the work. Mr. Sanborn, of the *Republican*, is a far younger man, and has such qualifications of knowledge and acumen as may easily put him at the head of American criticism, if he can only render his tone more judicial and less partisan, and give his literary judgments less the air of personal likes or dislikes. But, even as it is, his criticisms (if indeed they are always his) are among the most important elements that go to make up what is perhaps, all things considered, the best paper in the United States.

But we need for literary purposes a better paper than any now existing; and until we have the merits of several of the above-named editors rolled into one, we must still hang out the sign: "Wanted--a Critic."

X. Y. Z.

POLITICS AND MYSTERIES OF LIFE INSURANCE. By Eliza Wright. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1873.

Mr. Wright is so well known in insurance circles that his name is enough to secure for his writings the most respectful attention from the initiated. But to the uninitiated this treatise is a sealed volume, presupposing as it does a more or less intimate knowledge of the subject of life insurance in general. The ordinary reader will contemplate it with somewhat of the reverence excited by the inscription on a Chinese tea-chest. If Mr. Wright or some other

equally competent person would publish a simple expository treatment of life insurance, imparting such information as common people need in getting their lives insured, and saving them from being swindled as they too often are by cunning agents, it would be a great service to a large class of persons. F. E. A.

STORIES OF INFINITY: Lumen--History of a Comet--In Infinity. By Camille Flammarion. Translated from the French by S. R. Crocker. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

Such books as this of Flammarion and some of Figuier's, which mix up stray bits of science with grotesque imaginings, are of very little value. They are neither "fish, flesh, nor good red herring." I have found it impossible to wade through the dreary puerilities with which this book abounds, and leave it to those who fancy the diet it affords. F. E. A.

Communications.

N. B.--Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.

N. B.--Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.

N. B.--Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.

EQUAL TAXATION.

EDITOR INDEX:--

As you will see by the enclosed form of petition--which we have adopted, and are taking measures to have circulated throughout the State--our San José Liberal League "means business." The petition has already received a large number of signatures. Please publish it, and recommend this, or a similar form, for immediate circulation in other States.

You will observe, with pleasure, that a law of exemption formerly in force in this State has been declared unconstitutional by our Supreme Court. It is provided by the Second Section of the "General Revenue Act" of 1857, as amended in 1859, that "all property, of every kind and nature whatever," within the State, shall be subject to taxation, "except the property of the State, the Counties, and Municipal Corporations, and of the United States, of colleges, school-houses, and other buildings, for the purposes of education; public hospitals, asylums, poor-houses, and other charitable institutions for the relief of the indigent and afflicted; churches, chapels, and other buildings of religious worship, together with lots of ground appurtenant thereto; the property of widows, and orphan children, to the amount of \$1000; growing crops and mining claims."

Notwithstanding that Article 11 of Section 13 of the State Constitution declares that--"Taxation shall be equal and uniform throughout the State;" and--"All property in this State shall be taxed in proportion to its value, to be ascertained as directed by law,"--this "Act of Exemption" was passed in 1857, and remained in force until 1867, when it was declared unconstitutional.

The case came before the Supreme Court on an action (McCreey) to recover the sum of \$8,164.50, alleged to be due for taxes on certain personal property in San Francisco--appealed from the 15th Judicial District. Counsel for defendant argued that the whole Revenue Act of 1857 was null and void, inasmuch as, in direct violation of Article 11, Section 13, of the State Constitution, as quoted above, it did in one of its sections (No. 2) exempt various private properties.

The decision of the Court was, that that part of the "Revenue Act" which provided for the exemption of private property was, as claimed, unconstitutional, null and void; since it was in direct conflict with Article 11, Section 13; but that such unconstitutionality of a portion of the Act "does not render the whole Revenue Act void."

The case of the defendant, not being claimed as coming within the exceptional part, decision was rendered against him; but the exempting clause, so far as all property not public was included, the Court declared "must be stricken from the Act, and the Act must be read as if that provision had not been inserted."

In its decision, the Court (Rhodes) said: "Section 13, Article 11, of the State Constitution was taken, with certain important modifications, from that of Texas, which says, after the above--'except such property as two-thirds of both houses of the Legislature may think proper to exempt from taxation.'" The Court held that, by the omission of this clause in the Constitutional Convention, "it was not intended that the Legislature should possess the power to exempt property from taxation." Furthermore: "If the power exists in the Legislature to exempt growing crops, mining claims, and other property mentioned, the exemption may be carried still further, until property of one class is made to bear the whole burden of taxation."

The defendant asked a re-hearing. In denying this, the Court (Crocker) reviewed and re-affirmed the decision:--

"If the Legislature can tax one class of property or citizens at a particular rate, and another class at a different rate, or omit to tax one or more classes at all, there is no limit to its discretion in these respects. . . . It may collect the whole revenue of the State from merchandise alone, or from a particular class of merchandise; in short, it may establish a system of taxation that would be utterly ruinous to a certain class, or classes, of citizens, whilst other, or more favored classes, would be partially or wholly exempt."

I have written thus at some length of this decision, Mr. Editor, in the hope that it would serve somewhat

to call attention to the matter in other States, and encourage those who see the wrong and evil of unequal taxation to work faithfully and intelligently in their own States for its removal. J. L. HATCH.

SAN JOSE, Cal., Oct. 22, 1873.

PETITION

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:--

We, the undersigned, citizens and residents of California, would hereby respectfully petition your honorable bodies to repeal the first section of the Act approved June 17, 1870, entitled "An Act exempting from taxes certain property in the District of Columbia," &c., and providing that "all churches and school-houses, and all buildings, grounds and property appurtenant thereto, and used in connection therewith, in the District of Columbia, shall be exempt from any and all taxes and assessments, national, municipal, or county." We ask this on two grounds:--

First--This part of said Act we understand to be at variance with the spirit, if not the letter, of the Constitution, which provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." Since the exemption from taxation of churches, parsonages, ecclesiastical houses, and sectarian schools, in the District of Columbia, is precisely equivalent in effect to a direct appropriation by Congress for their support, we conceive this measure to violate what all the expounders of the Constitution declare to have been its manifest intent and design; namely, to sever all religious organizations from any connection with, or dependence upon, the civil government, except for equal and impartial protection. And

Second--This part of said Act we conceive to be contrary to equity and justice, inasmuch as its effect is to increase our relative proportion of the National taxes, to the end of relieving altogether from taxation certain churches and church properties in the District of Columbia. The Supreme Court of this State having declared such a law of exemption, formerly existing and in force here, to be unconstitutional, the people of California now pay taxes on their own church property, as well as private and denominational schools, and they fail to see any reason or justice in their being compelled, as they virtually are, by this Act of Congress, to assist in paying the taxes on ecclesiastical and other private property in said District.

For these, which seem to us good and sufficient reasons, we ask you forthwith to repeal this part of said Act.

[Mr. Hatch has our most cordial thanks for the above very valuable communication; and we take this opportunity to solicit similar articles from all who have information on this class of subjects to impart. In our editorial columns will be found our response to Mr. Hatch's suggestion, and we look forward hopefully to its general adoption. All honor to the San José Liberal League!--ED.]

"ANGLO-BENGALEE."

"It was a capital thought, wasn't it?" "What was a capital thought, David?" Mr. Montague inquired. "The Anglo-Bengalee," uttered the secretary.

"The Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life-Insurance Company is rather a capital concern, I hope, David," said Montague.

"Capital indeed!" cried the secretary, with another laugh--"in one sense."

"In the only important one," observed the chairman; "which is number one, David."

"What?" asked the secretary, bursting into another laugh. "What will be the paid-up capital according to the next prospectus?"

"A figure of two, and as many oughts after it as the printer can get into the same line," replied his friend. "Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" cried the secretary, laying his hand, with growing familiarity, upon the chairman's arm. "When I look at you, and think of your property in Bengal being--ha, ha, ha!"

The half-expressed idea seemed no less ludicrous to Tigg than to his friend, for he laughed too, heartily.

"Being," resumed David, "being amenable--your property is Bengal being amenable--to all claims upon the company; what look at you and think of that, you might tickle me into fits by waving the feather of a pen at it."

"It's the devilish fine property," said Tigg Montague, "to be amenable to any claims. The preserve of tigers alone is worth a mint of money, David."

David could only reply, in the intervals of his laughter, "Oh, what a chap you are!"

"A capital idea!" said Tigg, returning to his companion's first remark; "no doubt it was a capital idea. It was my idea."

"No, no. It was my idea," said David, "Hark! let a man have some credit. Didn't I say to you that I'd saved a few pounds?"

"You said! Didn't I say to you," interposed Tigg, "that I had come into a few pounds?"

"Certainly you did," returned David, warmly, "but that's not the idea. Who said, that if we put the money together we could furnish an office, and make a show?"

"And who said," retorted Tigg, "that, providing we did it on a sufficiently large scale, we could furnish an office and make a show, without any money at all? Be rational, and just, and calm, and tell me whose idea was that?"

"Why, there," David was obliged to confess, "you had the advantage of me, I admit. But I don't put myself on a level with you. I only want a little credit in the business."

"All the credit you deserve, on have," said Tigg. "The plain work of the company, David--figures, books, circulars, advertisements, pen, ink, and paper, sealing--was and will be--entirely done by you. You are a first-class traveler. I don't dispute it, done by you. You are a first-class traveler. I don't dispute it. But the ornamental department, David, the inventive and poetical department--"

"Is entirely yours," said his friend. "No question of it. But with such a swell turn-out as this, and all the handsome things you've got about you, and the life you lead, I mean to say it's a precious comfortable department, too."

"Does it gain the purpose? Is it Anglo-Bengalee?" asked Tigg.

"Yes," said David.

After a while, Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit called at the office to be sure his wife's life for his own advantage. But, as he was so pleasantly inquisitive about the amount of "paid-up capital," Tigg Montague recognized a kindred spirit, and said to him without scruple or ceremony--

"Why don't you take premiums, instead of paying 'em? That's what a man like you should do. Join us."

Jonas stared at him in amazement.

"In that a crowded street," asked Montague, raising his attention to the multitude without.

"Very," said Jonas.

"There are printed calculations," said his companion, "which will tell you pretty nearly how many people will pass up and down that thoroughfare in a day. I can tell you how many of 'em will come in here, merely because they find the office here, knowing no more about it than they do of the Pyramids. Ha, ha! Join us. You shall come in 'cha, ha! Join us."

Jonas looked at him harder and harder.

"I can tell you," said Tigg in his ear, "how many of 'em will

buy annuities, effect insurances, bring us their money in a hundred shapes and ways, force it upon us, trust us as if we were the Mint; yet know no more about us than you do of that crossing-sweeper at the corner. Not so much. Ha, ha!"

Jesus gradually broke into a smile.

There are many points of contrast between Mr. Montague's "Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life-Insurance Company" and Dr. Cullis's "Faith Meetings," or "Perfect Trust Meetings," held every Tuesday afternoon, formerly in the upper story of the "Congregational Building,"—now in Freeman Place Chapel; but there are also three points of strong resemblance between them. The features common to both are, 1st, an enormous amount of pretension; 2d, a basis for this pretension which won't bear scrutiny, and into which, therefore, scrutiny is systematically erased and discouraged; 3d, a great influx of people who take the confident pretension as sufficient evidence of its soundness, and the reality of its basis, without thinking it at all necessary to make inquiry or examine evidence.

1. The pretension in Dr. Cullis's meeting is that anything asked of God in faith will be granted, and that the experience of the conductors and correspondents of the meeting fully sustains that pretension.

2. The ground on which that pretension is made (in advance of the asserted experience) seems simple enough, when stated in the Anglo-Bengalee manner, but it is, in reality, quite a complicated affair. Dr. Cullis would say, no doubt, if asked for the ground of his pretension above stated—God will certainly fulfill his promise. No doubt He will. Nobody ever questioned it. But how does Dr. Cullis know that God ever promised the very extraordinary and intensely improbable thing in question?

This is how Dr. Cullis gets at it. Jesus of Nazareth (whom he calls "Christ," and whom he worships as God) is reported to have uttered this promise.

Who reported this? It is so reported by four writers, who, from thirty to sixty years after the death and burial of Jesus, noted down such particulars of his sayings and doings as remembrance and rumor had preserved to that time. Some of them represent him as saying to the disciples around him that he himself would grant, others that God his father would grant, all their requests made in faith. Thus, to authorize the absolute confidence which Dr. Cullis expresses, the following assumptions must be made:—

(a.) That the words of Jesus were correctly reported; though recorded only after an interval of time which tends to make verbal accuracy very questionable.

(b.) That the meaning of Jesus was clearly understood after that lapse of time; though the same witnesses in the same documents admit that in his lifetime they often failed to comprehend his meaning; that he repeatedly charged them with dulness and blindness; and that he felt obliged to omit many things which he desired to say, because it was plain that they would not understand him. The same documents show that this misapprehension of the fundamental idea of Jesus by his most devoted disciples continued after his death.

(c.) That Jesus was the Messiah of Hebrew prophecy; the Christ, or "anointed one," who should be a king in the line of David (Jeremiah xxxiii. 17), and who should not only rule the collected Jewish people as David did (Isaiah ix. 7), but should deliver them from all foreign rulers (Isaiah xlv. 2), and make them supreme over all foreign nations (Isaiah lx. 12; Zechariah ix. 10). As these predictions have not been fulfilled at all, it is absurd as well as false to say that they were fulfilled in Jesus. As no such king has reigned, or even been "anointed," in preparation for reigning, as no such deliverer has come, and as no such supremacy of a Jewish power over all Gentile powers has been effected, this claim fairly parallels the hardness, as well as the unsubstantial character, of the Anglo-Bengalee pretensions.

(d.) That God, the All-wise, could possibly have authorized, or could possibly be expected to fulfill, such a promise; a pledge of supreme wisdom to use supreme power to accomplish the requests of all possible degrees of ignorance and prejudice. The true God, being good as well as wise, is to be trusted expressly because He will not grant requests which are ignorantly, foolishly, and harmfully made.

Dr. Cullis does in fact assume, just as confidently as if they were true, these very things; namely:—

That we have, in the New Testament narratives, the very words of Jesus:

That the obvious signification of the promises about answer to prayer above alluded to, as any reader of common intelligence would receive it, is the real intent and meaning of Jesus:

That those promises, alleged to have been uttered by Jesus to certain persons present with him eighteen hundred years ago, are made also, and just as much, to whoever will accept them now:

And that God promises, and will perform, whatever Jesus promised.

Dr. Cullis, as far as his meetings and his publications throw light on the subject, offers no reason why any one of these things should be believed. He simply reiterates them, with the demand that they shall be believed. With serene assurance, he points to the printed promises in the New Testament, just exactly as Tigg Montague pointed to the printed statement of "paid-up capital." [Let it be noticed here that I am not comparing the composition and intent of the New Testament with those of the Anglo-Bengalee documents. I remark only that in both cases a claim is made utterly unreasonable and improbable, and when evidence is asked for, a printed assumption of the matters in question is offered instead of it.]

As there are sufficient reasons for not admitting any one of Dr. Cullis's assumptions above-mentioned, and as Dr. Cullis systematically ignores these reasons, probably because he cannot answer them, there seems

good ground for public notice of these peculiarities of his position.

Among the desires and petitions of fanatics, one of the most common is, "to have more power with God;" as if it were an advantage to have power transferred from one perfectly wise, to be exercised by numerous individuals very far from perfectly wise. Through an extensive advertising of Dr. Cullis's pretensions, many people suppose that he has eminent power with God, and in consequence he receives numerous applications to exercise it for the benefit of individuals and associations. These requests he prints in his paper (such of them, he says, as are "proper for publication"), and reads in the meetings above mentioned, requesting all present to join in the prayer that they may be granted. Here are specimens of them:—

That I may be wholly saved; that a church in Ben-sonia may be enlightened on the subject of the Higher Life; that the ever-blessed Spirit may lead me into all truth; from a young lady, that she may have more faith and courage; from a lady sick two years, that she may be healed of all her diseases, and that the Lord would remove two deformities, and make her strong, and sanctify her wholly; that God will give me wisdom and judgment in certain temporal affairs; for an aged man; destitute of religion, and trusting in strict morality; for a young business man, interested in the Higher Life; for a Christian young man desiring this blessing, but who says he cannot see how a man in active business-life can enjoy it; for one who finds it hard to give up all trying, that she may have faith in the blood; for one about starting on a journey, that she may arrive safely at her destination; for one with spinal affection and nervous prostration, that she may be healed; for a speedy restoration to perfect form of my child; that strength may be given me to walk; for an unconverted family in Roxbury; for a Spanish gentleman, that he may be filled with the Spirit; for a people in Florida, that God will come among them, and stir them up mightily; from a Norwegian pastor in Minnesota, for his countrymen, some three hundred thousand in this country, who are spiritually dead; that God will not let the power of Romanism increase in the land; to be directed in seeking for occupation; to be healed of his infirmity; to be delivered from the tempter's power; to be kept from fear of evil; to be delivered from the power of Satan.

Occasionally, in these meetings, a case is reported of the accomplishment of one of the things previously prayed for. Among such a number and variety of requests, it would be strange indeed if some of the things desired were not accomplished through the ordinary and natural methods. It is rather probable than otherwise that a sick person under medical treatment will find relief or cure; that one setting out on a journey will safely reach the end of it; that he who persistently seeks occupation, or spiritual light, or improvement of any sort, will obtain more or less of the benefit desired. But the success, in any of these cases reported in the meetings, is always referred to special divine interposition in answer to prayer, and no case is ever mentioned in which believing prayer has failed to accomplish its purpose. Whether or not the theory is sound, whether or not even a majority of existing facts support it, no information at variance with the theory is ever to be looked for from that quarter.

3. The sublime audacity exhibited in the assumption of such a theory, and the unflinching assertion that it is fully corroborated by their experience, naturally draws observers and inquirers around the chief preachers of this dispensation. Observers are just what they want, since the imitative propensity of human nature is sure to bring out from the crowd a proportion of believers. Of inquirers they quickly dispose, in the manner used by Mr. Squeers to get rid of troublesome questions. When the famous disciplinarian of Dotheboys Hall was asked by some inquisitive parent a question which it was difficult or undesirable to answer, he would ask of the inquirer—"Sir, are you a philosopher?" If the inquirer disclaimed that eminence, Mr. Squeers would gravely reply—"Then, sir, I fear it will be impossible for me to make it clear to you." Just so, when the question is raised whether the sort and the amount of the evidence above hinted at is sufficient absolutely to assure us that the All-wise has ever promised to place supreme power at the disposal of multitudes of fallible human creatures in all stages of ignorance and prejudice, the professors of "Perfect Trust" serenely answer—"Spiritual things need spiritual discernment. The carnal mind is not to be expected to comprehend them!" That is to say, if you venture to ask the grounds for a belief and practice which, at the first view, seem unreasonable and fanatical, you are told, with as much civility as the case admits of, that your incompetency to understand the subject is a bar to all explanation, and that you are guilty for that incompetency; that your duty is to believe what a certain printed document declares, irrespective of evidence; and that the request for evidence shows in you not only unbelief but "an evil heart of unbelief." The Anglo-Bengalee method is used as unblushingly by the prayer-meeting exhorter as by the prize-candy man. In both cases, the amount and the hardness of the pretension made are sufficient, of themselves, to draw a throng of listeners, ready to become believers.

Credulous people, people of easy belief, who are numerous in every community, will throng, I say, about even the prize-candy man, and the claimant of the great property in Bengal, in spite of the immense probability that they are knaves. So strong is the tendency to believe what is seriously and confidently asserted! When the confident pretension is supported by an appearance of good character and honest intention in him who makes it, the influence, of course, is stronger. But most of all is it effective when the pretender is understood to be "pious." Devoutness, to the multitude, is the most taking form of goodness.

Vast numbers of persons are so constituted or educated, so "born or taught," that they are far more readily impressed and moulded by the claim of spiritual eminence, words of authority from one claiming to speak by divine commission, than by any presentation of rational evidence. And such people easily jump to the conclusion that he who purports to be good is also wise. It does not occur to them that he may honestly err in some of his premises or some of his conclusions; that he may have prejudices and make mistakes. They associate with him something of the infallibility which he claims for his Scripture; and in the spiritual department they admit his dictum as authoritative and final. When, therefore, Dr. Cullis sets up for himself and his associates the claim that they are "God's people," implying that the remaining hundreds of millions of men and women are not God's, these credulous spectators accept his classification as correct; and when he proceeds to offer the exercise of his influence with God to obtain favor for any individuals in the crowd who will accept his statements without evidence, and put themselves under his direction, some are always found to admit the monstrous claim; to admit it, and act upon it, without suspecting either the essential and enormous arrogance of the claim itself, or the false and low estimate which it makes of the character of God.

I close by repeating and emphasizing two points.

1. In attitude, in purposes, in general character, there are marked contrasts between the positions of Dr. Cullis and Tigg Montague.

2. Nevertheless, these personages strongly resemble each other in the specific points above noticed; namely, enormous pretensions without adequate foundation; disingenuous contrivances to avoid exposure of the insufficiency of the foundation; and success in obtaining customers, even on such terms.

C. K. W.

A REPLY TO DR. HORSCH'S "QUESTION."

EDITOR INDEX:—

In answer to the question asked through THE INDEX of October 23, 1873, page 425, by Mr. Horsch, please allow me to say: That the right or wrong, in taking interest, would depend in extreme cases on other possible alternatives, which the "circumstances" described by Mr. Horsch neither limit nor define. But if the circumstances were so extreme as to justify stealing, or the acceptance of a share of stolen property, then it would be right to accept the interest or steal. We hope this will be satisfactory to Mr. Horsch.

With the permission of the editor, I will here add that I think Mr. Tucker's position taken in THE INDEX of October 23, in replying to Mr. Abbot, is well taken. And I hope that the apparent approval which Mr. Abbot sees in the reference I made to his argument of the liverymen's hire will vanish when he reads more carefully, and that I only approve a "reasonable" hire. Respectfully,

WM. L. HEBERLING.

ATALISSA, IOWA, October 29, 1873.

"OUTSIDE OR INSIDE."

MY DEAR FRIEND ABBOT:—

"Outside or inside of Judaism" would have been the question eighteen hundred and seventy-three years ago. To-day, it is "outside or inside of Christianity."

There seem to be just as many Christianities as there are Christians. Those who board in the "half-way-houses" try to make it out that their own is the true Christianity. The consistent Christian must submit to the authority of Christianity. Love was taught before Jesus, and has its broadest development and basis in the true radical mind.

The two most admirable points of the life of Jesus and his Apostles were their consistent opposition to the assumptions and corruptions of the priests and church, and likewise their holding fast to that which they found to be true and good in the church of their birth. But did they not stop to be Jews? Were they "outside or inside" of Judaism? If Mr. "H. B." calls himself a radical, he will be more Christ-like outside than inside the complications, assumptions, and corruptions of the Christian Church. The council of years ago opposed the protestant, or radical, or infidel Jesus and his followers. The Evangelical Alliance of to-day is, by necessity, a council of the same nature. The member who called Mr. Charles Bradlaugh a "liar" would be likely, if he had the power, to be a crucifier.

CARL H. HORSCH.

DOVER, N. H., October 18, 1873.

IT IS ONCE more going the rounds of the press that a beetle is capable of lifting 315 times its own weight, while a man of ordinary muscular power is fully 100 times feebler. Why should man forever be brought into unfavorable comparison with beetles? Has it ever struck anybody how many beetles a man can lift? We are also told for the thousandth time that the flea, "scarcely three hundredths of an inch in height, manages to leap without difficulty over a barrier fully 500 times its own altitude. For a man, six feet is an unusually high leap. Imagine him jumping 3000 feet, or nearly three-fifths of a mile." We shall imagine no such thing. It is well enough for a flea to jump. He never does anything else, except to make a dog's life a burden to him. He never leaves his footprints on the sands of time, or sounds the light guitar. He never hired himself out to turn a derrick in Chicago, or gave us the least assistance during the great fire. He has done nothing but jump 500 times his own altitude ever since he was first created, and will continue to do nothing else until his race becomes extinct. It is inexpressibly painful to us to be continually taunted with the fact that mankind are not fleas, ants, beetles, or something of that sort.—Boston Globe.

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FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.

TOLEDO O., June 21, 1873.

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The Index.

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LIBERTY AND LIGHT.

Single Copies Seven Cents.

VOLUME 4.

BOSTON, MASS., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1873.

WHOLE No. 204.

ORGANIZE!

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

A FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

- ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be **THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF ———**.
- ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in ———.
- Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.
- ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.
- ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.
- ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.
- ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.
- ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

So far as I am concerned, the above is the platform of **THE INDEX**. I believe in it without reserve; I believe that it will yet be accepted universally by the American people, as the only platform consistent with religious liberty. A Liberal League ought to be formed to carry out its principles wherever half a dozen earnest and resolute Liberals can get together. Being convinced that the movement to secure compliance with these just "Demands" must surely, even if slowly, spread, I hope to make **THE INDEX** a means of furthering it; and I ask the assistance and active co-operation of every man and every woman who believes in it. Multiply Liberal Leagues everywhere, and report promptly the names of their Presidents and Secretaries. Intolerance and bigotry will tremble in proportion as that list grows. If freedom, justice, and reason are right, let their organized voice be heard like the sound of many waters.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.

BOSTON, Sept. 1, 1873.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

St. Louis, Mo.—M. A. McCord, President; F. A. Lofgreen, L. La Grille, Secretaries.
BOSTON, MASS.—J. S. Rogers, President; J. P. Titcomb, G. A. Bacon, Secretaries.
JEFFERSON, OHIO.—W. H. Crowell, President; A. Giddings, Secretary.
SAN JOSE, CAL.—A. J. Spencer, President; J. L. Hatch, Secretary.
TOLEDO, IOWA.—J. Reedy, President; E. S. Beckley, Secretary.
VINELAND, N. J.—L. Bristol, President; E. G. Blaladel, Secretary.
JUNCTIONVILLE, NEB.—J. W. Eastman, President; B. L. Easley, Secretary.
OLATH, KAN.—S. B. S. Wilson, President; H. A. Griffin, Secretary.
DETROIT, MICH.—W. R. Hill, President; A. T. Garretson, Secretary.
BREDFORD, MICH.—A. G. Eastman, President; F. R. Knowles, Secretary.
OSCEOLA, MO.—R. F. Thompson, President; M. Roderick, Secretary.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY A. W. S.

EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE is in favor of limiting the presidential service to one term. The people had the same opinion when he was President.

OUR MASSACHUSETTS Gov. Washburn is called a "moderate prohibitionist" by the *Christian Union*. What is that? Is it a moderate teetotaler?

THE *Golden Age* thinks that Charles Bradlaugh may be the first President of the Republic of England. Stranger things than this have happened.

THE NEXT meeting of the Second Radical Club will be on the evening of Monday, Nov. 24, at No. 3 Tremont Place. Mrs. Zena Fay Pierce will read the essay.

MR. EMERSON says, "We live by truth." Jesus says, "Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word which cometh out of the mouth of God." Both of these men spoke wisdom.

THE English National Agricultural Laborers' Union, of which Joseph Arch is President, has the names of eighty thousand men on its books, and a weekly income of eighty thousand dollars.

REV. DR. MARK HOPKINS, Ex-President of Brown University, says that "we are to test the Sabbath by its relation to human well-being, and to use it for that end." So, also, says common sense.

THERE ARE MORE than ten millions of acres of land lying idle in England, of no use to anybody but for the support of a privileged few; and Mr. Arch and the laboring men of England protest against this monopoly.

THEODORE TILTON has begun a serial story in his paper, entitled "Tempest Tossed." He has proved himself to be a good editor, a good lecturer, and a good campaign orator; it now remains to him to prove that he is a good story-teller.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH highly eulogizes Emilio Castelar of Spain. He says that, if Castelar fails to make a permanent republic of that country, it will not be for the lack of the purest motives and the most distinguished ability in himself.

IN THE *Boston Herald*, of October 18, appeared this advertisement: "Wanted—Evangelical Christians to stand up for Jesus at the Sunday debates at Hospitaler Hall, 508 Washington St." We trust that, before this, the Young Men's Christian Association have supplied this want.

"THE NATIONAL recognition of Jesus Christ as the Ruler of nations." This is the banner-motto of the Christian Amendment party; and this, we think, were we a Christian, would be ours also. But, as it is, we perceive that this would be a politico-religious Caesarism fatal to our republican and personal liberties.

A FRIEND hands us the following epitaph which, though old, is perhaps quaint and striking enough to be repeated:—

"Here lie I, Martin Eldinbrode;
Ha' mercy on my soul, Lorde Gode,
As I would do were I Lorde Gode,
And thou wert Martin Eldinbrode!"

"THE MAN who works for his country's wealth, for his country's benefit, for his country's prosperity," says Joseph Arch, "is a dignified man, and ought to be honored and respected as such." Not merely because he la-

bors, ought a man to be honored and respected, but because of the high motive and the high object with and for which he labors.

THE *Boston Journal*, of Nov. 13, says: "Mrs. Caroline H. Dall's review of Dr. Edward H. Clarke's work on 'Sex in Education,' published in the *Commonwealth* this week, is very able. It is sensible and exhaustive." Mrs. Dall is well known as an "able" writer, and whatever literary work she puts her hand to is quite sure to be "sensible and exhaustive."

THE *Irish World* remarks: "It happens that the United States has had eighteen Presidents. Taking them in the lump, one may safely challenge all the European monarchies and empires that have existed during the Christian era, to produce among them eighteen rulers who can compare with these in blameless dignity and moral worth." We believe the *World* is right.

WE LATELY HEARD a request read in a prayer-meeting, from a minister "out of employment," for prayers that the "Lord would send him into some field of service where he might do good work for the Master." If prayer in this case proves efficacious, we would recommend that all unemployed ministers resort to the same method of procuring settlements. Parish committees could then be ignored, and direct application made to "the Lord."

EX-GOVERNOR PALMER, of Illinois, has said a good thing about personal liberty and personal morals, and it is this: "Under our system of municipal government, the authority of the local magistracy, and of the police, is practically absolute, and the helpless and the feeble are often outraged, and thousands are made criminals by being first treated as criminals." The method of compelling people to be good is not so rational, as that of educating them to be good. Let us have the minimum of force and the maximum of enlightenment.

MISS KATE HILLARD, President of the Woman's Club of Brooklyn N. Y., in her lecture on "English Poetry," says that "ballad" and "ballet" are derived from the name of the old sun-god—Baal. "The sun, being round, was supposed to be fitly praised with a sort of rhythmic, evolving motion accompanied by singing." "Minister" and "minstrel" also, she says, are derived from the same root. "Gradually the dancing was omitted, and poetry, from being used to chant the praises of God, became the medium by which the deeds of godlike men were perpetuated."

WE READ in the *Liberal Christian* that "Christianity is slowly but rapidly changing the religions of the globe into its own likeness." "Slowly but rapidly,"—this must be a misprint. But the absurdity of the misprint is no greater than the unsoundness of the whole affirmation. Christianity is being quite as much influenced and modified by the other world-religions as they are by it. The study of Comparative Religion is showing up the unspherical character of each of the historical religions, while at the same time it is bringing us into a large place outside of all forms of religion—into religion itself.

THE *Western Catholic* says: "Let the truth be told: the system of public education and enlightenment, which has been so perseveringly imparted to American youth, is the source and cause of all the immorality and all the corruption from which its advocates and disciples are, now that they see the consequences, forced to turn away in horror;" and it thinks that, "to find the proper remedy" for all this, "we must rise to the perfect system of education approved of by the Catholic Church." This explicitness and frankness are admirable. It is plain that the Catholic Church is a mortal enemy to our American system of popular education.

"SUBSTANCE IS ETERNAL," says a materialistic writer. Thank God for that, we say, if our materialistic friend will permit us the expression. When we observe how capricious and changeable is human nature, how transient and evanescent are all external things, and then consider that, though all forms are fleeting, the substance of everything yet is permanent,—our gratitude knows no bounds, but breaks through every metaphysical objection with a hearty thanksgiving to something or somebody. We think that even atheists must find it convenient sometimes to say, *Thank God!* When an enthusiastic heart suddenly comes upon an inspiring truth, it must say something,—and why not, *Thank God?*

[For THE INDEX.]

Taxation of Church Property.

AN ESSAY

BY JAMES PARTON,

At the Convention of the Free Religious Association,
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1873.

In most of the States of the Union, churches, colleges, schools, museums, libraries, hospitals, fire-engine houses, cemeteries; charitable institutions generally, and the lands of agricultural societies, are exempt from taxation. I am opposed to all exemptions. Whatever property the State protects ought, I think, to contribute its proportion to the State's support.

But it is church property with which we are to occupy ourselves at the present time—a kind of property which nowhere in the world contributes aught to the support of the government that protects it. From the drum of the medicine man in the Western wilds, to the magnificent organ and orchestra of Trinity Church—from the praying machine of the Siamese, to Saint Peter's at Rome—ecclesiastical property is exempt from taxation.

America is the land of experiment and audacity. It is right and becoming that here, for the first time, the proposition should be deliberately discussed,—to discontinue this exemption.

And let no one suppose that this measure is advocated here in a spirit of hostility to churches. A large proportion of the virtuous people of Christendom, and certainly a very large proportion of all the persons to whom I have been most warmly attached in the course of my life, have been members or frequenters of churches. I know the importance of the part which churches play in our modern world, and how much solace, admonition, and entertainment, they afford to multitudes of most worthy people in every land.

But you do not strengthen an institution by pauperizing it, and you do not strengthen it by making it a fractional part of a pauper, even to the extent of relieving it of its taxes.

An institution exempt from taxation may be a very good fungus, but it comes short of being a living branch. Taxing ecclesiastical property, so far from being an injury to the church, would be one of those just, wise, and timely measures, which benefit everybody and hurt nobody. It would send the sap circulating through torpid members. It would extinguish some feeble life; but it would strengthen and vivify the fittest, which would survive. And this, I am informed, is the opinion of some of the most influential members of the late Evangelical Alliance.

Consider the state of things now existing in any representative country town of the United States. Let me select one, of ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants, and endeavor to see how a fair taxation of the churches would work in practice.

In this town are seventeen Protestant churches struggling for life. The moral and benevolent activity of the place,—that noblest part of human toil which is dedicated to the general good, or to some object in which others share beside ourselves,—this most precious surplus of human energy, strictly limited as it is in amount, is chiefly expended in keeping the breath of life in these seventeen organizations. For this the ladies sew, contrive, beg, cook, sing, hold fairs, give entertainments, get up Baptist picnics, and Episcopal clam-bakes, drum for the Sunday-school, and move heaven and earth. For this seventeen anxious clergymen toil, scheme, and wear out their souls. For this seventeen sextons pull the awful bell, making the day hideous with horrid clang.

This strain upon the best activity of the place is due to the simple fact that one half of these churches are superfluous. On a certain Sunday, some months ago, a fine day in winter, it was ascertained by actual count, that the whole number of persons attending these churches during the day, including the two services, was twenty-eight hundred. The entire church-going population could be handsomely accommodated in one half of the existing edifices.

Why then do they not unite? It is because none of them can quite succeed in dying. While there is life there is hope. They hold on, and will hold on, as long as it is possible for the annual expenses to be met. The law of the survival of the fittest hungers for the extinction of half of them; but that beneficent law is balked and frustrated by the exemption from taxation. That blessed bankruptcy which Mr. Carlyle so justly extols as Nature's remedy for superfluous and mismanaged activities, hangs over them threatening, but powerless, because they do not have to bear their just share of the public burdens.

Macbeth was rationally alarmed upon observing that Banquo, though his brains were out, would not die. It was a dreadful thing indeed. Nothing is more necessary for the general good than that institutions should perish when they have not life enough to live.

In the midst of these seventeen weak and struggling organizations, there is one which abounds in life, vigor, enterprise, and resolution—the Roman Catholic church—usually the largest and handsomest in the town, and the only one which has a full congregation. Nay, it accommodates several congregations on each Sunday! From six in the morning until eight in the evening, it is always occupied, often crowded, and once crammed.

On that Sunday when twenty-eight hundred persons were counted in the seventeen Protestant churches, in this one Catholic church the number was eighteen hundred.

And of whom are these congregations composed? They are composed chiefly of the only classes in the

United States that can spare one-half of their income—domestic servants, and operatives in cotton mills.

And they do spare one-half. As a class, they spend their large surplus in two ways: first, in extending the Catholic Church in America; second, in bringing over to America more Catholics. Hence, the rapid growth of the Catholic Church and Catholic institutions in the United States. In the manufacturing cities of New England they add church to church, edifice to edifice, field to field. To-day a monastery is begun; now, it is a nunnery; next year, a new house for the priest; and, before long, a cathedral begins slowly to rise above the houses of the town. And they know well the virtue of holding land. At the very beginning of a new enterprise, they are apt to go for a large piece of land, with room enough sometimes for centuries of growth.

The seventeen Protestant churches look on, and shake their heads, and growl, and forbode evil in the future; but while they are doing so, the priests keep quietly on converting servant girls' pennies and dollars into well-situated lots and solid masonry.

Already, in some of our cities, the property belonging to the Catholic Church is immense. In Saint Louis it is computed at twenty millions, and in New York, say, within ten miles of the City Hall, I should suppose their property would be valued by just Tax Commissioners at not less than eighty millions.

Far be it from me to blame the Catholics for pushing the interests of their Church with so much enterprise, energy, and tact. Their conduct is just what their belief demands of them. They could not be good Catholics if they did not regard the spread of the Catholic Church as the chief interest of man.

But the question for us to consider—for us who are American citizens first, and EVERYTHING ELSE SECOND—is, whether it is safe and right that they should go on thus absorbing the property of the country.

Look abroad! In Sicily, Italy, Spain, Mexico, Peru—in most Catholic countries—wherever you see an edifice, or group of edifices, that overwhelms the mind with wonder, either for its magnitude or its magnificence, you may be sure that it is ecclesiastical. The people,—man, sacred man, to us the most sacred object in the universe, grovels in huts, and wallows in dirt, in order that the inanimate God whom he adores may dwell in lofty temples and glisten with beautiful gems. It is a sorry sight, 'fore God, a sorry sight! May this portion of America never witness it!

At the beginning of the French Revolution, which was the most beneficent explosion that history records, two acres out of every five in all France belonged to the Church. And the Church was so good a judge of land, that, in a large number of parishes, the Church's two acres were worth more than the people's three. France was then in a condition similar to that of England before Henry the Eighth broke up the ecclesiastical institutions, and secularized their property; that is, stopped exempting it from taxation!

Now, there are but two conceivable ways in which the increase of Catholic property can be kept within safe, just, and reasonable bounds in the United States, and the country be saved from the necessity of a Henry the Eighth or a French Revolution. One is by destroying popular faith in the fictions upon which the external part of the Catholic system rests. But this will be a slow process. It can only result from the gradual advance of our race in knowledge, health, happiness, dignity, and courage. And it will be the more slow because large numbers of the Protestants still adhere to several of the grosser and less picturesque of these fictions.

But the other method is, simply, to tax all ecclesiastical property, as other property is taxed. Let every tub stand upon its own bottom. Let all the property, I repeat, which the State protects, pay its just proportion to the State's support.

Catholics themselves, if they will study the past, cannot intelligently object to this measure, because it would supply the great lack in their system. Viewed merely as an organization, the Roman Catholic Church has only one serious defect: There is no provision in it against its excessive development. Hence we find in the cities of the South of Europe and of South America such swarms of ecclesiastics, such masses of ecclesiastical property, that Catholics themselves, devout and faithful Catholics, are among the foremost in urging a reduction of the ecclesiastical orders.

There is only one just and sure mode of proceeding in this matter: It is to add every portion of the Church's estate to the tax list.

A large portion of what religion includes may be fairly classed under the head of luxury. And who will deny that luxuries are fair objects of taxation? In religion, as in common life, there is the bread and meat, and there is also the turtle and champagne; there is the poor man's fustian, and the rich lady's velvet.

Consider our Trinity Church, for example, so pleasing an object to us all, at the head of Wall Street. A few years ago, the attendance at this costly temple on Sunday was so small that you might have safely tried Carlyle's experiment—fired a pistol across the church, in at one window and out at another, without much danger of hitting a Christian. Of late years, on the contrary, it is often well attended, and sometimes crowded. I once asked the clergyman in charge of the church, the late lamented Doctor Vinton—a genial soul—what he thought was the reason of this remarkable increase in the congregation. His robust and honest answer was this: "The blessing of God upon good music."

They have, as you know, a very fine organ, a highly accomplished organist, a choir of highly trained men and boys to sing, an orchestra of stringed and wind instruments, a beautiful chime of bells, and several clergymen trained to chant the service in harmony with the music. I suppose the entire perform-

ance cannot cost less than a thousand dollars a Sunday. I have enjoyed it once or twice very much, and I always recommend friends visiting the city by no means to overlook this interesting lion.

Nay more, I honor the principle of employing the fine arts in the most elevated act of the human mind. If it devolved upon me to create a church, its services should be, in part, the most magnificent exhibition of all that man has ever accomplished in the way of architecture, painting, sculpture, poetry, and eloquence; for one of my main objects should be to exalt and glorify man. But never would I cripple and degrade my church by putting it on the free list, by throwing any part of the burden of supporting it upon fellow citizens who cherish, perhaps, the most opposite ideas, who would hold in contempt or aversion all the splendors of my temple, preferring plain benches, walls unadorned, and merry camp-meeting hymns.

Now, in the way of music, the greatest benefactors the people of the United States have ever known, next to the great European composers, are such men as Theodore Thomas, Max Maretzek, Carl Zerrahn, and others of their class. They do more in any week of their lives to promote among us a love of good music, than Trinity Church has ever accomplished during the whole period of its existence; and this they have done in the most legitimate and honorable way, as their chosen mode of earning their livelihood. But these gentlemen are taxed every time they lift their baton. Every hall and opera house in which they perform is taxed. Surely, if any musicians should be exempt it should not be the clergy and orchestra of Trinity Church, the servants of a rich corporation; but Thomas, Maretzek, and Zerrahn, who minister to the enjoyment, and elevate the taste, of millions of their fellow citizens every year.

How heavily rests the burden of life upon the shoulders, and upon the heart, too, of an average citizen and virtuous father of a family. For ten years he toils and saves, denying himself many alluring enjoyments, in order that he may make a first payment upon a modest home for those he loves. Then he works and saves for another five years to pay off the mortgage. When all is done, when he is at last the proud possessor of the nest that shelters his family, he goes, like a man, every November and pays a tax upon it, from one hundred to three hundred dollars.

The little house in which I have lived for the last fifteen years, I shall have to pay a tax upon in fifteen days, of about two hundred and twenty dollars. It was about that last year, and, in New York, revolutions never go backward.

But, right before my eyes, as I used to come down the steps, rises a lofty and luxurious edifice, the property of a few rich men which they only care to use four hours a week. It is worth, I suppose, half a million of dollars; and if it were fairly taxed it would place in Mr. Green's treasury in the course of next month, not less than ten thousand dollars. But it will not pay him one dollar, because it has two steeples upon it and is named in honor of the patron saint of England who slew the dragon.

But mark, if a mob should burn it, the tax-payers of New York would be expected to pay every dollar of the damage.

At this moment, a number of very worthy gentlemen, who stand justly high in this community, are building, in the Fifth Avenue, edifices for their Sunday edification which cost seven or eight hundred thousand dollars. The land alone costs three hundred and fifty thousand. These gentlemen have a perfect right to build elegant and costly churches, if they can afford it, and if it accords with the principles of their religion, of which they alone are to be the judges. I merely wish to remark that churches of this character may fairly be classed as luxuries, and as such are peculiarly adapted to taxation. Many good Christians deeply lament the expenditure of so much money upon edifices which minister to the desires of so few, and to those few during only a few hours in every week. But I tell those lamenting Christians that the only way to keep within bounds the erection of costly churches is to subject them to just and equal taxation.

The New York Tribune tells us that our Episcopal brethren are about to erect in this city a cathedral that is to cost two millions of dollars. It will more likely cost five; and there is one gentleman interested in the scheme who could build it outright, gold candle-sticks and all, by assigning to it his surplus income for two years. Among the subscriptions already received are two of a hundred thousand dollars each. I would put it to the justice of the American people, and I would submit it to the heavy-laden tax-payers of New York, if it is fair to the laboring men of this city to exempt such an edifice as that from taxation.

If it is to be exempt from the charge of supporting the Government, then the Government ought to be exempt from the charge of protecting it.

There is a particular reason why this subject should be considered now.

Every century has its pet virtue; ours is benevolence. The works of philanthropists, and, above all, the work of philanthropists, appeals so powerfully to the heart, and so kindles the imagination, that it is easy for us to attach an exaggerated value to them.

In truth, no virtue more needs restraining and guiding than our benevolence. If I may trust my own very limited observation of life, I should say that, generally, a very benevolent character is a weak character. A weak character is, usually, extremely sensitive to the approbation of others, runs readily to vanity and an ignoble lust of glory, and, in its extreme development, is not far from madness.

The strong are just. And justice is a far rarer, nobler, higher, more difficult, thing than benevolence.

But benevolence being the popular virtue of the century, there is a general propensity to win its easy and lavish honors. Hard old money-makers, after a

the Free Religious movement comprehend something more than an advanced religious philosophy or criticism, and still be "free" as ever? I am inclined to think that it may. The example of the Free Religious society of New Milford, and others, like that of Mr. Frothingham in New York, Potter in New Bedford, Vickers in Cincinnati, Conway in London, and what Theodore Parker accomplished thirty years ago, confirm this. Thus far, it seems to me, the movement has not emphasized the importance of this sufficiently. There are radicals or free thinkers now-a-days everywhere. Every little town or village has more or less of them. Most of them, even the most earnest, appear to feel they have done all that is needed when they subscribe for a liberal paper. I am sorry that even this is not done as generally as it ought to be done.

Mr. Frothingham was right when he said that, if the Free Religious Association, in its recent meeting in New York, had been relatively as well represented by those in sympathy with its thought and spirit as the convention of the popular religion just closed, it would have composed an assembly that in culture, scholarship, and genius, as well as numbers, would have been at least equal to it. What radicals need, in order to make themselves effective for the truth, is to be educated out of their selfishness,—to realize that something more is needed to advance the world than mere theory or criticism; that it is important they should do something for their convictions as well as talk about them—important, not only to the world, but, also, to the attainment of a higher excellence in their lives. Let them imitate the devotion of energy, time, and money, which the devotees of the so-called Evangelical religion exhibit, and their influence and power will be multiplied a hundred-fold, and become speedily triumphant.

DAVID H. CLARK.

NORTHUMBERLAND, Pa.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

"FREE THOUGHT ASSOCIATION OF CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PA."

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Sept. 22, 1873.

Pursuant to adjournment, the "Free Thought Association of Clearfield County" met and organized by electing Samuel Widemire President *pro tem.*, and H. Hoover Secretary. The committee on permanent organization reported the following Platform and Constitution. . . . On motion the Articles were read separately, discussed, and finally adopted as reported.

After signing the Platform and Constitution, the following gentlemen were elected to fill the respective offices named for the term of one year; namely, President, Samuel Widemire; Vice-President, J. C. Richards, M. D.; Secretary, Harry Hoover; Treasurer, George Thorn; Executive Committee, G. W. Caldwell, M. D., David Smith, and Thomas Wall; Committee on By-Laws, J. B. Walters, A. G. Hoyt, and George Thorn. The Association discussed the establishment of a Free Thought Library, and raised funds for its purchase. The Treasurer was requested to act as Librarian, and empowered to choose assistants in making the selections, so as to represent the materialistic, spiritual, and scientific phases of thought in the Society.

On motion of George Thorn, it was ordered that the proceedings of this meeting be sent to the Boston INDEX, Investigator, and Banner of Light, for publication.

Approved: SAMUEL WIDEMIRE, President.
HARRY HOOVER, Secretary.

[Publication of the above has been delayed till a copy of the Platform, which explains the special character of the movement, could be obtained. It is here appended. The Association is reported to us as in effect a "Liberal League."—Ed.]

PLATFORM OF "THE FREE THOUGHT ASSOCIATION OF CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PA."

1. We believe that Nature has endowed all men with the right to think, speak, and act for themselves, and that the true function of government is to secure to the individual the largest liberty compatible with the good of society; that our fathers, with a wise appreciation of this inherent right of man, incorporated into the fundamental law of the land the salutary provision that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press."

2. We believe in the sacred inviolability of the right of conscience, as enunciated in the foregoing extract, and claim the absolute exercise of the same, untrammelled by any extraneous force whatever.

3. We hold this proposition to be self-evident. That, if we accept a truth upon its simple announcement, we would necessarily, upon the same principle, accept an error. Therefore we believe it to be, not only our privilege, but our positive duty, to employ our Reason in determining what is true and what is false.

4. We believe that in the exercise of this faculty we are not responsible to any self-constituted authority; and that any attempt to abridge the free use of our reason by any organized body, civil, military, or ecclesiastical, is an unwarranted and unnatural assumption of power, a crime against humanity, an insult to the intelligence of the age, and an act of tyranny deserving of the severest censure of mankind.

5. We believe that "he who will not reason is a bigot, and he who does not is a slave."

6. We view with apprehension the machination of religious sects who hope to engraft their theological dogmas upon the Constitution of our country, thereby disfranchising all who dare to think for themselves, or differ from them in opinion; and we will by all lawful means strive to counteract their baleful influence and thwart their nefarious schemes for the perpetuation of antiquated superstition, and the suppression of light and truth.

7. We hold that belief is an involuntary act, and depends upon the nature and amount of evidence, and is therefore without moral merit, or demerit; and earnestly protest against the theological dogma that unquestioning faith is the first duty of man; while disbelievers are the highest crime, and involves eternal ruin.

8. We protest against the horrible doctrine that man is "totally depraved" and that a majority of the human family are destined to eternal torments.

9. We protest against the unjust discrimination in our laws which permits three hundred and fifty millions worth of church-property in the United States to go untaxed, thereby indirectly taxing us for the support of a religion we do not profess.

10. We hold that all so-called divine revelations should be tested by the same rules of criticism that we apply to so-called profane works; and that religious instruction is no part of the business of the common schools.

11. We believe that Reason is the highest and best standard or guide we possess; but as no two individuals are constituted exactly alike, uniformity of opinion is not expected or required.

12. We believe that knowledge, not faith, is the key that un-

locks the hidden mysteries of Nature, showing us our true relation thereto, and in the power to which we must look for the redemption of our race.

13. We hail with delight the triumphant march of all-conquering Science, and rejoice to see her stalwart sons deal ponderous blows upon the prison-temples of Superstition and Holy Tradition, demolishing at once the shrine at which ignorant Credulity worshipped, and the prison-cell in which Free Thought was wont to be strangled; and, after clearing away the rubbish, laying broad and deep the foundations of the glorious temple of Truth, at whose portals we count it joy to be found as humble worshippers.

14. To conclude: Our motto is—

"Bound to no creed and to no sect confined,
Our home the world, our brethren all mankind.
Do right—do good—be just and kind to all—
Exact the truth, though every sin fall."

In conformity to the above statement of principles, and for the purpose of more effectually maintaining the rights of conscience, free thought, free speech, and liberal education, as well as resisting the encroachments of theocracy,—

We, the undersigned, do hereby associate ourselves together under the title of "THE FREE THOUGHT ASSOCIATION OF CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PA.," to be governed by the following

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

"Art. 3. The means employed to attain our object shall be regular local meetings, discursive lectures, and the establishment of a Free Thought Library, and such other means as may be deemed proper by a majority of the members."

NOTE.—The balance of the Constitution, as well as the names of the fifty members signed, I omit as not being interesting to the general reader.

H. HOOVER, Secretary.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF CHRISTIANITY.

[From the Golden Age, Oct. 25.]

A contributor to "The Free Parliament" in a recent number of the *Golden Age*, takes Mr. Abbot to task for his bold impeachment of Christianity. After giving the several counts in the indictment, the writer quotes Mr. Abbot's definition of Christianity as "the great system of faith and practice which is organized in the Christian Church," a system whose history is "the history of the Christian Church." In antagonism to this definition, the writer says, "No; Christianity is the ideal, and the life of Jesus of Nazareth," and claims that Jesus defines his own religion as "love of God and love of man."

Very well; what Mr. Abbot includes under the term Christianity, and what his critic includes, are two different things. But it is not so well that the critic, after honestly giving Mr. Abbot's definition, should proceed to attack him as if he had levelled his batteries against Christianity, as the critic defines it. In the "Articles of impeachment," I do not find a single specification against "love of God and love of man," or against "the ideal, and the life of Jesus." To oppose to the impeachment an array of Christ's moral and religious sayings is, therefore, nothing to the purpose. The real question to which the critic should address himself is, Granting Christianity to be what Mr. Abbot defines it, is it justly amenable to his charges?

Of course it is allowable to take exception to Mr. Abbot's definition. But that is altogether another issue. It is one, however, of primary importance. If we are to discuss intelligently the claims of Christianity, we ought to be agreed as to the meaning of the term. The current debauched use of the word leads to confusion of thought and unfruitful debate, and lends a convenient cloak to hypocrisy. It will not do to answer that every sect calling itself Christian defines Christianity to suit itself, and excludes whatever does not suit it, and that therefore any scientific definition is impracticable. If Christianity covers everything you have a mind to put into it, then, in the interest of honest thought, it is time to discard the word from common parlance, allowing it only a place among the technical terms which are peculiar to certain handicrafts and trades, and which may be applied differently in each.

Yet neither, on the other hand, in order to a satisfactory definition of Christianity, is it necessary that we should be agreed as to everything that may be rightly included in it. There may be difference of opinion as to some of the details, but there must also be some common ground of agreement, some point of convergence, or else the term assumes too watery a consistency for practical use. Now, in defining a thing, we state that which is characteristic of it; that which isolates it from other things. What, then, is the great characteristic feature of Christianity; what ground of agreement upon which any sect, rightly calling itself Christian, may stand? To say that it is simply "love of God and love of man," is to leave Christianity no distinguishing mark; for the primitive seers, besides Jesus, have inculcated the same insight, and have supported it with the same moral teachings. The religion of Buddha and Confucius would admit of a like definition, and could, therefore, be identified with Christianity. In the interest of clearness of thought and definiteness of language, we must look elsewhere for the distinguishing mark of Christianity?

Is not this to be found in the mediatorship of Christ—not his mediatorship in the natural sense, in the sense that any seer of the race, any man of transcendent excellence, may be said to be a mediator, but a supernatural, a specially-ordained mediatorship, a mediatorship for all time? Around this central idea may be grouped the doctrines of the fall of man, of redemption, of heaven and hell, of the trinity, of grace, election, &c., &c., throughout the whole theological catalogue, all of which may be variously accepted, or rejected, or refined upon, without impairing the germinal idea, which is thus the distinctive, defining feature of Christianity.

Now if Mr. Abbot, holding this germinal idea to be a false, and in some of its aspects, pernicious, one, can show the various doctrines inculcated by Christians to be the outcome of this central conception; and if he can also show that the hierarchical institutions of the past and present, which claim a more or less pronounced position of authority over the human intellect and conscience, are the true historical exponents and administrators of these doctrines—then, leaving the sectaries within the pale to settle their minor

differences, he is justified in embracing the entire system, thus elaborated, under the term Christianity, and in bringing to bear upon Christianity, as thus entrenched, his batteries of attack. Then, if he succeed in showing that, whatever temporary and partial benefit this system may have effected, its ultimate result is antagonistic to human development, repressing the intellect, dulling the moral sense, and blocking up the path of social progress, he makes good his articles of impeachment.

Judged from either a friendly or hostile point of view, this impeachment of Christianity ought to do a good work. It ought to compel a clearer demarcation of the Christian and the non-Christian. It ought to shame into a more manly position those milk-and-water souls, who, having surrendered all that is distinctive of Christianity, still fondly cling to the ghost of a name. It is due to the Church, it is due to truth, it is due to common honesty, that those who no longer hold to what is essential in Christianity should no longer seek to cover themselves with the border of its garment.

HOWARD HISTOR.

October 17, 1873.

MR. SPENCER ON HIS ALLEGED CONVERSION.

[From the Haverhill, Mass., Daily Bulletin, Nov. 3, 1873.]

MR. EDITOR: The following letter was called out on this wise: Having heard the various rumors in the city of Rev. Mr. Spencer's conversion to Orthodoxy, and understanding that such had been publicly proclaimed in one of the meetings of a leading church, and seeing the notice of it in the *Gazette*, I immediately dispatched a letter to him, sending the paper which had the account; also giving a statement of the facts as they had come to me. In justice to him and the people he represents, I hope you will find a place for his reply in your columns.

Yours truly, NEWTON LITTLEFIELD.
HAVERHILL, Nov. 1, 1873.

MY DEAR LITTLEFIELD:—Your letter, together with the paper containing the report that "Mr. Spencer has been converted to the Orthodox faith," is just received, and I hasten to reply.

I cannot imagine how such an absurd story could have originated, unless, possibly, it was by some unaccountable misunderstanding of some playful remark of mine made to some one who "did not know how to take a joke." That it has been for a moment credited by any one of my friends who know my positive anti-Orthodox views, I can only account for upon the supposition that he thought it barely possible that meningitis or softening of the brain might have benighted me of my senses. If I should ever lose my reason, I may embrace Orthodoxy, but not till then. I can, indeed, well see how the story would have gained currency when once it was started, for it seems to lend a little capital to the evidence of the truth of Orthodoxy, and would be gladly appropriated and circulated by the converts of that faith. If I were dead, it could not be denied positively, which to them would no doubt be sufficient reason to believe it positively; but, unlike that brave and good man, Thomas Paine, I am alive to refute the false story of my lapse of faith.

"Mr. Spencer converted to the Orthodox faith?" Indeed! Mr. Spencer, with the whole world, is not moving that way. Orthodoxy itself is moving so fast toward a more rational religion that you can only tell to-day what Orthodoxy once was, not what Orthodoxy now is.

I am, I think, not very far from the Orthodoxy of Mr. Beecher, of Mr. Murray (in his afternoon sermons), of Dr. Loring of Chicago, of Mr. Dudley of Milwaukee, and many other so-called Orthodox preachers, simply because they are so near to Unitarianism. I hope I am not lacking in charity when I say that the principal difference between me and a very large number of the Orthodox and Evangelical preachers, is not a difference of belief so much as a difference of practice. I have felt free to preach all I believe, in the pulpit; many of them feel free to preach all they believe only in private; to a confidential friend when the window is down and door closed. It seems to me that they treat men as children; as spiritual babes, whom they must nurse, and humor, and quiet, by sugaring over the new ideas with the old, and dealing out truth to them in bits at a time, while I have talked to men as though they were grown men, and able to do their own thinking, and were ready for my newest and best thought, spoken frankly and fearlessly. That, I believe, is the principal difference between myself and a good many of the liberal Orthodox preachers of to-day. If I could be converted to a discreet silence, I might be such an "Orthodox" perhaps, but I have never thought that dumb speech, or Gospel truth, spoken so low that no one hears you, ever converts many souls. My Haverhill friends must judge whether I would be likely to join this band of silent Orthodox preachers.

If, on the other hand, is meant, that I have been converted to what was once the Orthodox faith; to the doctrine of the fall of man through Adam, total depravity, vicarious atonement, eternal hell, a private 7th heaven, the deity of the man Jesus, the infallibility of the Bible, and salvation alone through Christ, and kindred doctrines, which, like the vanishing Mo-does, we have no room for now-a-days, but are pushing off into the woods where they can trouble no one, and will soon die of themselves, while civilization and will soon die of themselves, while civilization flanks them and moves on ahead—if, I say, these doctrines are the Orthodox faith, then I most emphatically deny that I am converted to it, and hasten to clear my reputation of a report that is as slanderous as it is false. I respect and love some Orthodox people very much; but some who sit high in the synagogues of Puritanic Haverhill are such unmitigated and notorious swindlers that their piety has not irresistibly drawn me to them, or to their faith. Mean-

while I try to have charity for all Christian knaves, whether statesmen or shoemakers, and I ask in return the charity that does not suspect me of insanity, because I was forsooth once afflicted with a disturbance of cerebral functions.

Yours for a rational religion, now as ever,
W. H. SPENCER.
EVANSVILLE, Oct. 28, 1873.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by F. E. ABBOT, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A NATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A SHORT CHAPTER INTRODUCING A VERY LONG ONE.

I think the sample of Miss Kate Sabin's letters to her lover, already submitted to the reader, will not render him particularly desirous of having them reported in full; and, indeed, entertain too much respect for the very serious nature of the subjects to which she chose mainly to address herself (after her first epistle), as well as for the young woman's unquestionable sincerity, to exhibit more of either than is absolutely necessary for the development of this entirely truthful story, in the undress of an unfortunate style, slipshod grammar, and ultra-feminine eccentricity of punctuation. It was not Kate's fault if she did not write as good English as Mrs. Hannah More, when that highly respectable person sent a letter of remonstrance and confutation to a certain member of the French National Convention, whose declared theological opinions could hardly have appeared more reprehensible to his admonitory than did Paul's milder form of heterodoxy to his mistress. But, lest I should be suspected of an attempt at confounding the matter with her unlucky manner of treating it (which would be equally unfair and invidious), I shall relate what now becomes essential to this narrative as unexceptionably, and with as much condensation, as is possible.

The correspondence, then, went on, the pair interchanging a letter about once in five weeks, very little to their mutual satisfaction. For Kate would persist in her well-meant efforts at proselytism, until, in her epistles, theology assumed the proportions of that orthodox comparison, the "sack" in Falstaff's famous bill; while the affection on which poor Paul would fain have nourished a passion which absence had not, as yet, diminished, may be likened to the half-penny-worth of bread. It seemed, in fact, only thrown in as a make-weight, or a bribe to secure a favorable reception of its accompaniment. Like most of her sex, Miss Sabin had adopted her religious opinions with implicit faith, taking everything for granted, and experiencing none of those doubts and difficulties which so frequently beset the masculine soul in its efforts at reconciling dogma with the natural, inherent convictions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, which are common to all of us, and which sometimes get the better of, and sometimes succumb to, authority. That is a faculty peculiar to women; they can ignore, and put out of sight, all that militates against what they wish to believe; while a man, if he be in earnest, must face such questions, and render some kind of answer. Kate never understood this; harboring no scruple herself, and being perfectly in earnest, she was too narrow-minded to admit impediment in the path of others; besides, she made the ordinary mistake of confounding scepticism with moral perversity. Paul was a heretic by his own admission—he dared to dispute the truth of what she found in the Bible, and accepted as an infallible revelation of the will of God; that was the one terrible, lamentable fact, patent above all other earthly considerations, and impelling her either to convert him, or to terminate a connection which could come to no good, and which she believed was forbidden by Scripture. She did not, indeed, know the full extent of his heterodoxy, but more than was sufficient. So, every letter she sent him partook more and more of the character of a sermon, until its recipient, after vainly trying to evade the discussion thus forced upon him—to postpone it indefinitely—to beg off—was fairly driven to desperation, and impelled to turn and rush upon what he, perhaps, felt was an inevitable conclusion.

As all her appeals, arguments, and remonstrances were only variations of the one formula, "Behold the Book," there is the less need of shocking anybody's susceptibilities with many extracts, some few of which (edited and corrected) must be laid before the reader. They shall be selected from the last letter Paul ever received from her in America—one written in condemnation of his going to a Universalist church on Sundays—that of the Rev. E. H. Chapin, then on Broadway, a gentleman for whom, at that period of his life, he had a great regard and admiration.

"I would advise you," urged Kate, "to be very cautious how you listen to a man who preaches such deadly, soul-destroying doctrine. Does he take his texts from the Scriptures? because, if so, I am entirely at a loss to imagine how he can reconcile such teachings with the plainly-declared assurances of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who, in many places, expressly informs us that there is a world of suffering beyond the grave—a hell, wherein the wicked will be tormented forever and ever. It is an awful fact that some of the most distinct assertions of this proceeded from His mouth: and 'shall mortal man be more just than God?' shall a man be more pure than his Maker?" (Job iv., 17.) Besides, what inducement can a believer in universal salvation hold out to the sinner to love and serve God, if, without repentance, his

condition is, at last, to be equal with that of the righteous? 'Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.' (Luke xvi., 25.) I should like you to get your Bible and carefully study the following texts, that you may judge for yourself whether there is any hope for the impenitent wicked. Do not tire of them: Psalms lii., 5, and xlii., 7; Daniel xii., 2; Matthew xxv., 41 and 46; Mark iii., 29; Luke xvi., 26; John v., 29; Romans vi., 21 and 23; Ephesians v., 6; II. Thessalonians i., 8 and 9; Revelation xxi., 8. You say that you wish that the harsher parts of my creed were dead letters to me, as they are to a certain relative of mine, who is yet a religious girl. Of course I know who you mean, and though it is not for me to pronounce upon anybody ('Judge not, that ye be not judged,' Matthew vii., 1), I may in charity hope that Esther Franklin is not one of that very numerous class of nominal Christians and real self-deceivers who, in a great measure, trust to their own natural righteousness (which we are told is no better than filthy rags) for redemption, instead of the blood of the Lamb. It is a grief to me that any part of the Scriptures should be neglected by her; if I believe in any portion of God's word I must believe in all. I am not to pick and choose, or to pretend to be more merciful than Him who will not allow one sinner to escape his wrath in any other way than through the sacrifice of His Son. I must not 'shun to declare his whole counsel.' (Acts xx., 27.) 'Yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel.' (I. Corinthians ix., 16.) I do hope you will seriously consider these things, and not leave the safety of your immortal soul in a state of uncertainty. You will, I have no doubt, think this, like some of the others, a strange letter, but I must be candid with you. I have thought, and still think, that I am wrong in keeping up a correspondence with one whom I dare not accept as a husband if it came to the point. (Don't think I do not feel this.) However dear you might be to me, if we were united without the sanction of our Heavenly Father, what blessing could possibly result from such an unscriptural marriage? For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? (II. Corinthians xiv. and xv.) I write this because I wish for a proper understanding between us, and to avoid future unhappiness. The longer I live, the more determined I am not to yoke myself to one whose religion does not correspond, in all respects, with the Holy Bible."

Whereunto Paul replied at altogether unexpected length, as will be found in the next chapter.

"CLEGOMEN, with a small stock of sermons, frequently speculate too boldly on the shortness of their hearers' memories, but they probably seldom carry the practice as far as the reverend gentleman whose sermons have been subjected by one of his congregation, 'a great statistician and an old resident,' to the following minute classification. A friend of the 'great statistician' thus reports the result of his inquiries: 'His theory is that during thirteen years of the present incumbency, the general stock of sermons possessed by the vicar has been preached forty-eight times, or, as he says, has made forty-eight revolutions, and that they are already far advanced in the forty-ninth cycle. He thinks that when they have gone through fifty revolutions they will be tolerably well worn out—seeing that they were ancient when they came into the possession of the present owner. He considers that he has actually fixed the date of their composition, which he believes to be between the thirty-fifth and fortieth years of George III., or about seventy-five years ago. Two of them, which are known as the 'Astronomical Sermons,' he says, are taken from Durham's *Astro-Theology*, published in 1780, and abound with the errors of that date. Another is supposed to have been written on the occasion of the earthquake at Lisbon, and is known as the 'Trembling Sermon,' being suited to occasions of public calamity. It has already done duty on the occasions of two revolutions in Spain, twice for commercial panics in England, once for the Crimean war, and recently for the Franco-German war, with a few other similar occasions. They are taken from some early numbers of the *Church Magazine*.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette*, April 23, 1871.

"THE FOURTEENTH session of the Church Congress concluded last Friday at Bath. . . . The *Church Herald* says: 'The Church Congress was certainly not up to the average mark, either as regards subjects, attendance, or debate. . . . The High Church party was very badly represented among the set speakers. There was a tolerable crowd of clerical gals in queer hats, cloaks, and pectoral crosses. The service at Bath Abbey was simply disgraceful. Except as regards attendance, the Congress was a dismal failure. There was less earnestness, less power, less reality, less eloquence, and more vulgarity and superficial twaddle, than at any similar meeting we have attended.' The *Nonconformist* says: 'The Church Congress is well worthy of sympathy and respect. The uproarious scenes which have enlivened the recent assembly, as well as former ones, show indeed that the social supremacy of an Established Church does not necessarily make its manners superior to those of less privileged Christians.' The *Tablet*, as those of less privileged Christians, is not nearly so civil. It says: 'The only unity possible in the Anglican Church is the unity of discord. The Church of England is certainly a unique institution, but why do its members mock God by pretending to care about truth? Is there anything in the world, or out of it, which they really care about except their own opinion?'"—*London Graphic*.

Poetry.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

SONNET.

AFTER READING THE MOTTO, "IN GOD WE TRUST," ON A COIN.

'Tis said the Greeks, when Troy had proved her force,
Made feigned retreat, and had a story spread
Of wondrous virtues in a wooden horse,
And stuffed him full, the rogues! from tail to head,
A stratagem by which, though rather thin
To modern people, such as you and I am,
The horse and Trojans both were taken in;
Which played the devil with the town of Priam.
The men who now besiege the Constitution
Would also like to introduce a hobby;
But by a process some call evolution
The ways of things have changed in war and lobby;
So they, like true descendants of Loyola,
To get him in have put him on the Dollar!

PARIS, Oct. 1, 1873.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christen,	New York City,	One share,	\$100
Richard B. Westbrook,	Sonman, Pa.	" "	100
R. C. Spencer,	Milwaukee, Wis.	Two "	200
R. W. Howes,	Boston, Mass.	One "	100
Chas. W. Story,	Boston, Mass.	" "	100
E. W. Meddaugh,	Detroit, Mich.	Five "	500
Jacob Hoffman,	Cumminsville, O.	One "	100
John Welles,	Boston, Mass.	" "	100
W. C. Russell,	Ithaca, N. Y.	" "	100
A. W. Leggett,	Detroit, Mich.	" "	100
B. F. Dyer,	Boston, Mass.	" "	100
James Purinton,	Lynn, Mass.	" "	100
F. A. Nichols,	Lowell, Mass.	" "	100
J. S. Palmer,	Portland, Me.	" "	100
Robt. Ormiston,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	" "	100
Mrs. A. L. Richmond,	Lowell, Mass.	" "	100
Mrs. Benj. Ireson,	Lynn, Mass.	" "	100

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The following rule has been adopted with reference to subscriptions to **THE INDEX**, and will be observed on and after December 1, 1873: **THE INDEX** will be discontinued to each subscriber immediately on the expiration of his term of subscription as marked by the printed mail-tag, unless the subscription is renewed in advance, or unless direct notice is received that the subscriber intends soon to renew it. But a bill will be sent to each subscriber a few weeks previous to the expiration of his term, in order that he may have an opportunity of renewing without suffering any interruption in the receipt of his papers.

CASH RECEIPTS.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 15.

E. M. Marshall, \$2; Mrs. Benj. Ireson, \$12; Benj. Freeman, \$3; Wm. Shank, \$3; American News Co., \$4; Carl Dörfinger, \$1; Jno. F. Smith, \$3; Jas. M. Mercer, \$1; Jos. S. Collins, \$3; Pease, 75 cents; Benj. Cobb, Jr., \$3; Mary E. Hayden, \$3; Jas. Whitman, \$3; J. J. Shatto, \$1; Isaac N. Stern, \$3; J. & F. Drake, \$1.50; E. S. Wilcox, \$2; Joel P. Davis, \$4; Charles Voysey, \$3.04; Edward Gurtine, \$3; H. A. Birksong, 75 cents; O. Martin, \$3; S. Buhner, \$3; Schuyler Roe, \$3; T. D. Elliott, \$2; O. W. Tennant, \$2.50; Henry N. Webb, \$2; E. Z. Penfield, \$2; James Wood, \$4; B. O'Brien, \$1; Geo. Molnar, \$1.18; J. Mehrin, \$3; B. H. Stoddard, \$3; Wm. H. Tillingshast, \$3; D. M. Hiddle, 50 cents; Myrick H. Doolittle, \$10; Chas. Bonnell, \$10; John N. Lyman, \$10; Emily R. Francis, \$10; C. A. Church, \$10; W. T. Chambers, \$10; Henry A. Dean, \$10; Elizabeth S. Miller, \$10; Jonathan Sewer, \$10; H. A. Mills, \$10; Clement Vonnegut, \$10; Helen E. Perkins, \$30; Geo. H. Foster, 75 cents; M. V. Slaz, 50 cents; A. W. Kelsey, 50 cents; — Kennedy, 75 cents; — Judd, \$1.35; Matt. H. Ellis, 25 cents; T. H. Callahan, 25 cents; E. Wood, 25 cents; Sam. Kenae, \$1.

All receipts of cash will be acknowledged as above, and no other receipt sent unless specially requested. Persons who do not see their remittances acknowledged within three weeks after sending, will please notify us.

N. B.—Please remit by post-office money-order, by registered letter, or by draft on Boston or New York. Checks on interior banks are liable to discount, and the term of subscription will be proportionally shortened in the credit.

N. B.—Orders for Tracts or single numbers of **THE INDEX** which are not on hand will, if of small amount, be otherwise filled to the same amount without further notice.

N. B.—Postage on **THE INDEX** is five cents per quarter, dating from receipt of the first number, payable in advance at the place of delivery.

N. B.—When writing about a former remittance, always give the date of such remittance as exactly as possible.

N. B.—Please examine the ADDRESS and DATE on your **INDEX** mail-tag, and report at once any error in either.

RECEIVED.

Pamphlets and Periodicals.

DEDICATORY SERVICES of the Parker Memorial Meeting House, by the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston, Sunday, Sept. 21, 1873. Boston: Cochrane & Sampson, Printers, 9 Bromfield Street. 1873.

ANNIVERSARY SUNDAY. A Sermon by the Rev. Charles Voysey, in London, Oct. 11, 1873.

VANITY AND LIES. A Sermon by the Rev. Charles Voysey, in London, Oct. 18, 1873.

TRUE VIRTUE. A Sermon by the Rev. Charles Voysey, in London, Oct. 25, 1873.

DESTINY AND MISSIONS OF THE JEWS. A Sermon by the Rev. Charles Voysey, in London, Nov. 1, 1873.

JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY. October, 1873. St. Louis: W. T. Harris, Editor.

New Music.

SHORT MUSIC published by Oliver Ditson & Co.—Trois Sonates Amables, for four hands, by A. Diabelli—25 Etudes Chantantes, by A. Croisier; No. 1—Guilt the Engineer, by F. Boott—We Sail toward Evening's lonely Star, by T. T. Barker—The Boudoir: The Pope, he leads a Happy Life—Jockey Galop, by E. Aronson—Invincible Galop, by E. Kate Simmons.

The Index.

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THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, Editor.
ABRAHAM WALTER STEVENS, Associate Editor.
COTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, WILLIAM J. POTTER, RICHARD P. HALLOWELL, WILLIAM H. SPENCER, MRS. E. D. CHENEY, REV. CHARLES VOTREY (England), Prof. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (England), Rev. MONROE D. CONWAY (England), Editorial Contributors.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 20, 1873.

GLIMPSSES.

A DISPUTE is going on in *Nature* about the hemodromograph, the sphygmograph, the cardiograph, and the cardio-sphygmograph. It ought to be conducted in the *Graphic*.

IN ANOTHER COLUMN will be found the reply of Mr. W. H. Spencer, our friend and editorial contributor, whose poor health has for many months deprived us of his valuable articles, to the absurd stories circulated of late that he had been converted to Orthodoxy. It is a juicy letter, not very well adapted to console the authors of the slander.

WE LEARN from Mr. H. L. Green, of Syracuse, N. Y., that the newly elected chief of the Onondaga tribe of Indians is named "Samuel May Ha-day-ahoh," in honor of Rev. Samuel J. May, of that city. The Indians of that region have good cause to remember with gratitude one of the best friends they ever had, and one of the manliest and sweetest men that ever trod the soil of America.

MR. C. D. B. MILLS, of Syracuse, N. Y., has been nominated for State Senator by the temperance party of his county. Any party honors itself by putting forward such men as candidates. Mr. Mills is too well known as a radical writer and lecturer to need any mention of ours; but it is a cheering sign of the times to see men of ideas and spotless character not only nominated for office, but also willing to stand.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to Mr. Potter's notice in another column. By his permission, the essay of Mr. Parton and the Appendix are printed in this number of THE INDEX; and we hope that all who read it will think it, as we do, a most timely paper for circulation. Will not the Liberal Leagues send orders to Mr. Potter for one hundred or more copies of the Tract he advertises? No better "campaign document" could be found.

A VERY PLEASANT reception was given by Mrs. Sargent on the evening of November 6, at which Mr. Sumner, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Sewall, and many others were present. The distinguished English republican makes as many friends in private as in public. The health of Mr. Sumner is very greatly improved, though he still has to endure, at times, a great deal of pain. Yet we have his own authority for the statement that, in the opinion of all his physicians, he "has no organic disease." It was the ruffian blow of Preston S. Brooks that has entailed upon him this heritage of suffering, affecting as it did his whole nervous system, and especially the spinal cord. Fifty assassinations would have cost him less agony. To few men has it been given to do and to suffer more for human freedom.

IF THE MAIN object of the *Independent*, in pleading for the admission of the Universalists into the Evangelical Alliance, was to secure the expunging of the everlasting punishment dogma from the Alliance's platform, it went to work in the clumsiest way conceivable. Why did it not go to work directly and avowedly for that object? Such a course would have brought up the question what everlasting salvation through Christ can possibly mean, when everlasting damnation through Adam is given up. It would then have come out that, if men are not liable to damnation, they have no use for salvation; and the whole theology of the Alliance would have tumbled about its ears. Why should the *Independent* seek to introduce into the citadel of Evangelicalism those who would at once betray it to the enemy? The Alliance had too much good sense to knock out the underpinning of their house before they had got safely out of it themselves. If the *Independent* is liberal enough to throw away the everlasting punishment dogma, it ought to have enough logic to throw away its corollaries.

ries. The unreasonableness in this whole matter was not on the side of the Alliance.

THE CLOSING SENTENCE of Mr. Higginson's article in another column is so beautifully and exquisitely true that we cannot forbear calling special attention to it: "When shall we learn that, the purer the heart, the less it will shrink from the conclusions of the pure intellect?" What a glorious sermon might be preached from that text! No better motto could be found to be inscribed on the temple of *scientific religion*. The pure heart is needed to make the intellect pure. Selfishness, sensuality, egotism, cowardice, partisanship, the love of victory that so often usurps the place of the love of truth, all darken the mind of man and enfeeble the eye of reason. Where they are absent, the intellect is pure enough to obey the natural laws of thought, and the pure heart as easily adapts itself to what the pure intellect discovers as the young plant grows towards the incoming light. The spirit of science is unqualified devotion to the truth of Nature; the method of science is undeviating fidelity to the laws of thought; and all the triumphs of science have come from the union of these two—have been born from the wedlock of the pure intellect and the pure heart. Few comprehend the mighty revolution now going on in the religious life of the world, or perceive that the changes of belief which continually come to notice are, at bottom, all caused by the unsuspected influence of modern science; but, although no little dismay is felt as time-honored opinions melt slowly away like snow in April, there is infinite reassurance in the thought that the pure intellect can discover nothing which the pure heart will not at last rejoice in. Set your faces, then, to the East, and greet advancing day without wasting farewells on departing night.

BELOW is the petition, referred to in our last issue, for the repeal of the Act of Congress exempting church property from taxation in the District of Columbia. It is a modification (with additions) of the petition of the San José Liberal League, which is adapted for circulation in California alone, while this is adapted for circulation throughout the United States. Will not the liberals everywhere interest themselves in this matter, and send us long lists of names for transmission to Congress? All lists received by us shall be acknowledged in THE INDEX, and forwarded without unnecessary delay. The "Anti-Exemption Petition" is as follows:—

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress Assembled:—

We, the undersigned, citizens and residents of the United States, would hereby respectfully petition your honorable bodies to repeal the first section of the Act approved June 17, 1870, entitled "An Act exempting from taxes certain property in the District of Columbia," etc., and providing that "all churches and school-houses, and all buildings, grounds and property appurtenant thereto, and used in connection therewith, in the District of Columbia, shall be exempt from any and all taxes and assessments, national, municipal or county." We ask this for the following reasons:—

1. This part of said Act we understand to be at variance with the spirit, if not the letter, of the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." Since the exemption from taxation of churches, parsonages, ecclesiastical houses and sectarian schools in the District of Columbia is precisely equivalent in effect to a direct appropriation by Congress for their support, we conceive this measure to violate what all the exponents of the Constitution declare to have been its manifest intent and design,—namely, to sever all religious organizations from any connection with or dependence upon the civil government, except for equal and impartial protection. This part of said Act, therefore, we consider to be UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

2. This part of said Act we conceive to be also contrary to equity and justice, inasmuch as its effect is to increase our relative proportion of the National taxes, to the end of relieving altogether from taxation certain churches and church properties in the District of Columbia. We consider it, therefore, to be UNJUST.

3. All history shows that the effect of exempting churches from taxation is to accumulate property in the hands of ecclesiastical bodies to a very dangerous extent, and at last to compel resort to confiscation as the only means of escaping the great evils thus generated. The examples of England, of Italy, and of Mexico, of Spain, Austria, and France, are sufficient warnings against adopting a policy which is hostile to American ideas and American institutions. That the non-taxation of church property is tending to the same results here as elsewhere is evident from the fact that, while the number of church-members in the United States was not doubled between 1860 and 1870, the value of church property during the same period was quadrupled, advancing from \$87,328,801 to \$364,483,581. At the same rate, its value in 1890 will be over \$1,418,000,000; and such rapid accumulation of wealth in ecclesiastical hands is most perilous to civil and religious liberty. This part of said Act, therefore, we consider to be UNSAFE.

For the reasons, consequently, that this part of said Act is unconstitutional, unjust, and unsafe, we respectfully ask that it be forthwith repealed.

TWO VIEWS OF FREE RELIGION.

There are two views of the free religious movement among its own friends which lead to methods in some points radically unlike. One of these we will call the sympathetic view; the other, the intellectual view. It may not be amiss to say something about them here.

Those who take the sympathetic view of the free religious movement are chiefly charmed by the prospect it opens up of getting rid of the mutual jealousies, heart-burnings, rivalries, antagonisms, hatreds, which are so sadly conspicuous in the religious history of Christendom. The time has come, they think, for all these things to cease; the world, they hold, has begun to be tired of the separations produced by hostile creeds, and to long for the unity of brotherly love notwithstanding the variety of individual beliefs. Henceforth let all those who, in whatever ecclesiastical fellowship or no-fellowship they may chance to find themselves, turn their faces to the future,—all those who in any sect or denomination or church have caught the spirit of onward movement and higher religious life,—lay aside forever the feelings that now divide them, and extend to each other, across all barriers of sect or creed, a loving and helping hand of true fellowship. Let Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Universalists, Unitarians, Free-thinkers, Deists, Infidels, Conservatives and Radicals of all kinds, waive their differences; and especially let all who represent the progressive wing of these various fellowships unite in a fellowship as large as the love of truth and the love of man.

Such a view as this, which emphasizes one of the most vital and elevating tendencies of the free religious reform, leads to a corresponding emphasis on the simple yet grand truths of which all humanity is possessed in virtue of its common nature and long experience. It delights in moral progress, ideal excellence, devout upward aspiration, and so forth. It leads to distaste, if not positive dislike, of all that would call attention to differences of opinion; it inclines rather to flank than to oppose the errors of the past; it fosters a disposition to shun the hard and clean-cut antitheses by which the logic of exact science climbs from truth to truth, and prefers to let the world grow as insensibly as possible out of the superstitions of its childhood; it shrinks from the clash of definite convictions set over against each other, and prefers to contemplate the imperceptible gradations by which even black can be shaded off into white; it has in it nothing military, nothing aggressive, nothing even of the analytic spirit which seeks to learn the true scope of all opinions by following them out persistently to their remotest and most unwelcome corollaries. On the contrary, this sympathetic view of Free Religion develops a spirit of conciliation which, while desirous of encouraging to the utmost the new interpretations of religion and of diffusing everywhere the new light they shed on human life, nevertheless promotes comprehensiveness and tenderness of feeling rather than breadth, depth, and strength of thought, or energy, decision, and effectiveness of action. Devoted to truth, it yet forgets that all of truth the world has ever gained has been won by the mailed hand of conquest; that the "struggle for existence" which is the condition of all evolution is but another name for the eternal law of battle; that the opinions which have fought their way to permanence by destroying all antagonist opinions are the most signal instance of "survival of the fittest," and have no other title to be considered the TRUTH than the indestructible vitality by which they have risen superior to their rivals and vanquished them in the warfare of ideas. In short, the sympathetic view, winning as it is in its spirit and tendency, creates a disposition to wipe out the distinctions by which this differs from that, to avoid all controversy and conflict, and to adopt such a method of reform as shall seem to cast no disparaging reflections on the evils to be reformed.

In contrast with this sympathetic view is the intellectual view of Free Religion. It sets no less value on harmony of sentiment and fraternal good-will, and aims no less earnestly to secure these blessings for all mankind; it deprecates no less sincerely the mischiefs of partisanship and sectarian ambition, and studies no less continuously to pave the way for better things. But it clearly discerns that unity of feeling depends on certain necessary conditions, chief among which is unity of principle, of purpose, of endeavor. So far as this depends on unity of thought, just so far it declares the necessity of unity of thought. What is it that prevents harmonious relations among religious bodies to-day? Not "pure cussedness," but rather fidelity to principles which admit of no compromise or conciliation. Instead of blaming bigotry or intol-

erance or even persecution, it sees that these horrid evils most frequently spring out of a praiseworthy devotion to mistaken, and therefore injurious, ideas; it sees that the divisions of mankind on points of special belief or opinion are absolutely incurable so long as these points of belief or opinion are deemed fundamental; it sees that the only way to establish peace is to detach men from adhesion to these points as of supreme importance, and that the only way to do this radically is to expose the falsity they contain. If men believe particular dogmas to be true, ought they to do otherwise than to act on such belief? Ought they not to refuse to waive them for the sake of any sentimental union based on neutrality between truth and falsehood? Is there any higher virtue than allegiance to truth at the cost of all other considerations? If the Baptist, for instance, believes that membership in the church is the one thing needful, that baptism is the only door of admission, that immersion is the only valid mode of baptism, and that the right to partake of the Lord's Supper is a privilege indissolubly attached to church-membership, does not "open communion" become to him synonymous with abandonment of all his most cherished convictions, and does not the clamor against "close communion," raised so thoughtlessly by many who profess to share these very convictions, necessarily seem treasonable and impious as well as illogical and absurd? Would not the thorough-going Baptist be recreant to his own conscience, if he consented to "commune" with persons whom in his heart he regards as not entitled to sit at the "communion table" at all? Is it not clear as noonday that the only way to establish "open communion" is to show the unscripturalness (which to all Baptists is tantamount to the untruth) of Baptist doctrines? Appeals to sympathy, to natural affection, to merely human considerations of any sort, must appear to the dyed-in-the-wool Baptist as so many temptations of the devil. The only way to rid him of his exclusiveness is to dye him of some other color,—to change his innermost convictions of truth. To a broadly human fellowship the Baptist's tenets are an insuperable obstacle; and the intellectual view of Free Religion rests on perception of the impossibility of reconciling irreconcilables. The Baptist owes it to his own manhood, so long as he is a Baptist, to obey the logic of Baptist doctrines, and refuse to "commune" with any but his fellow-believers. Hence the condition of establishing the universal fraternity longed for by all sympathetic natures is to convince the world of higher truth.

Recognizing, then, the hard fact that all-inclusive harmony is impossible among men so long as their intellects bind them to convictions which make it impossible, the intellectual view of Free Religion leads to corresponding methods. Little is accomplished by seeking to divert men's attention from their clashing convictions to other convictions held in common; the root of division remains. What is imperatively demanded is the wisdom of courage,—the surgeon's courage, if you please, who hesitates not to use the knife for the sake of the patient. Perhaps the knife's edge cuts his own sympathetic heart as deeply as it cuts the quivering flesh to which he applies it: nevertheless, he applies it. So is it with the religious reformer. The seeming roughness and incisiveness of his method, cutting into the tenderest spots of the human heart, exposing the emptiness and falsity of beliefs venerated by the world as guaranteed by divine revelation, uprooting institutions which rest on the most sacred sentiments and convictions of the people, are dictated by no callousness of feeling or recklessness of results, but rather by knowledge that excision is more merciful than mortification. To shrink from inflicting the pain thus caused would be inhumanity,—as of the parent whose misplaced tenderness for a wounded child refuses the painful surgery which may be indispensable to its life. In vain will you preach harmony, fraternity, brotherly love, while you leave undisturbed the religious beliefs which make men enemies to each other. Be the pain, the exasperation, the uproar what they may, it is mercy to let in the daylight upon the hoary lies that pass for truth, and that pledge the world to a tyranny enjoined by faith. Drive the ploughshare straight through the tangled weeds that pre-empt the soil, and make way for the cereals whose ripened grain shall yield the bread of life. Sickle or scythe or plough,—sarcasm, invective, persuasion, appeal, or argument,—it matters not: let each use the tool he possesses according to his skill. So long as the love of truth governs him, and not the love of self,—so long as the good of mankind, and not lust of prominence or profit, kindles his soul,—so long is the reformer's work beneficent, in spite of all temporary commotions, throes, or rages.

There need be no fear that a bad institution, or an outgrown one, will not find a substitute, if it is wanted.—no fear that the false, or the partially false, belief will not be replaced by a truer. Even agitation for reform that is founded upon great and egregious mistake will do more good than harm, by bringing out the hitherto unsuspected or ill-appreciated merits of the old. No reason exists for discontent with other methods of reform than those we ourselves incline to; all sincere methods are in order that aim at the right end, and the law of "natural selection" will winnow out the blundering ones. This is the peculiarity of the intellectual as contrasted with the sympathetic view of Free Religion—that it penetrates through existing discords of feeling to their cause, and, finding it in the conflict of truth with error in the human mind, aims to convert the discord into concord by putting knowledge in the place of ignorance. This done, fraternity and fellowship of spirit will come with knowledge as surely as heat comes with light.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The essay on "Taxation of Church Property," by Mr. James Parton, read at the recent Convention of the Free Religious Association in New York, has been published by the Association in Tract form. The essay presents a very important subject in a most forcible and attractive manner. It was received by the large audience that heard it with the greatest enthusiasm. The Tract also contains in an Appendix an able letter, printed last winter in the New York Tribune, from a distinguished Roman Catholic clergyman of New York, taking the same position on the question that the essay takes, and adding valuable testimony to the validity of its argument. This Appendix was subjoined by Mr. Parton specially for this Tract, and is not connected with the essay as elsewhere printed.

The Tract is a most timely one, and should be widely circulated, especially among members of Legislatures, and in States where the Constitutions are undergoing revision. One gentleman has already ordered one hundred copies for this purpose. Liberal Leagues would do well thus to aid its circulation. Price of the Tract,—singly, 10 cents; package of ten, 60 cents; of one hundred, \$3.00. It can be obtained by addressing the Secretary, New Bedford, Mass.

WILLIAM J. POTTER,
Secretary F. R. A.

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART.

The following communication came to me, some time ago, from a young girl of the purest and most truthful nature, who had been brought up under Evangelical influences, and with whom I had never had any conversation on religious matters. I have more than once heard the same feeling stated before, but never with more touching simplicity and sweetness:—

"I want to tell you something, and see what you think of it, and if I am very wicked. As long as I tried to think of Christ as I'd been taught to, it seemed to me there were two Gods. To be sure, I was told not to pray to him; but I never could get rid of that idea, and it troubled and puzzled me not a little. All at once it came to me, about a year ago,—not from anything I had heard or read, for I didn't 'study up' the matter at all, and I was surrounded by anything but 'radical' influences,—that Jesus was only a man. I can't tell you how relieved and happy I felt; it was like a revelation. And ever since I have felt so much nearer to God,—so much surer of His Fatherly love! Was this a very unnatural thing? My friends would think so, but I can't help it. I didn't try to be naughty."

So strong is the influence of early training that even this innocent girl cannot quite lay aside the fear lest she be "naughty" in discovering that a human being is a human being. As if one should say: "My teacher told me that two and two made five; but one day it flashed upon me that two and two made four, and ever since I have found my arithmetic very easy. Was this very unnatural?" How strangely we are taught to distrust the plain truth, as something dangerous! When shall we learn that, the purer the heart, the less it will shrink from the conclusions of the pure intellect? T. W. H.

AN EXPLANATION.

A great writer lays it down as a maxim, that it is never worth while to explain. Make your statement as clearly as you can, and let it go. If it is not understood, wait till it is. The drift of your doctrine is the best interpreter. The objection to explanations is, that they either convey a humiliating affront, or simply a humiliating confession. They import either that your hearer is a dunce, or that you are a dunce

yourself. On one side or the other, there must be a lack of brains. The advice is, no doubt, in the main, good. To explain is a weakness; there are cases, however, in which the weakness may be pardonable. We hope the present may be considered one of them.

The President of the Free Religious Association, in opening his address at the recent Convention, used this language, as quoted in THE INDEX: "It will be seen and acknowledged that we are not a clique of sentimentalists who mistake emotions for ideas, and feelings for facts; or a small army of iconoclasts, men without faith themselves, who are bent on destroying the faith of their neighbors,—a group of godless 'Materialists,' 'disciples of Voltaire,' 'followers of Volney or Paine,' who, destitute of religion themselves, are anxious that religion should be banished from society." This language gave great offence to the honest editor of the Investigator, who calls it denunciation. "As the followers of no other teachers are denounced by Mr. Frothingham, we presume he intended his pointed and offensive remarks for such as we are." "Mr. Frothingham's obnoxious words fell on us like a wet blanket, and we are forced to exclaim, more in sorrow than in anger, as one did anciently, 'And thou too, Brutus!'"

Now, in all modesty we would submit that the "presumption," in this instance, should be on the other side. The speaker in question has certainly taken some considerable pains to declare that, in his opinion, the phrase "godless Materialists" was "a vile phrase," inasmuch as all godless people were not Materialists, neither were all Materialists godless people. Last winter he delivered a lecture on Feuerbach, which gave apparent satisfaction to the Investigator, and was certainly a sincere, if not a strong, defence of the most prominent philosophic atheist of this generation. Two years before, he delivered a lecture on the "Beliefs of the Unbelievers," which, whatever its defects, has never been charged with scornful depreciation of men like Voltaire, Volney, Diderot, or Paine. This lecture the Investigator praised and recommended to its readers with remarkable cordiality. All this surely affords ground for a presumption that Mr. Frothingham did not mean to denounce the leaders of opinion whose good fame the Investigator is so anxious to defend.

Perhaps the editor suspects the President of cowardice, surmises that he kept his bold opinions for Boston, but judged it inexpedient to air them in New York. Such a suspicion might be pardonable, if he were not known in New York as an "infidel" preacher of "pronounced" views,—if his opinions had not been repeated many times in public discourses which have been printed,—if that very lecture on the "Beliefs of the Unbelievers" had not been published in New York,—or if the attitude he assumed at the recent Convention had been in other respects that of a trimmer.

Having said so much, to put the Investigator in the position of one who has not pushed his investigations as far as he might, or exercised his equal perspicacity of reasoning, we will mortify him still more—in the spirit of love—"more in sorrow than in anger"—by explaining the mystery before which he stands bewildered. If he will read attentively the report in THE INDEX, which was copied from the Tribune, which printed from the author's own manuscript, he will see that the expressions, "Materialists," "disciples of Voltaire," "followers of Volney and Paine," are printed between inverted commas,—a practice in frequent use with writers who wish to express, not their own opinion, but that of an adversary, or a dissident. Bearing in mind the popular misjudgment of the Association he represented, bethinking himself also of the identification of it in the public mind with certain monsters, as they are commonly regarded, named Voltaire, Paine, Volney,—he meant to say: "We are not such people as you suppose those to be. We are not what you call godless Materialists; we are not what you fancy the disciples of Voltaire to be, or the followers of Paine; we are not people without faith, who are resolute to destroy the faith of their neighbors—as you imagine that such people are." The speaker—whose unskilfulness in the use of language the Investigator appreciates, and kindly forgives—was thinking of the way in which stupid and malignant critics are predisposed to receive him and his companions, and was deprecating any such false judgment. His point was—let me try to make it intelligible under yet another form of statement—that he and his friends were not what they (the hearers) prejudged the infidels to be—that is, were not infidels, after the sort their terror depicted. It was not his (the President's) opinion that was in question, but

theirs (the cavillers'). By an ingenious, but perhaps over-subtle, device of rhetoric, the President spoke *outside of his own mind*, as it were, and cannot, therefore, be held accountable for the literal scope of his speech. It seems, as the *Investigator* says, to have been "unfortunate," but it is, at least, explicable, without compromise either of his courage, his sincerity, or his sanity of mind.

The suspicious habit that sectarianism has begotten in all of us is probably answerable for misunderstandings of this kind. The holders of opinions are all in arms against one another. They live in hostile camps, in a state of perpetual distrust. To do justice to other beliefs than our own is seldom thought of, seldom studied; to do injustice seems to be a deliberate rule. Until a new lesson can be learned; until leaders and exponents of opinion can make up their minds to take each other at the best, instead of at the worst,—there will never be any approach to truth. To *wish to understand* is a first requisite in all investigation.

Such misconceptions as we have been dealing with demonstrate the importance of the work the Free Religious Association has undertaken, at the same time that they make its difficulties appear almost insurmountable. If the "outcasts" tear one another to pieces by calumny and suspicion, how shall united effort against intolerance be possible? O. B. F.

Literary Notices.

PAULE MÉRÉ. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette & Cie. 1895.

Led thereto by a notice in the *North American* of Cherbuliez's last work, *Meta Haldenis*, we have lately been reading the one whose title we give above. In purity and vigor of style we were led to expect much, and have not been disappointed. The style is a model, even to Frenchmen, who seem born to write well as the birds to fly. The author has a way of condensing his thoughts into happy sentences, which stick in your memory, whether you will or no. In this respect, he much resembles George Eliot, from whose works it has been possible to glean quite a volume of proverbial philosophy. The story itself is very meagre, quite devoid of plot, and with hardly enough in the way of incident to furnish a story for a weekly newspaper. But the characters are so drawn as to stand out vividly, and give to the slender story all the interest of a well-acted play.

The book is a series of letters written by the hero of the story to his friend Felix. This hero, Marcel Roger, a man of thirty, with ample fortune and abundant leisure, meets, at a summer resort, in the Jura mountains, a young lady of Geneva, Paule Méré, who forms one of a party of Scotch people who are spending the summer there.

Paule Méré, the heroine, possesses great beauty, coupled with great talent as an artist, great vivacity of mind, and every charm of manner. Our hero, of course, falls speedily and desperately in love with her. In a few weeks, just as the party to which she belongs are going away, he declares his love, and they are engaged. As they part, she tells him that, when he returns to Geneva, where his mother lives, he will very probably hear evil reports concerning her, and that before they meet again he may be sorry for what he has done. She assures him, however, that she is worthy of him, and that she will, in due time, explain all. On going to visit his mother, a strict Calvinist, with bitter prejudices and a biting tongue, he hears Mdlle. Méré, surely enough, spoken of as a person of loose character, and held up as a warning to the young, by the gossips of Evangelical tea-parties. On inquiry, he can find no proof of these accusations, excepting that Mdlle. Méré had been guilty of the imprudence of making excursions into the fields sketching without a chaperone, had broken with her step-mother and grand-parents, with whom she was living, and had been adopted into the Scotch family, with whom she was then travelling. Of this Scotch family no evil was known, except that they were rationalists.

The rest of the book is taken up with the mental conflicts of M. Roger produced by this discovery. He does not doubt Paule, but he cannot forget what he has heard. When he sees her, he believes her to be an angel; when he listens to his mother, and the knot of gossips who visit at her house, he knows not what to think. The engagement is broken, and is renewed. Again it is broken, and under circumstances which prove to Paule that Roger will never fully trust her. She gives him up forever, and with her Scotch guardians leaves the country. M. Roger discovers his error, is in an agony of remorse, tries to find her, and fails. At last he discovers the party in Venice. But Paule, though loving him deeply, will not again accept him. She falls into an illness supposed to be mortal. Roger, on his part, lapses into a state of mind verging on insanity—and the book ends, leaving the reader in a state of vexation with all parties.

As a story, the book, although abounding in good things, does not satisfy, and would not reward the labor of translation.

As a good specimen of the author's style, we subjoin a passage which occurs in a dialogue between Roger and his mother.

She is dissuading him from his intended marriage, and proceeds thus:—

"Once upon a time—do you hear me?—once upon

a time, there was in Brittany a little genie, called Gwyn. He was the king of the fairies, legitimate sovereign of the enchanted world. Though not three feet in height, his beauty was marvellous. From his neck hung a horn of ivory, and, when he sounded it, a man of the gravest humor could not keep himself from singing and dancing. One day, Gwyn asked a sage hermit, named Kollenn, to dine with him. Grave imprudence! but who knows everything? The good hermit distrusted the genie. 'Perhaps he is a devil,' thought he. At all events, by way of precaution, he took with him a flagon of holy water, and made his way to the fairy palace. The king of the genies was seated upon a throne of gold. Around him hovered a thousand charming apparitions, sylphs, fairies, all the winged troop of enchanted dreams. Kollenn thought himself in Paradise. 'Seat thyself at this table,' said the king; 'thou hast only to wish, and the vases of gold, and cups of diamond, which thou seest before thee empty, will be filled with ambrosia and nectar.'

"Ah!" said the sage, "I am not the dupe of thy enchantments; I see only some dry leaves." And taking his flagon of holy water, he poured it upon the table, which instantly disappeared, along with the vases, the cups, the palace, and the king. Adieu sprites! Nothing remained but a handful of dry leaves. Do you understand, Marcel?"

"None too well," I answered. "How slow is your wit! The king of the fairies, the cunning enchanter, the consummate musician who makes all hearts join the dance, Gwyn, in a word, is Love."

"The cups of diamond, the fairies, all are his enchantments. But, unhappily, near by his palace dwells an old sage of crabbed humor. They call him, I believe, Good Sense. But, you say, we need not ask him to dinner. Alas! he has a brazen face. One day he will invite himself, and then beware his holy water!" Marcel, believe me, it is best to invite him before marriage, for it is very grievous to believe in vases of gold, and then see oneself condemned forever to dry leaves." [p. 203 seq.] R. M.

IT IS THE BOUNDEN duty of every individual to serve his or her country and age in some way or other. Miss Borg and I think that we cannot do better service, at least for the time being, than to give those bent upon reading novels good novels to read, and to incite in those who denounce and deprecate novels a respect for what, after all, is the most effective form of literature. A novel is elastic and expansive enough to contain everything—the concentrated deductions of essays, the filtered value of sermons, the cogency and force of a myriad arguments, and the froth and foam of a sparkling and palatable draught. It is a portable dramatic entertainment, which one may enjoy in solitude and ponder over. It shows us more than we should ever see of ourselves, and teaches us what we would never learn in any other way. To be a good novelist requires the greatest diversity of power, the broadest scope of intellect, the most perfect pliancy of mind and faculties. When novel-writing becomes the work of persons of radical thought, enlightened views and correct ideas of how things should be, society will have its most efficient agent of reform, in fact the only one, with the exception of the stage, that it will accept; for lectures, sermons, and philosophical essays are all rejected because unattractive to the mass of people. Scolding, advice, or even reasoning, will not do; the world must have illustration; if it can be made to see that wrong is ugly and repulsive, it will shun it; if it can be shown that certain habits, opinions, modes of life have a belittling effect, it will try not to be dwarfed in the same way.

All Swedish literature is moral and elevated in its tone, and filled with ideal conceptions of character and human destiny, while the two authors that we have singled out—Madame Schwartz and Professor Z. Topelius,—write with a conscious purpose, a determination, not to display their talent, or procure fame, but to help mankind onward at least one step by holding before its eyes a bright and beautiful ideal. They are both sincere, both sound in their principles, and both endowed with more than ordinary genius and power. Both have made a mark in every country in which their works have been introduced, a mark which genius of itself fails to make, unless joined with strength of character and a worthy aim.

It has been our privilege to introduce the novels of Schwartz and Topelius in the United States, a privilege for which we have paid the inevitable price of hardship and suffering which is exacted from all who engage in any new work. What we have undergone the public will never know, for the public has seconded our efforts and always given us the good hand of fellowship. But that we have conquered our obstacles, and not been dismayed or frustrated in our efforts, may be inferred from the fact of our resuming the publication of our Swedish translations under new and favorable auspices. As can be seen from the advertisements, the Schwartz enterprise is transferred to Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, who have just brought out the seventh novel of the series, *The Son of the Organ-Grinder*. With it they also publish *Northern Lights*, a Swedish and Finnish juvenile, composed of the finest selections in the language. Topelius, besides being a poet and historic novelist, has no equal as a writer for children. Our next work will be his historic romances entitled *The Surgeon's Stories*. MARIE A. BROWN.

A FARMER lost a gimlet in the woods near Monticello, Minnesota, three years ago, and the other day cut down an iron-wood tree, fast in the forks of which he found—not a gimlet, but a three-quarter inch auger! He is sorry he didn't wait a year or two longer, as a two-inch auger was just what he wanted.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Ervins.
N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.
N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.
N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

A LETTER BY A VETERAN REFORMER.

LOTTSBURGH, Va., October 30, 1873.
REV. P. FISK:

Dear Sir:—I cannot tell you how cheering and timely your kind and generous contribution is, sent by Mr. Phillips. It came in our yesterday's mail. We owe you our best thanks. We are in the height of an intensely exciting political canvass, in which the hopes of our poor colored people are deeply involved; and though they are wonderfully loyal to the Republican party, they cannot escape the tricks of demagogues wholly destitute of all love of republican principles, yet anxious to use the colored vote for their own elevation to office. To baffle these designs, and save the self-respect of our colored men, Miss Putnam and I have walked miles and miles—half a score a day—under "October sun" (the poor little ex-carts are too slow to drive), and spent hours and hours—devoted oceans of talk to reason of their interest and best welfare. All this "bother" instead of direct assaults on the rebel enemy! Your cheering thought to aid and comfort us arrived in that darkest hour before dawn; for the next six hours of sore trial to our patience and faith brought us signs of victory at the polls, November 4. That is, we shall, while defeated in the vote, yet keep an advanced position in the line of our march. So we especially rejoiced in Mr. Phillips' beautiful letter and your sympathy.

What an interesting and curious scene election day here presents! our one hundred and two Lottsburgh colored voters out to a man, usually in groups just at or after sunrise, to save the day's work and to avoid rebel influence, stopping at our school-house for their ballots; or later in the day—an affecting spectacle—our octogenarian, honest Isaac Kelley, is brought up on a cart. It pauses at the school-house door for his cup of coffee, and he receives in his aged hand the precious ticket that has so exalted his manhood.

"Up! patched knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day!"

(To quote from Whittier.) Lame "Uncle William Medley," too, never fails us; the only time of the year he ever hobbles down is election day. We bless the stars and stripes, and float them over the school-house in token of this benignant justice to the humblest man, while we feel the keen satire of our own disfranchisement. Our example—the fact that we are present with a controlling political influence—illustrates the supreme absurdity (to these colored and poor white men who can't read and write) of denying to us the vote. These occasions give us opportunity for many a woman's rights lecture!

Our school keeps the year round, election day and all, as we have a lady assistant teacher always with us; some one from the North, able and willing, like ourselves, to give her services. We none of us have a salary, and, connected with no organization or caste-school system, "like Hampton is," we are free to plant every liberal idea as fast as we can. I wish you could hear our scholars recite from Charles Sumner's Civil Rights speeches, and Wendell Phillips' Woman's Rights speeches, and old John Brown's glorious testimonies, as they do on all our holidays—Christmas, Emancipation Day, January 1st, 19th of April, Decoration Day, 4th of July, August 1st, Thanksgiving, and December 2d, John Brown's Day. Then all their parents, "uncles," and "aunts," and "kin," assemble in the school-house. And we think "truth flies into a heap of people's minds," as a colored boy said to me. Such "mighty" singing of patriotic songs,—

"Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord—"

as to arrest the passers-by in a wondering stop! The closing exercise is always a distributing of garments to each one present. This insures a full attendance. We are very happy in our hard work here, and believe it is good for time and eternity. We should be very much pleased to receive a visit from you, and May is a delightful month in this climate. During winter our boats stop, and we are quite isolated. Miss Putnam joins me in very warm and grateful thanks to you. SALLIE HOLLEY.

THE ATONEMENT DOGMA.

EDITOR INDEX:—

As I am one of those whose subscription dates anterior to September 1, and am accordingly entitled to an extension of time, I have this to say, that, whenever it is necessary, increase the price or reduce the size of THE INDEX as shall seem best, but keep it alive if possible.

I see some things in THE INDEX I do not endorse, and some things that I think of the utmost importance are scarcely noticed. To my mind, the doctrine of the Atonement is the biggest lion in the path of progress that we have to encounter. Besides blunting the intellect to a proper sense of right and justice, it gives the wrong-doer a chance to ease his conscience by charging it to the prompting of the devil, and getting Christ to take the responsible men are taught that they are personally responsible for their acts, both here and hereafter, with half the persistence that the clergy now teach this glaring absurdity, the supposed millennium will be begun. When we cease to muddle the brains of children with

such gross violation of the principles of right and wrong, we may reasonably hope for the dawn of a brighter day. So long as men are taught to believe that they can, by prayer, by confession, or in any way, escape the consequences of their acts, so long will the world be filled with hypocrites and scoundrels.

This outrageous doctrine, so persistently enforced, has so debauched the public mind that it sees no impropriety or injustice in doubly taxing the poor man's mortgaged cottage, while the towering church, with its stained windows and gilded spire, is proudly exempt.

It seems to me that this dogma is the first and chief obstruction in the path of civilization and reform, from the fact that, though glaringly false, it is so generally accepted.

More than three score years ago, I had my head filled with the abominable stuff, in its rank and most repulsive form. It seemed to me that the Creator of the universe was an unrelenting Blue Beard, delighting in the agony of his victims. (I now believe the Creating Forces are as active as ever they were.) My creed—*Those who do the least to regret here will have the least to regret hereafter.* It will be very gratifying to me, and I doubt not to many others, to have some one of the able writers for THE INDEX give the atonement question a little wholesome discipline.

I hope you have but few subscribers who are unwilling to make the small sacrifice you ask, in order to recover the ground lost by the unfortunate "troubled."

HENRY SEVERANCE.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., October 5, 1873.

[There can be no doubt of the immoral tendency of the Atonement doctrine, for it destroys the protective belief that all wrong-doing is followed by natural and inevitable retribution. If humanity did not so often take the bit in its teeth, and refuse the guidance of the theological rein, it would not so often escape, by a fortunate inconsistency, the logical result of professed opinions. The Atonement doctrine, however, is merely part of a complex system of superstition which it is easier to get rid of as a whole than to abolish piecemeal. This work THE INDEX is doing according to the best of its ability.—En.]

MISSIONARIES SELLING EACH OTHER.

[Translated for THE INDEX from the *Gartenlaube*, for 1873, page 638.]

We have received from the Cape of Good Hope the following communication from a countryman of ours living there:—

CAPETOWN, 8 August, 1873.

To the Editor of the *Gartenlaube*:—

There are to be found in Germany, unfortunately, many persons who for want of exact information know of no better use to make of their money than to give it to Boards of Missions. Shillings and pennies wander off into the world, to convert the heathen, while destitution at home is forgotten. The folly of this practice is nowhere better to be seen than at Natal, where I have been living for a couple of years, not far from here. The Zulu Caffir, while he remains unconverted, possesses all the virtues which we often find wanting in white persons. He is downright honest, truth-loving, strictly moral, although he is naked, very proud of his dignity as Zulu, and of his sense of honor. So he is peaceable and of a childlike cheerfulness, and a naked Caffir can be trusted absolutely.

As soon as he is clothed, that is to say, Christianized (for his conversion does not go beyond his apparel), he generally loses all good qualities, and takes to the opposite ones. This is very well understood by the people of Natal; and, accordingly, those who are of the better sort, and who, according to conventional rule, are expected to help along the missionary work, are very careful how they take a Christianized Caffir into their service, and they uniformly prefer the so-called "raw" ones.

I am aware that the *Gartenlaube* does all it can for the true interior mission work, which consists in the spread of truth and light; and I would have communicated to you long ago something concerning the subject matter of this letter, if I had not desired to send you striking proofs. Without them, things the most worthy of credit will fail to be believed at home, and will be generally rejected by very many persons.

I take the liberty now to send you a Natal paper, the *Natal Mercury*, of 24 July, in which I would call your attention specially to the accompanying extract from Bishop Colenso's speech. I need not add anything concerning him. His reputation stands very high, not only in South Africa, but also in Europe; and, beyond all doubt, he is to be reckoned among the most judicious and enlightened of those who belong to the English Church. I would add in all justice to the missionaries, that they have certainly done themselves great credit everywhere by their philological labors. Yet this is not the only purpose for which they collect money and are sent abroad.

I hope this short contribution will be welcome to your journal.

Respectfully,

W. S.

The extract from the speech of Bishop Colenso is as follows:—

"All these missions operate but upon the outskirts of our native population. We must transfer our schools into the midst of the tribes, under the eye of the chiefs, and place them under the protection of the leading chief. The instruction should extend not only to ordinary learning, but principally to industrial arts. I fear that, if we give too much preference to the education of the head, and neglect that of the hand, we shall meet with great difficulties in providing for their support. For illustration, I will give

you a short history of what took place in the neighboring region of Zanzibar, which not long since took an active part in carrying on the slave trade.

"There is there an Educational Institution under the care of the Church of England, where the young students, with much tiresome labor and urging, are advanced to the limit of their capacity. Five of them, who were thought to have had sufficient instruction to spread among their benighted brethren the light which they themselves had received, were brought over to the Mainland, to act there as missionaries. After some time elapsed, it was found, to the great alarm of the mission, that the five young men had been sold into slavery; and, on further inquiry, it turned out that the missionary education had produced such glorious fruit, that the two older catechists had sold their younger colleagues. [Great laughter.]

"Now, I believe that our schools here ought to be such as to lead our natives to be industrious and honest, to tell the truth, to treat one another with kindness and cordiality, to obey the laws, and have respect for the government; and when we have reached these results, I believe we have done more than would have been done by inculcating in them the first rudiments of Christianity. For people of such a character are in truth not far from the kingdom of God—nearer, perhaps, than those who, by their clamor and violence, disturbed the quiet of our town." (This refers to disturbances raised by the pious frequenters of a chapel, in the streets adjoining.)

"IS INTEREST-TAKING UNJUST?"

MR. ABBOT:—

A brief word in reference to your article on the above subject in THE INDEX for October 9.

It is because labor is the creator of wealth, that capital should not bear interest. It is also because labor is entitled to all the wealth it creates, that interest upon money is extortion. Furthermore, it is because money is not wealth nor a value, but simply its representative, that it should not be classified with it, nor be made to bear an analogy with transactions applicable to wealth.

Granting that "the value of the use of money is based on the fact that, when prudently used, it will bear a profit to somebody," it does not touch the question at issue. The question is—ought there to be such a fact? Neither has it anything to do with individuals, either borrower or lender, but solely with labor and capital. And here is the significance of the analogy between our system of finance and the slave system. Labor, that is, the slave, earns the wealth; and capital, that is, the master, takes it. "Provided the master justly owned the slave" might be made to read "provided money is rightly held by the capitalist." Because "the claim of the" capitalist is unjust to start with, therefore interest is unjust. "If the claim is just, interest is also just."

As to "risks" being associated with interest, the slave-master also had "risks;" but we have only to say in passing that they are only one of the many attendant evils interest-taking incurs, of which the present panic is the result.

You adduce a barrel of flour as on a par with its representative value in dollars, and then call the selling of the one and the loaning of the other a "quid pro quo." I cannot see how a "non tali pro tali" can ever become a "quid pro quo," unless you assume the current practice to justify the very thing in dispute. If the loan of a barrel of flour should not draw interest, why should its representative value in dollars? Neither in your association of dollars with values, in the case of the livery team, can I see that you affect Mr. Heberling's position. He said the loan of dollars was not analogous with the loan of horses, because horses were real wealth, while dollars were but representatives of that wealth; also that their claim for "reasonable" hire differed in that horses were consumers, while money was not. To this you reply that stable-keepers not only charge for the use of horses, but they charge "more." But what has this to do with their charging less, unless it be to cite another instance from the real practice in question as unreasonable and unjust?

You quote: "Wages, rents, and profits are the three sources of all revenue by which men pay for their living; one is as legitimate as the other." We should prefer to say that wages, rents, and profits are three forms by which wealth is at present distributed; that the one is as legitimate as the other; but that they are all illegitimate. As for wages,—the speculation by capital in men's time is not far removed from the speculation by capital in the men themselves. It is what Parker Pillsbury would call the "high art of slavery." In its place we would substitute co-operation. As for rents, whether money, horses, or houses, we would say a fair remuneration for what had been used or what was not returned as found. As for profits, instead of cost, we would sweep them away altogether, as containing the essence of financial corruption—from Bridget bartering at the country store up to the officers of government engaged in the *Crédit Mobilier*. From that species of profit called interest springs, directly or indirectly, all the discord between labor and capital. There is no good reason why the government should not, instead of creating a vast untaxable interest-bearing debt,—loan money to the farmer and the mechanic upon collateral security without interest.

It is because of interest that every reformatory idea has to be driven through the sluggish brain of unrequited toil, and depend for its resources upon the tight fist of capital. It is because of interest that the bread-and-butter question stares men in the face so strongly that they are turned from their ideal. It is because of interest that a thousand dollars at present can earn more than a common laborer. It is because of interest that brains can only acquire a competence,

while mediocrity with money can lay up riches. It is because of interest that it is so hard to earn a living and so easy to make money. It is because of interest and capital's assumed prerogatives that Vanderbilt towers out of the Five Points with one hundred million dollars, whereas no man in the days of the Revolution could acquire one million. It is because of interest on money that four-fifths of the property in Massachusetts is owned by one-fifth of its citizens. It is because of interest that it takes three bushels of corn to bring one from Kansas to Boston. It is because of interest that the same corn can be eaten cheaper in Boston than in Kansas City, and cheaper still in London than in Boston. The cost of living everywhere is proportionate to the rates of interest.

But some one asks: "Why do you take interest, if interest is wrong?" Because it is my share of the tax upon my industry. Since the aggregate production and consumption of the country supports the aggregate capital of the country, every man pays interest. The question, then, is, shall he not recover what has thus been unjustly taken? But what if his income is greater than the added tax upon his living, as in the case of Vanderbilt's and Stewart's? Why, it should be divided among those who have no representation in the country's capital, which their labor, unrequited, goes to support.

Yours for the abolishment of unjust usages, and thus the better education of the people, for religion cannot be wholly free unless the land it stands upon, the merchandise it traffics in, and the circulating medium, be also free.

CHARLES THOMAS FOWLER.

NORTHBIDGE, MASS., Oct. 30, 1873.

[Mr. Fowler is logical, so far as he is driven to deny that "money is rightly held by the capitalists." To deny the right of interest-taking involves the denial of the right of property-owning; just as to deny the right of a tree to bear fruit is to deny its right to live at all. Wherever capital exists, it cannot help bearing interest in some form or other, however disguised. Hence the protest against interest is a protest against all property whatever. Would the condition of the laborer be improved by the destruction of all property? Just as soon as the laborer acquires property, he begins to receive its interest in some shape, and becomes a "capitalist." Our anti-interest friends do not see whether their own logic is leading them. They would extinguish all property, even as held by the community; for all property necessarily bears interest in some form, and the community would have no more right to receive it than individuals. To abolish interest is to abolish capital; to abolish capital is to reduce all men to one dead level of absolute poverty. Would that improve the laborer's condition?—En.]

POETRY AND PROSE.

Poetry by Rev. Dr. Bellows in the *Liberal Christian*:—

"The great toiling and hoping, loving and losing, dying and rising humanity about us has little interest in mere critical speculations and philosophical séances. It wants a church, an instituted, public, and orderly place, and ways and means of educating its religious faculties, and feeding its spiritual wants."

Prose by Rev. G. J. Mingins, of the New York City Missions, as reported in the *Boston Journal*:—

"He did not believe a sunny Sunday saw 200,000 people in the house of God in New York, and that is the condition of almost all New England. Either the people don't like the church or the church neglects the people." "It is said not two per cent. in London attend church, and he did not believe ten per cent. of the hard-fisted, brawny-armed, laboring men and women could be found in church of a Sabbath in New York."

THE NINTH CENSUS REPORT of Massachusetts shows the Congregationalists to be the largest of the Protestant sects in that State. They possess 500 of the 1,764 church edifices in Massachusetts, and provide sittings for 289,314 persons. Next follow the Baptists, with 286 churches, and 139,035 sittings. The Methodists come third, with 207 churches, and 117,325 sittings. The Unitarians rank fourth, with 180 churches, and 98,306 sittings. The Protestant Episcopalians follow, with 100 churches, and 46,246 sittings, and are closely pursued by the Universalists, with 97 churches, and sittings for 35,077 persons. The Catholic Church possesses 196 church edifices; and if the same method of computing members by the seat-room were followed, she would outrank the Methodists, for her churches contain 130,415 sittings. But everybody knows that in Massachusetts, as elsewhere, most of our churches, especially in the large towns and cities, where most of them are situated, contain three or four different congregations every Sunday and holiday. The two dioceses of Boston and Springfield, into which the State is divided, include some 375,000 Catholics, which makes them greatly outstrip in point of numbers any one of the Protestant sects, and nearly equal the two largest of them combined.—*Catholic Review*.

"I FOUND IT VERY inconvenient and a great loss of time," said Chateaubriand, "to dine before seven o'clock. My wife wanted to dine at five o'clock, and insisted upon that hour. After many arguments and many heated discussions, we finally compromised upon six o'clock—an hour which was very inconvenient to us both. This is what they call domestic concession."

Advertisements.

GENERAL NOTICE.

On August 8, 1872, I contracted for the two best advertising pages of THE INDEX for the current year. "No advertisements objectionable to the editor to be taken." For terms apply to

ASA K. BUTTS, 36 DEY ST., New York.

No improper advertisements, no advertisements of patent medicines, and no advertisements known to be fraudulent or unjust to any one, will be hereafter admitted into THE INDEX. All advertisements accepted before this date will be allowed to run their time. No cuts admitted.

THE INDEX must not be held responsible for any statement made by advertisers.
FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.
TOLEDO O., June 21, 1873.

THE INSIDE HISTORY
OF THE INDEX ASSOCIATION.

By Francis E. Abbot.

This is a handsomely printed pamphlet of 54 pages, containing the full explanation of the recent "INDEX troubles," which was submitted to the stockholders of the Index Association at their Second Annual Meeting, June 7, 1873. It is hoped that every one who has read the statements of the other side will in fairness read this also. Price, post-paid, 25 cents. Address the Author, No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston.

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Address THE INDEX,
No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Report, in pamphlet form, of the Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association for 1873 will be published Sept. 1st.

It contains full proceedings of the meeting, including Essays by Samuel Johnson on "FREEDOM IN RELIGION," and by John Weiss on "RELIGION IN FREEDOM." Speeches by G. B. Frothingham, W. C. Gannett, Robert Dale Owen, T. W. Higginson, S. Longfellow, J. S. Thomson, F. E. Abbot, Lucetta Mott, and the Annual Report of the Executive Committee.

Price, 25 cents a copy; in packages of four or more, 25 cents each. It can be obtained by addressing the undersigned at New Bedford, Mass., or, in Boston, of A. Williams & Co., and at Long's
WM. J. POTTER, Sec. F. R. A.

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VOLUME 4.

BOSTON, MASS., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1873.

WHOLE No. 206.

ORGANIZE!

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

A FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

- ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF
- ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in —
Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.
- ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.
- ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.
- ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.
- ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.
- ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

So far as I am concerned, the above is the platform of THE INDEX. I believe in it without reserve; I believe that it will yet be accepted universally by the American people, as the only platform consistent with religious liberty. A Liberal League ought to be formed to carry out its principles wherever half a dozen earnest and resolute Liberals can be got together. Being convinced that the movement to secure compliance with these just "Demands" must surely, even if slowly, spread, I hope to make THE INDEX a means of furthering it; and I ask the assistance and active co-operation of every man and every woman who believes in it. Multiply Liberal Leagues everywhere, and report promptly the names of their Presidents and Secretaries. Intolerance and bigotry will tremble in proportion as that list grows. If freedom, justice, and reason are right, let their organized voice be heard like the sound of many waters.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor

Boston, Sept. 1, 1873.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY A. W. S.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE Political Clubs are being formed throughout the State of Massachusetts.

THERE ARE SOME three hundred and fifty churches in New York City, valued at something over forty-six millions of dollars, —all exempt from taxation, of course.

HENRY JAMES, Esq., will read an essay on *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, at the next meeting of the Second Radical Club, at No. 3 Tremont Place, Monday evening, Dec. 8.

THE BOSTON *Journal* says that "Hon. Alexander MacKenzie, the new Canadian Premier, began life as a stonemason." Did he, indeed? He must have been an uncommon baby!

"THE KING of Ashantee is allowed to have 3,333 wives, but not to exceed that number," says an exchange. Well, there must be a limit somewhere; and in this case it might just as well come on the three thousand three hundred and thirty-third as anywhere else.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT and Daniel Drew would appear to be on their "last legs," financially. Well, let them stagger. They have made many hocheater men totter under greivous burdens, and now the load which threatens to break them is one of their own making.

GEORGE B. EMERSON, writing to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, says that "at least one woman from every ward of Boston should be placed upon the School Committee." Mr. Emerson is an experienced and wise educator, and his advice in this matter ought to be regarded as valuable.

"WHERE THREE sit together and discuss the divine law, there the Divinity dwelleth," says the Talmud. Even so! The place and the hour are sacred, in which two friends have held high converse on high themes. When party spirit is absent and the love of truth present, then the truth dawns with beauty and with power upon the vision.

THE *Catholic Review* has still some hopes of Dr. Dollinger, that, "with one foot in the grave, he may see the error of his ways and return to the true fold. May God give him grace to see the truth and to follow his better convictions." Amen to this last; but we had supposed that, so far as Dr. Dollinger had gone in opposing Romanism, he was following "his better convictions."

A CORRESPONDENT to the *Catholic Review* wants to know "what books he ought to read in order to strengthen his resolution of quitting the world and becoming a member of some religious community." If he could find some good work on the Art of Suicide, it might help him to carry out his design; but failing that, let him try Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*.

THE *Morning Star* (Baptist), in speaking of the blows which the Romish Church has received, in Germany and Mexico, queries: "After Romanism goes out, what is to come in?" Not "confidence in Christ," as the *Star* seems to think, or hope,—for that "goes out" with Romanism, its truest exponent,—but confidence in human nature, confidence in reason, confidence in science. A happy exchange, surely!

"AMONG the dreary mazes of secular papers which come to us tinged with infidelity," says the *Church Union*,

"we are glad to see some which do not fear to stand up for old-fashioned, Orthodox truth." It is indisputable that the brightest and ablest of our secular papers are, as the *Church Union* deplors, "tinged with infidelity;" and we should suppose that, in the eyes of that paper, the *Independent* and *Christian Union* would wear somewhat of the same hue.

REV. DR. TYNG, Sen., thus once sadly expressed himself: "What can I do with old men and women who have lived so long in sin that their skins are as hard as a turtle's shell? You can't make them feel. You might strike them with a pitchfork, and it wouldn't go through them." Though thus hopeless of its results, Dr. Tyng still long continued his preaching; but whether he ever did try the "pitchfork" experiment on any of his pachydermatous hearers, we have never heard.

THE *Christian Union* says: "Church members have a bad name among worldly people for small cheatings and dishonesties. Great moneyed institutions, built on the Christian profession of their managers, crumble into disgraceful ruin. Last winter's scandal in Congress touched professing Christians most nearly." And so the *Union* concludes that "salvation by doctrine" is not worthy of so much insistence as the living of "godly lives." This comes pretty near being good free religious teaching.

IN A LETTER from the pen of Horace Greeley, which has recently seen the light for the first time, is revealed the fact that, when a boy, he used to admire "pretty girls." There were two who were the objects of his special admiration, and whom, when he "chose sides" in spelling matches, he always selected; although, as he says, they "couldn't spell hokse, to save their souls." We confess that this little bit of sentimentalism in the gray-coated philosopher does not abate our liking of him one whit.

"A GREAT DEAL of the religious living in the world is outside living," says the *Christian Union*. More than this is true. A great deal of human living is outside living. All men live too much according to conventional rules and customs, not enough according to the law of their own nature, or—as Marcus Aurelius would say—according to "right reason." Let us ask, Are we in harmony with Nature—Are we at peace with ourselves? and think less of what the Church or the State requires of us. Then our living will be inside, not outside, living.

Mrs. S. H. MORSE has just completed the clay model of a bust of Theodore Parker. It gives us great pleasure to say that we regard it as a remarkably admirable piece of work. Some of the most intimate of Mr. Parker's friends experience the highest satisfaction in it, and one of them who is best qualified to judge has said to us that she considers it "perfectly wonderful" as a likeness. The face and head exhibit that great strength and dignity, and at the same time sweetness, of character, which all who knew Mr. Parker agree in attributing to him. We trust that Mr. Morse's success in disposing of copies of this bust to purchasers will be as great as that which has attended his conception and execution of it.

PROF. THEODORE CHRISTLIEB, of the University of Bonn, Prussia, read a very long and able paper before the Evangelical Alliance on the "Best Methods of Counteracting Infidelity." In that part of his address in which he treated of "Infidelity as a growing social power in Church and State," he said he would recommend "a more negative method of defence; namely, an exposure of the miserable consequences of infidelity as shown in history, in contradistinction to the wholesome effects of healthy Christian faith." This, he thought, would be "a cutting attack." Now, we are very anxious that our Christian friends should do as well as they can with their somewhat difficult case, for the only desire which we have is that the truth shall prevail; and if they have the truth we would like that they should be able to show it. But, in all kindness, we would advise them not to try this "negative method of defence." If they undertake to match man for man, character for character, fact for fact, and so to compare the moral effects of "infidelity" and Christianity, they will be overwhelmed with discomfiture. "Infidelity" could win no better vantage given it by Christianity than such a historic comparison would afford. We warn Christians, therefore, not to throw down this glove; it will be taken up with avidity, if they do.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

Rights of Animals.

BY PROFESSOR F. W. NEWMAN.

The readers of THE INDEX are often warned that the precept of special love between Christian brethren has been antagonistic to the duty of loving men as men. It ought not to be so, but (it is complained) such is the tendency, and such the result. This is indeed but a single case of a broader proposition, a wider practical danger. Patriotism is right; yet the love of country often entails injustice to foreigners. So when special clubs arise in political emergencies, it is an ancient remark that the "brotherhood," the party, undermines patriotism, and even common justice. But this is not all. There is an egotism of the human species also, which, in devotion to the interests of man, forgets or denies the rights of whatever is not man. On this topic it is proposed now to write.

It is easy to quote from the Hebrew Scriptures texts which recommend the kind treatment of animals. They are not numerous, but they are decisive. In the Christian books nothing very definite may be found, yet inferentially the duty of gentleness and mercy to animals is contained beyond a doubt in numerous precepts and principles. Notwithstanding this, it is an undeniable fact that the oriental sarcasm which calls Christendom the "Hell of Animals" has a grievous basis of truth. Cruelties are perpetrated on the greatest scale, incessantly and through ages, and no remonstrance arises from any of the churches, as such, though now and then the indignation of individuals swells into an outcry, and some little alleviation follows. But even so, no principles of action are firmly laid down. Cruelty to a living creature is deprecated,—when gratuitous,—but no one utters the maxim that "living creatures have some rights," much less tries to define what rights. It has long appeared to me that this is among the moral defects of historical Christianity, which a rightly developed Theism ought to correct. Let the thing complained of be first clearly stated, and next let the causes be denoted, so far as possible.

We have a history of cruelty. Gladiatorial shows, in which men slaughtered men for the amusement of spectators, when suppressed, were succeeded by various substitutes in different countries, as by bull-fights in Spain. In England, we had bear-baiting, and badger-baiting, cock-fights, and other such sports, besides the mauling of man by man with the fist, a relic of antiquity which does not here concern us. These "sports" have been sustained by the zeal of a part of the English aristocracy, in alliance with a very disreputable class of the people. They are now suppressed by the police, and may seem to be extinct; but still without the enunciation of any well defined principle. Pigeon-shooting for sport remains, but has suddenly become disreputable in the course of the last year or two; inasmuch that apparently a real check has been given to the practice. There has been much writing against salmon-fishing with line and rod, against fox-hunting, and hare-hunting, indicative of a new sentiment widely spread among writers for the press. But the topic appears to be considered beneath the dignity of the pulpit: no church nor leading church-organ pronounces upon it. Laws have recently been passed to forbid fishing for salmon in unsuitable times, or modes, or killing certain sea-birds while they are breeding: but all this is in the interest of man, not in consideration of any right possessed by the animals. Shooting at wild birds and beasts is still considered, not as necessary butchery, but as gentlemanly amusement. The most frightful cruelties are incessantly inflicted on innocent animals by traps with iron teeth, and other fell devices; which continue to be legal and reputable, in spite of the execrations occasionally heard from certain quarters. Yet a voluntary society, which at first encountered ridicule, has in half a century left a distinct impress on England, and on English law, to enforce the humane treatment of animals. It is no longer ridiculed. It receives high patronage, and among its patrons no name is to be mentioned with more honor than that of Baroness Coutts. We English have made some progress, in a part of the community, towards a gentler conception of our duty towards our humblest friends and servants; but it is not easy to define how much.

Can we justly claim to have repudiated, as applied to animals, the celebrated verdict against Dred Scott? "Animals have no rights which men are bound to respect?" It may be replied, "Yes: they can claim as a right not to be subject to needless cruelty." Needless? Much turns on that word. In the cause of science (a very indefinite phrase), animals are subjected to the most exquisite tortures. Fifty years ago, the discoveries made concerning the nerves at the expense of suffering innocents threw a glare of splendor around vivisection; and it was thought legitimate to torture cats, rabbits, dogs, and horses, for the instruction of medical pupils, or to repeat and confirm a discovery. This is now disproved by some medical men, probably by many; others totally explode the defence that human welfare requires such cruelties. Eminent physicians have protested that no advantage has accrued to the art of healing from any of these horrors; but it is rare indeed for a physician to avow that they cannot be justified by the desire and hope of extending human knowledge; moreover, the practice of vivisection, with agonies which those who have witnessed them avow to be too dreadful to narrate, continues systematic, and (I fear) not much abated. Little now is talked of it: the public conscience is known to be uneasy. In sport, our middle-class youth ape the cruelties of the richest. It was in the papers, not long back, that a company of young men in Australia went out with guns for the fun of shooting large bats, which were known

to live in a certain grove. The poor animals, aroused from sleep, fluttered about blinded in the daylight, and fell easy victims. The young men had the satisfaction to boast that they left on the ground more than one hundred and fifty harmless bats, dead or wounded, and lingering in agony.

Not science only, nor sport only, but cookery also claims its victims. A wholesome stir has been made in the press of late against the cruelties perpetrated on calves to make their flesh white, for the gratification of the eater's eyes, and for an increase of tenderness, probably imaginary, in consequence; it is reported that a few butchers have changed their practice. But this is only one of the atrocities ever at work against the helpless beings who are placed at our mercy. Man, says Thompson, ought to be the lord, but not the tyrant of the world.

Can we now trace the causes of this lamentable conduct? Why is Christendom worse in this matter than Turkey or India? In so far as the Eastern countries are better, it is because their religious sentiment shelters animals. A Turk (for instance) will not kill a wild creature for mere sport. He says, "God gave it life: I will not take from it what I cannot give." If the animal is dangerous, or is needed for food or clothing, he has no scruple against killing it; but even to drown a kitten, lest cats be too numerous, he disapproves. This scruple inconveniently fills Turkish towns with wild and famished cats, but not the less exhibits to us the zeal and sincere difference of Mussulman sentiment from ours. Birds, it is said, are permitted to take their share of cargoes of corn on the Nile by Mohammedan owners, who think it impious to drive them away. If this be a superstition, it is more amiable than our practice, nor must we make sure that it is a very costly sentiment. The late eccentric Charles Waterton, who would not allow a gun to be fired on his estate, and made friends of all the birds, falsified the predictions of his neighbors by the excellence of his crops. It is now recognized that birds are very serviceable to the cultivator by the destruction of grubs, and as Mohammedans do not kill small hawks and weasels any more than sparrows, these predatory species keep the balance of Nature in the fields. If man leaves the butchering to those tribes to whom it is natural,—who do it more effectually and with less cruelty than he can,—he gains in tenderness of sentiment towards the humbler creatures. Christendom seems in this matter to fall below the Eastern nations, through want of reverence for brute life. Ancient men, in civilized countries, made it a part of religion to take no animal life without recognition of God as its source. Slaughter was turned into sacrifice. Though plentiful superstition encrusted the primitive idea, a reverence for brute life was in some nations retained in connection with it.

If, leaving off to compare one religion with another, we ask, What chiefly perpetuates cruelty to animals, and hinders the attempt to fix any ideas as to their rights?—we must probably answer, The belief that their lives may at any time be taken for our small convenience. Men assume without debate, without a moment's serious thought, that brutes have no right to life, if their life interferes with our slightest whim. Not only my hunger, or danger of starvation, but the needless gratification of my palate, passes as a sufficient reason for killing a wild bird or beast. The like may be said, not only if I need the hide or the down to save me from perishing by cold, but if I covet its feathers as an ornament, or its horns or tusks for the market. Thus the principle is laid down that its life is of less importance than my emptiest pleasures, and this, even if in killing it I produce wide-spread distress to the living. Amateur butchers are clumsy; much cruelty arises from wounding without killing. Law cannot forbid cruelties in detail, if it allow indiscriminate slaughter. Hearts are hardened by custom, and thus the evil spreads.

Evil it must be called; yet to establish fixed principles that shall guide conduct rightly is no light task. Much combination of earnest minds will be wanted. The Brahmins aspired to a high morality, in refusing to take brute life at all; though in self-defence we must be in permanent war with the more powerful carnivora, and with countless tribes of insects. The first step towards a just theory seems to be, a rightful classification of animals into different grades, on which their rights must depend.

1. Animals which have feelings as sensitive as ours have a claim upon us to respect those feelings. All warm-blooded creatures at least are here included. To a philosophic slaveholder, who asks "why he may not flog a black fellow" at pleasure, it is impossible to give any valid answer, which will not equally apply against torturing a horse. Those who have equal animal sensitiveness, whether it be two men, or a man and a horse, stand here on the same footing. And as regards animal slaughter, the inference is, that if you must kill a horse (for whatever reason), or if it be a tiger, or a shark that you need to kill, you should kill him as tenderly as you would kill a man, when you believe it right to kill him; that is, you must inflict as little pain as possible. Vivisectionists coldly assume that, because a horse is worn out and no longer "worth his feed," and on that account it is resolved to kill him, it is therefore lawful to kill him with torture; such torture, as, if inflicted on a man, would rouse burning indignation in whole nations. The vivisectionist has to prove that he has any such right over another being, equally sensitive as himself. He will not attempt to establish his right by quoting anything about "cursed Canaan," and it is hard to see (the Bible failing him) what philosophy can justify him. He hopes, forsooth, "to enlarge the boundaries of science by it," and "possibly to abate future human suffering." It is well to add possibly; but this is a very inferior justification of deliberate torture.

We need not be entangled in Brahminical scruples

concerning insects and animals of low organization. A sphinx moth, when its stomach was cut out, killed and devoured other insects. A crab, when its claw is wounded, kicks it off, and hops without it, until another claw has grown. Such animals have certainly so little sensitiveness that when their destruction is necessary, the mode of it is generally quite unimportant. Not so, to kill rats or pheasants by poison. Each of these practices is repobated as dangerous to man; but besides, it is cruel to the animals.

2. We have also to consider what secondary mischief we cause; as, if we wound three, in order to kill and catch one. Again, when animals have sensitive moral affections or an intelligent sense of danger, shall our philosophy justify wounding the heart of a mother by slaughter of her offspring, in order merely to gratify our palate, when we have other food in plenty? Or will it justify driving thousands from their accustomed haunts into distant and less desirable abodes, because it is our easiest mode of immediately getting blubber or tongues? These are questions for New Morals to study and solve. An English gentleman, Mr. John Smith of Malton, who has written a classical work on *Fruits and Fortunes the Proper Food of Man*, narrates in it what befell him as the result of a paper read before a literary society on the phenomena of sensation. It led him to inquire: "Is man justified in slaughtering animals for his food, seeing that they (or many of them) are exclusively sensible of pleasure and pain?" His reply was, that only real necessity can justify it; i.e. if the welfare of the superior and nobler life can only be maintained by the sacrifice of the lower. Further investigation convinced him that a diet which does not sacrifice animal life is even better for man than a diet on flesh or mixed with flesh. That is an inquiry involving numerous questions of fact. But moral philosophy has to deal with the principle, whether mere convenience or the pleasure of the palate, without any real necessity, gives us a right to kill creatures, organized as sensitively as ourselves, enjoying life and suffering in death.

3. The question of relation to man here opens upon us. A sportsman of kindly nature is apt to provide for the comfortable old age of a horse that has long carried him, and would be grieved to sell such an animal to a poor master for mean work and miserable treatment. Poverty may force consent; but a certain gratitude is felt for old and faithful service; still more, where there is personal affection, as in a dog. But where there is no personal relation, it would seem that our rights over animal life are increased by a certain domesticity. If by defending sheep we cause their numbers to increase, our right to take the lives which would not have existed without our care appears greater than in the case of wild animals wholly independent of us. Let this be thrown out for fuller debate. It is not expedient to prolong this paper, its object has been to excite thought on a large topic which has never yet had due attention in any system of Christian morals, or in any large Christian society.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

THE DOCTRINE OF NECESSITY.

MY DEAR MR. ABBOT:—

My excuse for this argument on the question of "freedom and necessity" is the belief that all valuable reforms now in progress, including the theological reform you have at heart, act upon principles wholly inconsistent with the "freedom" theory. Believing this, I cannot view discussion on the subject as a mere war of words, but as something practical and vital. I will as briefly as possible answer, as I best can, the points you make in your criticism upon my letter published in THE INDEX of March 23, 1872.

1. As to obeying the strongest motive: it seems to me fair to believe that the strongest motive is always obeyed, unless some reason is offered showing why it is not. You refer to the establishment of a universal criterion for determining the relative strength of motives. What has strength to do in the case, if the strongest does not win? How could such a criterion help to clear the subject?

2. You say: "Does our friend admit that morality commands the possible?" I admit that it commands the possible, as physical health commands obedience to the laws of health, as Nature commands obedience to her requirements generally, if we would enjoy the fruits of obedience. Not because there is any fear we may get without her law altogether. A flower is fated to blossom, in accordance with the forces within and without it. Shall we therefore withdraw from it the sunshine, and all general influences, because it is fated? Sunshine, light, and warmth, form parts of its fate; without these its fate is a wholly different one, but none the less fated in either case. So with the much more complex production, the human being; he is a thousand times more sensitive than the flower, and subject to a million-fold more influences.

3. You say: "If a man is determined to a certain course, he must follow it, right or wrong, pay or no pay." Let me ask if this is the case, provided the fact that the course pays, or that he believes it pays, constitutes the determination? If he is doing precisely that which under the circumstances he most wants to do, it is hardly fair to describe him as if dragged with a rope round his neck. This would much more fitly picture the man obeying the weaker motive.

4. You say you wish me to perceive that my theory "cuts away all conceptions, not only of moral commands, but of policy also." This I fail to perceive for the reason that the fate which shall determine our action in every instance I hold to be that which, after a long deliberation, or after the most sudden determination as the case may be, appears to us the most agreeable; no more and no less fate than this, and a part of this fate with many will be the question of policy.

Is the thing to be done politic? Now I may speculate and reconsider by the hour, and yet be in the end as fated to obey what remains, after all deductions and all criticism, the strongest motive, as if I had jumped to obedience on the first presentation of it. A billiard-ball going straight from the end of a cue seems fated to take the course it does; a bird sailing in the air seems free,—yet does their fate differ save in degree?

5. You say: "We never held that no inducements exist for doing right. But we hold that they are inducements, and not compulsions." Now this sounds, and is, very reasonable, but does not meet the necessities of the position you take in defending freedom. The question is whether, there being inducements on one side and none on the other, they do not then become compulsions,—or, there being strong inducements on one side and weak ones on the other, the strong inducements do not become compulsions? If not, in the name of reason, say why not?

6. Near the beginning of the article, you state your position on this subject to be that—"While man never acts morally in the absence of all motives, he exercises real choice in deciding which motive he will obey." Now if in exercising this choice he can obey the weaker motive, why may not a power adequate to such a feat as this perform what would seem the simpler task of acting in the absence of any motive? It is like saying—"While I cannot move at all unless some one pulls me, yet, if a child pulls me one way and a giant the other, I am quite able to obey the child, and resist the giant." And when we remember that the motives are not something outside of the man, but are in him and part of him, then disobeying the strongest motive becomes the more incomprehensible. If a man obeys the lesser motive, he practically does what he does not want to, and the reason assigned is because he is free to do what he does want to. While this would seem of itself perplexing enough, you add to it by holding him guilty of evil for the act, although conceding that at the time of its commission he may have desired to do something else more than the thing done.

7. I ask, why does he choose? The fact of freedom, supposing it to be a fact, no more explains the act of choosing than the fact of breathing does. Freedom at most is but a condition within which action may or may not take place.

8. The first of your "Fifty Affirmations" defines religion to be—"The effort of man to perfect himself." This seems to me reasonable and true, because it implies relationship between the man and his act. The better the man, the better the action, life, thought, desire, will, of the man. Yet why should this be so, if the will does not depend for its quality on the quality of the man willing? If it does, why conclude that, while the action of the will always indicates the quality of the man, yet that it, or he, might in each instance have so acted that it would contradict this quality? Such action would not only cease to be comprehensible, but would also cease to be an index of character.

9. The freedom theory claims that a certain something exists without which there would be no morals, yet this something (called freedom) is by its nature absolutely unrelated to man; and while in the departments of life many of the practical applications of the laws of his being are inconsistent with the fatalist's theory, all are inconsistent with the freedomist's theory. They are inconsistent because of this impossibility of relationship. We can but be free with what we are, not over what we are.

10. If I condemn myself, it is myself also that condemns myself in a different mood. If you ask why condemn at all, I should say, because the previous action seen in the light of the better mood is discordant, ugly, repellent, shocking; and all these and many other qualities make what we call evil. If the different mood had not come, we should never have condemned. If it had never departed, the bad act would not have been done. Yet the coming or going of the mood is not an act of the will. All wise reforms move upon the theory that you must improve man's desire, make him love the true and enduring; then action, and will, and all the rest, will fall into line. The good "Sir Galahad," when recounting those pleasures of the senses of the finer kind so dearly prized and remembered by most men, and which he had forborne, says:—

"More bounteous aspects on me beam,
More mightier transports move and thrill."

With the coming of the more bounteous aspects and mightier transports, he became the pure, saintly soul, the ideal of the poet. Yet if these full transports hold him with irresistible strength and joy to his highest conceptions of duty, what a meretricious slave he is, after all, compared with that other unnecessary saint who, with great hunger for all the lower pleasures and no counter-balancing transports at all, of his own freedom, and otherwise unaccountably, goes out into the cold, while not wanting to, in pursuit of a Holy Grail which has but slender attractions for him, compared with the warm pleasures he has left? In the latter we have both freedom and merit; in the former neither. Which is the better saint?

11. In the fourth division of your answer, you refer to the legend of Virgilinus, who slays his daughter to save her from an enforced life of shame, as giving an illustration of action inconsistent with the position taken in my letter. Now let us analyze. To Virgilinus, the daughter living an enforced life of shame, or the daughter dead by his hand, are the two alternatives presented. The terrible conflict in his mind, occasioned by the necessity for an immediate choice of the one or the other, does not interfere with, or should not confuse, the logical simplicity of the situation. Of these two terrible alternatives, does he not of necessity accept the one that seems the least terri-

ble? If not, why not? It is certainly possible that Virgilinus may have preferred to take his daughter's life rather than have her live an enforced life of shame. All the admiration his character excites is upon this theory. If true, then, his action is, logically considered, as simple as preferring bread to a stone. What we admire is the quality of the actor, which the act indicates; yet if he did not obey the strongest motive, the act does not indicate what he is, or was, at the time, but indicates what he was not. Now in this case, and in every supposable case, all I ask is that some cause for the action be assigned. Choice is just as much action as striking or running; and if Virgilinus killed his daughter because he loved her purity more than her life, it is fair to conclude, in the absence of all testimony to the contrary, that in every act since time began a similar law has governed.

12. You say: "Whether the right will pay or not, and whether you love it or not, and whether you do it or not, the obligation to do it abides, and ought to be obeyed." In every popular sense this, I admit, is true. Yet if we ask for a reason in this matter, we must say that the "obligation abides and ought to be obeyed," because it pays; that, if it did not pay, or in other words if it is loss (not relative but absolute loss), then there is no "ought" nor obligation about it. Suppose acts of virtue should result in never-ending disappointment and misery to the actor here and hereafter, is he under a moral obligation to continue them? This is not on my theory a supposable case, but on yours I think it is.

13. I would say that virtue is virtue because of its relationship with the happiness of man, and is determined by his organization as surely as his eye gives color and his ear music. We wrongly interpret the action of our senses, and fancy that both color and sound exist independently of our organization instead of being made by it. Is not the belief giving an independent existence to right and wrong an analogous fancy? Take the words with their original meanings—right meaning straight, and wrong meaning crooked—and the analogy is perfectly sustained.

14. To be very frank on this whole matter, I concede that it is difficult to see how a *first* act can come in any human or divine experience, save as an expression of absolute freedom; yet equally difficult to see how it can so come. But my claim is that to neither method (neither to the free nor the caused) can you attach moral responsibility; since over the former we have no control, and the latter but indicates a condition precedent—the condition determining us, not we it. Yours, L. T. I.

DETROIT, Mich.

[1. If it be conceded that "the strongest motive is always obeyed," it follows that obedience to any given motive proves it to have been the strongest. Let us, then, suppose that A. risks his life to rescue a drowning child. The two motives, benevolence and fear, prompt to different courses,—the one to leap overboard, the other to refrain from doing it; and the fact that A. leaps overboard is, upon the hypothesis stated, conclusive proof that his benevolence was stronger than his fear. But (as men are sometimes very perplexingly inconsistent) let us suppose that on another occasion A. refrains from leaping overboard under similar circumstances: the result would, on the same hypothesis, prove that his fear was stronger than his benevolence. That is, at one time benevolence was stronger than fear in A.'s mind, while at another time fear was stronger than benevolence. Whether this particular case is or is not supposable, others will flock to mind. The fact of human "inconsistency" (that is, obedience to one of two conflicting motives at one time and to its opposite at another) is beyond dispute; and our supposition is offered simply to show that it is self-delusion to think we explain human actions by "the relative strength of motives," so long as their strength is a variable quantity,—so long as it is impossible to tell beforehand which motive is the strongest,—so long as we have to infer the relative strength of motives from the subsequent action itself. For the question between "freedom and necessity" is this: is, or is not, every human action the necessary result of a *per se* strongest motive? If there is no motive which is strongest *per se*, but, on the contrary, every known or conceivable motive varies in strength in the same mind, it is to trick oneself with mere words to say that "the strongest motive is always obeyed." To say that "the strongest motive is always obeyed," and then to say that the motive which is obeyed is the strongest, is to argue in a circle. We want our friend to say either "heads" or "tails" before the copper falls to the ground, and not wait to make his selection afterwards. What is the "strongest motive"? Name any one you please, and we will show that it is not "always obeyed" by anybody. But if the motive you name is now obeyed and now disobeyed (which is the case with every possible motive), then we submit that the phrase "strongest motive" is absolutely meaningless. The only way to give it a meaning is to show that each known motive has, at least in the same mind, a precise, unvarying, measurable strength; and then the necessarian must prove that, whenever several motives are present at once, human actions always conform to the PREVIOUSLY

CALCULABLE result. Please choose "heads" or "tails" before we pitch up our copper!

2. The point of our quoted question is not apparently perceived in the second paragraph of our correspondent. We mean this: that, if morality commands anything at all, the alternatives of obedience and of disobedience are equally open. The command presupposes these equally possible alternatives; otherwise morality makes a fool of herself by commanding either what must be done or else what cannot be done. The word "ought" is without significance, if every action is the necessary result of causes.

3. If a man is "determined" to a particular course by any consideration whatever, in the necessarian sense of "determination," the results of this course are in no sense due to him as an individual. His conceptions of policy and impolicy, right and wrong, are all fated to exist, and indicate, not his own character, but the character of causes outside of and anterior to it. Necessarianism wipes out all individuality that is not purely phenomenal.

4. If a man is able "by the hour" to postpone obeying the "strongest motive," what has become of its strength? What makes it hang fire? For the time being, is not something or other stronger than this "strongest motive"? If so, what is it? Manifestly, the man himself. The concession of this ability to resist the "strongest motive" for an indefinite time, and to remain inactive under its influence, is the surrender of the necessarian theory: does not L. T. I. perceive this? The billiard-ball, instanced by him as an illustration of the human mind under the influence of motives, could just as easily fly at right angles from the end of the cue as delay an instant in obeying its impulse. The fact seems to be that the mind is not like a billiard-ball at all, but weighs motives as long as it pleases instead of being driven by them, and at last elects freely which of them to follow. If the ball cannot, while the man can, "reconsider by the hour," a difference in "kind" is so evident that no analogy can be instituted between them.

5. Our correspondent has answered his own question. Supposing that there are "strong inducements on one side and none on the other," his concession that the mind has power to "speculate and reconsider by the hour" before yielding to them proves that they are not "compulsions." In the name of reason, what is a compulsion which does not compel?

6. The "weaker motive" is as meaningless a term as the "strongest motive," unless the weakness or strength is inherent in the motive itself, independent of circumstances, and existent in a degree which is definitely, permanently, and exactly measurable. Between a "child" and a "giant" a criterion of strength can be found; one can lift (say) twenty pounds, and the other five hundred pounds; and the power they exert in pulling is in the exact ratio of twenty to five hundred. But our correspondent, while likening opposite motives to the child and the giant pulling contrary ways, forgets that he needs the terms "weakness" and "strength" without indicating any unit of force, and has therefore no right to make the comparison. We deny that there is any meaning in such terminology until some unit of force is discovered, and until the "strength" of motives is found to be a constant, not a variable, quantity. On our part, we discard such loose and misleading terms as "weak" and "strong," when speaking of motives, and substitute "higher" and "lower" instead. A high motive is one that appeals to our higher (that is, our moral or intellectual) nature; a low motive is one that appeals to our lower nature (that is, our selfishness or sensuality or other bad tendencies). This criterion of motives is the only one which is possible; and the world cannot too soon get rid of the habit of considering motives as if they were interior physical forces rather than the mere appeals of circumstance to our higher or lower nature. We do right when we obey the higher motives, and wrong when we obey the lower; and all talk of "strength" or "weakness" in the case is the abuse of an inexact and unscientific metaphor.

7. To go back of the fact of choice and demand an efficient cause for it, is simply to beg the question. The point at issue is whether any such efficient cause exists or not. If it exists, the necessarian is right,—if not, the advocate of freedom. Until this point is settled, the question—"Why does he choose?"—is not in order. The advocate of freedom can only reply that the choice is an ultimate fact, of which no explanation has been found in the sense of assigning an efficient cause. It is for the necessarian to prove that such a cause exists.

8. No intelligent upholder of the freedom-theory would contend for any absolute human freedom; he can only argue for freedom within limits. Natural

constitution or organization is among them. What he denies is that natural constitution or organization acts as an efficient cause in every volition. While the general "quality of the man" produces a permanent bias towards certain lines of general activity, it seems to us untrue that it will account for the inconsistency of special actions with this permanent bias. The "action of the will" does not "always indicate the quality of the man;" it does too often "contradict this quality." So long as men frequently rise above or fall below their own general quality, the necessary theory fails to explain the problem of character, and has to take refuge in the purely physical analogies of "motives,"—that is, efficient causes of motion. Human life is too complex to be explained by physical conceptions alone.

9. It is an error to suppose that the freedom-theory postulates freedom as a "something" which "exists" in man. On the contrary, the necessity-theory postulates the existence in man of "somethings," wholly distinct from his personality, which it styles "motives;" it attributes to these "motives" the properties of independent entities,—unconscious, it is true, yet compelling actions with the irresistible power of causation. A more mechanical view of man would be impossible. In reality, motives are nothing but the man himself, affected with certain desires through the combined influences of circumstance and organization. But the man is not, or need not be, the slave of his desires. To elevate desires into "motives" which exert absolute causation over action is indeed to imagine "unrelated" entities in man that are neither part of him nor of anything else; yet the necessarian theory, attempting no explanation of them, falls to the ground at once without their support. The billiard-ball philosophy of character introduces imaginary quantities into the problem which falsify the solution.

10. The phenomenon of moral self-condemnation for wrong-doing is entirely misrepresented by our friend. Unless the self-condemnation accompanies the wrong act at the time, no remorse can subsequently arise; it is never the product of a subsequent mood comparing itself with a previous mood, but rather the synchronous protest of violated conscience. It is not a fine philosophy which reduces morality to a succession of moods. A nobler view is that of the unquenchable consciousness of an eternal obligation, perceived even when disobeyed, and therefore entailing the natural retribution of a pain born at the very instant of transgression. Is not this a truer psychological analysis, a more faithful account of the fact itself? We think every one who has experienced remorse will say so.

11. Our want of space forbids a consideration of our correspondent's illustrations. But their point is contained in his statement—"All I ask is that some cause for the action be assigned." To this we can only say that choice, on the freedom-theory, is an ultimate fact, not to be classified with necessitated effects without destroying its moral quality. If it is necessitated, it is morally no more admirable than any other effect,—the course taken by the billiard-ball, for instance. What we admire in a heroic act is the free obedience to an ideal under great pressure of temptation to disobey it; and, gladly as we would agree with our friend if we could, he seems to drop out of it precisely this admirable quality.

12. The supposition that virtue may result in "never-ending disappointment" is not in accordance with any philosophy but Schopenhauer's pessimism. But we admit that the obligation to be virtuous would still subsist. Is this admission any more damaging than our friend's, that virtue is obligatory only "because it pays"?

13. Right and wrong, it is true, are not objective entities; yet they objectively exist as truly as number or quantity exists,—that is, as relations. We cannot hold that they are "made" by our organization. Even color and sound exist objectively as vibrations which affect our subjective sensibility. As we intellectually perceive mathematical relations, so we morally perceive moral relations; and the sense of obligation accompanies the perception. But happiness, or the prospect of happiness, has nothing to do with it.

14. This closing paragraph we do not clearly understand; but we have no disposition to take advantage of the concession so frankly made. That we are not alone in our views, however, may be illustrated by what Sir John Herschel, the great astronomer, says in his *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects*: "To choose the right and to avoid the wrong, as much, must be in his [man's] power, and a freedom and independence of choice as between these two grand lines of action must be left him, if we would not re-

duce him to a machine. So far, then, and to this extent, I do not see how it is possible not to recognize an original causation, or at least one which it is morally, intellectually, and logically impossible for us to find an antecedent for by any power of merely human inquiry."

In closing, we cannot help saying that, while L. T. I. has a theory of morals over which we hopelessly stumble, we should go nowhere sooner than to L. T. I. himself to find an illustration of the theory we believe in.—Ed.]

[FOR THE INDEX.]

THE COST PRINCIPLE.

BY JOSIAH WARREN.

Round again to anarchy! The next phase in all political systems is despotism in government—the "one man power."

Is there nothing else in store for our wretched race but these two great sources of confusion and misery; or are there some unexplored regions of thought from which we can derive some hope of repose for our great bedlam mis-called "society"? Let us see. The subject of money is now up for discussion, more prominently than any other. Let us see if we understand its true function.

Although one may travel many miles in some countries, and "pay his way" with needles, silk thread, or wampum, we cannot carry flour, corn, meat, etc., about us to exchange for what we need; and therefore we carry little bits of metal, or pictured papers promising these bits of metal, called dollars and cents. There being no accepted principle for the regulation of prices, a contest arises in every transaction between exchanging parties,—the one aiming to get as much as possible, and the other to give as little as possible, of these bits of metal for the commodity exchanged; and this debasing scramble has become the most absorbing business of life.

Now (as "nothing is ever settled till it is settled right") the problem before us is, what constitutes justice; or, what would bring about adjustment? How many of these dollars should I, in justice, give for a barrel of flour? Should I give five, ten, three, twenty, or a hundred?

The flour dealers tell us that the price depends on the "demand." They have no other answer to give; and it is true to the spilt of trade throughout the world. They proceed to buy up flour to create a scarcity, and then set their prices according to the "demand" or degree of want or distress thus created; and the more distress they create, the greater are their speculations.

While this practice may give the speculator in a few hours as much as a useful man could earn in his whole life, it entirely overlooks and disregards justice to the producers of the flour. So completely is this justice left out of sight, it is not probable that there is a man in Boston who has the least idea of the average amount of labor in a barrel of flour in any part of the world.

Our question recurs: what should be the price of the barrel of flour?

As there is no ascertainable relationship between dollars and the labor in the flour, the question never can be answered in dollars; the little girl who said she "loved her father fifty cents," illustrated the futility of any attempt to pay properly for labor in any common money.

Again: what should be the price of a barrel of flour? Some have replied that an equal number of hours of labor as had been bestowed on the flour. This might hold good with some kinds of labor. But hour for hour would not apply as a rule, because some pursuits are so much more disagreeable than others: we might prefer to work three hours in one rather than one hour in another; and we cannot reach adjustment as long as there is much preference for some pursuits rather than for others. But if we adjust prices according to the pleasures and pains involved in each pursuit, giving to the most disagreeable the highest compensation, and to the most pleasurable the least, we should avert all contests arising out of preferences for positions. Each one would be filled according to the demand.

It will at once be seen that this highest reward to the most repugnant labor is exactly opposite to the prevailing customs in all countries; while it is, at the same time, in perfect harmony with the strongest instincts of every worker, and with common sense.

In the most compact phrase, it is the SACRIFICES we make for each other that should measure our compensation in order to reach adjustment. The barrel of flour, then, would be properly paid for with an amount of labor or service which cost sacrifices equal to those involved in the production and delivery of it.

To get this principle into practical working order, we take some staple article, such as wheat, corn, or iron, and ascertain by investigation the time required on an average for the production of a certain quantity in a certain locality. Corn was selected in Ohio and Indiana as this unit of measurement, and it was found to cost an hour's labor to raise twenty pounds. The corn was used, instead of dollars and cents, for the measurement of prices in the different pursuits.

The easiest and pleasantest labor was priced, perhaps, at five pounds per hour, and the more repugnant (or that attended with contingent losses) at twenty-five, thirty, or fifty pounds, or whatever each one might decide on for his own work.

This makes it necessary to find out the amount of labor in the different products; but these estimates once obtained may remain unchanged for a long time, during which time all speculations on food, clothing,

fuel, etc., thus estimated, would be knocked in the head. If a barrel of flour is found to cost thirty-five hours' labor, then thirty-five hours of equivalent labor would be its price from year to year.

"But," asks our critic, "what shall prevent the holder of the flour from demanding a hundred days' labor for it?" This question introduces our "equitable money," which is simply a positive promise on INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY to deliver a barrel of flour. It would be ridiculous to say, "Flour has gone up." The note calls for a barrel of flour, and a barrel of flour must be forthcoming.

When the natural effects of this equitable limit to prices begin to be appreciated, instead of any desire to exceed these limits, the temptations, especially to men and women of high culture and moral aspirations, will be all the other way; and if one flour dealer in a city should religiously adhere to this equitable limit of price, it would be impossible for any other in that city to raise the price above that limit. The same may be said of any other department of business. One single person in a neighborhood, who would buy and sell land for an equitable compensation for his time and trouble, would put an end to the ever-vexed question of land tenures, by cutting up by the roots all monopoly in that neighborhood for the sake of selling it at a profit, and would open the way to homes for the homeless, and bread to the starving.

An unchangeable limit to the prices of our supplies would be the commencement of that "SECURITY OR CONDITION" which is the professed object of all governments, and the chief excuse for their existence.

This equitable limit of prices, abolishing all profits over and above compensation, would abolish the sharp and destructive competition between individuals and nations,—would abolish the principal cause of modern wars,—would put an end to excessive importations to the ruin of our own productive business; but at the same time it would open the way to legitimate commerce with all parts of the world where exchanges would be mutually beneficial.

Trade merely for the sake of profit would be abolished; and would be limited to the simple equitable exchange of commodities, for the same reason that the farmer and the carpenter exchange with each other—not for the profit derived from price, but for the benefits derived from each others' products, arising from the division of labor.

If the needle manufacturers of Birmingham can supply all the world with needles, and are willing to limit their prices by the costs incurred, then it would immediately become the interest of all the world to cooperate with them in affording every practical facility and improvement in the processes of manufacture that would tend to reduce the costs. But, if profit-making intervenes and buys these needles to peddle out at the highest price that can be extorted from the "demand," then there is no such motive for cooperating help—no bond of mutual interest between the parties; but instead of it an unnecessary multiplication of manufactories and a mutual strife between different countries to under-work and under-sell each other, grinding their workmen down to the starvation point. Then come the tariff systems for the "protection of labor;" and then a war against tariffs. (The first premonitory symptom of war between the South and the North was heard in 1832 in South Carolina, in opposition to the tariff insisted on by the North.) It is the buying cheap and selling dear that grinds the workers and small manufacturers to powder. With simple exchanges on the cost principle, every one bearing his own burdens, two or three hours' employment per day would abundantly furnish a handsome living and security of condition, and we could afford to be almost indifferent to the mere question of cheapness.

Perhaps it would be well to elaborate this cost principle more fully.

The words Cost, Value, Worth, and Price, are generally used indiscriminately, but here it is necessary to discriminate very carefully, to avoid infinite confusion. The word Value is here used to express the benefit or satisfaction derived by the receiver from the thing received: as, for instance, a loaf of bread may be of great value to one dying of hunger, but it might not be of much value to even the same person if he was not hungry or had an abundance.

The word Worth is synonymous with Value. Price is the thing we pay for the thing we receive.

The word Cost, like every other word, "changes its meaning as often as it refers to different things."

We say, that house cost five thousand dollars,—the word cost referring only to the money paid for the house; but, speaking of the costs of a war, the money expended is but a very small item of its costs. The sacrifices made by parents, brothers, and sisters, when families are ruptured to make up the army, the abandonment of the useful industries, the enslavement and degradation of men under tyrannical military discipline, their suffering from exposures to heat, cold, and wet, the pains of the wounded and dying, the destruction of homes, the anguish of widows, the destruction of orphans, and the lasting enmities between the contending parties, are some of the costs of a war, as that word is used when speaking of the cost principle. It is intended to express whatever is painful or repugnant in what we do or suffer—the sacrifices we may make in the services we may perform for each other. The word cost is used in this comprehensive sense, and is preferred because it is short and convenient, and not altogether new in its application.

It will be perceived that this cost-limit of price is in direct conflict with the prevailing practice of getting all we can, according to the "demand." A barrel of flour, or anything else, must have a value to the purchaser, or there is no motive to buy it; but to make this value, or the necessities of the buyer, the measure of price subjects the necessitous to enslavement for food, clothing, and shelter, or drives them to crime,

suicide, or starvation, and fills the world with antagonisms and confusion. Let costs govern prices, and ruinous fluctuation in prices is at an end. Let our money be notes promising positive, definite quantities of definitely specified articles or services. Let them promise specified quantities of corn, iron, wheat, flour, coal, carpenter-work, and all kinds of services. The positive promise for certain quantities cuts off all power of the seller to take advantage of the necessities of the buyer, and puts an end to this kind of cannibalism, which will be found to be the subtle, unseen virus that has poisoned all our business intercourse. Take up any business newspaper, and there will be found an abundance of illustrations of this cannibalism. Wherever prices are touched upon, they are fixed with reference, not to any idea of justice, but to create the most "demand," and make the most out of it; and the more effectually buyers are "cornered," the more they can be made to pay. This exhibits human nature in a hideous light, and prompts us to apologize for it by the fact that it knows nothing but what it learns. All the financiers and political economists have admitted into their premises that price may properly be measured by "the demand," and all their after-reasonings are vitiated by this fatal, unexamined error; which has been admitted and followed without question as the fiat of authority. It is with this hideous dogma that the cost principle makes direct issue.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873, by F. E. Abbot, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PAUL GOWER.

A RATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXVII. (Continued.)

I read, then, very attentively, not only the Scriptures, but the doctrinal parts of the Prayer-Book, and everything else that I could come at on the subject; including—when I was admitted to the British Museum Library—some of the "Infidels," whom I didn't find to be the horrible fellows they had been represented. Though they occasionally shocked and startled me, I could not help thinking they were often in the right, and on the side of truth and humanity. Always they sent me back to the Bible, with increased curiosity and less fear, aiding rather than originating the discoveries which I began daily to make in it. Looked at strictly from this new, human point of view, its discrepancies, contradictions, want of uniformity in doctrine and statement, impieties, abominations, and improbabilities—you will be horrified at this, but may find the same yourself, if you choose—seemed so self-evident that there was no gainsaying them. The Book conflicted with everything but itself—with science, history, natural laws, and the inherent convictions of God's goodness and justice, implanted by Himself within us. Not to multiply instances, which, to say but the blindly-Orthodox have become perfectly stale and threadbare—as the account of creation (demolished by geology, the revelations of which appeared infinitely grander and more in accordance with our conceptions of Deity than those of Genesis); of God's speaking with a voice (Exodus xix., 19); writing with a finger (xxi., 18); liking the smell of burnt meat (Genesis viii., 21); walking in a garden (iii., 8); showing his hinder parts (Exodus xxxii., 23); coming down to find out what men were doing, and to devise measures against them (Genesis xi., 5-7; xviii., 20, 21); encouraging fraud (Genesis xxvii., 33-37); accepting a human sacrifice (Judges xi., 30-39), and so on; of a talking serpent and donkey (Genesis iii., 1-4; Numbers xxii., 28-30); of the flood; Joshua commanding the sun to stand still (that a people fighting for their own land might be butchered)—merely to mention these. I read, also, of a cruel, partial, an unreasonable Divinity—a chosen people, who, by his order and assistance, committed horrible atrocities—of ferocious prophets and kings, who hewed men in pieces, put them under harrows of iron, made them pass through brick-kilns, murdered their own brothers and daughters, and all without ceasing to be favorites of the Almighty—of witches, ghosts, and devils—of incredible, self-contradictory and wicked miracles—all claiming implicit faith, and presented as recorded under infallible inspiration. Worse—there were filthy stories, of which I could not then fathom the meaning; only they suggested the idea of vices too frightful for contemplation. Was I going to believe in these things? In the sacredness of such a record? Clearly, if I did, it must be in spite of myself—in slavish submission to the letter, which afforded no evidence whatever of its assumed divine origin, but much against it. The various books, too, were either anonymous, or of disputed and doubtful authorship, collected nobody knew when, or how, or by whom, from a number of writings of similar pretensions, which had been as arbitrarily rejected. The Bible, then, stood wholly on its antiquity and the credence of those who accepted it—like the Koran, and Vedas, and Zend Gátras, of other nations, which we made no scruple in repudiating. There were thousands of persons, better, wiser, and more learned than I, who found no such difficulties in the volume as I did; who ignored or explained them away (very miserably, I thought); was it not the height of presumption for me to question their conclusions? ought I not, rather, to submit to them? I felt I could not do so and be satisfied.

I was desperately in earnest, remember. I had experienced what I knew to be the legitimate results of such a belief, when carried out to its logical extremi-

ty. I felt that if I tried to force it upon my conscience with all these doubts and difficulties unsettled, I should never succeed, or be at rest, or have any religion at all worth mentioning. That way everything seemed dead and hopeless. Even if I could have personally ignored all but the one fundamental article of faith to which I know you are longing to direct me—and of which I shall speak presently—that would hardly have helped me, or have lifted from me the overpowering sense of the Bible scheme being cruel, unjust, and partial—in a word, intolerable. Supposing I were saved—a large assumption, and one, I thought, demanding an intensity of belief quite above my capacity—by far the greater proportion of the human race would be cast into hell, which I couldn't reconcile myself to, or see the justice of, on any terms. I didn't credit it; I had quite got rid of it; it afforded me no further concern or anxiety. Always I returned to that point; and it made it simply impossible that I should adopt the ordinary, Orthodox views of religion, or acknowledge the vindictive, wrathful, Jewish God of the Bible.

At the same time, I felt that in renouncing both I was freer, and better, and happier. I had got into healthier relations, both with the Book and my fellow-creatures. Before I searched for myself (and if you deny my right, I commend to your consideration these texts: "Refuse profane and old wives' fables;" "Not giving heed to Jewish fables;" and "All uncleanness let it not be named among you:") I had, like others, but a barren belief in the letter, thinking that all the events spoken of occurred in an exceptional time and manner, outside the scope of vital human interest: now, waiving the supernatural claims of the volume, it assumed an unexpected value. I could recognize in it matter of the highest importance, the grandest and most beautiful truths, the sublimest poetry—all more or less involved with error. It seemed to recall the infancy of the world, in its first freshness, ever glorified by the presence of God. Especially I liked the book of Job, the Psalms, and the Prophecies: imperfectly I began to comprehend something of the individuality of the various writers; but the further I went, the more convinced I was that they were distinctly human—they and their belongings. There was religion, and fatalism, exaltation, epicureanism, and despondency, piety, patriotism, and rage; the loftiest conceptions of God's omnipotence and majesty alternating with assertions concerning, and prayers to, Him which I wondered people could bear to hear read in Christian churches: nearly everything had its alloy; nothing could be admitted without discrimination, but a great deal cheered, consoled, elevated. At the "Rooms," as they were called, to which we occasionally went on Sundays, they read the Church Service; I used to follow it as far as I dared, breaking off in the responses when they went against my conscience, and always maintaining a running mental commentary on what was transpiring. The Athanasian Creed filled me with disgust and contempt: the sermon was generally productive of mere weariness. I wanted to tell people what I had discovered. And, naturally, I felt kinder towards every living soul, now that I knew we were not to be shipwrecked everlastingly.

You will have observed that I have hitherto spoken almost exclusively of the Old Testament: I now came to consider the New, which had always appeared different to me—nothing like so formidable. There was one central figure which brightened it immeasurably—which irresistibly attracted me—whom I longed to believe in with all my heart. Somehow I didn't seem to fear him, or to identify him or his teachings with the cruel Jehovah of the older books. The texts in accordance with them on what I had discarded made little impression on me; neither did I, at first, think much about the question of the inspiration of the apostolic writers, or of his divinity. I suppose I took the latter for granted; but it was the human side of his character which penetrated me with love and reverence, and, for a time, thrust all these considerations into the background. That was so real, so distinct, that it dwarfed the surroundings into comparative insignificance. His announcement of God's paternity and care for us, his pure and unselfish faith, summing up all the law and the gospels in love to God and man, above all his surpassing goodness, were what I found nowhere else—unique, and altogether beautiful. These involved no contradictions or absurdities, no violations of what God himself had implanted in the soul in order to enable us to choose between right and wrong, good and evil: they were radical, absolute, and instinctive. I found evidence of them in my own heart and conscience; in their suitability to all conditions of mankind; in my accepting them as freely as the song of a bird or the voice of a dear friend. Not a seeker for truth through all the ages but would have done so; such doctrines were of yesterday, to-day, and forever. I began to understand something of their importance, and resolved, come what would, to hold on to them—to make them the foundation of my religion, if I ever attained to one. I did not know then that they comprised all religion, being "all that is required of us, either to do or to foresee."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE "DANBURY MAN'S" last is: "The churches were well filled Sunday. The shape is an improvement, but the trimming is not wholly satisfactory. They set a little farther back on the head than the summer styles, we think."

THE GENTLEMAN who asserted that his friend never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it, being called upon to apologize, said he was very sorry; but when he made the assertion he did not see the size of his friend's foot.

Poetry.

SONG OF THE HINDU DEVOTE.

TRANSLATED BY MR. BAYERS, AN ENGLISH MISSIONARY.

The snow-flake that glances at noon on Kallasa,
Dissolved by the sunbeams, descends to the plain;
Then, mingling with Gunga, it flows to the ocean,
And, lost in its waters, returns not again.

On the rose-leaf at morning, bright glistens the dew-drop
That in vapor exhaled falls in nourishing rain;
Then in rills back to Gunga through green fields meanders,
Till onward it flows to the ocean again.

A snow-flake still whitens the peak of Kallasa,
But the snow-flake of yesterday flows to the main;
At dawning, a dew-drop still hangs on the rose-leaf,
But the dew-drop of yesterday comes not again.

The soul that is freed from the bondage of Nature
Escapes from illusions of joy and of pain;
And, pure as the flame that is lost in the sunbeam,
Ascends unto God, and returns not again.

It comes not, it goes not—it comes not again.

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Books.

THE DEVIDEN. Analysis of the Life of Jesus, and of the Several Phases of the Christian Church in their Relation to Judaism. By J. Cohen, translated by Anna Maria Goldsmid. First American Edition. Baltimore: Deutsch & Co. 1873.

Pamphlets.

JOHN STUART MILL AS SOME OF THE WORKING CLASSES KNEW HIM. By George Jacob Holyoake. London: Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill. 1873.
SECTULAR RESPONSIBILITY. By George Jacob Holyoake. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.
THE LOGIC OF CO-OPERATION. By George Jacob Holyoake. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.
THE POLICY OF COMMERCIAL CO-OPERATION, AS RESPECTS INCLUDING THE CONSUMER. By George Jacob Holyoake. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.
THE POWER OF THE WORD MADE FLESH. A Sermon by O. B. Frothingham, Nov. 16, 1873. New York: D. G. Francis. 1873.
SUGGESTIONS Concerning a National Currency. By F. J. Scott. Toledo, Ohio. 1873.
AN ADDRESS before the North Middlesex Conference, by Hon. Daniel Needham, on the Cause and Prevention of Crime. Ayer, Mass.: 1873.
TRACTS of the American Liberal Tract Society, Boston. Nos. 1 to 23 inclusive.

New Music.

NEW SHEET MUSIC published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.—It is of the Lord's great Mercies, by Mollique—Ave Maria, by F. Bonte—When in the Stillly Hour of Night, by Franz Abt—The Glove, by Mendelssohn—Dobry—A Little Cloud, by Ciro Pinault—Ripples on the Lake, by Sydney Smith—Chant du Guerre, by Gottschalk—La Fille de Mme. Angot.

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REV. MORDECAI D. CONWAY (England), Editorial Contributors.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 11, 1873.

SUNDAY LECTURES.—The Editors of THE INDEX will lecture occasionally on Sundays, if desired, within a convenient distance of Boston.

PREMIUM OFFER.

To EVERY Subscriber, new or old, who shall send us \$3.00 at any time between now and New Year, THE INDEX shall be sent until January 1, 1875.

CASH PREMIUMS FOR 1874.

In order to increase the circulation of THE INDEX, and thereby make it a more powerful instrumentality in the reform to which it is devoted, the following Cash Premiums are now offered:—

1. THE INDEX will pay to any one of its old subscribers \$1.00 for every new subscription of \$3.00 obtained by his or her means and forwarded to this office. If preferred, the \$1.00 may be deducted before remitting. This offer holds good for new subscriptions alone, and not for renewals.

2. In addition to this, it offers **One Hundred Dollars** to the person who shall send the largest list of new subscribers, with the money, before the first day of February, 1874, and **Fifty Dollars** to the person sending the next largest list during the same time.

There are many warm friends of THE INDEX throughout the country who would be glad to help increase its circulation, if they could only afford to give their time to the work. The above offers will enable them to do so. Supposing that the largest list sent contains one hundred new names, the sender will be entitled to \$100.00 as commission and another \$100.00 as premium. Will not many of our lady subscribers, who are the most efficient of all canvassers, seize this opportunity to help THE INDEX without too great a sacrifice on their own part?

GLIMPSSES.

MR. HORACE SEAYER, editor of the *Investigator*, has our hearty thanks for his generous coöperation in securing signatures to the "Anti-Exemption Petition."

MR. PARKER PILLSBURY, as will be seen by a cordial letter from him on another page, is faithfully at his post in Salem, Ohio, where he has spent several winters, and has the warmest friends. His long and self-sacrificing service in the old anti-slavery cause is continued in the new anti-slavery cause of Free Religion.

WE HAVE had prepared a number of handsome placards, printed with colored inks on thick Bristol boards, for gratuitous distribution to such News-Dealers as are willing to hang them up conspicuously in their stands. Please ask your own news-dealer whether he will hang one up near his counter, if sent. We shall be happy to forward it to his address. This little service, which will cost our friends very little trouble to render, may be of great value to THE INDEX.

A GOOD JOKE ought to be appreciated, and the *Independent* does itself credit in the following:—

"Says THE INDEX:

"What is the difference? The Radicals believe in the 'Perfect Man,' the Orthodox believe in the 'Perfect Horse.'"

"Who is that 'Perfect Man' that the Radicals believe in? We supposed it was only the Orthodox who believed in Him. Is it not more accurate to say that the Radicals believe in the perfect race? If so, the difference would seem to be that, while the Orthodox have no objection to a perfect horse, they are generally opposed to races."

WE FIND in *Nature*, for November 6, an account of a recent discovery of a human bone in the Victoria Cave, near Settle, Yorkshire, belonging to an age previous to the great ice-sheet of the Irish Sea basin,—that is, to inter-glacial, if not pre-glacial, times. Mr. Buak, after long deliberation, has pronounced the bone to be human; and his verdict is that of an ac-

knowledgeable expert. He says: "The bone is, I have now no doubt, human,—a portion of an unusually clumsy fibula, and in that respect not unlike the same bone in the Mentone skeleton." Thus the evidence of the vast antiquity of man is strengthened by new discoveries day by day; and the Mosaic cosmogony has already taken its place among other well-recognized myths.

MR. B. F. UNDERWOOD, the well-known Liberal lecturer, has kindly offered to act as agent for THE INDEX; and the public is hereby informed that he is authorized to receive subscriptions for it wherever he goes. Mr. Underwood favored us with a call lately, and, expressing great interest in the Liberal League movement and the object it seeks to accomplish, promised to use his influence to form Leagues in all places where he lectures. We anticipate important results from his exertions, as there is no more successful or popular lecturer in the field in behalf of Liberalism. He is in favor of combining all Liberals, of whatever shade of opinion on religious subjects, in the energetic prosecution of their common ends; and we congratulate all friends of the movement on so valuable an acquisition.

WHAT A TREASURE-HOUSE of noble thoughts is Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*! "Of this latter sort are all true Works of Art: in them (if thou know a Work of Art from a Daub of Artifice) wilt thou discern Eternity looking through Time, the God-like rendered visible. Here too may an extrinsic value gradually superadd itself: thus certain *Rhads*, and the like, have in three thousand years attained quite new significance. But nobler than all in this kind are the Lives of heroic, god-inspired Men; for what other Work of Art is so divine? In Death too, in the Death of the Just, as the last perfection of a Work of Art, may we not discern symbolic meaning? In that divinely transfigured Sleep, as of Victory, resting over the beloved face which now knows thee no more, read (if thou canst for tears) the confluence of Time with Eternity, and some gleam of the latter peering through."

THE MEETING of the Boston Liberal League at Parker Fraternity Hall, December 5, was very well attended, the hall being more than two-thirds filled. Speeches were made by Horace Seaver, Dr. H. B. Storer, B. F. Underwood, Dr. H. F. Gardner, S. H. Morse, and others; and numerous names were added to the League's list of members, which now numbers about one hundred and sixty. Vigorous efforts will be made this winter for the abolition of church-exemption, both in this State and in the District of Columbia. The "Anti-Exemption Petition" addressed to Congress received a great many signatures; a similar one addressed to the Massachusetts Legislature was voted by the League, and was also numerously signed. We were highly gratified to see how cordially Materialists, Spiritualists, Theists, and so forth, united to press the "Demands of Liberalism." The reader will find an interesting report of this meeting in another column.

THE ARTICLE on the "Cost Principle," on a previous page, was written for THE INDEX by Mr. Josiah Warren, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, to whom John Stuart Mill refers in his just published *Autobiography* [page 256] as "a remarkable American," who "had formed a System of Society on the foundation of the 'Sovereignty of the Individual,' and had actually commenced the formation of a Village Community (whether it now exists I know not), which, though bearing a superficial resemblance to some of the projects of Socialists, is diametrically opposite to them in principle, since it recognizes no authority whatever in society over the individual, except to enforce equal freedom of development for all individualities." Mr. Mill further says that, in his world-renowned *Essay on Liberty*, he "borrowed from the Warrenites their phrase, the sovereignty of the individual." Mr. Warren, now in feeble health and advanced years, is the author of a little work of less than one hundred and twenty pages, entitled *True Civilization*, which is one of the most remarkable treatises on social science ever produced,—certainly original, powerful, and instructive, if not altogether adequate to its noble object. We recently had the pleasure of spending an evening with Mr. Warren, in company with a little knot of his enthusiastic disciples; and at some future time we shall probably have something to say in THE INDEX concerning his theory, when we have given it sufficient study to justify criticism. Meanwhile we commend his article, probably to be followed from time to time by others, to the close attention of all who are interested in the equitable adjustment of economical and social relationships.

A CARD.

Below is the form of a petition to be presented to the Legislature of Massachusetts the coming session, asking the repeal of the laws whereby church and other property is now exempted from taxation.

The BOSTON LIBERAL LEAGUE desires the signature of every voter and tax-payer in the Commonwealth to this petition, who wishes these unjust laws repealed.

It being important, however, that the petitions be presented at an early date, prompt action is required; we therefore call upon the friends of the movement in the different cities and towns of the State, who are willing to see that their ward, town, or neighborhood, as the case may be, is immediately canvassed for signatures, to send us his or her name at once; and the proper blanks, with any other assistance which lies in our power, will be cheerfully furnished.

Members-elect of the Legislature, who intend to sustain the measure, will confer a favor and assist the movement by sending us their names.

We would also say that copies of this petition, as well as of a like petition for the repeal of the same class of laws in the District of Columbia, may be obtained at THE INDEX Office.

R. H. RANNEY, } Executive Committee
H. B. STORER, } Boston
F. E. ABBOT, } Liberal League.

N. B.—Please get as many signatures as possible to this Petition, and then return it to "The Boston Liberal League," 1 Tremont Place.

A PETITION

FOR JUST AND EQUAL TAXATION.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in General Court Assembled:—

We, the undersigned, voters and tax-payers of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, respectfully represent:—

1. That under the laws of this Commonwealth persons can readily incorporate themselves into so-called Religious, Educational, Scientific, Literary, Benevolent, and Charitable associations, and as such hold large amounts of property exempt from taxation.

2. That the exemption of such associations from taxation is practically taxation of the rest of the community for their support; which is to increase unduly and unjustly the taxes of all other property-holders.

3. That this exemption from taxation has come to be so large and valuable a gratuity, that many such corporations are formed unnecessarily, for the purpose of holding property untaxed until such time as the corporation shall wish to divide the same.

4. That this exemption in the case of religious societies, instead of promoting the interests of pure religion, or subserving any public end, stimulates the various sects to multiply such incorporations unnecessarily, solely for the purpose of competing more successfully with each other by increasing sectarian wealth and power.

5. That no State support to such corporations should be given either directly or indirectly; but that, if given at all, it should be given by direct appropriation, to the end that the people may know the amounts, and to what uses the public money is really put.

6. That the exemption complained of is frequently used to cover large amounts of property which are not intended to be legally exempt,—thus increasing the taxes of the poor for the benefit of the rich.

7. And that therefore your petitioners pray that the third, seventh, and ninth clauses of section five of chapter eleven of the General Statutes—being those parts of the Statutes which provide for the aforesaid objectionable exemption—together with all special acts of like purport, be repealed.

NOTE.—Ladies signing this petition will please write under the head of "Remarks" not a voter. If also a tax-payer, write *taxed*.

INTELLECT AND SYMPATHY IN RADICALISM.

With characteristic gentleness, Mr. Gannett examines in another column the opinions expressed in our late article on "Two Views of Free Religion." Inasmuch as we depicted the "sympathetic view" as partial and non-inclusive of the "intellectual view," while the latter was represented as comprehensive, embracing substantially the other also, he considers our treatment of the subject "one-sided," and unintentionally unjust.

This criticism, if merited, would indicate a grave defect vitiating the whole article in question. Perhaps it would indeed have been better to state (what is certainly true) that it is possible to look at Free Religion in a narrowly intellectual light, to the neglect of its sympathetic side; and that this form of partiality is as mischievous as the other. But such a view would be *imperfect intellectually* as well as *sympathetically*. The only thoroughly intellectual view must be worthy of the intellect, that is, comprehensive,—doing justice to sentiment and aspiration as well as to thought and truth. It was our purpose to point out, on the one hand, that the excess of sympathy which disinclines one to the necessary work of

directly exposing error in every legitimate way, whether by sarcasm or logic or any other well-recognized means, and which creates a repugnance to the energetic agitation of measures of practical reform, tends to paralyze the efforts of Free Religion to ameliorate the condition of the world, and to frustrate to some extent the practical advancement of its own cause. It was equally our purpose to point out, on the other hand, that a broadly intellectual view of Free Religion not only does ample justice to its sympathetic side, and abundantly appreciates its sweetness, geniality, and reverential spirit, but also comprehends the necessity of dissipating error by every possible means of illumination,—of arguing, persuading, or ridiculing dogma out of existence,—and of boldly seeking to secure such political and social reforms as shall deprive dogma of a power over the human mind to which it has no title but that of flagrant usurpation. It will thus be seen that what Mr. Gannett considers "an empty corner of the sketch" was not an omission; that on the contrary we intended to contrast the excess of sympathy with that true intellectualism which justly values sympathy in the highest degree, yet sees the necessity of making its universal existence possible by abolishing the causes which now render its opposite everywhere prevalent. In a word, we meant to depict the "sympathetic view" as partial and the "intellectual view" as comprehensive, because no view which failed to do entire justice to sympathy would be entitled to the high praise of being really "intellectual." The intellectual view cannot "too much prevail;" for the more it prevails, the more it will correct the semi-intellectualism which despises sympathy and genuine sentiment, and thereby proves itself incompetent to understand human nature on all its many sides.

Now Mr. Gannett has a very profound and beautiful appreciation of the sympathetic side of Free Religion. He is a teacher to us all in this respect, and we acknowledge with equal gratitude and gladness our own indebtedness to him for the influence he exerts on all who come within its reach. Nor is this all. There is no braver or truer knight in the new chivalry of thought,—none who more utterly ignores the temptations of policy in the avowal of his convictions, or who is more incapable of insinuating them under the mask of old phrases out of which the old meanings have died. If he withholds his approval to some extent from the method of work which we act upon in *THE INDEX*,—if he thinks that "the perpetual military insistence on special points almost inevitably produces the bigot's disproportion" (though we should certainly claim that what we "insist" on are not so much "special points" as special applications of universal principles),—no one could be less desirous than we that he should either try to cooperate with us in these respects or withhold from them his most explicit and public disapproval. On the contrary, we court criticism and open rebuke when we are thought to go wrong; and whoever thinks we go wrong has a right, nay, a duty, to seek to counteract the evil where it is most likely to do harm—in the pages of *THE INDEX*. Hence we have only cordial acknowledgments to return for such articles as Mr. Gannett's.

In defence, however, of the "intellectual view" of Free Religion, taken in the comprehensive sense we intended rather than the partial sense in which Mr. Gannett misunderstands it, we should plead the necessity of no longer allowing an excess of sympathy to paralyze the practical efficiency of religious radicalism. It is too true that the public influence of religious radicalism, especially in New England, is altogether disproportioned to the mental, moral, and spiritual power it embodies. Instead of revolutionizing the thought of the times, and making itself felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it remains, after three or four decades of "self-conscious existence, merely the "peculiar views," the private *ism*, of a clique. Learning, scholarship, culture, refinement, genius, purity, exceptional beauty of character, have not availed to affect to any great degree the religious belief of the American people. The radicals hold brilliant *soirées* in private parlors; they make little or no impression on public opinion. They are not, as they are justly entitled to be, the brain of religion in America, originating the impulses which dominate the religious development of the country. Such religious progress as is made results far more from the writings of the representative men of modern science, who are growing daily more bold and outspoken in their strictures upon the prevailing faith, than from those of the radicals themselves. Why? Because the people want instruction, information, knowledge,—plain speech on religious subjects, vigorous exposure of the absurdities which make the staple of pulpit

gossiping, direct application of scientific principles, facts, and discoveries, to religious thinking. We venture to say that the Free Religious Association, by a few itinerant conventions (which in the West three years ago earned for it the euphonious *soubriquet* of "hell on wheels"), has done more to affect the popular mind than all the other activities of the radicals combined. So weak inherently is the doctrinal framework of Christianity, when tested by the truths of modern thought, that it could not long survive the ordeal of universal public discussion; it would inevitably give place to truer views of human life, duty, and destiny. Yet the radicals, who are best fitted to discharge the function of popular enlightenment, have not risen to the height of the occasion: their light is hidden under a bushel. The religious influence of the churches is still vast, their following immense, their supremacy indisputable; and the far superior religious influence of radicalism is scarcely felt at all by the public at large.

Now we do not say this at all in the spirit of blame or censure: we are simply noting a fact. Our own view of the scope, function, and opportunity of radicalism in the religious development of the country determines the view we take of the real utility of a paper such as *THE INDEX*; and to this point we are now speaking. What is the situation?

1. The influence of the churches over public opinion is vast, despite the fact that their creeds are growing more and more brittle as time goes on. It is not only vast, but unnaturally vast,—that is, immensely disproportioned to the real hold which the creeds have on the public mind. This great surplussage of influence over and above that of the creeds is due to the social and political status of the church, and would be lost if that status were greatly changed.

2. The various points specified in the "Demands of Liberalism" indicate the secret source of this surplussage of influence. The present semi-establishment of Christianity as the national religion, maintained by exemption of church property from taxation, by the legally authorized reading of the Bible in the public schools as an act of Protestant Christian worship, by Sunday laws, by the judicial oath, by governmental proclamation of religious fasts and festivals, and so forth, invests the Church with a quasi-national authority and dignity which exerts enormous power over the average American mind. It intimidates a people so sensitive to public opinion as the Americans are. It prevents their looking at Christianity straight in the face. It closes their minds by the spell of popularity and fashion and social prestige. In short, the political support given to the Church by the State, while seemingly slight, is immense in fact; it invests the former with the majesty of the latter, and, all the more because not obtruded on public attention, stands to-day as the chief obstacle to the universal spread of radical thought.

3. It is the first duty of radicalism, in our opinion, to abolish this great political evil of State patronage of the Church. If the radicals were fully alive to their own public function and opportunity, and to the strenuous exigencies of the time,—if they realized their own profound obligation to the country to render the service now most urgently needed for the perfection and purification of the American idea in the public mind,—they would rally to a man, and throw themselves into the work of organizing Liberal Leagues with a hearty and contagious enthusiasm. But they do not do it. They wait for the people to start such movements spontaneously. They do not heartily believe in such agitation—perhaps think it ill-timed, demoralizing to the individual, and injurious to the cause of radicalism itself. Not detecting the wide ramifications of the evil we have pointed out, which are not obvious to the careless eye, they hold aloof, and lose the mighty influence they would achieve if they united to demand, at once and with vigor, a Republic emancipated from the Church.

4. The reason why the radicals thus leave undone the especial task of radicalism, and consequently fail to make any deep impression on the religious development of the country, is to be found, we believe, in an excess of the sympathetic tendency. The grim fact that Christianity and Free Religion are at deadly variance, cannot be reconciled, and are slowly approaching that battle-field where all great contests in America are at last fought out—the arena of politics,—is repulsive to their sympathies; and these blind their intellectual perceptions. Antagonism is an unwelcome thought; it implies unwelcome things. But he who announces a painful fact does not create it. Neither does antagonism bring evil alone. Universal agitation of the political reforms specified in the "Demands of Liberalism" would in five years do more

towards diffusing radical thoughts, ideas, and aspirations throughout this nation than all the utterances of all the radicals for a hundred years—including *THE INDEX* itself. Such agitation will make the nation educate itself in radical principles. There is no education so good as that; and the sympathy which stands in the way of it will not, in the long run, do a tithe as much for the sweetness, gentleness, goodwill, and tender religiousness which Mr. Gannett has so much at heart, as will the seemingly sterner and harsher method which we adopt. Through the conflict we look beyond; and, while we should count it mawkishness to feel obliged to dish up every hard fact with affectionate expressions, or to "truth-it-in-love" in every paragraph, we yet sincerely believe that we have a better and more humane motive at bottom than any "battle-joy."

5. Hoping, then, to make these pages rich with many such thoughts and sentiments as beautify all that Mr. Gannett writes, and not neglecting the warm heart of sympathy and fellowship in all that is noble, pure, and elevating, we yet accept the task laid upon us by our conception of the real duty of radicalism to-day. We hope to make *THE INDEX* a powerful agency in freeing the State totally from the Church, doing yeoman's service in the abolition of all ecclesiastical privileges, and thereby gaining a fair field for Error and Truth to fight it out in the public mind. In this great work we wish deeply to have the aid of all radicals; but the work has got to be done, will sooner or later rally an army out of the very stones we tread on, and must go on to a glorious end, fall who may to the rear or on the field. If the wise and learned scorn the task, then the common people shall take it up; and whoever takes it up, by his side we stand.

LIBERTY FIRST.

I forget what sectarian publication had some such fling as this at the Free Religious Association, the other day: "The Free Religionists are always talking about freedom of thought. Now that they have obtained it, why do they not use it, and do some thinking?"

Such an attack would seem hardly worth answering, for an Association which includes among its Vice-Presidents Emerson and Garrison, Curtis and Youmans. But I cannot part with the criticism so easily, since it suggests a point of no small importance. This mode of argument is indeed precisely parallel with that other common complaint of our opponents,—that we do not spend money as freely as they do. The answer in both cases is the same: We do not give our time to works of pure thought, for the same reason that we do not give it to making money—because the service of freedom comes first, and we cannot get excused from that. For us, "there is no discharge in that war." No conscript was ever more ready to lay aside his uniform, on his discharge, than we shall be when our term of service as radicals expires. Then we will be great thinkers and write great books, or great money-makers and get up costly conventions. Meanwhile, we must stick to our work.

"In youth," says Goethe, "we expect to build palaces for men. As we grow older, we find that we have as much as we can do in clearing away the dust and rubbish left by others. The work requires resignation, but it must be done."

But it will be asked: "Why this perpetual talk about freedom? Are you not free?" Individually we have made ourselves so. But at what cost of resolution, of time, of money, of friends—and our critics say, even of temper—is best known to ourselves. It is our desire that our children, and the children of our critics, shall not have to pay so high a price for their freedom. These clergymen who come to us and tell their pitiful tale,—how they dare not speak what they know, lest their wives and children starve in consequence; these young college-tutors who come to us and say, "If we join the church, it is a lie; if we refuse to join it, our career as scientific instructors is at an end,"—it is for these we labor. We would rather let all the work go, did not conscience compel; it would be far pleasanter to pass into "the still air of delightful studies;" Mr. Abbot would much rather go back to the metaphysical researches which first won him fame in the *North American Review*; merely intellectual labor would be happiness for all of us, did not moral service first constrain. Liberty first; first freedom to think, then thought.

I know a young woman of high character, excellent attainments, and intelligent though not radical opinions. She was a teacher in a large school, professedly unsectarian. The school was visited by a well-known lay-revivalist. At a prayer-meeting, this

preacher gave his definition of Christianity, and invited all who could call themselves Christians, on that basis, to rise. Many rose. He then asked all who wished to be Christians, on that basis, to rise. Every one in the room rose, except this teacher. It cost her a struggle to keep her seat; but truth constrained her. She honestly wished to be a Christian, but not as the revivalist had defined the word. She knew that she was alone in her refusal; she knew the risk involved. It would probably cost her place in the school; and she thought of the invalid father, himself a retired clergyman, who was dependent on her salary. Yet she kept her seat; and for this act of brave fidelity, on which angels might have looked with loving admiration, she was dropped from the list of teachers in that school. While such things are possible, the war for free thought must continue. May we, who have enlisted for it, not turn back! It was Whittier who wrote, on his sixty-fourth birthday:—

"Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,—
Than pleasant songs in idle ears
The tumult of the truth."

T. W. H.

MEETING OF THE BOSTON LIBERAL LEAGUE.

SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR THE INDEX.

The Boston Liberal League met at the Parker Fraternity Rooms on Friday evening, December 5. The attendance was large, and the discussion upon the question of church taxation was animated, and much to the point. Petitions to the State Legislature and the National Congress were circulated, and received many signatures. This League is about to issue a tract on "Equal Taxation and No Exemption," prepared by Mr. Abbot. During the evening a considerable sum was subscribed, that the tract might have an extensive circulation. F. W. Clarke having resigned as a member of the Executive Committee, F. E. Abbot was elected to fill the vacancy.

Mr. F. E. Abbot opened the discussion, by referring to the work of the League. He approved of its plan to take up one measure at a time, making vigorous efforts in its behalf until the object proposed was accomplished. The League had wisely chosen to press upon public attention first the justice of taxing church property. By its non-taxation, the State compelled all citizens to contribute to the support of a system of theology which many of them believed to be utterly pernicious. It was not true that the churches were in any important sense the conservators of public morals. They dealt not with morality, but with theology. The Christian system sets morality aside as relatively of no account. It ministered not to the necessities of this world, but preached a scheme of salvation for souls in a world to come. He had heard a distinguished revivalist declare that "a moral man out of Christ could not be saved."

When, therefore, it is claimed that the exemption of church property saves the expense of police courts, we have only to refer to the facts as they are furnished by Christian churches to refute the assertion. The only effect is to build up the different denominations, to make them more powerful and able to spread their peculiar religious dogmas. Mr. Abbot spoke of the great amount of property thus exempted, there being over six millions in the city of Boston alone. What we want is simple justice, that taxation shall be for the public benefit, and not for private sectarian ends. We demand the entire separation of Church and State.

Horace Seaver spoke briefly in favor of the petitions. He hoped that they would be widely circulated, and that all Free Religionists, Spiritualists, Infidels, and liberals of every shade of opinion would sign them. The liberals under the lead of Mr. Abbot had sent to Congress a petition against the proposed religious amendment of the Constitution, signed by about one hundred thousand names in all. The good work should be continued, and no effort spared to secure the absolute secularization of the State.

There is no reason in the world why a church should not be taxed as much as a museum, a theatre, or a railroad corporation. The press is taxed. And what is the Church compared with the printing press? We could easily get along without churches. But who could get along without your weekly and daily journals? There has been great progress in religious emancipation. Fifty years ago in this State religion was openly and directly supported by law. But much remained to be done. Liberals must keep awake, and keep up the struggle. If they put forth half the energy the Christians show, the liberal battle might be won at once. Why should they not be up and doing?

Dr. H. F. Gardner did not wish to make a speech, but would state a fact. He had tried to get a Spiritualist society incorporated with the right to hold property exempted from taxation to an amount equal to that of the Tremont Temple Baptist Society, but failed. He mentioned this to show the bias of government in favor of the Orthodox faith.

Dr. H. B. Storer, being called on, spoke for a few minutes warmly advocating the Liberal League, hoping that it would push forward its work, and secure the repeal of all unjust and unequal laws. We ask only for fair play.

Moses Hull spoke, earnestly calling upon liberal people to awake to the great importance of the issue. In his judgment we are fast approaching a crisis—a war, it may be, a religious war more terrible than the

rebellion. We are asleep over a volcano. We must bestir ourselves, and that speedily, if we would avert the catastrophe. Already the enemies of religious freedom in this country are in motion; they are quietly organizing, and putting forth mighty efforts to forestall and control public opinion. What does the existence of the Young Men's Christian Association mean? For what purpose was that institution organized? It was the deliberate and well-laid plan of the Christian Church to bring about the political ends it had in view. It intended to remodel the Constitution, get possession of the government, and put down the anti-Christian party by the aid of law, at the point of the bayonet. We might shut our eyes to these plain facts, we might dream of peace, but Christian leaders meant war. Mr. Hull cited a number of cases in which Christianity was making encroachments on our liberties, and steadily moving towards the end of its ambition. He was in for the fight. He wanted no truce, no delay; but instant and unflinching zeal. He wanted freedom, freedom in its broadest sense—civil, religious, and social freedom.

B. F. Underwood was next invited to speak. He said that he came to the meeting not to participate in its proceedings but as an observer. But he was glad to express his hearty approval of the objects of the League. No true liberal but must feel a sense of duty resting upon him to help secure a compliance with these most just "demands of liberalism." It is a matter we cannot shirk. The work is to be done, and liberals must do it. He liked the idea of circulating tracts, sending them out by thousands over the country. We must educate the people. That done, the victory is won. We should circulate documents stating our arguments in such a way as not unnecessarily to offend our opponents, and at the same time convince them. He hoped the League would prosper. He should do all he could as he travelled about the country to help on the good work.

Mr. S. H. Morse was then invited to say a word, but declined, not attaching comparatively so much importance to the work of the League as others. He thought there were greater questions to be considered, but that was not the proper place to introduce them. The President said that they welcomed any position, and would be glad to hear from him. Mr. Morse then said he would simply ask the question, why the State had not as much right to tax the people for the support of churches as for schools. This drew forth several answers and questions, when Mr. Morse took the floor to explain his meaning further. He was of opinion that, if the majority regarded it as essential to the public welfare that religion should be supported and taught by the State, it had the same right to enact this that it had to establish the public school system. But he denied the right of the State to tax any one for the support of anything. For the individual to be secure in his freedom, he must act voluntarily. His private judgment and conscience must in all cases be respected. He would not add a tax where it was not, but would abolish existing taxes. He would permit our expensive and unprofitable systems of government to come to an end. He believed in practically carrying out the doctrine of self-government by abolishing what we are accustomed to call the State altogether.

Shortly after the meeting adjourned.

Communications.

THE "TWO VIEWS OF FREE RELIGION."

DEAR ABBOT:—

In the paper of Nov. 20, you contrast two views of Free Religion, "the sympathetic" and "the intellectual" view. The reader's first thought is: "He means that we may not hope fairly to possess them both at once." But this proves to be the meaning only when one approaches from the side of sympathy. As you draw the pictures, the two are after all not two but one, provided that one be "the intellectual" view. You credit the former with a certain kind of devotion to the truth, then point out well its shortcomings. But for the latter you claim that it includes not one whit less of sympathy, while it adds, as its especial power, the insight to discern that unity of feeling must depend largely on unity of thought; and that therefore the only way radically to promote good-will is to expose error, accept the eternal law of battle, and use the surgeon's knife unapologetically, be the pain and uproar what they may. So "sarcasm, invective, persuasion, appeal, argument,—it matters not; let each use the tool he possesses according to his skill. So long as the good of mankind kindles his soul, so long is the reformer's work beneficent in spite of all temporary commotions, throes, or rages."

Is not this one-sided, a begging of the vantage-ground? So might another say (and you would not dispute), "As long as the man of sympathies does not let them blind him to the truth in any way, thus long he is sure to be beneficent." You are contrasting two typical dispositions and methods; and as you have taken pains to describe the bad tendencies of the one where it too much prevails, ought you to have pointed out only the good tendencies of the other where it does not too much prevail? May I fill in the empty corner of the sketch?

You cite a sincere bigot or persecutor insisting on his dogma as fundamental, to ask: "How can one establish peace with such a man save by showing him the falsity of his position? The close-communion Baptist would be recreant to his conscience unless he insisted on his point."

Let no man be a recreant to his conscience. But by the logic of "the intellectual view," might not the sincere bigot or persecutor be cited also as type of the true reformer? Perhaps you mean that he is. He adopts the intellectual view of religion. His action

"rests on perception of the impossibility of reconciling irreconcilables." He would insist that there could be no abiding peace till there is unity of thought, and would plead: "Sarcasm, invective, arguement, it matters not; let each use the tool he possesses according to his skill." Sometimes he possesses the sword, or the stake, or the gibbet of public opinion, and has the power and skill to use them, and has used them,—"in the love of truth and for the good of mankind."

If we radicals come to feel that those "two views" may be rightly divorced, and the first be taken while the last is left, we may indeed become mere liberals of vague speech or silent lips; but if the last be taken and the first one left, I think we shall be bigots.

For what is bigotry but the disposition to emphasize as fundamental the minor instead of the greater principles? To emphasize them, I say, as fundamental; for my thought may be very free from the ordinary bonds, and yet I shall practically be a bigot if my mind and heart are really engrossed in my special points, albeit important, rather than in those "simple yet grand truths of which," you say, "all humanity is possessed." I am a bigot, if my life sums up as more delight in any one idea or set of ideas, however helpful, than in what you say the sympathetic mind delights in—"moral progress, ideal excellence, and devout upward aspiration." These are surely the really fundamental things,—and not the meaning of "Christianity," or the detachment from authority in religion. Unity of feeling depends largely on unity of thought,—true; and here in fundamentals we have unity of thought, and therefore ground for ever-active unity of feeling. Our disagreements cannot be so great as our agreements. The most important principles must stand as such in our utterance and life, or, I should say, we shall miss the grandest, deepest truth; that is, our view falls even as an "intellectual view," if we do not keep facts in our minds proportioned as they are in Nature. But in most of us the perpetual military insistence on our special points almost inevitably produces the bigot's disproportion. In many one may fear it is somewhat great. Not most whom we hear speaking against current faiths speak as if it hurt them, or with a surgeon's desire to save pain; but rather with impatience and a sneer, or with a certain battle-joy.

Here lies, I think, the great danger of "the intellectual view," where it too much prevails. Those who hold it are apt to miss their own peculiar aim, and after all be fatally untrue to truth. It is in one sense misnamed "intellectual," because the real trouble is a lack, not a surplus, of insight; but it is that especial lack which, resulting less from weak eyes than from the cold heart, shows how inseparable intellect and feeling really are. Although all we see, we see with intellect, very much of what we see is seen, as it were, through sympathy. It is sympathy that keeps objects within our range of sight and carries our eyes into new ranges. If we have it deeply in us, those common fundamentals can never grow unduly dim to us, and we all the time enlarge and correct our vision by things which others see.

There is another danger,—which is not to be much thought of, unless what has been already said is true; but if that be true, it is to be thought of a good deal. Where this "intellectual view" prevails too much, one may not only become a bigot, but to others he will seem a bigot, and so he loses influence as a reformer. Should one urge: "Each one must do his good by giving help where others do not, and I, in pushing my special points with my own tool, am advancing those fundamental truths and principles in the most essential way: they are the spirit in my attack, the motive in my impeachment, the hope in all my work."—I should beg, for that work's sake, that they be shown more visibly. Press it in word, prove it in life, that the "two views" cannot be divorced, rather than suggest they may be.

A reform is a practical matter. Influence is what we want. We have to specialize exertion, but may do it too much and too carelessly. Save in crises or in times of rapidly increasing evils, to seem to pet a specialty makes a paper dull, a man uninteresting; it cuts off readers, thins an audience, and, when an evil is abating, and abating through many varied agencies, it deprives a cause of natural allies who feel disgusted at such narrow leadership. Sympathy depends largely on unity of thought; but, as just explained, it is almost as true to turn the sentence round and say, Unity of thought depends largely upon sympathy. Since men are greatly helped to "see" by their sympathies, and since it is our agreements with others that give us fulcrum and a place to stand where we may bring reforms to bear, and since what we advocate is specially rooted in those "grand and simple truths common to all humanity," and since most people fail to recognize the abiding active presence of those truths in men who push the less important points fifty-five minutes in the hour, would it not be wise to spend more time in *visibly* displaying their grandeur and simplicity? Whatever we are or think we are, this unduly "intellectual view" of Free Religion makes us seem bigots to the men who most need to feel its influence. Those already with us may applaud; but it is the unpersuaded masses beyond, that we wish to win. With them, urging the same bigoted as efficient as those who, urging the same truths, do it in such a way as to seem large-minded?

I do not deny the good brought about by the "one-thing-I-do" reformers. In history, such reformers deservedly get large credit, though often more than its really belongs to them. The after-age, with all its due praise for them, sees that they are narrow, and traces harm to that narrowness; and the harm often lives to check the good, till some other impeacher feels called to rise up and impeach the first and the system that stands in his name.

But in Free Religion, above all reforms, and in our day more than in all before, the one-sided "intellect-

ual view" seems out of place. In our day,—because the belief in evolution is spreading as never before, and where it spreads it carries a new theory of progress, before which a crusading violence in urging ideas becomes the badge of the unnatural reformer, keeping up a mediocrity in the light of a new era. This is the broadest day the world has known. The "struggle for existence with survival of the fittest" will ceaselessly go on, but the metaphors of the battle-field do not hint the spirit or the practical method necessary to make the laws reach their best result most speedily. In science, ideas to-day struggle and vanish, or survive without uproar. Where exasperation enters, the unfit longest live. Men cannot but be more sensitive about their religions than their scientific thought; then the more, not the less, care should be taken to avoid exasperation. It does matter what tools are used,—and it seems more out of place in Free Religion than in other reforms, because this is the broadest of reforms. Thousands are in the movement who do not bear the name, but those who make bold to bear it ought to be in the centre of the line as well as in advance. We should not be, or, if we can help it, look, one-sided. We should represent the breadth, as well as the length, of the movement. I take it no man on earth by "True Church," "Church Catholic," "Orthodox," or any other lofty title, is so bound by his name, as we are bound by ours, to the open heart as well as the open mind, to good humor and cordial recognitions of every fellow-struggler towards the light and every blinded lottier. A Free-Religionist ill-humored, sneering, or satiric, I should say, belies his name. I speak as one but little tempted compared with many,—and yet as one confessing.

No; the deepest sympathy drives one on to the anti-theistic logic, and the clearest speech: the deepest truthfulness cannot give its best help, cannot exist, without active, expressive sympathy. The spirit of love compels the spirit of truth: the spirit of truth compels the spirit of love. When each is at its full, the "two views" are not two, but one; which is neither "the sympathetic" nor "the intellectual" view, but one for which both names are necessary,—Paul's "truthing-it-in-love." It is not a view "of Free Religion" which emphasizes either separately. Each, prevailing, brings peril by its tendency; but what right has one, as an advocate of Free Religion, to take such a view? If it be urged that temperaments differ, it still is question for a man,—especially for one in any way a public man,—to ask himself, "Which is the better temperament, the loving, the logical, or that which has both elements in large and equal measure?" Every one must, of course, do his own work in sincerity, and merits no blame for honest blundering; but in a good cause one cannot help regret for what he thinks is blunder, regret for influence hindered and the allies lost.

I think the clearest thing that can be urged by any method can be said as clearly, and urged as persistently, as energetically, and, in the long run, more influentially, by the method which couples open sympathy with open truthfulness.

Yours truly,
BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1873.

W. C. GANNETT.

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

TO THE EDITOR:—

I was interested by the letter of C. W. Newton (published in THE INDEX of Oct. 10), on the subject of Judas. The character and crime of that unhappy man, at one period of my life, formed the subject of considerable reflection; and I wish it were possible to arrive at the truth about him. As De Quincy remarks: "In the greatest and most memorable of earthly tragedies, Judas is a prominent figure. So long as the earth revolves, he cannot be forgotten. If, therefore, there is a doubt affecting his case, he is entitled to the benefit of that doubt." Judas was the *bête noir* of medieval Catholicism: Dante, its best exponent, puts him in one of the mouths of his triple-headed Cerberian Satan, the head within, and tells us that, in common with his fellow-sufferers, Brutus and Cassius, he was champed by the teeth and bruised as with a ponderous engine, all the skin of his back being often stripped off by the fierce rending,—in strict accordance with the popular conception of the enormity of his guilt and its deserved punishment. By the popish populace of Southern Europe, it was long the custom, on Good Friday, to make an effigy of Judas, and subject it to all kinds of insult and ill-usage, finishing by burning or hanging it; the Portuguese vulgar do so to this day. Even in modern times, and among Protestants, the betrayer is regarded as outside the pale of forgiveness—the arch-monster of Christendom. It was reserved for the thoughtful Germans to take up his apparently desperate case and make the best of it. Most of us are acquainted with their view of his character and motives, which "the English Optum-Eater" adopted. It had been introduced before by R. H. Horne, the author of *Orion*, in a dramatic poem, and also by Disraeli, with more or less distinctness of assertion, in his *Sidonian* novels, in which Judas figures as a very respectable gentleman. Also, in another of his stories (*Venetia*, if I am not mistaken), regard and admiration are challenged for the Jewish race on account of its having furnished both the instrument and the means for the redemption of mankind. The question of Judas' real character, and the causes investigating his crime, involves perhaps insuperable difficulties, the record is so imperfect. I think we must, with Rénan, admit that "avarice, which the synoptics give as the motive, does not suffice to explain it. It would be very singular if the man who kept the purse, and who knew what he would lose by the death of his chief, were to abandon the profits of his occupation in exchange for a very small sum of money." Then we have his repentance, energetic repudiation

of the bribe, and suicide (Matthew xxvii., 5), which are utterly incompatible with the character of a mere sordid traitor; one who, having secured his thirty pieces of silver, would hardly have been troubled by remorse at what he must have regarded as a foregone conclusion, but most likely have invested his money (as, indeed, he is represented as doing in Acts i., 18), and thought no more of the matter. I am afraid, too, that the German idea so admirably set forth by De Quincy is untenable. That may be condensed from his own words as follows:—

"Believing, as Judas did, that Christ contemplated the establishment of a temporal kingdom, but had not decision enough to risk a collision with the authorities, it became necessary that the Master should be precipitated into action, when he would no longer vacillate, but be forced into giving the signal to the populace of Jerusalem, who would then rise unanimously, for the double purpose of placing Christ at the head of an insurrectionary movement, and of throwing off the Roman yoke. Therefore Judas acted. He presumptuously assumed that he comprehended his Master and understood his purposes better than he did himself. His object was audacious in a high degree, but not treacherous at all."

Now this, however ingenious, subtle, and interesting, has the one great fault of possessing no corroborative evidence—unless Judas' suicide should be admitted as constructively such. (That event, too, is extremely disputable: in the verse of Acts, already alluded to, he is represented as "falling headlong in his field, and bursting asunder, so that all his bowels gushed out. . . ." There is not a word of his self-murder.) The German argument, indeed, resembles the famous camel, in being entirely evolved out of the theorist's own consciousness. We have too many of that kind of explanations: a strong proclivity towards them invalidates the otherwise admirable writings of Rénan. To very much that he advances we must say: "It may have been so, but how do you know about it? Mere hypothesis will not satisfy us, without proof." Then the record, though obscure, and, if you like, partial and prejudiced against Judas (in testimony of which Rénan instances John vi., 64, 71; xii., 6; xiii., 2, 27, and following), gives direct evidence of the fact of his worldliness. There is the dinner at Bethany and his notable objection to Mary's costly act of adoration; which, however, according to Matthew and Mark, other apostles shared. Judas' avarice must, I think, be admitted. One is inclined to allow that passion, in part, as an influencing motive to the betrayal, but to suspect something, of which we are uninformed, superadded. Rénan's supposition, that it originated in some feeling of jealousy or dissension among the disciples, would meet the case and explain the subsequent remorse and suicide. John, too, tells us, twice, that the devil entered into him (xiii., 2, 26); which might imply a sudden, impulsive fit of passion. Perhaps, in American vernacular, "he got mad and went and did it," and afterwards was sorry and hung himself. But we really have no evidence.

Of course, looking at the matter from the Orthodox point of view, C. W. Newton's plea on behalf of Judas would be highly just and reasonable. He is not the first who has justified him. There was a sect called the Cainites, in the second century, who ingeniously found out a reason for honoring the betrayer, because he foresaw what good would come to men from his action. There is no necessity for electing Judas a *fifth person* in the Trinity. Theodore Parker's "fourth or outlying member" will amply subserve all theologic purposes. In the words of John, we have only to suppose that "the devil put it into the heart of Judas Iscariot to betray him." To Satan, therefore, be all the credit for perfecting the scheme of human redemption. By the way, if it were worth while knocking another hole in what has been so completely riddled, "the inspired Word," it might be pointed out how the repeated foretelling of what must happen to him, by Jesus to his disciples (Matthew xx., 18, 19; Mark x., 33, 34; Luke xviii., 31, 32, and elsewhere), would be calculated either to frustrate or secure the fulfilment of the prediction.

T. B. G.

MIDLAND, ENGLAND, Nov. 10, 1873.

AN ISRAELITE'S GREETING.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., Oct. 28, 1873.

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Dear Sir,—I have been a reader of your liberal paper for several years, and it has given me many pleasant hours. It does require a great deal of moral courage of you, born and raised as a good Christian,—that is, as one who should believe and have faith in what his great-grandfather had faith in, and not allow his own brain any liberty of action,—to think and act on the dictates of your own common sense. Of how much benefit it would be, if more of our learned and talented men could be influenced to let the world have the benefit of what Nature has intrusted to them! But, sir, they are afraid to declare their convictions, and act the hypocrite through life. One is afraid to injure his business, and others well-paying connections in life. Others, again, wish to represent the people and fill their pockets in Congress and Senate, and hope through hypocrisy to deceive every one. We find out too late the meanness of the man who represents us. Here, in the land of the free, is the battle of priestly dominion to be fought. They have found out that Europe is like a child, who burned its fingers once, and will not trust them again in the fire. The Council at Rome opened the eyes of Europe. The Evangelical Alliance will open the eyes of America. We will ask ourselves, what have these holy men who came here at a great expense from every corner of the world—what have they accomplished? What new idea have they proposed to satisfy the

spirit of the nineteenth century? They tell us faith in Christ is the key to heaven; that is to say, in darkness you must find your everlasting home. For myself, I prefer light. Since God said, "let there be light," it is not good for man to be in darkness. He must have known the man whom he created with a desire after truth and knowledge. If a truth is to be proven, it does not need an Alliance to prove it; the truth must come out. If you say that the horse has a tail, you need no Alliance to prove it. But if you say that God is one, and one is three, it does need an Alliance to prove it. In the trial of Stokes for killing Fisk, it needs an alliance of witnesses to prove that he is innocent. How is it that the Jews have kept their faith in One Supreme Power through all ages of oppression? Because their belief is in accordance with the nature of man. It gives every man the right to think and act for himself. His belief is in a ruling Power, no matter what name you give to the same. You may call it Nature, as I do. It is the conviction of all Jews, and makes them all one people, without priests, without missionaries, and without Alliances. They consider that religion is made for the good of man, but not man to be the slave of religion. I know, if God has the power to look down from heaven, and sees in this beloved land of ours how we get robbed and cheated by the ministers of U. S. Grant, he will forgive our sins for not trusting in man, but coming to him direct, and asking for assistance to carry us through this life and the life to come.

Yours,

N. GROSSMAYER.

FROM MR. PILLSBURY.

SALEM, Ohio, Nov. 20, 1873.

DEAR FRIEND ABBOT:—

Salem bravely holds its own in liberal thought, and other things liberal; true to her early antecedents. Hicksite Quakers are almost *ex-officio* Liberal Religionists; and most of them in Salem are now seen regularly at the "Broad Gauge Church," as the Free Religionist Sunday congregation is now called,—perhaps, not improperly called. The adhering Hicksites have the largest and best house, but we much the largest congregation; and very friendly relations appear to subsist all round.

In a population of only four thousand, we fill a small or moderate-sized Baptist meeting-house, which we have appropriated and promoted to our purposes, respectfully full in all weathers. And yet we are the eleventh in number of regular Sunday congregations. I heard a man say the other day "it was truly wonderful how those *Broad Gauge* Quakers kept up, and increased even without any fear of hell at all in their preaching."

The West suffers severely by the commercial distress. Salem, being largely a manufacturing town, feels very heavily the pressure, and the Free Religionists are among the largest manufacturers, some of them; but so far all survive the panic. And so with us neither Sunday nor weekday-work declines in demands or supply. All appear to rejoice in the prosperity of THE INDEX. I shall on next Sunday morning refer to it, and present your proposals for new subscribers, and renewals of old subscriptions.

Very sincerely and truly yours,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

THEODORE PARKER.

ANOTHER BUST OF THE GREAT RADICAL THINKER AND PREACHER.

Mr. S. H. Morse has on exhibition at his studio, No. 25 Bromfield Street, a bust of the late Theodore Parker, which is as yet unfinished, but which has been pronounced a success by those who knew him intimately. The bust represents Mr. Parker when he was about forty years of age, and immediately after his arrival in Boston, and, of course, differs materially from pictures and statuettes which have been produced in later years. The face is scraggy and uneven, its lines drawn prominently, and the mouth is so constructed as to give the expression of mingled haughtiness and settled conviction. It is the best representation of Mr. Parker ever executed in clay, as it is marked by a strong desire on the part of the artist to avoid idealism, and stick closely to his models.

The bust will be cast on Friday, and until then Mr. Morse proposes to have it open for criticism, and invites those who knew Mr. Parker well in life to inspect it. It will be sold by subscription at \$10, and already the subscription list is well represented. Coming as it does almost simultaneously with the completion of the Parker-Memorial meeting-house, and the publication of Mr. Frothingham's life of the great agitator, it cannot fail to be eminently successful. This is Mr. Morse's first work, and it is meeting with flattering encouragements.—*Boston Globe*, of Dec. 3.

A SEA CAPTAIN invited to meet the committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa, when asked: "Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sabbath?" replied, "Yes, and everything else they can lay their hands on."

FOOTE ONCE asked a man without a sense of tune in him: "Why are you forever humming that tune?" "Because it haunts me," was the reply. "No wonder," answered Foote; "You are forever murdering it."

A NEBRASKA man, on his dying bed, remembered that his wife was smoking some hams, and he said: "Now, Henrietta, don't go snuffling round and forget them hams."

Advertisements.

GENERAL NOTICE.

On August 8, 1872, I contracted for the two best advertising pages of THE INDEX for the current year. "No advertisements objectionable to the editor to be taken." For terms apply to
ASA E. BUTTS, 36 Dey St., New York.

No improper advertisements, no advertisements of patent medicines, no advertisements known to be fraudulent or unjust to any one, will be hereafter admitted into THE INDEX. All advertisements accepted before this date will be allowed to run their time. No cuts admitted.

THE INDEX must not be held responsible for any statement made by advertisers.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.
TOLEDO O., June 21, 1873.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Report, in pamphlet form, of the Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association for 1873 will be published Sept. 1st.

It contains full proceedings of the meeting, including Essays by Samuel Johnson on "FREEDOM IN RELIGION," and by John Weiss on "RELIGION IN FREEDOM," Speeches by O. B. Frothingham, W. C. Gannett, Robert Dale Owen, T. W. Higginson, S. Longfellow, J. S. Thomson, F. E. ABBOT, Lucretia Mott, and the Annual Report of the Executive Committee.

Price, 25 cents a copy; in packages of four or more, 25 cents each. It can be obtained by addressing the undersigned at New Bedford, Mass., or, in Boston, of A. Williams & Co., and at Long's
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Prof. MAX MUELLER, of Oxford, England, in a letter to the Editor published in THE INDEX for January 4, 1873, says: "That the want of a journal entirely devoted to Religion in the widest sense of the word should be felt in America—that such a journal should have been started and so powerfully supported by the best minds of our country,—is a good sign of the times. There is no such journal in England, France, or Germany; though the number of so-called religious or theological periodicals is, as you know, very large." And later still: "I read the numbers of your INDEX with increasing interest."

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VOLUME 4.

BOSTON, MASS., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 208.

ORGANIZE!

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian educational and charitable institutions shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

A FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the State in matters of religion; and

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

Therefore, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

- ART. 1.—The name of this Association shall be **THE LIBERAL LEAGUE OF** —.
- ART. 2.—The object of the Liberal League shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in —:
- Also, as soon as five hundred such Liberal Leagues shall have been formed in different places, to send two delegates to a National Convention of Liberal Leagues, to be hereafter called, in order to co-operate with all the liberals of the country in securing the needed reforms.
- ART. 3.—The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.
- ART. 4.—Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the League as shall be prescribed in the By-Laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.
- ART. 5.—Any person may become a member of the League by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.
- ART. 6.—The Officers of the League shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* delegates to the National Convention of Liberal Leagues when called together.
- ART. 7.—These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall have been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

So far as I am concerned, the above is the platform of **THE INDEX**. I believe in it without reserve; I believe that it will yet be accepted universally by the American people, as the only platform consistent with religious liberty. A Liberal League ought to be formed to carry out its principles wherever half a dozen earnest and resolute Liberals can be got together. Being convinced that the movement to secure compliance with these just "Demands" must surely, even if slowly, spread, I hope to make **THE INDEX** a means of furthering it; and I ask the assistance and active co-operation of every man and every woman who believes in it. Multiply Liberal Leagues everywhere, and report promptly the names of their Presidents and Secretaries. Intolerance and bigotry will tremble in proportion as that list grows. If freedom, justice, and reason are right, let their organized voice be heard like the sound of many waters.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor

Boston, Sept. 1, 1873.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY A. W. E.

WHAT SUBTILTY of metaphysics can excel the Irishman's definition of *nothing*—"A footless stocking without legs"?

The Shaker and Shakeress, published by the United Society of Shakers, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., is a neat, sweet, fresh, and liberal publication.

THE QUAKERS recently held, at Lynn, in this State, their seventh biennial "Friends' National First-Day [Sunday] School Conference." Delegates were present from Canada to North Carolina, and from Maine to Iowa.

"A LIFE AGAINST A LIE." This phrase, employed by one of the speakers at a recent meeting of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y., is a good one. Let it stand for its worth *per se*, and let it apply in every case where it is applicable.

ARAPASIA, Cleopatra, Zenobia, Hypatia,—what names of women were these that graced the classic era! In all ages when there have been great men there have also been great women; for half of man's greatness is derived from woman's wit, woman's tact, woman's inspiration, woman's influence.

THE TROUBLE with special reformers is, that they think that their pet theory or idea is the *one thing* needful to bring in the millennium. Methods may be very important, but principles are more so. We must take human nature into account when we go to reform the world. "Whatever helps that rightly to develop *itself*, is good. But beware of too much manipulation!"

THE EDITOR of the *Israelite*—Rabbi Isaac M. Wise—thinks that "Judaism, in its pure and denationalized form, will and must become the religion of all free men." We suppose that the enthusiastic devotees of every other religious denomination are ready to make the same prophecy concerning their own faith; but it is not wise, at present, to say what the name and form of the future religion "will and must" be.

FRANCE is said to be a perfect paradise for authors, there being no country in the world in which literary labor is so remunerative, and whose literary writers become so wealthy. Thiers is nearly a millionaire; Victor Hugo is very rich; George Sand is the wealthiest authoress in the world; Dumas, Girardin, About, Sardou, Karr, Janin, and a long list of others, have large incomes. Even Henri Rochefort is said to have a good deal of money.

"How to LIVE in a manner resembling the gods, was the fundamental problem which he set himself to solve." This is said of Plato, by G. H. Lewes, in his *Biographical History of Philosophy*. The Christian's problem is, how to live like Christ. The Rationalist's problem is, how to make the actual life resemble the ideal one. But they all mean substantially the same thing. What each man has to do is to make his life resemble the highest of which he has any conception. This desire and effort after perfection obliterate all distinctions between pagan and Christian, Orthodox and infidel.

BISHOP POTTER favors (as of course he would) the proposed new Episcopal cathedral in New York; and his reason for so doing is significant. He thinks that "the possession of a cathedral would tend much to elevate the

mind in regard to religious matters, and infuse new life into the members of the Church." The vitality of a religious denomination must be low, indeed, when it needs a new church to revive it! A new suit of clothes to each member would, perhaps, have the same effect! To be in "the fashion," and to excel in it, would appear to be as stimulating to "saints" as to "sinners."

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, in the *Christian Union*, thinks that, "if with the free institutions we possess, with present unlimited exercise of free thought and free inquiry concerning religious faith and practice, with every advantage of means, appliances, and numbers in the dissemination of truth against error, we are unable to maintain our ground [against Romanism], then it can only be because we are recreant to our trust. With such odds as are now in its favor, if Protestantism must go to the wall, then to the wall let it go! It can have in itself neither faith nor courage, neither accompanying grace nor renovating power."

BISHOP LAVINGTON—a bishop of the Church in the eighteenth century—in an address to the clergy said: "My brethren, I beg you will rise up with me *against moral preaching*. We have long been attempting the reformation of the world by discourses of this kind. With what success? None at all. On the contrary, we have dexterously preached the people into downright infidelity. We must change our voice. We must preach Christ and him crucified." The old bishop was right. The whole Christian system turns upon the pivotal doctrine of the Atonement. Therefore, if that system be true, only "Christ and him crucified" should be preached. "What is the use of 'mere morality,' when 'the blood of Christ' is sufficient for salvation? Let Christians stick to their text."

IN BUCKLE'S *History of Civilization* this paragraph occurs: "From the moment men began to insist on inquiring into the validity of first principles, instead of accepting them without inquiry, and humbly submitting to them as matters of faith and of necessary belief,—from that moment, the theologians, driven from one post to another, and constantly receding before the pressure of advancing knowledge, have been forced to abandon entrenchment after entrenchment, until what they have retained of their former territory is hardly worth the struggle." Hardly worth, indeed, in our eyes; yet, in the eyes of many of those who still so desperately "struggle" to retain it, it may appear of very great worth. We prefer to believe, if we can, that people are absurd rather than that they are dishonest.

IT SEEMS THAT the *New York World* is not an admirer of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, and recently it took occasion to express its disapprobation of the reverend gentleman in some caustic editorial remarks. Although Mr. Talmage has a paper of his own, in which he might have replied, he chose his pulpit for such a medium instead; and on Sunday, Nov. 4, he religiously "went for" the *World* in his prayer. First, he prayed "for all who fill editorial chairs" (THE INDEX editors are grateful for their share in this petition); then he became more explicit, and said: "We pray for the editors of the *New York World*, that they may be converted to God, and by thy grace prepare for heaven. May the blessing of God come down upon them and their children forever!" This is a curious mingling of magnanimity and revenge, and is highly worthy of the sublime Talmage.

OUR BRETHREN, the Jews, certainly have occasion to congratulate themselves on the importance to which certain of their membership have arrived, both in the world of thought and of affairs. Spinoza is their great thinker; and no single writer has exerted a profounder influence on the development of modern thought than Spinoza, the Jew. In financial leadership, the Rothschilds are pre-eminent; and they are Jews. In European politics, today, three of the most prominent figures belong to the Jewish faith. Emilio Castelar, President of the Spanish Republic, we are told, is a Jew; Gambetta, in France, is a Jew,—sharing with Thiers the leadership of French republicanism; Disraeli, who has been and probably will be again England's premier, is a Jew. We rejoice that this long despised and persecuted race are able thus to pluck honors from Christendom's reluctant hand, and to bring themselves into the world's free parliament of thought and action.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

Woman: Her Rights and Duties.

AN ESSAY

Read before the Second Radical Club of Boston, Nov. 10, 1873.

BY FREDERICK A. HINCKLEY.

Every human being has certain rights and duties. The first and most important of these is the right to the fullest possible development of all the faculties. That is what education, broadly and worthily considered, means. Not what we so often think it—a little mathematics, a smattering of Greek and Latin, and a weak show of so-called accomplishments; but the building up of the human structure, the steady growth of character. Whatever contributes to this development and growth belongs by right to humanity. Whoever undertakes to monopolize it is a usurper. Nor can the individual be in any way limited in its use, provided he does not infringe upon the like privilege for every other man. Such is the law of the universe. There can be no life without growth, and whatever contributes to growth is common property. There must be no insurmountable conditions to its acquirement. There is no higher duty than to take this right and make the most of it. If resistance to the taking of it be offered, then duty justifies the use of every peaceable measure possible in its defence. It has been held that in such cases duty not only justified but compelled war. Our revolutionary war was a notable instance of this sort. But war is repugnant to the enlightened conscience, and the sword of itself never cured anything. The right of peaceable resistance is, however, another thing, and becomes a solemn duty whenever this universal human right to education and growth is encroached upon. Of course a law so broad, a right thus universal, must be applicable to every human being regardless of race, sex, condition, or color. To deny it to a man because he is poor, or black, or to a woman because she is a woman, is a manifest denial of the principle itself, and the grossest of outrages upon individual liberty.

What follows concerning woman? Why, that she has a right and a duty to take possession of every means necessary to her highest development as a human being, provided always that she does not infringe upon a like right and duty for every other person. To give health and wholeness to her life and character is her first right and duty. Let us see how the right is granted, and the duty exercised. Perchance at this very moment there are being born into the world two immortal souls. One shall be a boy, the other a girl. Their lives are to be moulded in part by their parents, afterward by themselves, all the time by existing social institutions and customs. What is the prevailing spirit running through these? Scarcely are the new comers out of babyhood before invidious distinctions begin. The skirts, which are destined to be the life-long curse of the girl, soon get too inconvenient and clumsy for the boy, and he kicks himself out of them and into something warmer and better in every respect. His arms and legs are henceforth allowed free swing, a right vigorously maintained and exercised wherever he goes. He is encouraged to active exercise, and taught to be self-reliant. From the start, in school, college, and home, he is trained to the idea that he must pull his own oars. Perhaps he sets up a little business in a corner of his father's lot, where out of school hours he raises hens, and sells eggs to his mother. Perhaps on the school platform he declaims that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Whatever he does, whatever he is urged to do, be sure that it will be something to educate his faculties, and fit him for future duties. And so he goes from one thing to another, until he finally enters manhood, a self-respecting and respected unit.

But the poor girl—alas for her! she goes half clothed, and in almost every particular improperly clothed. Freedom of muscular action is made impossible for her. Her hands cannot touch her head, her lungs cannot properly expand, her digestive organs cannot freely perform their functions. She is early taught that it is unladylike to play and run in the open air, that her brother can do anything he wishes, but she can do but one kind of work, often not even that; namely, help her mother in the kitchen without remuneration. Many a girl has felt the gross injustice of working day after day for nothing, when her brother was encouraged by some trifling pay for his little services. He is trained to the idea of working for pay, that he may become a self-reliant man,—she, to working for nothing, or at best for some vague sentiment; such as the duty of a daughter to her mother. Such help usually and properly amounts to nothing. There are duties which children should voluntarily and cheerfully render to their parents, and the boys should not be allowed to evade them, nor the girls to look upon them as compulsory.

But the lack of self-reliance is not the only evil arising from this distinction. The girl is stunted and made a hot-house plant, her tastes fostered—for gew-gaws and confectionery—and her education "finished," as they say, with school. Then she is launched into life without much knowledge, very little, if any, self-reliance, and a corrupted physical and mental organization; sometimes a toy for fops to play with, occasionally and to her infinite credit, considering the circumstances, an efficient help-meet and counsellor, often a dead-weight, more ornamental than useful, a quantity but not a quality in the world. Custom, which favored the boy at every step, has cursed her with limitations and falsities. It now

demands, with the approval of many otherwise sensible men and women, that one of her duties is to make herself beautiful. Of course, every human being should seek to do the right thing, the true and noble thing, and to possess the beauty which comes of that. When a woman makes herself a martyr for an idea, when she gives herself to some great work, then she is indeed beautiful. It is the kind of beauty which is its own excuse for being. This, however, loses half its charm when it becomes self-conscious. But this is not the beauty which people mean when they talk of its being woman's province to make herself beautiful. What they mean is the very essence of self-consciousness. It is that woman shall study dress, shall see how much she can call attention to her own person. This has come to be a demand of society, and every woman lacking a strong development of independent character feels that she must meet it. Nay, worse than that. It does not occur to her to question but that it is all right she should meet it. Now in the nature of things such an idea is pernicious in the extreme. It is one of the giant wrongs which the present state of society does woman. It trains her from her earliest years to be a doll, fills her head with effeminate notions instead of healthy ideas, and encourages her to dress in a manner which every honest physiologist must condemn. In obedience to a corrupt idea of beauty, the body is laced out of all true beauty, and the mind made a storehouse for rubbish.

Strangely enough, this weak result has been recognized by a noted reformer as the work of Nature. He does not call it weakness, but a "sensitiveness of structure."

And this is beauty,—at all events the price which woman pays for the *divine* destiny of motherhood. Such words at a time when the whole tendency is to look upon woman as naturally diseased, given to sickness, and altogether the weaker vessel, physically and mentally, are, to say the least of them, unwise. They serve to rivet chains already too heavy for the aspiring, free spirit to bear. They are the offspring of a weak sentimentality. Doubtless in its present state womanhood is not equal to the exertions of manhood; but womanhood as God made it, and womanhood as man has perverted it, are two very different things.

Physicians are necessary now, limitations are inevitable now; not because they are divinely appointed for woman, but because, by false physical education, by a weak and wicked idea of beauty, she has ceased to be a natural growth. It is her right to have the limitations removed, her duty to see to it that they are removed, by the gradual unfolding of higher powers, and a strict adherence to Nature's laws. Take off the artificial limitations of steel and whalebone, of heavy uncomfortable skirts, and tight waists, of exclusive culinary and hot-house culture, and let woman go one hundred years without them, before you begin to talk about the natural limitations of sex.

The baby with which we started has now passed through girlhood, and stands, as it were, at the parting of the ways. She has graduated from the high school, and, if much force of character is hers, is naturally asking, What next? She can rely upon her father for support, and help her mother in the kitchen and parlor in payment therefor; but few girls are satisfied to spend their lives in such a way, and this is not one of them. What is left, then, for her? She must either study more, work for herself, or be married.

So she comes, if a sensible girl, to an examination of these three departments of life, neither of which is opposed to the others, but between all of which there should be a natural sympathy. They are—

1. The Higher Education of Woman,
2. The Employments of Woman, and
3. The Married Life of Woman.

Putting ourselves for a moment in her place, let us examine each of these.

Movements looking to the higher education of woman are being prosecuted with marked success; and many seem to think that in their own good time men will welcome her to the halls of learning, and until then she had better remain outside. It is hard to see how this position can be reconciled with our fundamental proposition. According to that, it is woman's right and duty to enjoy all means possible for a full development of all her faculties, and to take possession of these means whenever and wherever she can, peaceably and honorably. To this end she must make her demand felt. She often goes to the individual, or the State, as the poor creature at your door comes begging for bread.

Such is not the proper attitude for people reclaiming their own. If Harvard College refuses admission to women on equal terms in every respect with men, if the Institute of Technology asks for additional privileges with which to build up a male aristocracy of learning, they must bear the consequences of having their requests for aid refused. The State has no right to grant aid or help, in any way, except upon the fundamental condition that all distinctions of sex shall cease. It could with more justice legislate for Protestants as against Catholics, or Unitarians as against Orthodox, since in the latter cases the barriers set up would not be absolutely insurmountable in their nature. The State represents the people, and cannot rightfully legislate in favor of one portion of the people as against another portion.

There is no meaner prejudice in existence than that which would foster exclusive male institutions for instruction. It is blind to the everlasting law which makes one sex necessary to the other in all departments of life,—a law which would carry the refining influence of the true woman into every college and institute, to purify and tone the characters of the young men.

Dr. Howe and others say that insane people should not be herded together, but should associate with the sane. The same law holds good with all people, and

everywhere. Dark complexions and light, young and old, men and women, come together naturally, and to the advantage of all concerned. In the lecture-room, in art, in literature, to a certain extent, the reforming, elevating effect of bringing the sexes together has been already seen. It only remains to carry the principle a little further to see still more glorious results. But the separation of the sexes, bad as that is, is not the only evil arising from the present system. Woman is practically deprived of the higher branches of education. Why should she not occupy the pulpit? Why should she not plead at the bar? Most of all, why should she not practise medicine? What could be more appropriate than that female physicians should attend the cases of diseases peculiar to women, what more inappropriate than that men should do so? And, certainly, in that experience which is in no just sense a sickness, but a function of health, that of bringing into the world the little men and women who are to make for good or for evil its citizens, women are naturally best fitted for attendants and advisers. But they cannot fill such positions without study, and they cannot study to advantage if at every step they have to fight down prejudices, explore the mysteries of science outside of scientific institutions, or at best do the hard work of study without winning its honors. Who can tell what quack nostrums, now invented on the supposition that woman is naturally a creature of disease, will be consigned to oblivion under the scrutiny of her educated scientific eye? How many limbs may be saved, aye, how many whole bodies saved, when she holds the knife, and superintends the treatment of the mother?

Nothing is plainer than that men have made a monopoly of preaching, pleading, and prescribing. The result in morals, law, and medicine is what might have been expected—corruption. To set it right is the work of time; but sooner or later, gradually or suddenly, we must go back to fundamental principles. If an association of ministers sets up a fence, saying to woman, "Inside this sacred enclosure thou shalt not come;" if courts of justice exclude her from acting as judge, lawyer, or juror; if the medical profession decline to receive into the advantages of their fraternity the women who stand knocking at their doors,—the sooner they each and all are informed that they are the most inexcusable of cliques, the better. The gates to colleges, and all the higher institutions of learning, must not only be ajar, they must be open wide to women as to men.

It is claimed that woman is not physically equal to hard, scientific study. Well, if that is so, what risk in giving her the opportunity for it? Surely she will not long continue to do that which Nature has made her incapable of doing. But when learned doctors say that women are not physically able to do this thing and that thing, what do they judge from? Have they not struck the same rock which nearly capsize our reformer's ethics? Is it woman as God made her, or society's perversion of her? There was a time when Bible, Constitution, everything human and divine, was claimed as on the side of chattel slavery. That time has gone by. We can hardly forgive now the men who accepted the South-side interpretations. The time is when we accept as fore-ordained the slavery of woman to "all the ills that flesh is heir to." In the not distant future it will be very hard to forgive the Jefferson Davises of this last barbarism. Occasionally in the old days some fugitive slave who rebelled against the condition of things to which Nature had consigned him, taking the North star as his guide, would cut a way to freedom. So, thank God, spite of the quibbles of fossils, there are fugitives now from the slavery of enforced female ignorance. They knock at doors most of which are barred against them. Quite often they distance ten times their own number of the male sex in the race. Against such a force, continually increasing in strength and influence, the old system cannot stand. "You may pile your Capitol high in granite," said Wendell Phillips once; "if it be founded on injustice, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down." Against these one-sided systems of education, the pulse of an honorable ambition is beating, and lo! they creak and tumble to their final fall. Gain the victory without a struggle? Yes, if you can. But remember what has been gained thus far has been by the pioneers, who have toiled day and night, knowing no such word as fail. Is it fair to them, is it fair to womankind, for you who go through life unannoyed by great ambitions, to sit down and say, "Gentlemen, we want these privileges, but we await your pleasure." No; rather say, "Gentlemen, we demand that which is ours; by refusing us, you uphold a system of gross injustice; you keep us, who ought to be your equals and companions in knowledge, your inferiors and slaves. Welcome to your side, in all branches of learning, the sex to which your wives, mothers, and sisters belong."

Before such an appeal few true men could stand long. To-day they think women have all they want. They ought not to withhold the opportunities on that account any more than the nation should have withheld freedom because some slaves did not want it. But it furnishes an excuse which nothing but the decided action of woman herself can remove.

It is her right, may I not say her duty also, to take an aggressive attitude in presenting this demand. It is not your rose-water conflicts that win victory. It is the women whose lives have been a continual struggle, who have presented Zenobia to the world. When at every cut of the chisel the cry has gone forth—"Unsexed!" they have mastered theology, law, medicine. When the church cried, "Let the women keep silence," the court said, "They contaminate and are contaminated by the men," and the doctors stood aghast in holy horror—then, as with the keen sweep of an intuitive perception, they have explored some long-cherished theory of the craft.

These women have fought battles for the education of their sex, and what has been gained is due to them, not to the silly notion that women should go submissively without their rights until men voluntarily grant them.

This demand for a higher education, while more fundamental than many others, is still the most conservative one which woman makes. It is the demand which naturally excites most sympathy, the demand to which it is the hardest to say no. Neither sex is alone responsible that to-day it is denied. But the louder and more imperative the demand on the part of woman, the fainter will be the opposition on the part of man, until finally they shall seek the fountains of knowledge side by side.

The majority of girls, however, do not desire, as the world is at present organized, to pursue the higher branches of book learning. If in a healthy condition, mentally and physically, they turn naturally to the world of work. Perhaps most of them, when not in such condition, are obliged to work or starve. Here into some channels they can go, although on poor pay and with a certain loss of caste. A young woman, for example, if possessed of a fair amount of intelligence, may teach on a salary about one-third of what a man would get for the same service, no better done. But when we leave teaching, and come down to tending in shops, and especially to needle-work, we find that while in most cases barely a living is earned, in many instances there is actually not enough received to keep body and soul together. What is the result? That terrible blot on society which we call the social evil. Whether in Paris on the authority of Duchatelet, or in Boston on the authority of the Chief of Police, and the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, we find that the one cause prominent above all others of prostitution is poverty.

Duchatelet says: "Of all causes of prostitution in Paris, and probably in all great towns, none is so active as the want of work, or inadequate remuneration. What are the earnings of our laundresses, seamstresses, and milliners? Compare the price of labor with the price of dishonor, and you will cease to be surprised that women fall."

Chief of Police Savage, in his Report for 1872, page 45, says of night-walkers, "that parties of whom there was a reasonable hope of reform have been either provided with some suitable employment, or sent to their friends in the country."

Mark the words—"provided with some suitable employment."

The Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor for 1871, page 270,—an invaluable contribution to this question,—says: "Not a few cases have come under our personal observation, where insufficient food and the want of proper clothing have ended in a death that could be called nothing but starvation; and alas, many more have confessed to us, some with shame and remorse, others with the defiant question, 'What else could I do?' that they had sold their womanhood for bread to sustain life."

So the testimony might be multiplied; but enough. Is it strange that girls whose training is false from the time they leave their mother's arms, thrown upon the world to wring from its unwilling purse the poor crust which wealth would not give its dog, should fall before the temptations of base but honored men?

I know dark pictures are painted of the hardened girls who walk the streets to tempt the men. How often are we told of some innocent, virtuous countryman led into vice by such. Did you ever ask, if this be so, who first tempted these girls? The Chief of Police of Boston, looking through official eyes, says they are the victims. And yet society, Adam-like, pronounces them the sinners. Now women may not be better than men, nor men than women, when the balance is struck; but the sins of the one are not the sins of the other. Every honest man who has a virtuous wife at home, one who is worthy to represent her sex, knows that in this matter of prostitution, in nine cases out of ten, women are the victims. Why are they the victims? Because poverty, staring them constantly in the face, says *dishonor* or *starvation*. "Why not starvation, then?" say you. Ah! that would be unseen, unrecognized martyrdom. Has this society, for which you and I are in part responsible, given girls in its standard of training the elements which make martyrs? Then think of the women who really do sacrifice themselves for others.

Mrs. Dall, in her lecture on "Death or Dishonor," gives, as an example of this kind, a young girl of seventeen years, who had the charge of a sick, crippled sister. They were left to touch the very brink of despair. A kindly, fair-faced woman brought work which saved them from death. More was promised, on conditions that you can guess; and the toils were so skillfully woven that the young and healthy girl longed for her sister's sickly face and broken limb to ward off her fate. "When a whole day's work brings only a few pennies," said a prostitute to Dr. Sanger, "a smile will buy me a dinner."

No, friends; the wonder is not that so many, but that so few, fall. The great mass, spite of early influences, spite of scandalously low pay, spite of promises of future comforts and luxuries, keep their virtue. It is a grand proof of the natural purity of woman. Only when weakest, and in the most extreme cases, does she fall; and this thought suggests the true remedy for prostitution.

What is it? Why, to open to her the prospect of an honorable career. Insist that she shall have an equal chance in life with the man; that all branches of labor shall be open to her; and that it shall be as dishonorable for her not to work for some purpose as it is for man. By giving woman more self-respect, and making her more a power in the world, you strike a fatal blow at prostitution, as well as full half the evils that beset her. You must deal with the working-woman. Dainty fingers refuse to touch her; when she falls, even Christians turn the cold shoulder;

and yet public virtue and private integrity hang as by a thread on her fate. The ballot as an abstract idea will not save her; Magdalen Asylums will not save her; but the practical justice which shall abolish all distinctions of sex in the world of work will do more to elevate her and purify the social state than volumes of statutes. To that sense of justice woman must appeal, not begging, but demanding, as in the educational realm, the natural rights of which she has been deprived.

The next step brings us naturally to marriage, the relation in which the principles of individual liberty have been most persistently denied. It is one of the signs of the times, at once encouraging and discouraging, that at length discussion has begun on this important subject.

Encouraging, that there are those earnest and brave enough to undertake it. Discouraging, that so many men and even more women shrink from and discountenance it in every possible way. A friend tells us that Mormon women loathe the uses to which they are put, the life of subjection they lead; and yet they are so enslaved by it that they rarely show this feeling, save in the most private manner, perhaps hardly own it to themselves. It does not occur to them to do otherwise than submit. There is a striking parallel to this fact among us. Many, probably a majority, of married women loathe certain features of the ordinary relation between husbands and wives; but it does not even occur to them that the relation is in any particular wrong. And these very women shrink from discussion. But spite of all false notions of propriety, discussion has begun. It will go on, becoming more and more general, until a purer union of the sexes shall have made its further continuance unnecessary. Whatever is corrupt in the present relation ought to be, and will be, exposed.

What then, let us ask, is true marriage? Theodore Parker said it was "a constant falling in love." Some people seem to think that marriage begins on that eventful day when the two stand up in the presence of family and friends, and the minister pronounces them one. But no words can make two one; neither can an hour, or two hours, a day, or a year. That marriage which you thought you were witnessing began months, perhaps years, before; and, if it be true, shall continue to all eternity, "a constant falling in love." It is the sublimest thing on earth,—perhaps in heaven,—the union of two souls, the wedlock of minds and hearts as well as bodies; nay, infinitely more than bodies. Plainly, such a union must have two essential characteristics, love and freedom. There can be no true love without freedom, no true freedom without love. Strictly interpreted, the grandest expression of this idea is found in the phrase, "free love." Not promiscuity,—that is slavery,—but the union of one man to one woman in love and freedom.

Such a love needs no bonds of man's device to keep it alive, and where such a love is not, there ought to be no union in form, as there certainly is none in spirit. The one fatally weak spot in marriage now is, that it is not free, unless the husband choose to make it so. "You must not do as you will, but as I will," says Herbert Spencer, "is the basis of every mandate, whether used by the planter to his negro, or by a husband to his wife." Again he says: "Command is a blight to the affections,—whatsoever of refinement, whatsoever of beauty, whatsoever of poetry there is in the passion that unites the sexes withers up and dies in the cold atmosphere of authority." When your friends who have reached middle age seem cold and stern to each other, when quarrels easily arise, and the atmosphere about them is thick with dissension, think you the love which once united their two young hearts still lives, and has grown and been purified as the years have rolled on? O no; rather has it been stunted, perhaps killed by authority.

Is it strange that it should be so? Remember the sickly thing society has made the young woman, the pernicious feeling of superiority which has arisen therefrom in the young man. They come together totally unfitted for the relation they are about to assume,—the man generally without much respect for womanhood, the woman without much respect for her own higher character and life work; and the iron bands of law are thrown around them to hold them in a forced union. Such an union thus formed and only thus sustained is a curse to the parties making it, and to society of which they are a part. It tends every hour it exists to corrupt the marriage relation, and to make it more and more a mere animal association. The result is that, if a man choose to make her so, his wife is a slave; for, not to speak of any lesser evil, he can claim from her and enforce what Stuart Mill calls "the lowest degradation of a human being, that of being made the instrument of an animal function contrary to her inclinations." We talk of the social evil with bated breath. It is a great ulcer on the body politic, sad indeed to contemplate; but there is a legalized prostitution not less bad, not less an insult to, and a corruption of, the human race. Go into families of your acquaintance where there is some invisible spectre, a something indefinite felt, though all unseen. The wife does not own her own person; she is deprived of the first of her rights. No wonder she does not respect herself. Her children see that she does not. Her husband knows that she does not. The boys learn from it to treat mother and sisters as dependents, as the father does. No wonder love cannot grow with such surroundings. The cold atmosphere of authority has taken its place.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A LADY once asked C. Simeon if teachers ought always to be talking about religion. "No, no," answered the good man rather precipitately, "let your speech be seasoned with salt, madam; not a whole mouthful."

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PAUL GOWER.

A NATIONALISTIC STORY

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXVII. (Continued.)

But, mixed with these teachings, was much that was opposed to them, much that was imperfect, false and chaotic; which my own researches, as well as my friends, the sceptics, soon pointed out to me. There were miracles (of an improved character, because beneficial), inconsistencies, threats, a general assumption of supernaturalism; the incomparable Christ himself distinctly enunciated the horrible dogma of eternal punishment, which I had made away with—as if it were compatible with the rest of his doctrines. I found it in all four of the gospels—in those precious texts you commend to my consideration. But for that, I believe I might have paused and tried to effect some compromise with the record; so loth was I to break with it; so willing to be guided. The respect legitimately attaching to him clung about his ignorant biographers, and it was long before I dared to separate them, or to follow out my own convictions. But, far more than anything else, hell-fire decided me. If I accepted that, farewell to my belief in the goodness of God, without which he was no God to me. So I kept on withersomever honest inquiry led me, feeling that eternal truth ought to be able to satisfy all such questioning.

It did not cost much of a struggle to let inspiration and literal adherence go the same road with the New as the Old Testament. The narratives differed, there were contradictions, inexactitudes (two conflicting genealogies ending in Joseph, who was, notwithstanding, repudiated as the father of Jesus), beggings of the question, in attempts at reconciling fact with prophecy, expectations of an immediate end of the world—positive announcements of it (placed in *his* mouth) as to occur in "this generation"—all denoting human weakness and fallibility. I could not anywhere find that the writers claimed inspiration; that seemed to have been assumed subsequently; certainly in the face of important, if not overpowering, evidence to the contrary. Were God speaking, why these blunders? If the work of mortal man, what more natural? Freely I resolved to accept that conclusion, and to believe no more of the New Testament than I could reconcile with my own conscience; though, as aforesaid, it inevitably commanded infinitely more of respect and affection than the Old.

I had now to face the greatest question of all, which I must either answer or remain in the painfullest uncertainty. Who was he? what was he? this wonderful person, whose very name sounded like no other; who spake as never man spake; whose life, even seen through the imperfect medium which has come down to us, was so good as to place him, apparently, at an immeasurable distance from ordinary humanity; while, at the same time, his love appeared to comprehend most forms of it with infinite mercy, tenderness, and compassion? Was he God incarnate? From my earliest years I had been taught so, and I trembled at the seeming impety of disputing it. But why should I tremble, except at the echoes of old fears, which, thank Heaven, were extinct—in consequence of an involuntary timidity confounding religion with what I had disproved? I have already asserted that I could not fear him; at times I yearned to have lived in Judea, when he walked the earth—to have fallen at his feet and worshipped him; it seemed that I should have found peace and forgiveness, then. If I were wrong, he, who knew my heart and how earnest I was—he who prayed for those who put him to a cruel and shameful death, because it was done in ignorance—would pardon me. Nay, he bade me persevere: "Why judge ye not even of yourselves what is right?" I hesitated no longer.

The decision necessarily involved a consideration of the whole scheme of redemption, as maintained by Orthodox believers. This, ignoring the doctrine of the Trinity, which did not greatly affect me, as it was clearly incomprehensible and, therefore, I could see no merit in accepting it, may be stated as follows: That man is, by nature, since the fall of Adam, so utterly alienated from his Creator as to be righteously subject to his eternal wrath and punishment, from which there is no escape but by believing in his Son; who, though co-existent, co-powerful, and identical with him, became incarnate in the person of Jesus Christ, and was crucified by his own creatures; especially that they might believe in him and be saved. Outside the pale of that there was no redemption—no possibility of it to any human soul. I know that most people assert a larger charity than this, saying that those who have not heard the "glad tidings" will be judged by their works; but the text is clearly against them in many places. Heaven is for believers, hell for all beside.

Waiving the question of the duration of the punishment, or its character, I could not admit the justice of this. Imprimis, myriads of souls—by far the greater portion that had ever existed—were condemned arbitrarily, for no fault of their own. These included the best and most admirable natures throughout antiquity; those who seemed, as it were, to approach him, in their attempts at goodness. They were all doomed, indiscriminately with tyrants, murderers, and sensualists—there was no hope. That stamped the scheme as unjust and cruel; therefore not of God, as I conceived him. It was useless to tell me that this was none of my business; that I ought to concern myself only with selfish considerations; as

aforesaid, I had a right to bring everything to bear on the subject; if it were what it pretended to be, it would emerge triumphant from all questioning. It did not do so in this instance.

Secondly, of those who *had* heard, how many, or rather, how few, would be saved? Omitting the explicit testimony of the Bible, which, over and over again, pronounced the number of the elect to be infinitely small, it was generally taken for granted, and all observation confirmed the fact, that the vast majority of those who claimed to be Christians and believers were only nominally such; being mere worldlings, intent on the affairs of this life; whose tacit conformity with religion would, its stricter votaries declared, avail them nothing—nay, rather heap upon them greater damnation than the heathen, because they had neglected their opportunities. The fulfilment of their duties could not help them; that was “filthy rags” and “self-righteousness.” Here, again, I joined issue. I could not believe in the dogmas of original sin and total depravity (the idea that we were all corrupt because Adam and Eve had eaten an apple was too absurd for consideration). I felt that we might be infinitely better than we were—that there was a great deal of sin and suffering in the world; but, also, that we were not wholly bad; else why should we desire to amend? If evil were our natural element, we should feel quite at home in it, instead of uneasy and unhappy, and longing for deliverance. (The mystery of the existence of the evil, at all, I, of course, found insolvable, and could only reconcile myself to it by supposing that it worked out a great end—was a means towards something higher in the scale of being than mere good, alone, could have accomplished.) Boldly I determined that goodness must be acceptable to God, even when unaccompanied by belief, and that if the latter were indispensable he would not have made it irrational also; that is to say, conflicting with our ideas of right and justice, which, however limited, must, to their poor extent, coincide with his own; because they were of his creation. Besides, the eternal casting away of the greater part of the human race, under any circumstances, involves either injustice or a failure in his scheme, and therefore implies a denial of his goodness or power; on both of which I relied as fundamental facts, impossible to be disputed. Nor does it at all affect the argument to urge that it is their own fault (which, in the case of the heathen, I have already disproved), but only shifts the responsibility to another count. *How had they deserved being subjected to such a risk?* For who, with a choice, would have accepted existence (not an unalloyed one here, either) on the terms?

Thirdly (and lastly, in this connection), the salvation of the elect only by *faith* seemed to me as objectionable as the reprobation of the indifferent or ignorant. I know you will quote, “Faith without works is dead,” but I put it to your own candor and experience whether, in all “Evangelical preaching,” as it is called, the first is not allowed to eclipse the second, even to total obscuration? And there are texts enough and to spare in support of this: I have already quoted some of them. Hear what an uncanonical writer named Fielding has to say on the subject, as it exactly expresses my opinion: “Can anything be more derogatory to the honor of God, than for men to imagine that the all-wise Being will hereafter say to the good and virtuous, ‘Notwithstanding the purity of thy life, notwithstanding that constant rule of virtue and goodness in which thou walkedst upon earth, still, as thou didst not believe everything in the true Orthodox manner, thy want of faith shall condemn thee.’ Or, on the other side, can any doctrine have a more pernicious influence on society than a persuasion that it will be a good plea for a villain, at the last day: ‘Lord, it is true I never obeyed one of thy commandments; yet punish me not, for I believe them all!’” Such an expectation, in fact, less puny than stated, often accompanies a murderer to the gallows, and dismisses him in a state of spiritual ecstasy, rather than heart-broken repentance. It does worse—it makes *lies* bad; allows people to think that they can be mean, selfish, hard, cruel, and yet “believe and be saved.” For it is notorious that religious people, as they are denominated, are not kinder or better than others—of which I shall have more to say presently.

All this made wild work with the narrow, partial, and un-Christian scheme of redemption, but I could not pause; having ascertained the injustice of the plan in its results to humanity, it now behooved me to consider it solely as attributed to the Almighty. Postponing the question of Christ's divinity, was it right that the innocent should suffer for the guilty—that such an expiation should be demanded or compelled with? Humanly speaking, no; for what should we say of an earthly parent who crucified his most virtuous and best-beloved child for the sake of reprobates—especially when it was entirely optional with him to forgive them as freely as the father did the repentant prodigal in the blessed parable? To be consistent with what we are taught, he should first have slain his eldest born, in obedience to the savage maxim: “Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins.” Indeed, the doctrine is Jewish, the parable Christian; therein lies the essential difference. Do not try and stop my mouth with “His ways are not our ways,” but remember they are those “of truth and righteousness.” Again, I could not see the justice of the atonement.

Then, was it likely that he, the creator of worlds upon worlds, systems beyond systems, to inconceivable infinity, should assume human form, in order to live and die obscurely in a corner of one planet (which must be as an atom of dust compared to the awful totality), in accordance with a covenant, exclusively accredited to one narrow-minded, barbarous, and bigoted people; that the event, imperfectly and

confusedly recorded, should produce such incredible and partial consequences? His ways should be consistent with what we know of his works, his glory, and omnipotence. It did not seem so in this instance. If there were intelligent inhabitants in the starry orbs above us—which I, for one, thought more than probable—what was their religion? We could not fancy the same scheme of redemption repeated in each of them—that were impious burlesque; but the religion of such a creator—theirs and ours—should be as suitable to them as to us—absolute, universal, eternal. In fact, just such a religion as Jesus Christ declared to be all that was necessary to salvation—Love to God and to each other.

We cannot but suppose an infinite distance between God and man; the most orthodox of believers unconsciously make a distinction in their preference of the Son to the Father; in the relegation of all the vengeful characteristics to the latter, the beautiful ones to the former. Why this, if in their minds both are identical? Inquire, and you shall find the indefiniteness that must accrue from the attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable. (The explicitness of the Athanasian Creed, “not made, nor created, but begotten,” is impious and shocking beyond expression; everybody conspires to ignore it, nobody daring to face its plain meaning.) People have, in truth, so desecrated the Almighty in their imaginations that they cannot love him, but are fain to take refuge from the frightful and monstrous abstraction of their own fears and superstitions in the person of Jesus Christ. The time will come—is not, perhaps, far distant—when they will recognize in the fatherliness of the one the highest of his attributes; in the declaration of it, by the other, his strongest title to our gratitude and admiration.

Thus justice, probability, and instinct were all arrayed against the supernatural part of the scheme; nor was the record, when closely looked into, even half in favor of it; nor harmonious, coherent, nor satisfactory. In the first three Gospels one finds nothing whatever of the Messiahship: they are altogether different from the fourth, which, offensively obtruding that especial dogma in certain portions, does so at the cost of all verisimilitude with the others, representing Jesus Christ as proud, partial, severe, narrow-minded, and intolerant—in a word, inferior to, and almost utterly unlike, the Christ we love to believe in. I did not then know that none of these Gospels (themselves selected from a vast number of rejected ones, nearly three centuries after the crucifixion) were written or compiled long subsequent to the events they treat of: that their text is corrupt, conflicting, and imperfect: that the fourth, in particular (attributed to John on purely arbitrary grounds), has the least pretensions to historical accuracy: nor that the divinity of Jesus was an open question, from the Apostles' time till nearly seven hundred years afterwards, when the “heresy” contradicting it was “extirpated” by the sword. I say I did not then know of these things; and it was only when I searched further (in my cousin's library at Thorpe Parva and elsewhere) that I discovered the truth; and understood on what a slender foundation such a gigantic superstition had been erected—though always protested against, through all the ages, by some of the best men (aye, and churchmen!) who have ever lived. The facts are patent to everybody who cares to inquire for himself, and is not merely acquiescent—one of the great crowd of conventional believers—blank Bibliolaters—word-worshippers—in servile bondage to the letter—who can give no reason for the faith that is in them, but the pitiful one that the majority is on their side—an argument which, in Christ's time, would have justified his murder. For, be it remarked, doubt is an indispensable preliminary to intelligent conviction; and he who never examined cannot rationally believe. Your hereditary religion has no better basis than that of a Turk or Hindu, and much more in common with them than you are aware of.

But the record, as it stood, furnished sufficient evidence of the humanity of Jesus, as distinguished from his divinity. Not to instance his never speaking of his conception and birth as being supernatural, or the denial or imperfect credence of his Messiahship by his brethren and the Apostles, even in the face of asserted miraculous proofs of it, many of his words and actions are against that assumption. We are told that he grew in favor with God and man; that he declared himself to be less than his Father—nay, even refused the compliment of excellence above others. What do you say to these words, to be found in all but that last and least truthful of the Gospels?

“And he said unto him, ‘Why callest thou Me good? There is none good but God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.’”

What is the meaning of this, if not the honest, straightforward one implied by the text? Nothing but the most miserable special pleading, and such begging the question as is an insult to the understanding, can make it agree with the Orthodox belief of Christendom. It is the expression of a devout soul, conscious of God's infinite superiority to his creatures, and directing us heavenward. Again, he prays to him to be spared death, is tempted, discouraged—despairing almost—in short, subject to mortal weaknesses and infirmities. How should God be tempted? how cast down? how ignorant of the date of the day of judgment, at which he is to preside? and which, as we have seen, he asserted would take place in his time—before the men of that generation should be gathered to their fathers. Then he speaks of a personal devil—an absurdity so gross that even the clergy are shy of alluding to it now-a-days—and, as aforesaid, of hell and the unpardonable sin. Can anybody read the Gospels candidly, and not discover these things, and their obvious deduction? It may be that God permitted these errors, that in his own

good time—when men were able to bear the truth—the arbitrary husk inclosing it should be exploded.

There yet remained another consideration—to my thinking the most important of all—his character. I have already told you how that affected me, and notwithstanding what I have just mentioned, and other discrepancies, it was long—years—before I attained peace on the subject, and absolute conviction. Were such high and heavenly utterances, such greatness, such goodness, such a life, and such a death, merely mortal? Familiar from my childhood with the cant of “total depravity,” I had not faith enough in humanity to think so. The miracles didn't trouble me much: I could have accepted them as appendages to him, only they seemed wrong, as making God interfere with his own majestic and far more wonderful laws, for mere temporary purposes, which, after all, accomplished very little, even in their own day—for, in the most remarkable of them, the widow's son, Jairus' daughter, and Lazarus, must have died in the long run, hence what availed the few brief years gained by their resuscitation? If you say these miracles occurred in evidence of his divinity, I answer that they did not convert the Jews (who even wished to kill Lazarus); and it is doubly illogical to ask us to believe them on the unauthenticated authority of the record. Then we do not scruple to deny modern miracles, though they are attested by living witnesses. But, as I say, they seemed unworthy of him; though I scarcely knew why. Will you hear him who told me, and set me at rest on the subject? then listen to the greatest and most spiritual of American writers, Ralph Waldo Emerson:—

“Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty, he lived in it and had his being there. Alone in all history, he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of his world. He said, in this jubilee of sublime emotion, ‘I am divine. Through me God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God, see me; or see thee, when thou shouldst think as I now think.’ But what a distortion did his doctrine and memory suffer in the same, in the next, and the following ages! There is no doctrine of the Reason which will bear to be taught by the understanding. The understanding caught this high chant from the poet's lips, and said, in the next age, ‘This was Jehovah come down out of heaven. I will kill you if you say he was a man.’ The idioms of his language, and the figures of his rhetoric, have usurped the place of his truth; and churches are not built on his principles, but on his tropes. Christianity became a Mythos, as the poetic teaching of Greece and of Egypt were. He spoke of miracles; for he felt that man's life was a miracle, and all that man doth, and he knew that this daily miracle shines, as the man is divine. But the very word miracle, as pronounced by Christian churches, gives a false impression; it is monstrous. It is not one with the blowing clover and the falling rain. . . .

“By this Eastern monarchy of a Christianity, which indolence and fear have built, the friend of man is made the injurer of man. The manner in which his name is surrounded with expressions which were once sallies of admiration and love, but are now petrified into official titles, kills all generous sympathy and liking. All who hear me feel that the language that describes Christ to Europe and America is not the style of friendship and enthusiasm to a good and noble heart, but is appropriated and formal—paints a demigod, as the Orientals or the Greeks would describe Osiris or Apollo. . . .

“The divine words are the friends of my virtue, of my intellect, of my strength. They admonish me that the gleams which flash across my mind are not mine, but God's; that they had the like and were not disobedient to the heavenly vision. So I love them. Noble provocations go out from them, inviting me also to emancipate myself; to resist evil; to subdue the world; and to be. And thus, by his holy thought, Jesus serves us, and thus only. To aim to convert a man by miracles is a profanation of the soul. A true conversion, a true Christ, is now, as always, to be made by the reception of beautiful sentiments. It is true that a great and rich soul, like his, falling among the simple, does so preponderate that, as he did, it names the world. The world seems to exist for him, and they have not yet drunk so deeply of his sense as to see that only by coming again to themselves, or to God in themselves, can they grow forevermore. It is a low benefit to give me something; it is a high benefit to enable me to do somewhat of myself. The time is coming when all men will see that the gift of God to the soul is not a vaunting, overpowering, excluding sanctity, but a sweet, natural goodness, a goodness like thine and mine, and that so invites mine and thine to be and to grow.”

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

*Address delivered before the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, U. S., Sunday evening, 15th July, 1873.

THACKERAY tells us of a woman begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, “May the blessings of God follow you all your life!” But when he only pulled out his snuff-box she immediately added, “And never overtake ye!”

THE UNIQUE method of making the arts and sciences flourish is to allow every individual to teach what he thinks, at his own risk and peril.—Spinoza

A SENECA FALLS clergyman is said to have called at a millinery store on opening day “in order to anticipate what he should see on the following Sunday.”

INFIDELITY RAMPANT--RELIGIOUS RADICALISM.

[From the *Daily Statesman*, of Austin, Texas, Nov. 1.]

There has lately been held in the city of New York a meeting of an Association called "The Free Religion Association," devoted to what its members designate as free religion. It was held in the large hall of the Cooper Union, which the *Tribune* says was "two-thirds filled with an audience of a high order of intelligence." The meeting was presided over by a Mr. Charles Storrs, of Brooklyn, and the Rev. (?) O. B. Frothingham made a very long address on the occasion. We have read the *Tribune's* report of this speech and must confess ourselves somewhat startled by its revelations. We were aware that infidelity had progressed to an alarming extent in the Northern States, but we had no idea of the boldness and audacity with which it is being avowed and inculcated. Free Religion, according to Mr. Frothingham, is no religion at all, so far as the Bible is concerned. It is purely a religion of Nature, without any Bible or Savior or God of the universe. It is, as this reverend infidel explained it, the religion of science. We give an extract from his closing remarks, on the first day. Speaking of his faith, he says: "The result will be a gospel of kindness, a religion of humanity, natural philanthropy, social reform, social science, the deification of charity, the worship of culture, reports instead of liturgies, politics instead of prayers!" The benediction, which followed this extraordinary sermon of the Rev. Frothingham, was in keeping with his faith. It was "I bid you good evening." And we say, "Good-night to Mormonism," and the reverend infidel O. B. Frothingham. But this gentleman was not alone in his glory of trying to overturn nearly nineteen hundred years of Christianity. There were other reverend gentlemen, so-called, who were present, or who wrote letters approving the object of the meeting. There was the Rev. Mr. Gannett, of Boston, the Rev. Wm. J. Potter, of New Bedford, the Rev. J. W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, and many literary celebrities, such as James Parton, Henry B. Blackwell, Francis E. Abbot, Professor E. L. Youmans and Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, all of whose productions our Southern youth are reading in the Northern magazines. It is well enough, we think, for them to be informed what sort of literature they are encouraging. There were also letters read from Charles Bradlaugh, the English radical, now in this country, and from Gerrit Smith of old abolition memory, Judge Hoadly, of Cincinnati, William Lloyd Garrison, and even old Peter Cooper himself. On the third and last day of this remarkable convention of reverend and literary infidels, Mr. Frothingham made a good deal of fun out of the great revival which took place some years ago in Boston, and the irreverent Chadwick said that "God created the heavens and earth and there was an end of it, except a very few times he had to interfere and try to mend in some way the great world machine, which had not somehow gone satisfactorily." These free religious jokers seem to have had a jolly time. As usual on such gatherings at the North, there were some semi-women present, who read essays and made speeches. Mrs. A. B. Blackwell and Mrs. Mary F. Davis among the number. The Rev. W. J. Potter, as evidence of the progress of the "free religion" among the churches, said that in his own society at New Bedford, the ordinances of baptism and the communion had been discontinued. As Frothingham began the infidel exercises of the convention, so he ended them by asserting, that "the wildest dream cherished to-day, was the dream of the Christian Church, and the most audacious dreamer was Jesus of Nazareth." "How long, O Lord, how long?" Every one of these impious infidels are radicals of the deepest dye.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

PROSCRIPTION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

On the 16th day of this month (December), the people of Pennsylvania will be called upon to vote for the adoption or rejection of a new Constitution, which, among other clauses in what is styled the "Declaration of Rights," contains the following: "No person who acknowledges the being of a God and a future state of rewards and punishments shall on account of his religious sentiments be disqualified to hold any office or place of trust or profit under this Commonwealth." All persons, therefore, who do not acknowledge those dogmas are disqualified. We, as American citizens, in our spread-eagle Fourth of July orations, are very much in the habit of boasting of our free government, where all classes of citizens stand on an equality before the law; we invite people of other nations, who are oppressed and find their freedom of conscience interfered with by their rulers, to come to us and partake with us the blessings of civil and religious liberty. Under the Constitution of the United States, entire freedom is the birthright of every one born on its soil, and no human authority can in any case whatever control or interfere with the right of conscience. No preference can ever be given by United States law to any religious establishment or special mode of worship. Yet this new Constitution to be submitted as a whole to the people of Pennsylvania, without any opportunity to reject such parts as do not meet their approbation, contains a clause disqualifying a very large and respectable body of the most intelligent citizens in the State, on account of their conscientious disbelief in the Christian doctrine of future punishment. It really seems unaccountable that men intelligent enough to frame a Constitution for the great State of Pennsylvania should so stultify themselves as to insert a provision of that kind. Since when have these wisecracks discovered that a man's theological opinions have anything to do with his qualifications for holding an office, or that men's opinions are mere matters of choice? The public are generally discriminating enough to select men to represent them in an official station on account of their capacity, not on account of their private religious opinions. Men's honest opinions on religion, politics, and other subjects, are often beyond their control, and force themselves upon them according to the natural bias of their minds. It has not been always customary in the history of our country to select men for important positions on account of their sound Orthodox theology, or certainly such men as Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin would never have occupied the positions that an appreciative public awarded them. Neither of them made any secret of their disbelief of the doctrine of future punishment. Such a clause in the Constitution of any State in the Union should be treated as a dead letter; for should a test case be made and taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, that court could not with any consistency declare a provision of that character Constitutional, conflicting as it does with the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, which entirely ignores everything of a theological nature, and requires no religious tests from any of its officials.

Copies of the subjoined petition will be sent from THE INDEX Office to any address, on receipt of a three cent postage stamp. All interested in the repeal of the Act of Congress designated will please circulate this petition for signatures; and all lists returned to THE INDEX will be acknowledged in its columns.—Ed.

We, the undersigned, citizens and residents of the United States, would hereby respectfully petition your honorable bodies to repeal the first section of the Act approved June 17, 1870, entitled "An Act exempting from taxes certain property in the District of Columbia," etc., and providing that "all churches and school-houses, and all buildings, grounds and property appurtenant thereto, and used in connection therewith, in the District of Columbia, shall be exempt from any and all taxes and assessments, national, municipal or county." We ask this for the following reasons:—

1. This part of said Act we understand to be at variance with the spirit, if not the letter, of the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." Since the exemption from taxation of churches, parsonages, ecclesiastical houses and sectarian schools in the District of Columbia is precisely equivalent in effect to a direct appropriation by Congress for their support, we conceive this measure to violate what all the exponents of the Constitution declare to have been its manifest intent and design,—namely, to sever all religious organizations from any connection with or dependence upon the civil government, except for equal and impartial protection. This part of said Act, therefore, we consider to be UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

2. This part of said Act we conceive to be also contrary to equity and justice, inasmuch as its effect is to increase our relative proportion of the National taxes, to the end of relieving altogether from taxation certain churches and church properties in the District of Columbia. We consider it, therefore, to be UNJUST.

3. All history shows that the effect of exempting churches from taxation is to accumulate property in the hands of ecclesiastical bodies to a very dangerous extent, and at last to compel resort to confiscation as the only means of escaping the great evils thus generated. The examples of England, of Italy, and of Mexico, of Spain, Austria, and France, are sufficient warnings against adopting a policy which is hostile to American ideas and American institutions. That the non-taxation of church property is tending to the same results here as elsewhere is evident from the fact that, while the number of church-members in the United States was not doubled between 1850 and 1870, the value of church property during the same period was quadrupled, advancing from \$87,328,801 to \$354,483,581. At the same rate, its value in 1890 will be over \$1,418,000,000; and such rapid accumulation of wealth in ecclesiastical hands is most perilous to civil and religious liberty. This part of said Act, therefore, we consider to be UNSAFE.

For the reasons, consequently, that this part of said Act is unconstitutional, unjust, and unsafe, we respectfully ask that it be forthwith repealed.

THE NOVEL EXPERIMENT instituted by President Grant of mixing Church with State in Indian affairs, and designating through the Interior Department the various paths to salvation which the different tribes must pursue, does not in all cases work satisfactorily. The Osage Indians, who are Catholics, have been turned over to the supervision of Quaker missionaries, and they are very much dissatisfied with the change. A memorial to the President has been prepared and signed by the principal chiefs, in which they say they have frequently petitioned the authorities to return to them their Catholic missionaries, but their wish has not been gratified. They say the Catholic priests came to live among them in 1844, and have always been regarded as their fathers; that they would never have signed the treaty of 1865 if it had not been fully understood that their Catholic priests were to remain with them, educate their children, and aid them with advice. They complain that the experience of the last four years has proved that the religious teachers who have been forced upon them cannot command the respectful obedience of the young men and children, and say that the present officers and missionaries are suspected of seeking self-interest and wasting their annuities. The memorial closes with an appeal to the President to give them back their Catholic instructors, promising if this is done that their children shall be sent to school. They think that they have a right to choose their own religion and select their own teachers, as only their own money is involved in the expense. The Osages have a large education fund.—*New York Sun.*

Poetry.

[FOR THE INDEX.]

WINTER, AND A GRAVE.

Thou little brook that croon'st as blithely
Between thy frozen, snow-heaped banks,
As when the apple trees were blooming,
And bee and bird were giving thanks!

Well mayst thou sing, e'en in the winter,
And strive to cheer me with thy pranks,
Since April's grass will soon be springing,
And violets clustering on thy banks.

I too might keep a gladsome current
Aye rippling through this gloomy heart,
If, after long and dreary winter,
The spring could bid my blossoms start.

Thou singest to me of past joys only,
Of summers that will come no more,
Leaf, blossom, bird-song, love-light, vanished,
And I alone on a wintry shore.

And ever, as thou journeyest onward
To the river flowing silently,
I think of one who vanished from me,
Aye, lost in death's deep mystery.

Ah, could that seeming deathless spirit
Sometimes revisit these dear haunts,
And I might know what once was human
Still shares with me dear human wants,—

Still hungers for the old communion,
Methinks such knowledge would be sweet,
And midst hope's rapturous resurrection
My heart with swiftest tides would beat.

Alas! thy ceaseless flow and murmur
But voice the grief within my breast,
Through summer, winter, winter, summer,
An endless sorrow, a fruitless quest.

MARY R. WHITLESSEY.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO INDEX STOCK.

Mrs. F. W. Christern,	New York City,	One share, \$100
Richard B. Westbrook,	Somerset, Pa.	" " 100
E. C. Spencer,	Milwaukee, Wis.	Two " 200
E. W. Kowes,	Boston, Mass.	One " 100
Chas. W. Story,	Boston, Mass.	" " 100
E. W. Meddaugh,	Detroit, Mich.	Five " 500
Jacob Hoffner,	Cumminsville, O.	One " 100
John Weiss,	Boston, Mass.	" " 100
W. C. Russell,	Ithaca, N. Y.	" " 100
A. W. Leggett,	Detroit, Mich.	" " 100
B. F. Dyer,	Boston, Mass.	" " 100
James Furston,	Lynn, Mass.	" " 100
F. A. Nichols,	Lowell, Mass.	" " 100
J. S. Palmer,	Portland, Me.	" " 100
Robt. Ormiston,	Brooklyn, N.Y.	" " 100
Mrs. A. L. Richmond,	Lowell, Mass.	" " 100
Mrs. Benj. Treason,	Lynn, Mass.	" " 100

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The following rule has been adopted with reference to subscriptions to THE INDEX, and will be observed on and after December 1, 1873: THE INDEX will be discontinued to each subscriber immediately on the expiration of his term of subscription as marked by the printed mailing, unless the subscription is renewed in advance, or unless direct notice is received that the subscriber intends soon to renew it. But a bill will be sent to each subscriber a few weeks previous to the expiration of his term, in order that he may have an opportunity of renewing without suffering any interruption in the receipt of his papers.

CASH RECEIPTS.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 13.

R. W. Henshaw, \$3; F. A. Searle, \$3; E. T. Parker, \$3; Willard Twitchell, \$3; Wm. A. Hawley, \$3; H. H. Phillips, \$1; J. Chappell, \$3; Wm. F. A. Stokes, \$1; Geo. Dimmock, \$3.15; John H. Arnold, \$3; Ann Clark, \$3; W. H. Burr, \$3; J. Sedgwick, \$3; Wm. W. Carson, \$3; D. V. Howell, \$3; Wm. Hill, \$3; Wm. F. Perkins, \$1.50; J. E. Judd, \$3; Daniel Cony, \$3; Newton Littlefield, \$3; M. T. Dole, \$2; Edw. Howland, \$3; E. M. Howe, \$3; W. Fred White, \$3; R. F. Briggs, \$3; G. H. Foster, 75 cents; LeRoy Sunderland, 15 cents; L. H. Beach, 30 cents; E. C. Gast, 30 cents; Wm. H. Holmes, 65 cents; S. F. Woodard, \$20; J. L. Whiting, \$10; L. Frang & Co., \$3; Edwin H. Hall, \$3; A. R. Hamilton, \$3; J. W. Fowler, \$3; Geo. W. Julian, \$3; T. Lees, 60 cents; Sam'l Ritchie, \$3; Phillip H. Gill, \$3; Gilbert Billings, \$3; S. L. Smith, \$3; Geo. Rupp, \$1; J. W. Elliot, \$1.50; F. W. Christern, \$3; Edw. L. Crane, \$3; Seth Hunt, \$3; M. Diefendorf, \$3; Fred. Frothingham, \$3; J. R. Hawley, \$3; John E. Magee, \$3; J. T. S. Smith, \$3; Harriet Brothers, \$3; O. Marlin, \$3; Sarah B. Berry, \$3; J. P. Mendan, 85 cents; T. D. Elliott, \$1; Jas. Ruddle, 10 cents; A. P. Stevens, 10 cents; Wm. Berrian, 25 cents; R. H. Ranney, 20 cts.

RECEIVED.

Books.

CHURCH THOUGHT AND CHURCH WORK. Edited by the Rev. Charles Anderson, M.A. London: Henry S. King & Co., 85 Cornhill and 12 Paternoster Row. 1874.

Pamphlets and Periodicals.

THREE NOTICES of the "Speaker's Commentary." From the Dutch of Dr. A. Kuonen. London: Thomas Scott. THE EXERCISES OF PRAYER. By Thomas Lumleden Strange. London: Thomas Scott.

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT: A Letter to Thomas Scott. London: Thomas Scott. 1873.

LETTER by Gerrit Smith on "Spain and Cuba."

MONTHLY MIRROR, December, 1873. Edited by R. A. Gunn. New York: B. J. Stow.

IOWA SCHOOL JOURNAL, November, 1873. Des Moines: C. M. Greene.

New Music.

NEW STREET MUSIC published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.—Wake Thee, my Dear, by Varley—Floweret of the Vale, by the same—Embarrassment, by Franz Abt—Pace a quest! alma oppressa, by Campana—At Rest, by Virginia Gabriel—Come unto Me, by Coenen—Prayer of the Angels, by Mayhath—Trubel and Jubel, by Faust.

The Index.

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BY

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION,

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Toledo Office: No. 35 MONROE STREET. Julius T. Frey,
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THE INDEX accepts every result of science and sound learning, without seeking to harmonize it with the Bible. It recognizes no authority but that of reason and right. It believes in Truth, Freedom, Progress, Equal Rights, and Brotherly Love.

N. B.—No writer in THE INDEX, editorial or otherwise, is responsible for anything published in its columns except for his or her own individual statements. Editorial contributions will in every case be distinguished by the name or initials of the writer.

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BOSTON, DECEMBER 18, 1873.

SUNDAY LECTURES.—The Editors of THE INDEX will lecture occasionally on Sundays, if desired, within a convenient distance of Boston.

PREMIUM OFFER.

To EVERY Subscriber, new or old, who shall send us \$3.00 at any time between now and New Year, THE INDEX shall be sent until January 1, 1875.

CASH PREMIUMS FOR 1874.

In order to increase the circulation of THE INDEX, and thereby make it a more powerful instrumentality in the reform to which it is devoted, the following Cash Premiums are now offered:—

1. THE INDEX will pay to any one of its old subscribers \$1.00 for every new subscription of \$3.00 obtained by his or her means and forwarded to this office. If preferred, the \$1.00 may be deducted before remitting. This offer holds good for new subscriptions alone, and not for renewals.

2. In addition to this, it offers **One Hundred Dollars** to the person who shall send the largest list of new subscribers, with the money, before the first day of February, 1874, and **Fifty Dollars** to the person sending the next largest list during the same time.

There are many warm friends of THE INDEX throughout the country who would be glad to help increase its circulation, if they could only afford to give their time to the work. The above offers will enable them to do so. Supposing that the largest list sent contains one hundred new names, the sender will be entitled to \$100.00 as commission and another \$100.00 as premium. Will not many of our lady subscribers, who are the most efficient of all canvassers, seize this opportunity to help THE INDEX without too great a sacrifice on their own part?

GLIMPSES.

WE HAVE HAD a surfeit of radical words; give us now a radical deed!

IT IS A LOSS to you to lose faith in your brother's virtue. You cannot afford to lessen the world's stock of goodness. If you are forced to credit a revelation of guilt, you have less goodness to believe in; if you make haste to credit a slander, you have less goodness to believe with.

MR. MORSE'S bust of Theodore Parker excites great admiration among those who knew him personally. It is full of life and character, and proves no ordinary genius in the artist. Ten dollars is a very low price for such a noble memento of one of the noblest of men. We hope that Mr. Morse will find abundant encouragement from all who can appreciate the excellence of his work.

WE HAVE had prepared a number of handsome placards, printed with colored inks on thick Bristol boards, for gratuitous distribution, to such News-Dealers as are willing to hang them up conspicuously in their stands. Please ask your own news-dealer whether he will hang one up near his counter, if sent. We shall be happy to forward it to his address. This little service, which will cost our friends very little trouble to render, may be of great value to THE INDEX.

IT MAY NOT be generally known that the Catholics of this country are forming an organization with objects analogous to those of the Protestant "Young Men's Christian Association." It is a branch of a European organization designed to influence public

opinion in favor of supporting the Pope and all his pretensions, old and new, and to advance in all respects the peculiar interests of the Roman Catholic faith. Under the name of the "Catholic Union," it is intended to organize the Catholic laity under the complete control of the Catholic priesthood; and such Unions have already been formed in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The Boston Catholic Union was organized about a year ago, with the full approval of the Bishop of the diocese, and held its first public meeting at Music Hall in this city on Nov. 14. Five Bishops and about a hundred priests were present, besides the immense audience. The opening speech was made by Mr. Theodore Metcalf, President of the Union, who read the Address sent by the Union to the Pope last May; and Mr. Pelletier read the Pope's reply, dated July 23, 1873. Mr. Henry L. Richards then stated the objects of the Union, and the following extracts, though copious, should receive the closest attention:—

"The object of the Catholic Union cannot, perhaps, be better expressed than in the terse and comprehensive language of the first article of our Constitution:

"The Catholic Union of Boston is formed under the inspiration of the words of Our Most Holy Father, Pius IX., recommending union and organization of the Catholic laity in the spirit of loyalty to the Church. Its objects are to defend and promote Catholic interests, to maintain a spirit of devotion to the Holy Father, and to promote by all proper means a spirit of reverence for his rights, both spiritual and temporal." Observe we are an association of Catholic laymen, acting under the inspiration of the Holy Father, the highest authority in the Church, with the sanction and approval of our own beloved Bishop. We are not an irresponsible association with ambitious political aspirations or quixotic schemes of moral reform. We have a legitimate end to aim at, a definite work, as it were, put into our hands, and it is our pride and our glory, as it is the guarantee of our safety and the augury of our success to act in concert with and under the advice and counsel of our spiritual superiors. We wish to demonstrate to the world the falsity and utter groundlessness of the impression which has been attempted to be created in certain quarters, that Catholic laymen look with suspicion upon the movements of their clergy. We utterly scout the idea that the Catholic hierarchy are seeking self-aggrandizement,—the exaltation of their order at the expense of the rights of the laity. The Catholic Union is but too happy to respond to the suggestions of the Holy Father, by showing to the world that the laity are in perfect harmony with the clergy. There is but one party in the Church, one interest, one common bond that unites all in loving accord in the same holy faith, seeking the same glorious end. The whole spirit of our association would lead us to frown indignantly upon the first dawning of an attempt to alienate any portion of the laity from the most complete loyalty, the most hearty devotion to our splendid hierarchy. Especially do our hearts kindle with enthusiasm at the very mention of the venerable name of the illustrious Pontiff who now occupies the chair of Peter and administers the affairs of the Church as its glorious head; the grandest figure of the age in which we live. Persecuted and despised, as he is by the world, we are proud to be called his children, and we should esteem it a high honor to devote our lives to the defence of his rights and the exaltation of his prerogatives.

"Under the head of Catholic interests which our Constitution pledges us to defend, there are some questions of serious importance which will necessarily engage the attention of our Union, and in which, as time goes on, we hope by judicious and persevering effort to be successful. I refer now principally to the important question of Catholic education, and to our rights in our public institutions of charity and correction.

"Finally we are organized for the defence of the rights of the Sovereign Pontiff. These rights are two-fold: 1. The rights of St. Peter as head of the Church, and—2. The rights of the principality of the States of the Church as head of the State.

"There is undoubtedly a widespread conspiracy to rule God out of society. This they hope to accomplish by exalting Caesar in the place of Christ, by subjecting the Church to the State, and by substituting godless education, compulsory if need be, for that good old-fashioned, dogmatic Christian teaching and culture which is the only sure basis of morality, and, therefore, the only security for the good order and well-being of society. For this they are organizing all over the world, laboring with ceaseless vigilance and untiring energy for the accomplishment of their nefarious purpose. We must be prepared to meet them on their own ground, not, indeed, with the weapons of carnal warfare, not with hatred and bitterness, not with retaliation of bigotry and intolerance; but our warfare is a warfare of reason, of argument, of persuasion. It should be a confederacy of holy charity, a contest of love against hatred, of patience under insult, of forgiveness of injury, but, at the same time, of a bold, fearless, manly maintenance of principle, and assertion of the right, the just, and the true.

"We want no compromise in this contest, no weak-kneed, vacillating, half-hearted attachment. 'Thank God! Gallicanism is dead; having been killed by the decrees of the great Council of the Vatican. And 'liberal Catholicism,' which is animated by the same spirit and seeks the same end, has been marked and proscribed by the Holy Father. A liberal Catholic is too often a man who is ashamed of his religion and has not the courage to be consistent."

THE RELIGIOUS ENVIRONMENT.

It is a marked tendency of modern science to seek the explanation of biological, sociological, historical, and even biographical phenomena in the influence of surrounding circumstances or outward conditions of various sorts, all of which are summed up in what Comte styles the "medium" (*milieu*) and Spencer the "environment." The development of individual organisms, of species, of institutions, of nations, of character, is traced more and more to the action of climatic or other general agencies, operating to produce external or internal changes by insensible steps in everything of which development can be predicated. This tendency is so pronounced as, in our opinion, to run into excess,—to prevent the recognition of any peculiar manifestation of force in organic life which cannot be ultimately reduced to the ordinary action of cosmical influences, and thus to enlarge the boundaries of physics until it swallows up and digests all the other sciences. Herbert Spencer's philosophy exhibits this tendency in its full strength, proposing as it does to state all problems and their solutions in mechanical terms. We look, however, for the correction of this excessive tendency sooner or later by the recognition of a true gradation in all manifestations of force, each distinct science being perceived to involve conceptions peculiar to itself and irreducible to the conceptions of any other science. When this natural reaction takes place, the danger of overlooking the part played in all development by the special constitution or individuality of that which is developed will be escaped, and the higher sciences, such as sociology and ethics, will no longer be cramped by the futile attempt to solve their peculiar problems by eliminating everything which is peculiar to them.

Now the general tendency here noted to secure adequate appreciation for the action of the environment in all cases of evolution, which runs even to excess in the more advanced schools of modern thought, has not begun to be felt at all in ordinary thinking on religious subjects. Even radicalism itself has hitherto looked almost exclusively at the fact of individualism, as if the growth of the individual were quite independent of general causes, and could be wholly controlled by the individual himself,—as if he could take into his own hands his own fate, irrespective of the laws which confine his power of self-determination within exceedingly narrow bounds. The fact is that what we are depends chiefly on what the society is in which we are reared. We imbibed opinions, purposes, ideals, at every pore. No man, however original or self-centred, can escape this suction into himself of circumambient fluids. To some small extent we do indeed preside over our own destiny, carve our own future, control our own culture. But we breathe a social atmosphere which poisons or oxygenates the blood of our entire system, and thus carries life or death to every remotest cell of our moral organism. The key-note of American radicalism was pitched by Emerson decades ago, in his doctrine of the autocracy of the selfhood over its own career. As a tonic immensely needed by an over-imitative people, with whom too often the vote of the majority is the voice of God, this doctrine has been most salutary. But it needs to be qualified by the doctrine of science that the environment exerts an enormous influence over the individual, in spite of himself. What the world about us is, that will most certainly be reported in our characters and our lives; and he who wishes to ensure a grander humanity in the succeeding age is fatuous, unless he attempts to change for the better the general conditions of life among which it is to be educated.

In this fact, which no one who is imbued with modern scientific thought will question, lies the strongest vindication of that policy of reform which aims at immediate results in social or political changes. Such efforts will be often very unwise, if they are not grounded on a broad and deep knowledge of man; and especially if they aim at a positive management of society rather than the mere abolition of unnatural restrictions. But efforts directed primarily at effecting such a change in the social environment as shall purify the atmosphere from known poisons, and give men oxygen to breathe instead of foul exhalations, are the wisest of all reformatory activities. They render true progress certain, not only for individuals here and there, but for all society at large. An improved social environment means an improved humanity in the next generation. Radicalism is unscientific when it expects to regenerate the world by preaching new motives under old conditions. The new motives are all-important; but they demand new conditions. They must have new conditions, or they cannot widely prevail. The nearest possible approach

of society to the free individualism of Emersonian radicalism must be secured by the Spencerian method of ameliorating the social environment. In other words, to get a finer human harvest, you must weed and enrich the soil in which it is to grow. Nature will do the rest.

The prime condition of ennobling the religious character of mankind, if what we have said is true, consists in purifying the environment in the midst of which this character must grow. To-day the religious environment is in large measure ecclesiasticism, sectarianism, theology of a specifically Christian type,—denominationalism supported and maintained by privileges conferred by the State. A great system of church domination over the minds of men, which draws subsidies from the universal community by the iniquity of exemption from just taxation, weighs on humanity like a mill-stone; and there is no possibility of a general advance till this general burden is thrown off. Vast as is the importance of proclaiming a purer religion to individuals, vaster still is the importance of providing a freer religious environment for them. A lighted candle goes out, if plunged into a jar of carbonic acid; and the light of the purest religion is extinguished in the "fixed air" of ecclesiasticism. All we desire for Free Religion is "a fair field and no favor;" and to secure this is the primary object of the Liberal League. When the special "Demands of Liberalism" are all conceded, Christianity will simply stand on a footing of civil equality with all other types of religious belief. To purify the religious environment by the abolition of all ecclesiastical privilege is the first duty of radicalism to-day; and then, whatever is the truth, the essential condition of its final victory will have been established.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Executive Committee of the Free Religious Association have established an office for the Association at No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston. For business convenience and economy the office has been arranged in the rooms of the "Index Association;" but there is no other alliance between the two associations, and no responsibility of either for the other.

The publications of the Association are on sale at the office, and membership fees and other donations can be paid there if persons wish to do so.

It will be seen by reference to our new advertisement in the advertising columns that several of the back Annual Reports and other publications can now be secured. The Boston fire destroyed most of our published matter, so that of Reports prior to 1872, and of the *Sympathy of Religions and Religions of China*, we have only a limited number of copies, that were in the hands of friends of the Association; consequently the prices of these have been put somewhat higher than formerly.

The Essay by James Parton on Taxation of Church Property is now ready in tract form. It is a most timely publication and should be put into the hands especially of Congressmen, and members of State Legislatures, and of Constitutional Conventions. The larger part of the first edition has already been ordered for such distribution.

A number of persons who became members of the Association at the Annual Meeting last May, and are therefore entitled to this year's Report, have possibly not received it, because no post-office address stood against their names on the Treasurer's books. If any such persons will notify the Secretary, New Bedford, Mass., sending their address, the Report will be forwarded to them.

WILLIAM J. POTTER, Sec'y F. R. A.

MEDIATORS AND MEDIUMS.

A writer of distinguished reputation among the Spiritualists, for his intellectual strength, finds fault with that portion of an address on "The Religious Outlook in America," which relates to Spiritualism, on the ground that it makes an issue between Spiritualism and Christianity precisely where it should show a sympathy. The author, he says, represents Spiritualism as fundamentally opposed to the doctrine of Mediation, the central doctrine of Christianity—whereas this is the one cardinal point wherein the two systems of faith concur. Is not the doctrine of Mediation cardinal with Spiritualism too? he asks. It is founded on the fact of mediumship, and mediumship is mediation. The two words have the same root and the same import.

We cannot but express surprise that a writer and thinker so practised as LeRoy Sunderland should allow himself to be deceived by a superficial analogy. How can we explain it? Certainly not by any desire on his part to propitiate the popular sentiment of the

Christian community. He is wholly above that. Yet it seems impossible that he can have failed to think below the surface of his words, or have missed the ultimate significance of ideas that stand so plainly out in the avowed beliefs of mankind.

To our mind, the terms mediumship and mediation, as used in the respective vocabularies, are as strongly contrasted as it is possible for terms to be. They convey mutually excluding doctrines; they assume opposite schemes of philosophy. The cardinal thought of Spiritualism is that the barrier that divided the visible from the invisible, or, as they are commonly called, the material and the spiritual worlds, is removed, and free communication established between the dwellers below and the dwellers above. The medium is the agent through whom this communication is effected, the interpreter of it, the messenger who brings it, the bond of correspondence—the genial go-between, the friendly middle-man, the intervening tie or link; a neutral person, qualified by some physical or moral peculiarity to receive and transmit influence from one sphere to another.

The cardinal thought of Christianity is that the barrier which divides the lower world from the upper is insurmountable except by the supreme being; that a great gulf separates the inhabitants of a world of sin from the inhabitants of a world of glory. The Mediator is the person—and there is only one—divinely commissioned to bear terms of forgiveness from the offended King to the alienated subjects.

The medium has no sacrificial function, is not in any sense an intercessor or reconciler. What should he reconcile? The two spheres are not hostile, but in cordial sympathy and union. They are essentially one and the same. He merely reports and effectuates an established amity. The mediator on the other hand is a redeemer, a savior who, by special authority and by peculiar means, procures admission for outcasts into the region of felicity. The distinction will be obvious to anybody who will take a popular enumeration of the offices of the Christ, such as any hymn-book contains, and set it along side of the perfectly familiar class of functions which mediums of every rank perform. There is not a single office shared between them, unless it be that of communicating a message; and even there, the essentially different character of the message brought, as regards import, purpose, the implied disposition of the parties corresponding, and the final result of the intercourse, deprives the acts of all resemblance. No "Christian" would admit, for an instant, an analogy, even, between the mediation which opens a way of deliverance from sin, and the exchange of service by which the interests of a community are held together, the correspondence of friends by mediation of the post-office, the intervention of middle men, of all kinds, in the transactions of the market, the parts performed by letter-carriers, telegraph-operators, newsboys, scribes, who simply facilitate communication between persons living remote from one another. Yet this, if we understand it, is all the spiritual medium does. He claims no exalted rank in creation; he affects no sanctity; he pretends to no powers; he does not even present himself as an ambassador. What he does people might, if suitably "developed," do equally well for themselves. The function of the medium is altogether incidental and occasional.

It cannot much longer be concealed that Spiritualism and Christianity are at war; a few are brave enough now to avow it. But the many, the thousands and tens of thousands who still hold places in Orthodox churches, thinking their belief compatible with the form of Evangelical faith which they prefer, have yet to perceive the radical antagonism between the first principle of the new faith they welcome and that of the old faith to which their associations cling. The perception, when it comes, must compel them to let one faith or the other go; and so dear are the interests of just thought, that we hold it to be the duty of all clear seers to dispel the mists and vapors as much as possible. It is with genuine sadness that we see teachers confounding distinctions and confusing judgments. Words are not counters the value whereof is assigned by the intellectual gamester; they are coins, of value more fixed and permanent than that of gold and silver. The substance of them is thought. They stand for rational facts that must be weighed and appreciated. We speak of calling things by their right names. It is quite as important that names should be called by their right things. The prime duty of all thinkers is to weigh their words. The man in a recent audience who requested the speakers when using the word "God" to state exactly what they meant by it, was less impertinent than he seemed.

O. B. F.

LONDON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEX:

Sir,—I was much gratified to notice your spirited and well-deserved rebuke of the Rev. James U. Mitchell for his pitiful attack upon the Jews.

In this country such language as he uses would not be tolerated for a moment. Never were the Jews more respected and honored than they are now, and what is so remarkable about their position is that they have won it for themselves. Quite unaided by advocacy or partisanship, they have established their claim not only to the rights of citizenship, but also to many of its honors—most of all to the confidence and gratitude of their fellow-citizens.

There has not been one hair's breadth of their religious position surrendered; not one inch have they advanced towards the Christian territory; not a suspicion of "conversion" or "perversion" has been at the bottom of their recent promotion. It has all been due to our having simply opened our eyes to the fact that the Jews are our best citizens already; that they furnish the smallest proportion of our criminals; that they are among the most peaceful and amiable of our neighbors; that they do really care for and maintain their own poor; that their charity is not to be matched by any Gentile community; and, lastly, they do not bear ill-will and malice against the children of those who tormented and persecuted them. The old reproach of "Oriental revenge" no longer applies, if it ever did apply, to their race.

My object, however, in writing to you about them is not to speak pleasant things of them, though that is a laudable reaction after the cruel and unjust revilings which the "followers of Christ" have cast in their teeth. But I am desirous of pointing out certain facts relating to the Jews of the period, and showing the bearings of those facts upon the great body of religious free-thinkers.

Both in England and on the Continent of Europe—and, I doubt not,—in America also,—there is a great mental agitation going on amongst the Jews. They have been touched by the *Zeit-Geist* like ourselves, and are awakening to an entirely new epoch of religious thought and feeling. It is the old story of the examination of the claims made by authority, followed by an assertion of individual right to think, to form opinions, and to frame one's *cultus* in accordance with one's own moral and spiritual instinct.

The Jews are thus divided into two sections (without any outward schism or rupture). 1st. Those who hold the Divine origin of the law and the truth of the Mosaic miracles; and, 2d. Those who have given up that entirely—simply accept the bare outline of fact which must lie as a substratum beneath all their traditions—and accept the main teaching of Judaism in its theology and morality, because it appears to them agreeable to reason.

Such a fundamental change of principle, however, does not necessitate much divergence of practice and ritual. The Jew has a duty to perform to the rest of his people—not to cast aside all the ceremonies, etc., which have kept them distinct among the nations; and so it is not incumbent upon him to withdraw himself from the congregation and synagogues because of his more rational views.

But, on the other hand, his altered views not only permit, but require, him to court the sympathy of men of all religions who have arrived at similar conclusions to his own; he therefore does not scruple to attend theistic places of worship, where the liturgy conforms to the spirit, and is largely composed of the very words, in which his own best religious thoughts have been clothed for so many centuries. In fact, there is an alliance springing up between Jews and such theists quite spontaneously, and free from any compromise on either side.

Should your readers have access to the London *Jewish Chronicle*, or *Jewish World*, they will see at once how the tide is flowing, and detect in the very efforts made to turn it the latent sense of hopelessness on the part of the more orthodox.

Before long, independent efforts will be made by the most advanced Jews to bring the truths, which they so dearly prize, before the minds of the non-Jewish communities among whom they live.

I, for one, shall welcome such an auxiliary as that in drawing attention to those conclusions of natural religion which seem likely to be thrust into a corner, in all the hubbub of the times. I think it would be an evil day for the principles of THE INDEX, when it should come to be regarded as a retrogression, or an impertinence, for an honest believer to give utterance to his belief. We at present stand on common and impregnable ground when we declare our purpose to

be wholly true to ourselves, to express our real convictions, and to be equally ready to listen to each other. This I take to be our charter, and the very *raison d'être* of THE INDEX; and, therefore, as one of its best friends, I could wish to see more prominence given to those reasonable, and as yet not disproved, assurances of the human soul respecting the wisdom and love of God, which many persons feel and more would express but through a false delicacy and a timid deference to an overbearing atheism.

Surely, if it be competent in one to think of that conglomerate of forces which have produced the universe and ourselves, I have a right to say that "It" or "He" is not a potato, nor a horse, nor a man. No one will quarrel with me for giving utterance to such palpably reasonable assertions; then why quarrel with me if I go through some human attributes and likewise deny that "It" or "He" can possess them? But, remember, the same reasoning or conscientious faculty which enables me to say God is not a liar, nor impure, nor selfish, nor unjust, etc., gives me the power to discern that He is the opposite of these. I grant that it is not the same as demonstration; but it is a balance of probabilities, and where the scale so plainly predominates on the side of God being at least as good as the best of his creatures, or subordinates, it is somewhat unfair to meet the expression of this belief with ridicule, or with a scarcely less scornful pity.

Let us then welcome the Jew, the enlightened, emancipated Jew, as one who will bring to a desperate and determined minority that timely support which may help to lift the dark clouds of atheism, and to bring the sunshine of true faith and hope into the hearts which are well-nigh frozen among the icebergs of materialism.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
CHARLES VOYSEY.
CAMDEN HOUSE, Dulwich, S. E., Nov. 29, 1873.

TO LECTURE COMMITTEES AND OTHERS.

The subscriber, designing soon for purposes of public effort to visit the West, respectfully proffers his services as lecturer to any who may wish to secure them.

The theme of the lecture he now offers is the following:—

"The History before History; or some account of the early beginnings and growth of the Arts and of Civilization among mankind."

Liberal Leagues, and any other progressive organizations, will be gladly served. Terms moderate.

Please address at Syracuse, N. Y.,
CHAS. D. B. MILLY.
SYRACUSE, Dec. 9, 1873.

Literary Notices.

LITERARY JUDGMENTS. By W. R. Greg. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

For more than twenty years the name of William Rathbone Greg has been associated with one of the best treatises in behalf of free thought that has as yet issued from the press, the *Creed of Christendom*,—a work of the utmost delicacy and truthfulness of feeling as well as singular intrepidity of scholarship. Quite recently his *Enigmas of Life* has arrested the attention of the whole literary world by the boldness and crystalline sincerity with which it handles the questions that touch the human heart most profoundly and universally. Now the same author sends forth a collection of detached essays which, though quite miscellaneous in character, carry the marks of equal ability, equal culture, and equal moral earnestness. They are models of criticism in many respects, both as respects vigor and elegance of style, and also the sobriety, justice, and penetration of the judgments passed on the world's celebrities. The moral element in the book must command the sympathy of every appreciative reader, being of the healthiest description and totally free from the affectations of moralism; while the information imparted, the analyses made, and the characters sketched, render the book as instructive as it is enjoyable. Especially interesting are the accounts of Madame de Staël, her upright father, Necker, and her brilliant associates, Talleyrand and Benjamin Constant; of de Tocqueville, the profoundest and purest of Frenchmen; of Chateaubriand, the monkey of genius; and of Kingsley and Carlyle, running a race with each other in the denunciation of evils. The essay on "French Fiction: The Lowest Deep," in which the demoralization of French literature in the hands of Eugène Sue, Dumas (*pere et fils*), Paul de Musset, and Ernest Feydeau, is painted with an honest English wrath perhaps a little intensified by latent antagonism of race, should be read in connection with "British and Foreign Characteristics," in which generous appreciation is accorded to Emile Souvestre's touching little pictures of the better side of French life. The strong ethical interest of the writer, conspicuous on almost ev-

ery page, is especially so in the essay on the "False Morality of Lady Novelists," which is handled in the spirit of one who is at once moralist and man of the world; and even more so in the essay on "Truth versus Edification." The wretched distinction of exoteric and esoteric is defended by Matthew Arnold, who condemns the publication of such a book as Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch, on the general ground that no treatise on such subjects should be published except "to inform the instructed or to edify the uninstructed,"—as if it were not precisely the uninstructed who most need information! Mr. Greg makes too much of a concession when he says [page 312]: "The young, the ignorant, and the uncultured masses, who seek only moral guidance and spiritual consolation and support, should be fed with what St. Peter terms the 'sincere milk of the Word' rather than with 'doubtful disputations.'" It is quite time to drop forever the notion that the uncultured masses can be put off with "moral guidance," when so many thousands of them are thirsting for sound knowledge and exact ideas. But Mr. Greg goes on to plead vigorously for the enlightenment of the people, and maintains that to destroy superstitious dogma is to "edify" the people in the best sense: "Can he [Mr. Arnold] not perceive that Colenso is laboring to win legally, publicly, and for all, that acknowledged right of separating God's truth from man's assertion which Mr. Arnold, *per saltum*, by lawless assumption, in his secret soul, and in his locked closet, has won for himself alone?" Mr. Greg cannot but gain many new friends by this excellent, entertaining, and high-toned volume. F. E. A.

THE STORY OF GOETHE'S LIFE. By George Henry Lewes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

This is an abridgment of Lewes' two-volume *Life and Works of Goethe*, made by Lewes himself to meet the wants of readers who are not sufficiently acquainted with German literature to find either profit or entertainment in the numerous criticisms contained in the larger work. It gives the history of Goethe's life in a very engaging manner, with enough of literary information to make the great poet's career and general course of development intelligible. Mr. Lewes treats his subject with an evident desire to be just, yet with a degree of enthusiasm that sometimes seems to carry with it a suspicion of undue partiality. The story of great genius is always fascinating in the extreme, furnishing even to people of ordinary talents one of the most instructive of lessons; and the preëminent greatness of Goethe in this respect can be questioned by no one. Yet his character as a man is not one to excite profound sympathy, or to command the admiration which is the involuntary homage paid to all signal disinterestedness. While he was capable of genuine and unobtrusive kindness to individuals, as in the case of Kraft,—while he could be roused to a generous indignation against wrongs inflicted on individuals, as in the case of the indignities heaped by Napoleon on the Grand Duke Karl August, it still remains true that his supreme interest was centered in himself, and that he showed little or none of that magnificent self-identification with humanity at large which is the necessary condition of being loved and revered by humanity in return. Especially in his relations with women, to whom he was never wholly true, he manifested a degree of smallness and egotism which forbids immunity from blame. Even Mr. Lewes is obliged to confess that—"Had Goethe never written Faust, no one would have heard that he was an inconstant lover and a tepid politician. His glory immortalizes his shame." Such a confession in part convicts his biographer of a certain inconsistency when he attributes to him "a self-mastery of the very highest kind;" and a painful absence of the truly admirable forces itself upon the mind, when we are told that Goethe could feel a "grand enthusiasm" for the "personality of the hero," but none for the cause in which the heroism was displayed. But, with all his failings, there is much in the life of Goethe to justify the admiration expressed for him by Lewes. His friendship for Schiller, his great rival, was magnanimous and pure; his attachment to Karl August was constant and real; his patient pursuit of culture, even if not illumined by the conscious dedication of it to human welfare, was worthy of all honor. The "many-sidedness" of his mind, which made literature, art, and science equally the objects of his activity, and prevented the narrowness of development characteristic of most men, must never be left out in the estimate of his true place in the pantheon of genius. Poet and artist though he was by nature, he was far too great to feel the poor jealousy of science which is the usual accompaniment of inability to appreciate it; he was preëminently a *thinker*, and, although mathematics was alien to his taste and capacity, he has left enduring traces of himself in the history of science by making illustrious discoveries in different branches of it. His optical theory (*Farbenlehre*) was a mistake; but botany owes to him the doctrine of the metamorphosis of plants, anatomy the vertebrate theory of the skull and the discovery of the intermaxillary bone in man. Vieq d'Azzyr shares the glory of this last discovery, and C. F. Wolff that of the metamorphosis of plants; but Goethe's name is justly and universally associated with both. It was his sympathetic tendency, his profound and irresistible impulse to view Nature as a great whole, that led his mind to these magnificent and illuminating facts; and supercilious allusions to "plodding science" and its "want of insight" look sorry enough in the light of such a career as Goethe's. In him the creative intuition of the poet and the patient induction of the scientist were harmonized and united; and whoever imagines any necessary antagonism between them betrays his own ignorance and one-sidedness. Under this aspect the life of Goethe is a needed lesson to our age; and in Mr. Lewes it has found a skilled and fascinating narrator. F. E. A.

Communications.

N. B.—Correspondents must run the risk of typographical errors. The utmost care will be taken to avoid them; but hereafter no space will be spared to Errata.
N. B.—Articles for this department should be SHORT, and written only on one side of the sheet.
N. B.—Illegibly written articles stand a very poor chance of publication.
N. B.—No responsibility will be assumed for unused manuscripts.

"IMPROPER ADVERTISEMENTS."

EDITOR OF THE INDEX:—

At the head of your advertising columns, readers of your paper are duly notified that—"No improper advertisements, no advertisements of patent medicines, and no advertisements known to be fraudulent or unjust to any one, will be hereafter admitted into THE INDEX."

This is quite as it should be, and is a worthy example for the proprietors of the special organ of Free Religion to set for the benefit of the more pharisaical members of the journalistic profession, whether religious or secular. It is likewise made clearly apparent that it is solely the province and duty of the editor to determine what advertisements are, and what are not, "improper" and "fraudulent or unjust," by the farther insertion of a clause in the contract with Mr. Butts, stipulating your general supervision of the advertisements in the following words—"No advertisements objectionable to the editor to be taken."

It follows logically that the editor of THE INDEX indorses as unobjectionable in purpose and character every advertisement which appears within its columns, and voluntarily becomes responsible to the good taste and consciences of his subscribers for his exercise of authority in the case of all advertisements admitted.

As a constant and delighted reader of your truly valuable paper, and one who sincerely desires its permanent success, as well as that of the noble cause it advocates so boldly, I wish to record my very respectful but most earnest protest against the assistance of the circulation of THE INDEX being given to aid in the moral contamination of our homes and firesides by disseminating the "Prospectus" of *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*; containing, as it does, among many other absurd and impracticable ideas, the following grossly immoral and irreligious proposition toward the creation of "a new government":—

"A new sexual system in which mutual consent, entirely free from money or any inducement other than love, shall be the governing law, individuals being left to make their own regulations; and in which society, when the individual shall fail, shall be responsible for the proper rearing of children."

Any "sexual system" in which "individuals" shall be "left to make their own regulations" would speedily reduce mankind to a level with the brute beasts, inasmuch as the primal unit of all civilizations, in every age and country, has ever been, and must ever continue to be, the permanent home, which could not exist but for the equal permanence and durability of the marriage relation. However vague and specious may be the language quoted above, it is not open to doubt as to the precise end and object it seeks to accomplish; and I respectfully deny the moral right of any journal to lend its countenance to the immorality so audaciously urged by the publication before mentioned.

The unanswerable argument against the demoralized or insane advocates of the abolition of marriage is that any system which does not permit of an enduring family relation, where the indispensable and reciprocal influence of a father and a mother can be continuously and harmoniously exerted in forming the habits of children from infancy to adult age, will produce instant and terrible degradation (among women especially), leading to infanticide by throwing upon the females the entire responsibility of supporting the offspring by their own unaided exertions. How many men would be willing to harbor and protect children by their hearth and fireside whose paterfamilias was doubtful or even alien to them? If men will not consent to do this as individuals, there is surely small hope of their taxing themselves collectively to support a system outside of the ties of blood and natural affection, "in which society, when the individual shall fail, shall be responsible for the proper rearing of children!"

If a journal with any claim to respectability consents to assist in extending the nefarious influence of these foes to society, civilization, and true progress, would it not be wiser not to pretend to exercise unusual supervision over its advertisements, and thus acquit its subscribers, at least, from any suspicion of being accomplices? What more "improper" advertisement could be admitted, or indeed offered? What "patent medicine" could begin to do the harm to the community at large that *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly* proposes to accomplish? And, if the "Prospectus" herein alluded to, is not "known to be fraudulent and unjust" in its impudent devices for reforming society by deforming the minds of the rising generation and debauching the purity of womanhood, by breaking down every safeguard and barrier that the experience of countless generations and the thoughtful observation of the wisest of mankind has invented, we may expect to hear next that it is easier for a gnat to swallow a camel than for an editor to exclude paying advertisements on account of their character.

I remain, with sincere regret, your indignant subscriber,
ALBERT WARREN KELSEY.
SAINT LOUIS, December 1, 1873.

[There is nothing in the above letter which is not received by us with the great respect to which it is

justly entitled. To every such remonstrance we listen with the strictest attention, and with the sincerest desire to profit by counsel offered in such a spirit as that of Mr. Kelsey. In reply we wish to state a few facts.

1. By the terms of the contract, Mr. Butts promised to pay a fixed sum for the "two best advertising pages of THE INDEX." Whatever profit accrues from advertisements in those pages belongs to him, not to the Index Association. Whether they "pay" or not, is his concern alone. He solicits, obtains, and forwards the advertisements for these pages; and we are not even informed whether they pay or do not pay.

2. The "editor" is under obligation to insert all advertisements thus sent, except such as he judges to be "objectionable" in any sense. It is true that we must be held responsible for their admission; but, as all loss resulting from their rejection falls on Mr. Butts, we have endeavored to exercise the right of rejection with as scrupulous regard to his interests as if he had shown himself a friend to the paper and its editor,—giving him the benefit of all doubts as to the character of the advertisements sent.

3. While it is easy to decide at once on the character of most advertisements, there are others which seem to be on the border line between the admissible and the inadmissible; and here there is room for practical mistakes, even with the best intentions. Perhaps we were mistaken in the case complained of,—perhaps not: of this every one has a right to his own opinion. Suffice it to say that, after no little hesitation, we decided not to reject this particular advertisement; and that we were prepared to expect a difference of opinion on this point. To suspect any mercenary motive, however, would do us great injustice.

4. Whether correctly or incorrectly, we believe that Mrs. Woodhull's "purpose" is to foster what she herself considers a truer morality. As to the real immorality of the theory she advocates, we quite agree with Mr. Kelsey's opinion; but there is a wide difference between seeking to pander to vice for the sake of profit and seeking to establish a new moral theory for the sake of human welfare. We admitted her advertisement because we think that all who endeavor, or even profess, to advocate a higher morality should be accorded a fair and courteous hearing, on the ground that truth will protect itself better than we can protect it by suppressing free discussion.

5. It is not entirely just to say that we "indorse as unobjectionable" every advertisement we admit. If that were the case, we could not admit any in which we suspected the slightest exaggeration; in other words, we should have to reject almost all advertisements. Mr. Kelsey overlooks the standing announcement: "THE INDEX must not be held responsible for any statement made by advertisers." The admission of an advertisement merely indicates that we do not think it sufficiently "objectionable" to warrant rejection. This is a difficult matter to decide. We simply profess to do the best we can. If we err in judgment, we must bear the consequences. And we expect to be credited with upright intentions.—Ed.]

THE WICKEDNESS OF PROFITS.

EDITOR INDEX:—

Since Mr. Abbot, in his reply of Nov. 20 to Mr. Fowler, affirms that "the protest against interest is a protest against all property whatever," and that we "would extinguish all property," as one of his "anti-interest friends" I would ask permission to say that, besides claims for free gifts, the only just claims to property arise from the inherent right of the individual to his or her personal energy, whether before or after its accumulation in material form. This principle, though destructive to interest and profit, would plainly not destroy property, but only false claims to it, as did the emancipation proclamation, and would secure property to its rightful owners.

Is it not interest and profit that denies the right of the "tree" to life by denying the right of the laborer to his own energy, as did the slave power?

Respectfully, WM. D. HEBERLING.

ATALISSA, IOWA, Nov. 28, 1873.

[John Smith, we will suppose, plants five bushels of corn in his field, and gathers a harvest of (say) one hundred bushels. John is very conscientious. He thinks he has a right to five out of the hundred bushels, as that was the principal he lent to Nature; and he thinks his actual labor in planting, hoeing, &c., is worth (say) forty-five bushels more. So he considers that fifty bushels pay him for his outlay and his labor. But he is perplexed as to the ownership of the other fifty bushels. It is profit or interest of one hundred per cent. on his total investment of capital and labor; it is not the product of his "personal energy" at all, but the product of Nature's energy

alone; and he concludes that he has no right to what is the common property of mankind. When Peter Brown comes up and wants to buy these fifty bushels, John says he has no right to sell what is not his, and turns over the whole without pay. He sees he has no more right to make profit out of Nature than out of his fellow-men; the increase is the interest on the capital and labor he invested, and it is wrong to take interest; and the natural wealth which grows spontaneously out of the earth, and is in no sense the "accumulation in material form" of his own "personal energy," belongs as much to Peter as to himself. Seeing all this, John is very indignant with the farmers about him, who insist on making immense profits out of Nature and selling to the consumer what is as much the consumer's property as theirs; he says they are grasping capitalists, exacting a profit of one hundred per cent. from the hungry widow and orphan; he declares that the farmers are doing precisely what the usurer does, except that they charge a much higher rate of interest than the usurer ever dares to charge; and he wonders what difference there is between a monopoly of corn and a monopoly of land, when each is based on simple possession of what is really natural wealth free to all. Now John is evidently a very queer and unreasonable fellow in all this; but what shall we say to him nevertheless?—Ed.]

THE REPRODUCTIVENESS OF CAPITAL.

EDITOR INDEX:—

Your discussion of the interest question with Mr. Fowler and others has suggested some thoughts which, if not deemed intrusive, I should like to submit to your consideration. Mr. Fowler insists that taking interest ought not, in justice, to be allowed; that it is the cause of the extremes of riches and poverty among us. I take the ground that it is capital that is made to do this mischief—not interest—not money even. I will try to make this appear in as brief a manner as possible. Let us endeavor to get clear and accurate fundamental ideas, and then build on them. And first—what is the true idea of capital?

It is defined to be such wealth as is "necessarily consumed in the process of making other wealth." This is called reproductive consumption; such wealth mainly consists of tools and raw materials. To simplify, we will let tools (i.e. ploughs, harrows, spinning-jennies, sewing-machines, etc.) stand for capital; and then see what we can do towards making the rich richer, while money and its interest are wholly left out of the agencies. The natural tools for making property are brains and hands; and these natural instruments are found to exist, in the natural man, in different degrees of efficacy in different individuals. This is the way it works.

Suppose some men are cast upon an island—all intercourse with others cut off. With a very few bad old tools saved, they are, at the start, just able to keep alive, by working all the time. One of the number, with better head and hands, the gift of Nature, cultivates and plies them so intensely and skilfully as to be able, in time, to support himself and have one day in the week to spare. This he devotes to making other and better tools. In a given time, he has made a full set, and with these new and better tools he is now able to live and have three days in the week to spare. With half his time now given to tool-making, a second set is soon completed. This last set he cannot use himself, but one of his neighbors offers to give the proceeds of two days' work in the week for the use of them; the neighbor gaining, by this operation, one leisure day per week, the tool-maker two. The tool-maker has now at his command five days' work per week, after earning his living; and with this increased force, a third set of tools is soon turned out, and a second neighbor hires them upon the same terms. In quicker time still he now turns out another, and another—ten—fifteen—twenty—fifty—an hundred sets, and so on without limit, laying the whole colony in time under contribution; and here we have a young millionaire. Now, fully under way, he goes on easily doubling up and piling up productive capital into mountain heaps, while, at the same time, he has not only not wronged any one, but has actually increased the productive power and prosperity of all, and also initiated civilization.

In conducting this illustration I have endeavored to simplify and make the showing as plain as possible, by divesting the case of all non-essentials, but retaining and giving due consideration to everything essential. Have I not fairly made a young millionaire without using money or interest in any shape?

Now if we had introduced the money agency into these transactions it could only have superseded barter without changing results. If other men of native ability had sprung up and competed with the first—made or got possessed, by barter or money, of ploughs, and harrows, and wans, or shops, and tool-making tools, sewing-machines, spinning-jennies, etc.—and followed suit, this could only have operated to check a little without arresting the first man's accumulations. Now the essence of the whole thing lies in this:—

Capital has an inherent reproductive power, as distinct from the power of labor as the power of labor is distinct from the power of capital; and neither can reproduce wealth without the help of the other.

But here is the vast distinction—capital can be increased and owned to any extent; whereas the mere laborer cannot even double himself. If for every additional set of tools he could turn out a new pair of

hands and head, and set them to work, he might keep pace with the capitalist; but he cannot.

The most essential quality which makes an article capable of being used as capital in the process of reproduction is, that by its use it increases the productive power of the laboring man—increases it enormously—ten—twenty—fifty—an hundred fold, and more. Yet Mr. Fowler is of the opinion that the laboring man is the sole producer of wealth, and should have it all! But if an inventor of a sewing-machine give its use to a tailor and so quadruple his (the tailor's) productiveness, is not the inventor entitled to a fair share of the increase? Well: now substitute owner for inventor, and the case is not altered.

By this time it may be thought I am in favor of the capitalist. Not a bit of it. The self-augmenting power of accumulated capital is absolutely frightful, and must in some way be checked. But as long as the Creator apportions his gifts among men unequally, varying from one talent to ten, there is a meaning in it, and this is one of the things so meant; but the evils (penalties) naturally resulting from overgrown estates is proof that he does not approve of it.

If the foregoing reasoning be correct, it will not be difficult, I think, to settle the interest question; so I leave the subject just here.

E. WALKER.

CINCINNATI, 282 Main Street.

[The necessary tendency of capital to reproduce itself is very lucidly illustrated by Mr. Walker; and we commend his article to the especial attention of those interested in the discussion of the labor question in general. Natural inequality of talents is at the bottom of the unequal distribution of wealth, though this is largely increased by rascality and unwise social arrangements. Let us rectify all that can be rectified, without deluding ourselves with the hope of abolishing the natural inequalities of men.—Ed.]

RELIGION DEFINED.

BOSTON, Dec. 8, 1873.

DEAR FRIEND:—

You ask for definitions of "Religion" from your various friends and correspondents. It is audacious to tread the ground already measured by yourself and such a thinker as Samuel Johnson; but with the hope that the weakness of my statement will provoke some stronger ones, I send you this:—

Religion is three-fold; Sentiment, Idea, Action.

As Sentiment, it is the intuitive feeling of alliance with the infinite.

As Idea, it forms conceptions of the mode of that alliance, sees Law, which is the union of the finite with the infinite, and recognizes duty.

As Action, it is conscious effort to make that union complete.

H. E. S.

NEW LIBERAL LEAGUE.

A Liberal League was formed at Berlin, Wis., Dec. 7, 1873, by Mr. W. F. Jamieson.

The following is a list of the officers:—

President, Josephus D. Walters; Vice-President, Geo. N. Smith; Secretary, Mrs. E. M. Bridgman; Treasurer, Volney C. Mason.

E. M. BRIDGMAN, Secretary.

BERLIN, Dec. 8, 1873.

ANTI-FASHION CONVENTION.

In view of the indifference of woman to the pressing demands of the hour; and believing it to be the result of her absorption by fashions of dress which are destructive to physical health, mental vigor, and moral power; and being convinced that she cannot make a successful demand for the full equality which Nature bestowed, but man has denied her, until she accumulates power by the use of that now within reach; and hoping by discussion and concert of action to encourage some in the adoption of a natural system of dress, one comporting with all the duties of woman, we invite lovers of truth to meet in convention in Plum Street Hall, Vineland, New Jersey, on Tuesday and Wednesday, January 20 and 21, 1874. As an important aid in the work proposed, we respectfully urge that every woman who can, come to the Convention in such costume as may best express her thought of a national dress for woman.

MARY E. TILLOTSON,

SUSAN F. FOWLER,

OLIVIA F. SHEPARD,

LUCINDA S. WILCOX, M.D.,

ELLEN DICKINSON,

A. W. M. BARTLETT, M.D.

Friends desiring entertainment will please write to either of the above.

Names of speakers will be duly announced.

WHEN THE DEVIL finds us in the wilderness, and single-handed meets us, the devil alone and we alone, he is not much of a devil, he is not hard to put to rout. But the great temptation of the devil is when he is backed by interest or fashion, and meets us not alone but in the crowd. The devil who lies in ambush under the counter, who skulks behind a bale of cotton, or rings money in your ear, or rustles gay garments,—that is the dangerous devil, and fortunate is he who sees him fall as lightning from heaven. Nay, that is the kind that goeth not forth but by manly prayer and manly work.—Theodore Parker.

EUCHRE seems to be one of the oldest of games with cards. An instance is recorded in Scripture where the Levite "passed" and the good Samaritan "assisted."

Advertisements.

GENERAL NOTICE.

On August 8, 1872, I contracted for the two best advertising pages of THE INDEX for the current year. "No advertisements objectionable to the editor to be taken." For terms apply to

ASA K. BUTTS, 36 Dey St., New York.

No improper advertisements, no advertisements of patent medicines, and no advertisements known to be fraudulent or unjust to any one, will be hereafter admitted into THE INDEX. All advertisements accepted before this date will be allowed to run their time. No cuts admitted.

THE INDEX must not be held responsible for any statement made by advertisers.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, Editor.
TOLEDO O., June 21, 1873.

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

Report of the Addresses and other Proceedings of the original Meeting in 1867, at which the Free Religious Association was organized.

(This pamphlet has not been on sale for a number of years, and many persons who have all of the Annual Reports succeeding do not possess this.) Price 50 cents.

Proceedings of Second Annual Meeting, 1869. 50 cents.

Proceedings of Third Annual Meeting, 1870. 50 cents.

Proceedings of Fifth Annual Meeting, 1872. 25 cents. (Four or more, 25 cents each.)

Proceedings of Sixth Annual Meeting, 1873. 35 cents. (Four or more, 25 cents each.)

"Sympathy of Religions," by T. W. Higginson. 25 cents.

"Religions of China," by Wm. H. Channing, 25 cents.

"Reason and Revelation," by Wm. J. Potter. 10 cents.

"Taxation of Church Property," by James Parton. 10 cents; singly; package of ten, 60 cents; of one hundred, \$3.

These publications are for sale at the office of the Free Religious Association, No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston. Orders by mail may be addressed either Free Religious Association, No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston, or to the Secretary, New Bedford, Mass.

WM. J. POTTER, Sec. F. R. A.

Cultured Free Thought.

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION,

OFFICE NO. 1 TREMONT PLACE, BOSTON,

has been organized with a capital stock of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND dollars, for the purpose of publishing Tracts, Books, and

THE INDEX,

A Weekly Paper devoted to Free and Rational Religion.

It is the object of THE INDEX to give public utterance to the boldest, most cultivated, and best matured thought of the age on all religious questions, and to apply it directly to the social and political amelioration of society.

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O. B. FROTHINGHAM, New York City.
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WILLIAM J. POTTER, New Bedford, Mass.
WILLIAM H. SPENCER, Haverhill, Mass.
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PROF. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, London, Eng.

Every liberal should subscribe for THE INDEX, as the best popular exponent of Religious Liberalism. Every Christian minister, and every thinking church-member, should subscribe for it, as the clearest, most candid, and most scholarly exposition of the differences between Free Thought and Evangelical Christianity, and as the best means of becoming well informed of the arguments and the movements which the Church will have to meet in the future.

Almost every number contains a discourse or leading article, which alone is worth the price of one year's subscription.

Prof. MAX MUELLER, of Oxford, England, in a letter to the Editor published in THE INDEX for January 4, 1873, says: "That the want of a journal entirely devoted to Religion in the widest sense of the word should be felt in America—that such a journal should have been started and so powerfully supported by the best minds of your country,—is a good sign of the times. There is no such journal in England, France, or Germany; though the number of so-called religious or theological periodicals is, as you know, very large." And later still: "I read the numbers of your INDEX with increasing interest."

Send \$3.00 for one year, or 75 cents for three months on trial.

Address

THE INDEX,
No. 1 Tremont Place, Boston.

DR. BARTOL'S NEW BOOK.

The Rising Faith. By Rev. C. A. BARTOL, D. D.

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One volume, uniform with Bartol's Radical Problems. Price \$2.00.

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"What a wonderful book is the 'Radical Problem,' says the *Liberal Christian*; 'Spirituality, purity, gentleness, love, child-like simplicity, bless and sanctify him,' says the *Commonwealth*; 'Dr. Bartol is one of those men who have religious genius as well as religious faith,' says the *Globe*.

Sold by all booksellers. Mailed, post-paid, by the publishers,

ROBERTS BROTHERS,
BOSTON.

INDEX TRACTS.

No. 1.—*Truths for the Times*, by F. E. Abbot, contains the "Fifty Affirmations" and "Modern Principles." MR. CHARLES DARWIN, author of "The Origin of Species," says, in a letter to the editor not originally intended for publication, but subsequently authorized to be used: "I have now read 'TRUTHS FOR THE TIMES,' and I admire them from my inmost heart; and I agree to almost every word." New Edition. Price 10 cents; 12 copies \$1.00.

No. 2.—*Fear of the Living God*, by O. B. Frothingham, exposes the debasing character of the popular notions of God, and presents conceptions of him that are worthy of the nineteenth century. New Edition. Price 5 cents; 12 copies 50 cents.

No. 3.—*Lecture on the Bible*, by the Rev. Charles Voysey, of England, is an overwhelming demonstration of the imperfections and errors of the Bible, both in the Old and the New Testaments. New Edition. Price 10 cents; 12 copies \$1.00.

No. 4.—*Christian Propagandism*, by F. E. Abbot, is an exposure of the weakness, costliness, and inefficiency of the System of Foreign Missions. *Full of Figures, Facts, and Interesting Extracts*. Price 10 cents; 12 copies \$1.00.

No. 5.—*God in the Constitution*, by Rev. Arthur B. Bradford, opposes the proposed Theological Amendment to the United States Constitution. Price 10 cents; 12 copies \$1.00.

No. 6.—*The Sabbath*, by Parker Pillsbury, denounces Sabbatarian superstition. New Edition. Price 10 cents; 12 copies \$1.00.

No. 7.—*Compulsory Education*, by F. E. Abbot, maintains the right of every child to be educated, and the duty of the State to ensure it an education. Price 5 cents; 12 copies 50 cents.

No. 8.—*The Present Heaven*, by O. B. Frothingham, treats of a subject that interests everybody. New Edition. Price 5 cents; 12 copies 50 cents.

No. 9.—*The Christian Amendment*, by F. E. Abbot, shows the dangerous character of the attempt to interpolate the Evangelical Christian Creed in the U. S. Constitution. Price 5 cents; 12 copies 50 cents.

No. 10.—*The Impoachment of Christianity*, by F. E. Abbot. Fourth Ten Thousand. Sent for free distribution to any one who will distribute it, in packages of from five to one hundred copies.

No. 11.—*The God of Science*, by F. E. Abbot, attempts to show the real influence of modern science upon the idea of God. Price 10 cents; 12 copies \$1.00.

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